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ALDEN'S CYCLOPEDIA

OF

UNIVERSAL LITERATURE

PRESENTING

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES, AND SPECIMENS
FROM THE WRITINGS OF EMINENT AUTHORS
OF ALL AGES AND ALL NATIONS

VOL. V

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CYCLOPEDIA
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CLARKE, MARY VICTORIA COWDEN, an English author, born in London, June 22, 1809. She was the eldest daughter of Vincent Novello, the musician. When very young, she began to write for magazines; to which she has contributed many articles on dramatic literature. She is best known by her *Complete Concordance of Shakespeare*, begun soon after her marriage to Charles Cowden Clarke, and published in 1845. Mrs. Clarke has also published *The Adventures of Kit Baum, Mariner* (1848); *The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines* (1852); *The Iron Cousin*, a novel (1854); *The Song of a Drop of Wather, by Henry Wandsworth Shortfellow* (1856); *World-noted Women* (1857); *The Life and Labors of Vincent Novello* (1864); *The Trust and the Remittance*, two stories (1873); *A Rambling Story* (1874); a volume of verses, *Honey from the Wood* (1881); and an edition of *Shakespeare*, with a full glossary. In conjunction with her husband she also published, in 1869, an *Annotated Edition of Shakespeare.*

THE FAMILY GOVERNMENT OF POLONIUS.

Instead of openly forbidding or reprehending certain deeds, he would lay snares for discovering whether they had been committed; and while the process was going on, his penetration was baffled by the artless behavior of the children. His guile was futile against their candor; and was more frequently proved at fault than they. His sagacity was always aiming at detection, where no delinquency existed; ever bent on discovering some concealment, where there was nothing to conceal. It was almost comic to see the searching frown he would bend on one of those clear open countenances held up to him in confident unreserve, conscious of no shadow of blame. The questioning eye, the shrewd glance, the artfully put enquiry, seemed absurd, directed against such transparent honesty. In consequence of this system of their father's, his praise was sometimes as mysterious and unexpected to the young Laertes and Ophelia as his reproof. On one occasion, he called them to him and commended them highly, for never having been into a certain gallery which he had built out into his garden for the reception of some pictures, bequeathed to him by a French nobleman, a friend of his—lately dead.

Seeing a look of surprise on their faces, he added :—"Ah, you marvel how I came to know so certainly that you never went in. But I have methods deep and sure—a little bird, or my little finger—in few, you need not assure me that you never entered that gallery; for I happen to be aware beyond a doubt that you never did. And I applaud your discretion."

"But we did go in;" said Ophelia.

"What, child? Pooh, impossible! Come to me; look me full in the face."—Not that she looked down, or aside, or any thing but straight at him; but he always used this phrase conventionally, when he conducted an examination. "I tell you, you never went into that gallery; I know it for a fact. There 's no use in attempting to deceive your father. I should have discovered it, had you gone into that room without my permission."

"But did you not wish us to go there? I never knew you forbade it," said Laertes. "If we had known you had any objection, neither Ophelia nor I would have——"

"I never forbade it, certainly," interrupted his father; "but I had strong reasons for wishing that you should not go into the room till the pictures were hung. You might have injured them. No, no: I knew better than to let heedless children play there; so I took means to prevent your entering the gallery without my knowledge."

"But we did play there, every day, father," said Laertes.

"Yes;" said Ophelia.

"And I tell you, impossible! Listen to me; I fastened a hair across the entrance, The invisible barrier is yet unbroken. So that you see, you could not have passed through that door without my knowledge."

"But we didn't go through the door, papa; we got in at the window!" exclaimed both the children. We didn't know you wished us not to play there; so, finding a space which the builders had left, in one of the windows that look into the garden, we used to creep in there, and amuse ourselves with looking at the new pictures. We did no harm; only admired."—*The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines.*

CLARKE, REBECCA SOPHIA ("Sophie May" *pseud*), an American author born at Norridgewock, Maine. She has written many excellent stories for young people. Among them are *The Doctor's Daughter; Quinnebasset Girls: Janet; The Asbury Twins: Dotty Dimple Stories; Little Prudy Stories; Little Prudy's Flyaway; Our Helen: Flaxie Frizzle; Little Folks Astray;* and *Yensie Walton.*

A SPRING FRESHET.

In another moment Dr. Prescott was out again in the wildness of the storm; but now the wind had changed, and was blowing from north to south, dropping its voice occasionally, as if it had half a mind to give up the contest, then raging again with renewed force.

"It will clear away before midnight," thought the doctor, as he walked his horse over the trembling bridge. "Glad of that. A spring freshet would give these timbers a heavy strain." Then driving on up the hill, he reflected that the ice was likely to "go out weak this year," and there was not as much danger as usual of the old bridge. But all the while the rain was falling steadily.

Marian, alone with Benjie, found the afternoon dull. Night set in, and her father had not returned. That was nothing very strange; but where was Robert, that he did not come with the mail?

She kept Benjie awake long after his usual bedtime, because she dreaded the lonesome hush which would creep over the house when he should be asleep. She sent him for apples, and he came back shouting gleefully,—"Cellar's afloat! Tubs a-swimming!"

"Is it possible? Well, if we can't have apples, little brother, we'll have something better."

So they boiled molasses candy in a basin over the coals, and little brother helped pull it with his awkward fingers, leaving sticky traces on his face and jacket. Then they played at backgammon, a long game, for Benjie was learning, and could count but slowly. But still Robert did not come. The clock struck nine. Benjie curled down upon the rug, to listen to the story of Jack and the Beanstalk, and in two minutes was fast asleep. Marian put more wood on the fire, choosing beech sticks because they would crackle sociably, and went to the window to look out. Nothing but blackness. Over the gate the elm tree writhed like a distracted goblin: she could fancy it wringing its hands. She dropped the curtain, laid Benjie on the sofa, and came back to her seat in her mother's low rocking-chair. The mail was probably delayed by the storm. Robert would be in presently. He never failed to call on his way to the post-office. There was no sense in being nervous; but the wildness without and the stillness within combined to be very oppressive.

"Cellar's afloat. Tubs a-swimming."

Why, it must be a freshet. Marian hated the dull, monotonous sound of the water pouring into the cistern. It called to mind the ocean, which roared between her mother and home, and the familiar vase on the mantle—an alabaster hand holding up a shell—made her shudder, as if it were her mother's hand rising from the sea.

The clock struck ten. It was clear that Robert was not coming: he never did come as late as ten. Marian stirred the fire, and wrapping herself in a shawl, lay down beside Benjie on the wide, old-fashioned sofa. Not that she felt sleepy; but in the dreary emptiness of the room, it was a comfort to have the little fellow in her arms. She would not put him in bed yet. Her father would be sure to come soon. Strange what had kept Robert; he did n't usually mind storms. But while she waited and wondered, that "little sprite from the land of Nowhere" glided in and perched upon her eyelids. She no longer heard the wind, though it still shook the house; nor the clock, though it never ceased to pace off the time with slow strides. It struck eleven, then twelve. The fire burned low. A brand rolled out upon the hearth, and charred a small hole in the rug. Still Marian slept. Why not? What signal of danger could come to her dulled ears through those thick, close-drawn curtains?

Suddenly there fell a great calm. The North Wind stopped and held his breath. It may have been for horror at the ruin he had wrought; it may have been to listen to the hoarse roar of many waters. The river, which had been only little Bassett yesterday, sleeping under a counterpane of snow, had swollen now to monstrous size, and was rushing headlong over his banks. On, on with the might of a conqueror, gathering force as he goes, the mad river dashes and takes to himself all that comes in his way. Great sheets of ice from far up stream he seizes, tears rudely, and piles against the piers of the bridge, tier above tier. Now, like the wind, Basset stops and holds his breath. He has defeated himself, and built up a wall of frozen masonry which he cannot pass over.

But a powerful reënforcement arrives. Medumpscott stream, two miles away, breaks through a strong dam, and hurries to the rescue. Now for a revel. Great logs, and shattered mills, and uptorn trees batter against the frozen wall, and it gives way. The passage is clear now for Basset, the conqueror, the demon. He and Medumpscott rush thundering down stream, bearing their spoils, and among them the poor old tremulous bridge.

Boom! Crash! They go, shrieking. "Out of our way! It 's a night of revel! The law can't touch running water. Follow us—if—you—dare!"—*The Doctor's Daughter.*

CLARKE, SAMUEL, an English divine, scholar, and metaphysician, born in 1675, died in 1729. He entered Caius College, Cambridge, in 1691, where he soon became distinguished in almost every department of study. Having received Holy Orders, he became chaplain to the Bishop of Norwich, who presented him to a rectorship near Norwich, and procured for him a parish in that city. In 1704 he was appointed to the Boyle Lectureship. He took for the subject of these lectures, *The Being and Attributes of God:* being appointed to the same position in the following year, he took for his theme *The Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion.* These two courses of lectures were subsequently published in a volume entitled *A Discourse concerning the Being and Attributes of God, the Obligations of Natural Religion, and the Certainty of the Christian Revelation.* The main views of Dr. Clarke are set forth by him in the following propositions:

PROPOSITIONS IN THEOLOGY.

(1.) Something has existed from eternity.—(2.) There has existed from eternity some one immutable and independent Being.—(3.) That immutable and independent Being, which has existed from eternity, without any external cause of its existence, must be self-existent—that is, necessarily existing.—(4.) What the substance or essence of that Being, which is self-existent or necessarily existing, is, we have no idea; neither is it at all possible for us to comprehend it.—(5.) Though the substance or essence of the self-existent Being is of itself absolutely incomprehensible to us, yet many of the essential attributes of his nature are strictly demonstrable, as well as his existence: and, in the first place, that he must be of necessity eternal.—(6.) The Self-Existent must be of necessity Infinite and Omnipotent.—(7.) Must be but One.—(8.) Must be an Intelligent Being.—(9.) Must be not a Necessary Agent, but a Being indued with Liberty and Choice.—(10.) Must of necessity have Infinite Power.—(11.) Must be Infinitely Wise.—(12.) Must of necessity be a Being of Infinite Goodness, Justice, and Truth, and all other moral perfections, such as become the Supreme Govenor and Judge of the world.

In 1699-1702 he put forth *A Paraphrase on the Four Evangelists*, which has been several times reprinted. In 1712 he published *The Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity*, a work which gave rise to a protracted controversy, in which many eminent divines took part.

HIS VIEWS ON THE TRINITY.

"The sentiments of Clarke on this point," says Cunningham, "were undoubtedly Arian; but it was an Arianism which approached as closely as possible to the doctrine of the Trinity. He regarded the Son and Holy Spirit as emanations from the Father, endowed by him with every attribute of Deity, self-existence alone excepted." . . . "The writings of Dr. Clarke on the Trinity," says Orme, "contain a great deal of discussion respecting the meaning of the Scripture, and occasioned a very extended controversy in England. He seems to have been led to the sentiments adopted and defended, by his metaphysical tone of mind, and by pursuing improperly the language of human creeds respecting the generation of the Son of God. The controversy tended greatly to spread Arianism over the country."

During his lifetime Clarke published a collection of fourteen *Sermons;* and he left at his death, ready for the press, *An Exposition of the Catechism*, consisting of lectures which he read every Thursday morning, for some months during the year, at St. James's Church. This was published, soon after his death, by his brother, John Clarke, Dean of Sarum, who also edited eight additional volumes of the *Sermons* of Samuel Clarke.

Besides his theological works he performed a vast amount of literary and scientific labor. In 1706 he made a translation of Newton's *Optics*, in acknowledgment of which the author presented him with £500. In 1728 he published in the *Philosophical Transactions.* "A letter from Dr. Clarke to Benjamin Hoadley, F. R. S., occasioned by the controversy relating to the Proportion of the Velocity and Force of Bodies in Motion." In 1712 he put forth a carefully revised and annotated edition of Cæsar's *Commentaries.* In 1729, just before his death, appeared his edition, with notes and a translation, of the first twelve Books of Homer's *Iliad*, the remaining Books being soon after issued under the charge of his son. Clarke received from time to time several valuable church preferments, and in 1727, upon the death of Sir Isaac Newton, he was offered the place of Master of the Mint, worth from £1,200 to £1,500 a year; a secular preferment which he absolutely declined. The following is a fair specimen of his metaphysical theories:

UPON RIGHT AND WRONG.

The principal thing that can, with any color of reason, seem to countenance the opinion of those who deny the natural and essential difference of good and evil, is the difficulty that may sometimes be to define exactly the bounds of Right and Wrong; the variety of opinions that have obtained, even among understanding and learned men, concerning certain questions of Just and Unjust, especially in political matters, and the many contrary laws that have been made in divers ages and in different countries concerning these matters.

But as, in painting, two very different colors, by diluting each other very slowly and gradually, may, from the highest intenseness in either extreme, terminate in the midst insensibly, and so run one into the other, that it shall not be possible even for a skilful eye to determine exactly where the one ends and the other begins; and yet the colors may really differ as much as can be, not in degree only, but entirely in kind—as red and blue, or white and black: so though it may perhaps be very difficult in some nice and perplexed cases—which are yet very far from occurring frequently—to define exactly the bounds of Right and Wrong, Just and Unjust—and there may be some latitude in the judgment of different men, and the laws of divers nations—yet Right and Wrong are nevertheless in themselves totally and essentially different; even altogether as much as white and black, light and darkness.

The Spartan law, perhaps, which permitted their youth to steal, may—as absurd as it was—bear much dispute whether it was absolutely unjust or no; because every man having an absolute right in his own goods, it may seem that the members of any society may agree to transfer or alter their own properties upon what conditions they shall think fit. But if it could be supposed that a law had been made at Sparta, or at Rome, or in India, or in any other part of the world, whereby it had been commanded or allowed that any man might rob by violence, and murder whomsoever he met with, or that no faith should be kept with any man, nor any equitable compacts performed—no man, with any tolerable use of his reason, whatever diversity of judgment might be among them in other matters, would have thought that such a law could have been authorized or excused;

much less have justified such actions, and have made them good: because it is plainly not in men's power to make falsehood be truth, though they may alter the property of their goods as they please.

Now if, in flagrant cases, the natural and essential difference between Good and Evil, Right and wrong, cannot but be confessed to be plainly and undeniably evident, the difference between them must be also essential and unalterable in all, even the smallest, and nicest, and most intricate cases, though it be not easy to be discerned and accurately distinguished. For if, from the difficulty of determining exactly the bounds of Right and Wrong in many perplexed cases it could truly be concluded that Just and Unjust were not essentially different by nature, but only by positive constitution and custom, it would follow equally, that they were not really, essentially, and unalterably different—even the most flagrant cases that can be supposed: which is an assertion so very absurd, that Mr. Hobbes himself could hardly vent it without blushing; and discovering plainly by his shifting expressions, his secret self-condemnation. There are therefore certain necessary and eternal differences of things, and certain fitnesses or unfitnesses of the application of different things, or different relations one to another, not depending on any positive constitutions, but founded unchangeably in the nature and reason of things, and unavoidably arising from the difference of the things themselves.—*The Being and Attributes of God.*

CLARKSON, THOMAS, an English philanthropist and author, born in 1760, died in 1846. He was educated at Cambridge. During his stay there, the question, *Is Involuntary Servitude justifiable?* was assigned as the subject of a Latin prize essay, and Clarkson became so much interested, that after completing his essay, which was successful, he resolved to devote his life to the abolition of the slave trade. He secured the co-operation of Mr. Wilberforce, who presented the subject to Parliament in 1787; and after a struggle of twenty years procured the passage of a bill suppressing the monstrous traffic. During the next year, 1808, Clarkson published a *History of the Rise, Progress, and Accomplishment of the Abolition of the African Slave-Trade.* In 1823 he became an active member of the Society then formed for the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, the object of which was attained in 1833. Clarkson's Latin essay *On the Slavery and Commerce of the Human Species*, was translated into English, and had a wide circulation. He also published *Magna Charta of Africa* (1807); *Portraiture of Quakerism, Memoirs of the Life of William Penn* (1813); and *Researches concerning God and Religion* (1836).

APPEAL TO THE PURCHASERS OF AFRICANS.

It remains only now to examine by what arguments those, who receive or purchase their fellow-creatures into slavery, defend the commerce. Their first plea is "that they receive those, with propriety, who are convicted of crimes, because they are delivered into their hands by their own magistrates." But what is this to you receivers? Have the unfortunate convicts been guilty of injury to *you?* Have they broken your treaties? Have they plundered your ships? Have they carried your wives and children into slavery, that you should thus retaliate? Have they offended you even by word or gesture?

But if the African convicts are innocent with respect to you: if you have not even the shadow of a claim upon their persons; by what right do you receive them? "By the laws of the Africans," you will say; "by which it is positively allowed." —But can laws alter the nature of vice? They may give it a function, perhaps: it will still be immutably the same, and, though dressed in the outward habiliments of honor, will still be intrinsically base.

But alas! you do not only attempt to defend yourselves by these arguments, but even dare to give your actions the appearance of lenity, and assume merit from your baseness! and how first ought you particularly to blush, when you assert "that prisoners of war are only purchased from the hands of their conquerors, to deliver them from death." Ridiculous defence! can the most credulous believe it? You entice the Africans to war; you foment their quarrels; you supply them with arms and ammunition, and all—from the *motives of benevolence.* Does a man set fire to an house, for the purpose of rescuing the inhabitants from the flames? But if they are only purchased to deliver them from death, why, when they are delivered into your hands, as protectors, do you torture them with hunger? Why do you kill them with fatigue? Why does the whip deform their bodies, or the knife their limbs? Why do you sentence them to death? to a death infinitely more excruciating than that from which you so kindly saved them? What answer do you make to this? for if you had not humanely preserved them from the hands of their conquerors, a quick death, perhaps, and that in the space of a moment, had freed them from their pain: but on account of your favor and benevolence, it is known that they have lingered years in pain and agony, and have been sentenced, at last, to a dreadful death for the most insignificant offence.

Neither can we allow the other argument to be true, on which you found your merit; "that you take them from their country for their own convenience; because Africa, scorched with incessant heat, and subject to the most violent rains and tempests, is unwholesome, and unfit to be inhabited." Preposterous men! do you thus judge from your own feelings? Do you thus judge from your own constitution and frame? But if you suppose that the Africans are incapable of enduring their own climate, because you cannot endure it yourselves, why do you receive them into slavery? Why do you not measure them here by the same standard? For if you are unable to bear hunger and thirst, chains and imprisonment, wounds and torture, why do you not suppose them incapable of enduring the same treatment? Thus then is your argument turned against yourselves. . . . But you say again, as a confirmation of these your former arguments, (by which you would have it understood, that the Africans themselves are sensible of the goodness of your intentions) "that they do not appear to go with you against their will." Impudent and base assertion! Why then do you load them with chains? Why keep you your daily and nightly watches? But alas, as a farther, though a more melancholy proof of the falsehood of your assertions, how many, when on board your ships, have put a period to their existence? How many have leaped into the sea? How many have pined to death, that, even at the expense of their lives, they might fly from your benevolence?

Do you call them obstinate, then, because they refuse your favors? Do you call them ungrateful because they make you this return? How much rather ought you receivers to blush! How much rather ought you receivers to be considered as abandoned and execrable; who, when you usurp the dominion over those who are free and independent as yourselves, break the first law of justice which ordains "that no person shall do harm to another, without a previous provocation;" who offend against the dictates of nature which commands, "that no just man shall be given or received into slavery against his own consent," and who violate the very laws of the empire that you assume, by consigning your subjects to misery.—*Essay on the Slavery and Commerce of the Human Species.*

CLAY, Cassius Marcellus, an American politician and author, son of Henry Clay, born in Kentucky in 1810. He studied law, and manifested talents which gave promise of a successful political career; but he earnestly opposed the institution of slavery and the annexation of Texas, a course which prevented his political advancement. In 1845 he began to edit *The True American*, an anti-slavery newspaper published at Lexington, Kentucky, which was several times attacked by mobs. During the war with Mexico (1846–47) he served as a captain in the army. In 1856 he united himself with the newly-organized "Republican" party. In 1860 he advocated the election of Mr. Lincoln to the presidency; and was in 1863 appointed Minister to Russia, a position which he retained until 1869. A collection of his *Writings and Speeches*, edited by Horace Greeley, was issued in 1848. It is understood that he has for several years been engaged in preparing a work on Russia.

CLAY, HENRY, an American orator and statesman, born in Hanover county, Virginia, April 12, 1777, died at Washington, D.C., June 29, 1852. He was the son of a Baptist preacher of limited means, studied law, was admitted to the bar, and at the age of twenty removed to Kentucky, where he commenced the practice of his profession, with brilliant success. In 1804 he was elected to the State Legislature; in 1806 he was appointed United States Senator to fill a vacancy, and was chosen Senator in 1806 for a full term. In 1811 he was elected a member of Congress, and was chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives, although one of the youngest members of that body. He was an earnest advocate of the impending war with Great Britain; and in 1814 was sent to Europe as one of the Commissioners to negotiate a treaty of peace. Upon his return to the United States he was three times re-elected to Congress, and was each term chosen as Speaker. He was one of the most earnest advocates of the "Missouri Compromise" of

1821 in consequence of which the Territory of Missouri was admitted into the Union as a State, with a proviso that slavery in the Territories should be prohibited north of latitude 36° 40′.

After the conclusion of Mr. Monroe's second presidential term, four candidates presented themselves for the Presidency—W. H. Crawford, John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, and Andrew Jackson. All of them were members of what was then styled the "Republican" party; and all, with the exception of Jackson, had held prominent positions in that party. No candidate having received a majority of the electoral vote, it devolved upon the House of Representatives to choose a President from among the three who had received the highest number of electoral votes. Mr. Clay, not being one of these, was ineligible. His supporters united with those of Mr. Adams, who was chosen President, and appointed Mr. Clay as Secretary of State.

In 1831, and several times subsequently, Mr. Clay was elected United States Senator, and in 1832 was the candidate for the Presidency of what was popularly known as the "Anti-Jackson" party; but he received only 69 electoral votes, the remaining 219 being cast for Jackson. Mr. Clay was the author and chief promoter of the "Compromise Tariff" of 1832–33. . In 1836, though the recognized leader of the "Whig" party, he declined to be a candidate for the Presidency; and in 1840 he gave his support to Mr. Harrison, who was elected. In 1844 he was nominated by the Whig party, but received only 105 electoral votes, Mr. Polk, the Democratic candidate receiving 170. In 1848 he was again elected to the United States Senate and took a prominent part in the debates which grew out of the anti-slavery agitation of the time. He was mainly instrumental in procuring the passage of the "Compromise Bill" of 1850, the effect of which was to postpone for some years the armed struggle between the North and the South. His position in the great underlying question of the day was thus stated by him: "I owe a paramount allegiance to the whole Union—a subordinate one to my own state." Henry Clay, published no book, and his literary reputation rests wholly upon his speeches. A collection of these in six large volumes, edited by Calvin Colton, was issued in 1857. His *Life* has been written by Mr. Colton, Epes Sargent, James Parton, and many others.

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN STATES.

In the establishment of South America, the United States have the deepest interest. I have no hesitation in asserting my firm belief that there is no question in the foreign policy of this country which has ever arisen, or which I can conceive as ever occurring, in the decision of which we have had or can have so much at stake. This interest concerns our politics, our commerce, our navigation. There cannot be a doubt that Spanish America, once independent—whatever may be the form of the governments established in its several parts—these governments will be animated by an American feeling, and guided by an American policy. They would obey the laws of the system of the New World, of which they compose a part, in contradistinction to that of Europe. . . .

The independence of Spanish America, then, is an interest of primary consideration. Next to that, and highly important in itself, is the consideration of the nature of their governments. That is a question, however, for themselves. They will, no doubt, adopt those kinds of government which are best suited to their condition, best calculated for their happiness. Anxious as I am that they should be free governments, we have no right to prescribe for them. They are, and ought to be, the sole judges for themselves. I am strongly inclined to believe that they will—in most if not in all parts of their country—establish free governments. We are their great example. Of us they constantly speak as of brothers, having a similar origin. They adopt our principles, copy our institutions, and, in many instances, employ the very language and sentiments of our Revolutionary papers.

But it is sometimes said that they are too ignorant and too superstitious to admit of the existence of free government. This charge of ignorance is often urged by persons themselves actually ignorant of the real condition of that people. I deny the alleged fact of ignorance; I deny the inference from the fact—if it were true—that they want capacity for free government; and I refuse assent to the further conclusion—if the fact were true, and the inference just—that we are to be indifferent to their fate. . . . Gentlemen will eggregiously err if they form their opinions of the present moral condition of Spanish America from what if was under the debasing system of Spain. The eight years' revolution has already produced a powerful effect. Education has been attended to, and genius developed. . . .

The fact is not therefore true, that the imputed ignorance exists. But if it do, I repeat, I dispute the inference. It is the doctrine of thrones that man is too ignorant to govern himself. Then partisans assert his incapacity, in reference to all nations. If they cannot command universal assent to the proposition, it is then demanded as to particular nations; and our pride and our presumption too often make converts to us. I contend that it is to arraign the dispositions of Providence himself to suppose that He has created beings incapable of governing themselves, and to be trampled on by kings. Self-government is the natural government of man; and for proof I refer to the aborigines of our own land. Were I to speculate in hypotheses unfavorable to human liberty, my speculations should be founded rather upon the vices, refinements, or density of population. Crowded together in compact masses—even if they were philosophers—the contagion of the passions is communicated and caught, and the effect too often, I admit, is the overthrow of liberty. Dispersed over such an immense space as that on which the people of Spanish America are spread, their physical, and I believe also their moral condition, both favor their liberty.—*Speech in the House of Representatives, March* 24, 1818.

ON NULLIFICATION.

The doctrine of some of the South Carolina politicians is, that it is competent for that State to annul, within its limits, the authority of an Act deliberately passed by the Congress of the United States. They do not appear to have looked much beyond the simple act of Nullification, into the consequences which would ensue, and have not distinctly announced whether one of them might not necessarily be to light up a civil war. They seem, however, to suppose that the State might, after the act was performed, remain a member of the Union. Now, if one State can, by an act of its separate power, absolve itself from the obligations of a law of Congress, and continue a part of the Union, it could hardly be expected that any other State would render obedience to the same law. Either every other State would follow the nullifying example, or Congress would feel itself constrained, by a sense of equal duty to all parts of the Union, to repeal altogether the nullified law. Thus the doctrine of South Carolina, although it nominally assumes to act for one State only, in effect would be legislating for the whole Union.

Congress embodies the collective will of the whole Union—and that of South Carolina among its other members. The legislation of Congress is, therefore, founded upon the basis of the representation of all. In the Legislature, or a Convention of South Carolina, the will of the people of that State is alone collected. They alone are represented, and the people of no other State have any voice in their proceedings. To set up for that a claim, by a separate exercise of its power, to legislate, in effect, for the whole Union, is to assert a pretension at war with the fundamental principles of all representative and free governments. It would practically subject the unrepresented people of all other parts of the Union to the arbitrary and despotic power of one State. It would substantially convert them into Colonies, bound by the parental authority of that State. Nor can this enormous pretension derive any support from the consideration that the power to annul is different from the power to originate law. Both powers are, in their nature, legislative; and the mischiefs which might accrue to the Republic from the annulment of its wholesome laws may be just as great as those which would flow from the origination of bad laws.—*Speech at Cincinnati, August* 3, 1830.

ON THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

I am no friend of slavery. The Searcher of all hearts knows that every pulsation of mine beats high and strong in the cause of civil liberty. Wherever it is safe and practicable, I desire to see every portion of the human family in the enjoyment of it. But I prefer the liberty of my own country to that of any other people; and the liberty of my own race to that of any other race. The liberty of the descendants of Africa in the United States is incompatible with the safety and liberty of the European descendants. Their slavery forms an exception—an exception resulting from a stern and inexorable necessity—to the general liberty in the United States. We did not originate, nor are we responsible for this necessity. Their liberty—if it were possible—could only be established by violating the incontestable powers of the States, and subverting the Union. And beneath the ruins of the Union would be buried, sooner or later, the liberty of both races. . . .

Shall we wantonly run upon the danger, and destroy all the glorious anticipations of the high destiny that awaits us? I beseech the abolitionists themselves solemnly to pause in their mad and fatal course. Amid the infinite variety of objects of humanity and benevolence which invite the employment of their energies, let them select some one more harmless, that does not threaten to deluge our country in blood. I call upon that small portion of the clergy which has lent itself to these wild and ruinous schemes, not to forget the holy nature of the divine mission of the Founder of our religion, and to profit by his peaceful example. I entreat that portion of my countrywomen who have given their countenance to abolition, to remember that they are ever most loved and honored when moving in their own appropriate and delightful sphere; and to reflect that the ink which they shed in subscribing with their fair hands abolition petitions, may prove but the prelude to the shedding of the blood of their brethren. I adjure all the inhabitants of the Free States to rebuke and discountenance, by their opinion and example, measures which must inevitably lead to the most calamitous consequences. And let us all, as countrymen, as friends, and as brothers, cherish, in unfading memory, the motto which bore our ancestors triumphantly through all the trials of the Revolution, as, if adhered to, it will conduct their posterity through all that may, in the dispensations of Providence, be reserved for them.—*Speech in the Senate, February* 7, 1839.

ON VIOLATIONS OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

I avail myself of the occasion [the President's Special Message] to express the high degree of satisfaction which I have felt in seeing the general and faithful execution of this law. It has been executed in Indiana under circumstances really of great embarrassment, doubt, and difficulty. It has been executed in Ohio, in repeated instances—in Cincinnati. It has been executed in the State of Pennsylvania, at the seat of government of the State, and at the great commercial metropolis of the State. It has been executed in the great commercial metropolis of the Union—New York—I believe upon more than one occasion. It has been executed everywhere except in the city of Boston; and there has been a failure there, upon two occasions to execute the law.

I confess that when I heard of the first failure, I was most anxious to hear of the case of another arrest of a fugitive slave in Boston, that the experiment might be again made, and that it might be satisfactorily ascertained whether the law could or could not be executed in the city of Boston. Therefore, with profound surprise and regret I heard of the recent occurrence in which the law had been again treated with contempt, and the court-house of the country violated by an invasion of a lawless force. I stated upon a former occasion that the mob consisted chiefly, as is now stated by the President, of blacks. But when I adverted to that fact, I had in my mind those—wherever they may be, in high or low places, in public or private—who instigated, incited, and stimulated to these deeds of enormity these poor, black, deluded mortals. They are the persons who ought to be reached; they are the persons who ought to be brought to condign punishment. And I trust, if there be any incompetency in existing laws to punish those who advised, and stimulated, and instigated these unfortunate blacks to these deeds of lawless enormity, that the defects will be supplied, and the really guilty party who lurks behind, putting forward these miserable wretches, will be brought to justice. I believe—at least I hope—the existing laws will be found competent to reach their case.—*Speech in the Senate, February* 19, 1851.

CLEMENS, Samuel Langhorne ("Mark Twain"), an American humorist and author, born at Florida, Missouri, Nov. 30, 1835. At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to a printer, and worked at the trade in several cities. In 1855 he became a pilot on the Mississippi, and in 1861 went to Nevada, where he visited the silver mines, and became editor of the *Enterprise*, in Virginia City, where he remained three years. After a voyage to Hawaii, and a lecturing tour in California and Nevada, he went to Europe, visited Egypt and Palestine, and on his return wrote *The Innocents Abroad*, a humorous account of his travels. Besides this book he has written *The Jumping Frog* (1867); *Roughing It* (1872); *The Gilded Age*, a comedy (1874); *Tom Sawyer* (1876); *A Tramp Abroad* (1880); *Prince and Pauper*, and *The Stolen White Elephant* (1882); *Life on the Mississippi* (1883); *Huckleberry Finn* (1885).

ITALIAN GUIDES.

Guides know about enough English to tangle everything up so that a man can make neither head nor tail of it. They know their story by heart—the history of every statue, painting, cathedral or other wonder they show you. They know it and tell it as a parrot would—and if you interrupt, and throw them off the track, they have to go back and begin over again. All their lives long they are employed in showing strange things to foreigners, and listening to their bursts of admiration. It is what prompts children to say "smart" things, and do absurd ones, and in other ways "show off" when company is present. It is what makes gossips turn out in rain and storm to go and be the first to tell a startling piece of news. Think, then, what a passion it becomes with a guide, whose privilege it is, every day, to show to strangers wonders that throw them into perfect ecstasies of admiration! He gets so that he could not by any possibility live in a soberer atmosphere. After we discovered this, we *never* went into ecstasies any more; we never admired anything; we never showed any but impassible faces and stupid indifference in the presence of the sublimest wonders a guide had to display. We had found their weak point. We have made some good use of it ever since. We have made some of those people savage at times, but we have never lost our own serenity.

The doctor asks the questions generally, because he can keep his own countenance, and look more like an inspired idiot, and throw more imbecility into the tone of his voice, than any man that lives. It comes natural to him.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans so much wonder, and deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of animation—full of impatience. He said: "Come wis me, genteelmen!—come! I show you ze letter-writing by Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!—write it wis his own hand!—come!"

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide's eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger:

"What I tell you, genteelmen! Is it not so? See! hand-writing Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!"

We looked indifferent—unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately, during a painful pause. Then he said, without any show of interest:

"Ah—Ferguson—what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

Another deliberate examination.

"Ah—did he write it himself, or—how?

"He write it himself!—Christopher Colombo! his own handwriting, write by himself!"

Then the doctor laid the document down and said:

"Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that."

"But zis is ze great Christo—"

"I don't care who it is! It's the worst writing I ever saw. Now you must n't think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools, by a great deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out!—and if you have n't, drive on!"

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said:

"Ah, genteelmen, you come wis me! I show you beautiful, oh, magnificent bust of Christopher Colombo!—splendid, grand, magnificent!"

He brought us before the beautiful bust—for it *was* beautiful—and sprang back and struck an attitude:

"Ah, look, genteelmen!—beautiful, grand—bust Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

The doctor put up his eye-glass—procured for such occasions:

"Ah—what did you say this gentleman's name was?"

"Christopher Colombo!—ze great Christopher Colombo!"

"Christopher Colombo—the great Christopher Colombo. Well, what did *he* do?"

"Discover America!—discover America. Oh, ze devil!"

"Discover America! No—that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it. Christopher Colombo—pleasant name. Is—is he dead?"

"Oh corpo di Baccho!—three hundred year!"

"What did he die of!"

"I do not know!—I cannot tell."

"Small-pox, think?"

"I do not know, genteelmen!—I do not know *what* he die of!"

"Measles, likely?"

"May be—may be—I do not know—I think he die of somethings."

"Parents living?"

"Impossible!"

"Ah—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?"

"Santa Maria!—*zis* ze bust! *zis* ze pedestal!"

"Ah, I see—I see—happy combination—very happy combination, indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?"

That joke was lost on the foreigner—guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke.—*The Innocents Abroad.*

THE TOMB OF ADAM.

The tomb of Adam! How touching it was, here in the land of strangers, far away from house, and friends, and all who cared for me, thus to discover the grave of a blood relation. True, a distant one, but still a relation. The unerring instinct of nature thrilled its recognition. The fountain of my filial affection was stirred to its profoundest depths, and I gave way to tumultuous emotion. I leaned upon a pillar and burst into tears. I deem it no shame to have wept over the grave of my poor dear relative. Let him who would sneer at my emotion close this volume here. He will find little to his taste in my journeyings through the Holy Land. Noble old man—he did not live to see me—he did not live to see his child. And I—I—alas, I did not live to see *him*. Weighed down by sorrow and disappointment, he died before I was born—six thousand brief summers before I was born. But let me try to bear it with fortitude. Let me trust that he is better off where he is. Let us take comfort in the thought that his loss is our eternal gain.—*The Innocents Abroad.*

THE GRANGERFORDS' PICTURES.

They had pictures hung on the walls—mainly Washingtons and Lafayettes, and battles, and Highland Mary, and one called "Signing the Declaration." There was some that they called "crayons," which one of the daughters which was dead made herself when she was only fifteen years old. They was different from any pictures I ever see before; blacker, mostly, than is common. One was a woman in a slim black dress, belted small under the arm-pits, with bulges like a cabbage in the middle of the sleeves, and a large black scoop-shovel bonnet with a black vail, and white slim ankles crossed about with black tape, and very wee black slippers, like a chisel, and she was leaning pensive on a tombstone on her right elbow, under a weeping willow, and her other hand hanging down her side holding a white handkerchief and a reticule, and underneath the picture it said "Shall I Never See Thee More Alas." Another one was a young lady with her hair all combed up straight to the top of her head, and knotted there in front of a comb like a chair-back, and she was crying into a handkerchief and had a dead bird laying on its back in her other hand with its heels up, and underneath the picture it said "I Shall Never Hear Thy Sweet Chirrup More Alas." There was one where a young lady was at a window looking up at the moon, and tears running down her cheeks; and she had an open letter in one hand with black sealing-wax showing on one edge of it, and she was mashing a locket with a chain to it against her mouth, and underneath the picture it said "And Art Thou Gone Yes Thou Art Gone Alas."

These was all nice pictures, I reckon, but I did'nt somehow seem to take to them, because if ever I was down a little, they always give me the fan-tods. Everybody was sorry she died, because she had laid out a lot more of these pictures to do, and a body could see by what she had done what they had lost. But I reckoned, that with her disposition, she was having a better time in the grave-yard. She was at work on what they said was her greatest picture when she took sick, and every day and every night it was her prayer to be allowed to live till she got it done, but she never got the chance. It was a picture of a young woman in a long white gown, standing on the rail of a bridge all ready to jump off, with her hair all down her back, and looking up to the moon, with the tears running down her face, and she had two arms folded across her breast, and two arms stretched out in front, and two more reaching up towards the moon—and the idea was, to see which pair would look best and then scratch out all the other arms; but, as I was saying, she died before she had got her mind made up, and now they kept this picture over the head of the bed in her room, and every time her birthday came they hung flowers on it. Other times it was hid with a little curtain. The young woman in the picture had a kind of a nice sweet face, but there were so many arms it made her look too spidery, seemed to me.—*Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.*

CLEMMER, MARY, an American novelist and poet, born in 1839, died in 1884. Her birthplace was Utica, N. Y., she was educated at Westfield, Mass. Her first novel, *Victorie*, was published anonymously in 1865. In 1866 she became a correspondent of *The Independent*, to which she contributed a series of brilliant articles under the title, *A Woman's Letters from Washington*. She is the author of *Eirene*, a novel, published in 1871, a *Memorial of Alice and Phœbe Cary* (1873); *Outlines of Men, Women, and Things, Ten Years in Washington* (1873); a novel, *His Two Wives* (1875), and *Poems of Life and Nature.*

A PERFECT DAY.

Go glorious day!
  Here while you pass I make this sign;
Earth swinging on her silent way
  Will bear me back unto this hour divine,
  And I will softly say: "Once thou wert mine.

"Wert mine, O perfect day!
  The light unknown soaring from sea and shore.
The forest's eager blaze,
  The flaming torches that the Autumn bore,
  The fusing sunset seas, when storms were o'er,

"Were mine the brooding airs,
  The pulsing music of the weedy brooks,
The jewelled fishes and the mossy lairs,

Wherein shy creatures, with their free bright
looks,
Taught blessed lessons never found in books.

"All mine the peace of God,
When it was joy enough to breathe and be,
The peace of Nature oozing from her sod,
When face to face with her the soul was free,
And far the false, wild strife it fain would flee."

Stay, beauteous day!
Yet why pray I? Thy lot, like mine, to fade;
Thy light, like yonder mountain's golden haze,
Must merge into the morrow's misty shade,
And I, an exile in the alien street,
Still gazing back, yearn toward the vision fleet.

"Once thou wert mine!" I'll say,
And comfort so my heart as with old wine.
Poor pilgrims! oft we walk the self-same way,
To weep its change, to kneel before the shrine
The heart once builded to a happy day,
When dear it died. I'll say: "O day divine,
Life presses sore; but once, *once* thou wert mine."

MY WIFE AND I.

We're drifting out to isles of peace;
We let the weary world go by;
We sail away o'er Summer seas,
My wife and I.

We bear to rest in regions fair
The faltering spirit of the mind;
The kingdom wide, of toil and care,
We leave behind.

How poor to us the proudest prize
For which earth's weary millions sigh;
Our meed we see in two dear eyes,
My wife and I.

This way and that the races go,
All seeking some way to be blest;
Nor dream the joy they never know
Is how to rest.

The travailing nations rise and fall,
They lift the palm, they bear the rue;
Yet bliss is this—to know, through all,
That one is true.

They perish swift, the gala flowers
The lauding people love to fling;
Waits silence, dearth, and lonely hours,
The once-crowned king.

But never shall he faint or fall
Who lists to hear, o'er every fate,
The sweeter and the higher call
Of his true mate.

I hear it wheresoe'er I rove:
She holds me safe from shame or sin;
The holy temple of her love
I worship in.

We're drifting out to realms of peace;
We let the weary world go by;
We sail away o'er Summer seas,
My wife and I.

We sail to regions calm and still—
To bring in time, to all behind,
The service of exalted will,
Of tranquil mind.

The fading shores grow far and dim,
The stars are lighting in the sky:
We sail away to Ocean's hymn,
My wife and I.

WAITING.

I wait,
Till from my veilèd brows shall fall
This baffling cloud, this wearying thrall,
Which holds me now from knowing all;
Until my spirit sight shall see
Into all Being's mystery,
See what it really is to [illegible]!

I wait,
While robbing days in mockery fling
Such cruel loss athwart my Spring,
And life flags on with broken wing;
Believing that a kindlier fate
The patient soul will compensate
For all it loses, ere too late.

I wait,
For surely every scanty seed
I plant in weakness and in need
Will blossom in perfected deed!
Mine eyes shall see its affluent crown,
Its fragrant fruitage dropping down
Care's lowly levels bare and brown!

I wait,
Till in white Death's tranquillity
Shall softly fall away from me
This weary flesh's infirmity,
That I in larger light may learn
The larger truth I would discern,
The larger love for which I yearn.

I wait!
The summer of the soul is long,
Its harvests yet shall round me throng
In perfect pomp of sun and song.
In stormless mornings yet to be
I'll pluck from life's full-fruited tree
The joy to-day denied to me.

AN ARMY NURSE.

At midnight Eirene walked the ward alone. The men-nurses, worn out by the excessive labor of many days, had retired for a little rest while she watched. With noiseless steps she moved to and fro—here pausing to adjust a pillow for some aching head; here to administer medicine or cordial; here to utter some word of faith or cheer. Many a human heart, fluttering to death in a wounded body, thanked God for her ministry, and that he was not left to die alone. Many mournful eyes, longing for sight of wife or mother, called her toward them with wistful entreaty, and silent tears and broken voices blessed and thanked the woman's love which in its unselfish devotion made each man a brother.

Eirene's lips quivered as she walked. Here were men with the damp of death upon their faces to whose mothers and wives she had written words of hope and consolation. Those mothers and wives had written to her till she had made their love and sorrow her own. How she had watched and nourished their wounded ones, how she had hoped for them, what stories she had told them of their coming convalescence, of their furloughs, of their visits home, of the glad and prosperous years afar on! And yet in the face of her love, and care, and prayers, they were dying! Only another morning and she would see the stretcher with its dead body borne out to the half-made grave on the open hill. A long sigh of anguish arose from her heart; but the suppressed lips shut upon it before it escaped. Silence, patience, and self-restraint, she owed them all to the sufferers around her. And her heart swelled with gratitude that God in his love permitted her to minister to her brethren.

These thoughts, with her surroundings, the midnight, the long dim ward filled with wounded and dying men, seemed to lift her into a state of exaltation. As she passed the last couch, she drew the curtain which covered the window at the end of the ward, and for a moment stood transfixed with what she saw. They who have never seen the full moon suspended above the Blue Ridge in September have missed one of the consummate sights of nature. Tens of thousands of brave men, could they see this page, would bear me witness that the earth never bore more transcendent nights and days than those which trailed their splendor along the Valley of Virginia, through the September of 1862. The great mountains rose on either side in sombre shadow. The two rivers, pouring down the valley, rushed together at their feet.

Above their heads, out of the heaven's unfathomable blue, the moon hung a globe of flame.

flooding the embattled valley with a mellow half-day, like that in which it lies in the sun's eclipse. Around the base of the hill, from whose summit Eirene looked, clung the ruins of the fated little town. Perching on a side precipice, one solitary church which both armies had spared lifted up its glittering cross in mid air. Right before her, on the hill-top was the old grave-yard of the natives, while in every direction, running far down its sides, were the new half-covered graves of dead soldiers. Between the house and the grave-yard a solitary sentinel paced. From the side hill she could hear the steps of other sentinels, and hear their solemn challenge breaking the silence. Above her, along the heights of the Shenandoah, a vast city of white tents gleamed in the moonlight. Below, on the great bridge spanning the rivers, she caught the glitter of bayonets, then the slow tramp, tramp of marching men. Another regiment coming, and another! a forced midnight march! the men were coming from below to reinforce the men lying on their bayonets on Bolivar Heights. Her heart fluttered with a sickening sensation, as she saw them drawing nearer, nearer, the heavy-laden, weary, marching men. Silently, solemnly on they came beneath the midnight sky, beneath the very window where she stood.

"A battle to-morrow! Win is up the valley; the end nears," she said with a shudder as she dropped the curtain and turned back. Another moment and she walked the ward again, and no eye saw the deepened pallor of her face. Yet amid all the sickening fear in her heart was born an unspeakable gratitude, that she was where she was.—*Eirene.*

CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH, an English poet, born at Liverpool in 1819, died in Italy in 1861. He was the son of a merchant who came to America, and settled in Charleston, S. C., in 1823. In 1828 the boy was sent to England, and was educated at Rugby and Oxford. In 1843 he became a tutor in Oriel

College. After a visit to America in 1852, he was appointed examiner in the Education Office of the Privy Council. While traveling in Italy, hé died suddenly of a fever. His longest poem is *Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich.* He also wrote *Dipsychus*, a dramatic poem, *Mari Magno*, a collection of tales in verse told at sea, *Amours de Voyage*, and numerous miscellaneous poems, and revised Dryden's translation of *Plutarch's Lives.*

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

This was the answer that came from the Tutor, the grave man, Adam.
"When the armies are set in array, and the battle beginning,
Is it well that the soldier whose post is far to the leftward
Say, I will go to the right, it is there I shall do the best service?
There is a great Field-Marshal, my friend, who arrays our battalions;
Let us to Providence trust, and abide and work in our stations."
This was the final retort from the eager, impetuous Philip:
"I am sorry to say your Providence puzzles me sadly;
Children of Circumstance are we to be? you answer, On no wise!
Where does Circumstance end, and Providence, where begins it?
What are we to resist, and what are we to be friends with?
If there is battle, 'tis battle by night. I stand in the darkness,
Here in the mélee of men, Ionian and Dorian on both sides,
Signal and pass-word known; which is friend and which is foeman?
Is it a friend? I doubt, though he speak with the voice of a brother.

Still you are right, I suppose; you always are, and will be:
Though I mistrust the Field-Marshal, I bow to the duty of order.
Yet is my feeling rather to ask, where *is* the battle? . . . .
Sound, thou Trumpet of God, come forth, Great Cause, to array us,
King and leader appear, thy soldiers sorrowing seek thee.
Would that the armies indeed were arrayed, O where is the battle!
Neither battle I see, nor arraying, nor King in Israel,
Only infinite jumble and mess and dislocation,
Backed by a solemn appeal, 'For God's sake, do not stir thee!'"
—*Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich.*

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there!

A RIVER POOL.

Sweet streamlet basin! at thy side
Weary and faint within me cried
My longing heart—In such pure deep
How sweet it were to sit and sleep;
To feel each passage from without
Close up—above me and about,
Those circling waters crystal clear,
That calm, impervious atmosphere!
There on thy pearly pavement pure,
To lean, and feel myself secure,
Or through the dim-lit inter-space,
Afar at whiles upgazing trace
The dimpling bubbles dance around
Upon thy smooth exterior face;
Or idly list the dreamy sound
Of ripples lightly flung, above
That home, of peace, if not of love.

SOME FUTURE DAY.

Some future day when what is now is not,
When all old faults and follies are forgot,
And thoughts of difference passed like dreams
away,
We'll meet again, upon some future day.

When all that hindered, all that vexed our love,
As tall rank weeds will climb the blade above,
When all but it has yielded to decay,
We'll meet again, upon some future day.

When we have proved, each on his course alone,
The wider world, and learnt what's now unknown,
Have made life clear, and worked out each a way,
We'll meet again—we shall have much to say.

With happier mood, and feelings born anew,
Our boyhood's bygone fancies we 'll review,
Talk o'er old talks, play as we used to play,
And meet again, on many a future day.

Some day, which oft our hearts shall yearn to see,
In some far year, though distant yet to be,
Shall we indeed—ye winds and waters say!—
Meet yet again, upon some future day?

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

O stream descending to the sea,
  Thy mossy banks between,
The flow'rets blow, the grasses grow,
  The leafy trees are green.

In garden plots the children play,
  The fields the laborers till,
And houses stand on either hand,
  And thou descendest still.

O life descending into death,
  Our waking eyes behold,
Parent and friend thy lapse attend,
  Companions young and old.

Strong purposes our mind possess,
  Our hearts affections fill,
We toil and earn, we seek and learn,
  And thou descendest still.

O end to which our currents tend,
  Inevitable sea,
To which we flow, what do we know,
  What shall we guess of thee?

A roar we hear upon thy shore,
  As we our course fulfil;
Scarce we divine a sun will shine,
  And be above us still.

QUI LABORAT, ORAT.

O only Source of all our light and life,
  Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,

But whom the hours of mortal moral strife
Alone aright reveal!

Mine inmost soul, before thee inly brought,
Thy presence owns ineffable, divine;
Chastised each rebel self-encentred thought,
My will adoreth Thine.

With eye down-dropped, if then this earthly mind
Speechless remain, or speechless e'en depart—
Nor seek to see—for what of earthly kind
Can see Thee as Thou art?—

If well assured 'tis but profanely bold
In thought's abstractest forms to seem to see,
It dare not dare the dread communion hold
In ways unworthy Thee.

O not unowned, Thou shalt unnamed forgive.
In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare;
And if in work its life it seem to live
Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when while the work it plies,
Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part,
And scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes
In recognition—start.

But as Thou willest, give or e'en forbear
The beatific supersensual sight;
So, with Thy blessing blessed, that humbler prayer
Approach Thee morn and night.

COBBE, Frances Power, a British author, born in Dublin, Dec. 4, 1822, and educated at Brighton. Besides contributing to many periodicals, she is the author of the following works: *The Workhouse as an Hospital*, and *Friendless Girls, and How to Help Them* (1861); *Female Education* (1862); *Thanksgiving, The Red Flag in John Bull's eyes*, and *Essays on the pursuits of Women* (1863); *Broken Lights, The Cities of the Past, Religious Duty*, and *Italics: Brief Notes on*

Politics, People, and Places in Italy (1864); *Studies New and Old of Ethical and Social Subjects* (1865); *Hours of Work and Play*, and *Confessions of a Lost Dog* (1867); *Dawning Lights* (1868); *Criminals, Idiots, Women, and Minors: Is the Classification Sound?* (1869); *Darwinism in Morals, and other Essays* (1872); *The Hopes of the Human Race Hereafter and Here, Essays on Life and Death, The Evolution of the Social Sentiment*, and *Doomed to be Saved* (1874); *The Moral Aspects of Vivisection* (1875); *False Beasts and True* (1876); *Why Women Desire the Franchise* (1877); *The Duties of Women* (1881); *The Peak in Darien; an Octave of Essays* (1882).

THE VALUE OF A TRUE RELIGIOUS FAITH.

Religious errors imbibed in youth are like those constitutional maladies which may lie latent for years and perhaps never produce acute evil of any kind, but which also may at any time burst into painful and sharp disease. Human nature possesses sometimes such a tendency to all things healthy, bright, and beautiful, that the most gloomy creeds fail to depress its natural buoyancy of hope and trustfulness, and the most immoral ones to soil its purity. We all know, and rejoice to know, many men, many more women, who are among the excellent of the earth, but who, if they did but succeed (as they profess to aim to do) in likening themselves to the Deity they have imagined, would needs be transformed from the most gentle and pitiful to the most cruel and relentless. The non-operative dogmas in such creeds as theirs would terrify them, could they but recognize them. But because of these blessed inconsistencies, numerous as they are, we must not suppose that such seeds of unmeasured evil as religious falsehoods are always, or even oftenest, innoxious. Like the man with hereditary disease, the mischief may long lie unperceived, while the course of his life does not tend to bring it into action. But an accident of most trivial kind, a blow to body or mind, a change of climate or of habits, may suddenly develop what has been hidden so long, and the man may sink under a calamity which with healthier constitution he would have surmounted in safety.

On the other hand, no words can adequately describe the value of a religious faith which supplies the soul, I will not say with absolute and final truth, but with such measure of truth as is its sufficient bread of life, its pure and healthful sustenance. We may not always see that this is so. An error may lie long innoxious, so truth may remain latent in the mind, and, as it would seem, useless and unprofitable. He who has been blessed with the priceless boon may go his way, and the "cares of the world and deceitfulness of riches," the thousand joys and sorrows, pursuits and interests, faults and follies of life, may carry him on year after year heeding but little the treasure he carries in his breast. Yet, even in his worst hours, that truth is a talisman to ennoble what might else be wholly base, to warm what might be all selfish, to purify and to cheer by half-understood influence over all thoughts and feelings. But it is in the supreme moments of life, the hours of agony or danger or temptation to moral sin, the hours when it is given to us either to step down into a gulf whose bottom we may not find before the grave, or to spring back out of falsehood or bitterness or self-indulgence upon the higher level of truth and love and holiness—it is in *these* hours that true religious faith shows itself as the power of God unto salvation. *With* it, there is nothing man may not bear and do. Without it, he is in danger immeasurable. With a false creed—a creed false to the instincts of the soul, incapable of supplying its needs of reverence and love, such as they have been constituted by the Creator—a man's joys may cover the whole surface of his life; but underneath there is a cold, dark abyss of doubt and fear. He passes hastily on in the bright sunshine, but under his feet he knows the ice may at any time give way and crash beneath him. Happiness is to him the exception in the world of existence. The rule is sorrow and pain—endless sorrow—eternal pain. But he whose creed tells him of a God whom he can wholly love, entirely trust, even though his outward life may be full of gloom and toil, has forever the consciousness of a great deep joy underlying all care and grief—a joy he pauses not always to contemplate, but which he knows is there, waiting for him whenever he turns to it; and his sorrows and all the sorrows of the world are in his sight but passing shadows which shall give place at last to everlasting bliss. His plot of earth may be barren and flowerless, and he may till it often in weariness and pain, but he would not exchange it for a paradise; for within it there is the well of water springing up into everlasting life.—*Darwinism in Morals, and Other Essays.*

COBBETT WILLIAM, an English author, born in 1766, died in 1835. His father farmed a few acres of land, upon which the son worked until the age of sixteen. He then went to London, where he found employment as a copying clerk in an attorney's office. In 1784 he enlisted as a soldier, his regiment being next year ordered to St. John's, New Brunswick. He remained there until 1791, having risen to the rank of serjeant-major, when he was honorably discharged. The next year he went to Wilmington, Delaware, where he taught English to French emigrants, Talleyrand being one of his pupils. In 1796 he established himself at Philadelphia as a bookseller, and publisher of his own writings, which at this time were extremely virulent, being directed against a great variety of individuals. He was several times prosecuted; and for one libel he was in 1799 fined $5,000. He returned to England the following year, and set up a newspaper which he called *The Porcupine Gazette*, which was succeeded soon after by *The Weekly Political Register;*

in which in 1803 he published an article in which he said that the appointment of the Earl of Hardwicke as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland was "like setting the surgeon's apprentice to bleed the pauper patients;" for this he was fined £500, and immediately after he was mulcted in a like sum in another suit commenced by Plunkett, the Solicitor-general for Ireland. In 1809 Cobbett became involved in a still more serious difficulty. He had commented bitterly upon the flogging of some mutinous militia, because their mutiny had been suppressed, and their flogging inflicted by the aid of a body of German troops. For this he was sentenced to pay a fine of £1.000, and to be imprisoned for two years. He seems to have fared sumptuously in prison, receiving every week a hamper of delicacies from his farm at Botley. He continued while in prison to edit *The Register* with as much vigor as though he was not shut up. Upon his release he was honored with a public dinner, presided over by Sir Francis Burdett.

During the preceding and a few following years, Cobbett contracted heavy debts, in consequence of which in 1817, he went again to the United States. Here he continued to have his *Register* printed, and regularly forwarded to England. At this time he wrote his *English Grammar*, of which 10,000 copies were sold within a month after its publication. He returned to England after two years, bringing with him some of the bones of Thomas Paine, for whom he proposed a kind of canonization. Cobbett's great desire now was to obtain a seat in Parliament. In this he was not successful until 1830, when he was returned for Oldham. He was again returned in 1834, a few months before his death.

Cobbett's works are exceedingly voluminous. Not less than 100 volumes of his political essays were published from time to time, and an abridgment of these in nine volumes, by his sons appeared in 1842-1848. The followare the titles of a few of his other works: *An Account of the Horrors of the French Revolution*: *A Year's Residence in the United States*: *Cottage Economy*; *Village Sermons*; *An English Grammar*; *A French Grammar*; *History of the Regency and Reign of George IV.*: *History of the Protestant Reformation in England and Ireland*: *Legacy to Parsons*; *Life of Andrew Jackson*: *Advice to Young Men and Women*; *A Roman History*; *Cobbett's Corn*. Scattered through the works of Cobbett are frequent passages which one would hardly expect to come from so truculent a controversialist. As these:

ON FIELD SPORTS.

Taking it for granted, then, that sportsmen are as good as other folks on the score of humanity, the sports of the field, like everything else done in the fields, tend to produce or preserve health. I prefer them to all other pastime because they produce early rising; because they have a tendency to lead young men into virtuous habits. It is where men congregate that the vices haunt. A hunter or a shooter may also be a gambler or a drinker; but he is less likely to be fond of the two latter if he be fond of the former. Boys will take to something in the way of pastime; and it is better that they take to that which is innocent, healthy, and manly, than to that which is vicious, unhealthy, and effeminate. Besides, the scenes of rural sport are necessarily at a distance from cities and towns. This is another great consideration; for though great talents are wonted to be employed in the hives of men, they are very rarely acquired in these hives; the surrounding subjects are too numerous, too near the eye, too frequently under it, and too artificial.

LATE RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY DAYS.

After living within a few hundred yards of Westminster Hall, and the Abbey Church, and the Bridge, and looking from my own windows into St. James's Park, all other buildings and spots appear insignificant. I went to-day to see the house I formerly occupied. How small! It is always thus: the words "large" and "small" are carried about with us in our minds, and we forget real dimensions. The idea, such as it was received, remains during our absence from the object. When I returned to England in 1800, after an absence from the country parts of it of sixteen years, the trees, the hedges—even the parks and woods—seemed so small! It made me laugh to hear little gutters, that I could jump over, called "rivers." The Thames was but a "creek."

But when in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham—the place of my birth—what was my surprise! Everything was become so pitifully small! I had to cross, in my post-chaise, the long and dreary heath of Bagshot; then, at the end of it, to mount a hill, called "Hungry Hill," and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood; for I had learned before the death of my father and mother. There is a hill not far from the town, called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat, in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighborhood. It seemed as the superlative degree of height. "As high as Crooksbury Hill," meant, with us, the utmost degree of height. Therefore the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes! Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen in New Brunswick a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big and four or five times as high.

The post-boy going down hill, and not a bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand-hill where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind all at once my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle and tender-hearted and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a minute longer I should have dropped. When I came to reflect, what a change! I looked down at my dress: what a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at a Secretary of State's, in company with Mr. Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries! I had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequences of bad, and no one to counsel me to good behavior. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth all became nothing in my eyes; and from that moment—less than a month after my arrival in England—I resolved never to bend before them.

COFFIN, CHARLES CARLETON, an American author, born at Boscawen, New Hampshire, in 1823. Until he was twenty-one years of age, he lived upon his father's farm, and endeavored to make up for lack of educational advantages, by studying at night. In 1851 he began writing for the Boston press. During the Civil War he was a correspondent of the *Boston Journal*, and was a spectator of many battles. In 1866 he was sent to Europe as war-correspondent for the same paper. At the close of the war he travelled in Europe, Asia, and Africa, returning home across the continent by way of San Francisco. Among his works are *My Days and Nights* *on the Battle Field* (1826): *Following the Flag* (1863); *Winning his way* (1864); *Four Years of Fighting* (1866); *Caleb Krinkle* (1875); *The Story of Liberty; Old Times in the Colonies* (1881); *The Boys of '76, The Boys of '61*, and *Building the Nation* (1883.)

"THE SHOT HEARD ROUND THE WORLD."

The people of Concord know nothing of the slaughter at Lexington. Fifty or more minute-men have gathered under Major Buttrick, ready to defend their homes and fight for their rights, if need be. Oh, if they only knew what had been done at Lexington! But no word has reached them. What can fifty farmers do against eight hundred disciplined troops? Not much. They have succeeded in secreting most of the cannon and nearly all of the powder, and some other things. They have done what they could. The flag that waves above them is not so gorgeous as the banner of the King; it is only a piece of cloth with a pine-tree painted upon it, but brave men are marshaled around it. The minister of Concord, Rev. Mr. Emerson, is there, with his gun on his shoulder.

"Let us stand our ground," he says.

"We are too few; we had better retreat to the other side of the river," says Major Buttrick. He is no coward, but is cool-headed, and gives wise counsel. The minute-men march up the street, cross the bridge, and come to a halt by Mr. Hunt's house.

The British troops halt in the road by the meeting-house. Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn dismount, leave their horses, go into the burial ground, and with a spy-glass look across the river to see what the minute-men are doing. Some of the troops—about two hundred—cross the river to Colonel Barrett's, and set the gun-carriages on fire. Other squads are sent to search the houses and barns of the people. They find a barrel of musket-balls and throw them into a well, break off the trunnions of the cannon which the people had not time to bury, and stave in the heads of fifty barrels of flour. The troops have marched all night, are weary, hungry, and thirsty. They call for breakfast, which the people give them—bread and milk, or bacon and eggs. The officers pay liberally, in some instances handing out a guinea and refusing to take any change. Major Pitcairn and some of the officers go into Mr. Wright's tavern and call for brandy. Major Pitcairn stirs the grog with his fingers. "I mean to stir the damned Yankee blood as I stir this before night," he says.

The minute-men are all west of the river. From the west come men from Acton, the next town, under Captain Isaac Davis. He has kissed his wife Hannah good-bye, saying to her, "Take good care of the children, Hannah," and here he is, wiping the sweat from his brow, for he and his men have come upon the run. The Sudbury men are coming from the south, and the Bedford men from the west. They meet near the north bridge, in front of Major Buttrick's house. They can see smoke ascending from the town and from Colonel Barrett's, where the gun-carriages are burning, but think that the British have applied the torch to their houses. The party of British which have been to Colonel Barrett's house have returned to the bridge, and are taking up the planks.

"They are burning the town. Shall we stand here and permit it?" says Adjutant Hosmer.

"Let us march and defend our houses. I have n't a man that is afraid to go," says Major Buttrick.

"Neither have I. Let us go," says Captain Davis.

They are five hundred now, Colonel Barrett is commander. "File right; march to the bridge. Don't fire unless you are fired upon," is his order.

John Buttrick and Luther Blanchard, fifers, strike up the "White Cockade," the drums beat, and the men move on in double files, Captain Davis and the Acton men leading: the Sudbury, Concord, Lincoln, and Bedford men following. The British, one hundred and fifty, are on the east side, and the Americans on the west side, of the river. They are not ten rods apart. A British soldier raises his gun. There is a flash, and the fifer, Luther Blanchard, feels a prick in his side. A dozen British fire. Captain Davis leaps into the air and falls with a ball through his heart. Nevermore will Hannah, the beloved wife minding the children at home, feel the lips of the brave man upon her cheek. Abner Hosmer also falls dead.

"Fire! for God's sake, fire!" Major Buttrick shouts it. He raises his gun, takes quick aim, and fires the shot which Rev. Mr. Emerson's grandson says, "is heard around the world."

Captain Brown is a Christian. He never swore an oath in his life, but his blood is up, and he utters a curse—"God damn them, they are firing balls! Fire, fire!" he shouts, takes aim, and a British soldier falls, the first in the affray. "Fire! fire! fire!"

The shout runs along the line. Two or more of the British fall killed or wounded, and the others flee toward the village. "The war has begun; and no one knows when it will end," says Noah Parkhurst, one of the Lincoln men.—*The Boys of '76.*

COFFIN, ROBERT BARRY, ("Barry Gray," *pseud.*) an American author, born at Hudson, N. Y., in 1826, died in 1886. At twenty years of age he entered an importing house in New York, and five years later became a bookseller in Elmira. His literary work began with a series of sketches written in 1845 for the *Rural Repository*, published at Hudson. In 1858 he became associate editor of the *Home Journal*, and was afterwards literary editor of the *Eastern State Journal*, published at White Plains. He contributed largely to several periodicals. His first book, *Married Life at Hillside*, was published in 1865. *Matrimonial Infelicities* followed in 1866, *Cakes and Ale at Woodbine* in 1868, and *Castles in the Air*, a volume of sketches selected from his contributions to periodicals, appeared in

1871. During the later years of his life, Mr. Coffin was employed in the New York Custom House. He continued his literary work almost to the day of his death.

THE MISSING PAPERS.

"How many times, my dear," I said to my wife, as I searched in vain for a newspaper which I had brought home three days previously, "must I request you not to disturb my books and papers? I 've spent an hour, at least, in looking for a newspaper which contained a charming poem I had never before seen. I laid it carefully upon the mantlepiece, so that it would be out of the children's reach, and now it has disappeared. If there be one thing I dislike more than another, it it to have my papers meddled with."

"What is the name of the paper?" my wife asked.

"I neither know nor care," I replied. "All I want is to find it."

"Have you examined both of the piles of newspapers on the mantlepiece?"

"Yes, of course I have," I answered.

"And the one on the table?" she continued.

"Which table?" I asked.

"There is but one table in the room," she answered; "that is a stand in the corner."

"Well, have it your own way; but I 'm sure it is as much a table as the other. At any rate, the paper I want is 'nt on it. Now why you can 't let my papers rest just where I place them, I do 'nt see. It would save me a wonderful sight of trouble and annoyance if you would only let them alone."

"I am certain," said my wife, "that I have not touched one of your papers in a week, and I do n't think the children have."

"Then one of the servants has taken it to light a fire with. Now, if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to have a servant take a newspaper I wish to preserve, to kindle a fire with."

"I do not think," my wife said, "that any of the servants have taken it. My orders to them, in regard to helping themselves to your papers, are so strict that they think it as much as their situations are worth to meddle with them."

"Well then," I exclaimed, "if neither you, nor the children, nor the servants have taken it, I should like to know where it has gone to! Certainly it could not go without hands; and now, who took it, is the question."

"It is probable that you yourself laid it away, my dear," she remarked.

"Nothing can be less possible," I said.

"But you know you often do such a thing," she continued, "and forget all about it!"

"Never!" I said decidedly; "I do not remember ever forgetting anything in my life." . . .

"Have you looked into your desk for it?" she asked.

"I have not," I replied, and, what is more, I do not intend to, since it is very certain it is not there. Besides, the desk is locked, and I have the key in my pocket; but to satisfy you, I will open the desk."

To my surprise, the missing paper was the first object that met my sight on raising the lid of said desk.

"I told you so," my wife exclaimed exultingly. —*Matrimonial Infelicities.*

COLENSO, JOHN WILLIAM, an English clergyman, born in Cornwall, in 1814, died at Port Natal, South Africa, in 1883. He entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1836 with high honors, and became a fellow of his college. Two years afterwards he was appointed Assistant Master of Harrow School, a position which he held until 1842. During this time he prepared a series of works on arithmetic and algebra, which were widely adopted as text-books. After that he became Rector of Forncett, Norfolkshire. In 1853 he was made Bishop of the newly erected See of Natal, in South Africa.

In 1861 appeared the first of his works which indicated a departure from the views held by the Anglican Church. This was a *Translation of the Epistle to the Romans, commented on from a Missionary Point of View.* Next year appeared a work which had apparently been long meditated, in which his wide departure from the views generally accepted as "orthodox" was clearly marked. This was the first part of his treatise on *The Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua, critically examined.* This work, impugning the authenticity of the books in question, was formally brought before the highest English ecclesiastical courts, by whom it was condemned as "containing errors of the gravest and most dangerous character." Thereafter ensued an ecclesiastical warfare, the reading of which is more exciting than profitable. Colenso was formally deposed by his metropolitan, the Bishop of Cape Town. He appealed from this decision; his appeal was sustained by the Privy Council, in 1865, and he was secured in the revenues attached to his See. But the Church in South Africa still maintained that Colenso was legally deposed, and would have nothing to do with him in his Episcopal capacity.

The later years of Colenso's life (1865–1883) were passed in quiet at Port Natal, where he was noted for the kindly interest which he manifested towards the natives—Boers and Zulus. He put forth from time to time several new works, among which are a volume of *Natal Sermons;* a *Zulu Grammar;* a *Zulu Dictionary:* a Zulu *Translation of the New Testament;* the sixth and concluding part of *The Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua, criti-*

cally examined (1872); and *Lectures on the Pentateuch and the Moabite Stone* (1873).

COLERIDGE, HARTLEY, son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, born in 1796, died in 1849. He was a child of uncommon promise; but owing to the unfortunate habits of his father at the time when his children were growing up he, like the other children of Coleridge, were left to the care of Southey, whose wife was a sister of their mother. In 1815 Hartley Coleridge was entered as a student of Merton College, Oxford; and three years afterwards he gained a fellowship in Oriel College. But he had in the meanwhile contracted the habit of intemperance which he was never afterwards able to conquer. Before his probationary year for the fellowship had expired he forfeited the position. The authorities would not rescind their decision of forfeiture, but made him a present of £300, with which he went to London hoping to enter upon a literary career, in which he had every essential to success. But his habits of intemperance still clung to him. He afterwards went to Ambleside and opened a school there which proved unsuccessful. In this region he passed the remainder of his life, pitied for his besetting weakness, which he vainly strove to overcome; but loved for his amiable character. Hartley Coleridge wrote much prose and more verse worthy of a place in the records of literature. His most important prose work is the *Lives of Northern Worthies*, from which we make a single extract:

THE OPPOSING ARMIES ON MARSTON MOOR.

Fifty thousand subjects of one king stood face to face on Marston Moor, July 2, 1644. The numbers on each side were not far from equal, but never were two hosts speaking one language of more dissimilar aspects. The Cavaliers, flushed with recent victory, identifying their quarrel with their honor and their love; their loose locks escaping beneath their plumed helmets, glittering in all the martial pride which makes the battle-day like a pageant or a festival, and prancing forth with all the grace of gentle birth, as though they would make a jest of death, while the spirit-rousing strains of the trumpets made their blood dance, and their steeds prick up their ears. The Roundheads, arranged in thick, dark masses, their steel caps and high-crowned hats drawn close over their brows, looking determination, expressing with furrowed foreheads and hard-closed lips their inly-working rage which was blown up to furnace-heat by the extempore effusions of their preachers, and found vent in the terrible denunciations of the Hebrew psalms and prophecies.

The arms of each party were adapted to the nature of their courage: the swords, pikes, and pistols of the Royalists, light and bright, were suited for swift onset and ready use; while the ponderous basket-hilted blades, long halberts, and heavy fire-arms of the Parliamentarians were equally suited to resist a sharp attack, and do execution upon a broken enemy. The Royalists regarded their adversaries with that scorn which the gay and high-born always feel or affect for the precise or sour-mannered. The soldiers of the Covenant looked on their enemies as the enemies of Israel, and considered themselves as the Elect and Chosen People—a creed which extinguished fear and remorse together.

It would be hard to say whether there was more praying on the one side or more swearing on the other, or which to a Christian ear had been the most offensive. Yet both esteemed themselves the champions of the Church. There was bravery and virtue in both: but with this high advantage on the Parliamentary side, that while the aristocratic honor of the Royalists could only inspire a certain number of "gentlemen," and separated the patrician from the plebeian soldier, the religious zeal of the Puritans bound officer and man, general and pioneer together, in a fierce and resolute sympathy, and made equality itself an argument for subordination. The captain prayed at the head of his company, and the general's oration was a sermon. —*Lives of Northern Worthies.*

The poems of Hartley Coleridge make a couple of small volumes. A volume of them was published as early as 1833. A new edition of them was put forth, in 1850, with a Memoir by his brother Derwent Coleridge (1800-1883), an eminent clergyman and educator, and an author of some repute. One of the pleasantest of these poems is the following:

ADDRESS TO CERTAIN GOLDFISHES.

Restless forms of living light,
  Quivering on your lucid wings
Cheating still the curious sight
  With a thousand shadowings;
Various as the tints of even,
Gorgeous as the hues of heaven,
Reflected on your native streams
In flitting, flashing, billowy gleams!
Harmless warriors clad in mail
Of silver breastplate, golden scale ·
Mail of Nature's own bestowing,
With peaceful radiance mildly glowing;
Fleet are ye as fleetest galley,
Or pirate rover sent from Sallee;
Keener than the Tartar's arrow,
Sport ye in your sea so narrow.

Was the Sun himself your sire?
Were ye born of vital fire?
  Or of the shade of golden flowers,
  Such as we fetch from Eastern bowers,
  To mock this murky clime of ours?
Upwards, downwards, now ye glance,
Weaving many a mazy dance;
Seeming still to grow in size
When ye would elude our eyes.
Pretty creatures! we might deem
Ye were as happy as ye seem;

As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe,
As light, as loving, and as lithe,
As gladly earnest in your play,
As when ye gleamed in far Cathay.

And yet, since on this hapless earth
There's small sincerity in mirth,
And laughter oft is but an art
To drown the outcry of the heart:
It may be that your ceaseless gambols,
Your wheelings, dartings, divings, rambles,
Your restless roving round and round
The circuit of your crystal bound,
Is but the task of weary pain,
An endless labor dull and vain;
And while your forms are gayly shining,
Your little lives are inly pining!—
Nay: but still I fain would dream
That ye are happy as ye seem.

Many of the poems of Hartley Coleridge are in the form of sonnets, not a few of them being mournful representations of his own sad and wasted life. Some of these sonnets are among the best in our language.

TO SHAKESPEARE.

The soul of man is larger than the sky;
  Deeper than ocean or the abysmal dark
  Of the unfathomed centre. Like that Ark
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,
O'er the drowned hills, the human family,
  And stock reserved of every living kind,
  So, in the compass of the single mind,
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie
  That make all worlds. Great Poet, 'twas thy art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whatever love, hate, ambition, destiny,
  Or the firm, fatal purpose of the heart,
Can make of Man. Yet thou wert still the same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

TO WORDSWORTH.

There have been poets that in verse display
  The elemental forms of human passions:

Poets have been to whom the fickle fashions,
And all the wilful humors of the day,
Have furnished matter for a polished lay:
And many are the smooth elaborate tribe
Who, emulous of thee, the shape describe,
And fain would every shifting hue portray
Of restless Nature. But thou, mighty Seer!
'Tis thine to celebrate the thoughts that make
The life of souls, the truths for whose sweet sake
We to ourselves and to our God are dear.
Of Nature's inner shrine thou art the Priest,
Where most she works when we perceive her least.

STILL A CHILD.

Long time a child, and still a child, when years
Had painted manhood on my cheek, was I,
For yet I lived like one not born to die:
A thriftless prodigal of smiles and tears,
No hope I needed, and I knew no fears.
But sleep, though sweet, is only sleep: and, waking,
I waked to sleep no more; at once o'ertaking
The vanguard of my age, with all arrears
Of duty on my back. Nor child nor man,
Nor youth nor sage, I find my head is gray,
For I have lost the race I never ran:
A rathe December blights my lagging May,
And still I am a child, though I be old:
Time is my debtor for my years untold.

GRAY HAIRS AND WISDOM.

"I thank my God because my hairs are gray!"
But have gray hairs brought wisdom? doth the flight
Of summer birds, departed while the light
Of life is lingering on the middle way,
Predict the harvest nearer by a day?
Will the rank weeds of hopeless appetite
Droop at the glance and venom of the blight
That made the vermeil bloom, the flush so gay,
Dim and unlovely as a dead man's shroud?
Or is my heart—that, wanting hope, has lost
The strength and rudder of resolve—at peace?
Is it no longer wrathful, vain and proud?

Is it a Sabbath, or untimely frost.
  That makes the labor of the soul to cease?

TO A NEWLY-MARRIED FRIEND.

How shall a man foredoomed to lone estate,
  Untimely old, irreverently gray,
  Much like a patch of dusky snow in May,
Dead-sleeping in a hollow—all too late—
How shall so poor a thing congratulate
  The blest completion of a patient wooing?
  Or how commend a younger man for doing
What ne'er to do hath been his fault or fate?—
  There is a fable that I once did read.
Of a bad angel that was someway good,
And therefore on the brink of heaven he stood—
  Looking each way, and no way could proceed;
Till at last he purged away his sin
By loving all the joy he saw within.

THE WAIF OF NATURE.

A lonely wanderer upon earth am I,
  The waif of Nature—like uprooted weed
  Borne by the stream, or like a shaken reed,
A frail dependant of the fickle sky;
  Far, far away, are all my natural kin:
The mother that erewhile hath hushed my cry
Almost hath grown a mere fond memory.
  Where is my sister's smile? my brother's boisterous din?
Ah! nowhere now. A matron grave and sage
  A holy mother, is that sister sweet.*
  And that bold brother† is a pastor, meet
To guide, instruct, reprove a sinful age.
  Almost I fear, and yet I fain would greet;
So far astray hath been my pilgrimage.

COLERIDGE, Samuel Taylor, an English poet and philosopher, born October 21, 1772, died July 25, 1834. He was the youngest of the ten children of the Vicar of Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, who died while this son was a child. A scholarship at Christ Hospital, London, was obtained for the boy, who at the age of fourteen had acquired a reputation for extraordinary genius and erudition. In 1791, being head-scholar of the school, he obtained a presentation to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he studied for three years. Worried by some debts, not amounting in all to £100, and by other annoyances, he went back to London, where in a fit of desperation he enlisted as a dragoon, under an assumed name. His friends learned of his whereabouts, and with some difficulty obtained his discharge. He returned to the College, where he remained only a short time, and left without taking his degree. He visited Oxford where he became acquainted with Robert Southey, two years his junior, who was a student at Balliol College. The young men were deeply tinctured with the democratic theories of the French Revolution, and with Robert Lovell, the son of a wealthy Quaker, and several other collegians, they formed a scheme for emigrating to the banks of the Susquehanna, in Pennsylvania, there to establish a "Pantisocracy," or community in which all the members were to be on a perfect equality; all were to work with their hands; their wives—for all were to be married—to perform the domestic duties, and the men were to cultivate literature in their leisure hours, "with neither king nor lord nor priest to mar their felicity." To raise the necessary funds for the enterprise Coleridge and Southey each delivered a course of lectures, and in conjunction wrote a drama *The Fall of Robespierre*, of which Southey composed two-thirds.

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* Sara Coleridge. † Derwent Coleridge.

They went together to Bristol, the native place of Southey. Here Joseph Cottle, a thriving bookseller, himself the author of some indifferent poems, was so charmed with the conversation and verses of Coleridge that he offered to publish what had been written, and as many more as he should write, at a certain sum per line. Some disputes sprang up among the Pantisocrats, and the scheme was abandoned, much to the chagrin of Coleridge. At Bristol were three sisters—Sara Fricker, the eldest of these, was married to Coleridge in October, 1795; a few months later Edith became the wife of Southey; another sister was already married to Lovell, who died not long after. Coleridge took up his residence in a pretty cottage at Stowey, at the foot of the Quantock Hills, where he remained two years. Here was written not a little of the best of the poetry of Coleridge: The *Ode on the Departing Year*, *Fears in Solitude*, *France—an Ode*, *The Ancient Mariner*, the first part of *Christabel*, and the tragedy of *Remorse*. At this time Coleridge was a Unitarian in religion, and was accustomed to preach for congregations of that faith. One Sabbath morning William Hazlitt walked ten miles to hear Coleridge, whose preaching is thus described by him:

THE PREACHING OF COLERIDGE.

"When I got there, the organ was playing the 100th Psalm, and when it was done, Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text: 'He departed again into a mountain Himself alone.' As he gave out this text, his voice rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes, and when he came to the last two words, which he pronounced deep, loud, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The idea of St. John came into my mind—of 'one crying in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about, and whose food was locusts and wild honey.' The preacher then launched into his subject like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was upon Peace and War—upon Church and State—not their alliance, but their separation; on the spirit of the World and the spirit of Christianity, not as the same, but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had inscribed the Cross of Christ upon banners dripping with human gore! He made a poetical and pastoral excursion; and to show the fatal effects of war, drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd-boy driving his team afield, or sitting under the hawthorn, piping to his flock, as though he should never be old, and the same poor country lad, crimped, kidnapped, brought into town, made drunk at an alehouse, turned into a wretched drummer-boy, with his hair sticking on end with powder and pomatum, a long queue at his back, and tricked out in the finery of the profession of blood.—'Such were the notes our once-loved poet sung:' and for myself, I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres."—*Hazlitt's Essays.*

At this period Coleridge became acquainted with Wordsworth, and a friendship sprang up between them which was never broken, though interrupted for a time. A few years later Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge were living for a while near each other in the Lake region, and, though differing greatly in all personal and literary characteristics, were popularly grouped together as "The Lake Poets," under which designation they were made the butts of the critical reviewers of the day. In the meanwhile, in 1798, Coleridge went to Germany, the requisite funds being furnished by his warm admirers, Josiah and Thomas Wedgewood, the great Staffordshire potters. Coleridge resided in Germany for more than a year, plunged into the ocean of German metaphysics, acquired at least a reading knowledge of the language, and made his great translation of Schiller's dramas *The Piccolomini*, and *The Death of Wallenstein*. He returned to England, and for a time made his home with Southey, who was by this time settled at Keswick. From this period is to be dated the entire change in his political and religious views. From a "Radical" he became a "Conservative;" from a "Dissenter" a "High Churchman."

Shortly after his return from Germany Coleridge became connected as an editorial writer with the *Morning Post* newspaper. But his contributions, upon current topics, though able, were never to be confidently looked for. In 1804 he went to Malta as Assistant Secretary to the Governor, Sir Alexander Ball. He retained this position only nine months, then returned home, making a brief residence in Italy by the way. Returning to England, he again took up a precarious literary life, the most notable production of which was *The Friend*, a periodical, which was continued somewhat irregularly from June, 1809, to March, 1810, and then died out, notwithstanding some aid from others, notable among whom was Wordsworth, who furnished for it almost the only one of his writings in prose.

In 1810, or thereabouts, Coleridge fairly broke off connections with his wife, who had for years been an inmate of the family of Southey. He left their three children to the care of Southey, who was to them all that a father could be. Coleridge had by this time come to be a victim to the use of opium. He had begun years before to use the drug as a palliative against severe physical pain. He became a complete victim to the habit, notwithstanding the most earnest endeavors to break away from it.

In 1815 he was to all appearance a complete wreck, physically and mentally. At this time he was induced to place himself under the care of Mr. Gillman, an excellent physician of Highgate, then a quiet suburb of London, in whose family he resided an honored guest during the remaining nineteen years of his life. The "opium habit" appears to have been speedily overcome; and within the next ten years he produced the most notable of his prose works, with the exception of *The Friend* which belongs to the preceding years. These prose works, such as the *Lay Sermons*, the *Biographia Literaria*, and the *Aids to Reflection*, belong most properly to an earlier period, though now for the first time written out. During a great part of these nineteen years with Dr. Gillman, Coleridge lived almost the life of a recluse, rarely leaving his comfortable lodgings, which came to be a kind of resort of cultivated people who were wont to resort thither to hear Coleridge talk. If we may place reliance upon what they have left upon record, no such talk was ever before heard, and never since until a quarter of a century after, when Thomas Carlyle came to be accepted as the great talker of his time.

During these years Coleridge was in the habit of speaking of the great works which he had in mind—all complete except the mere writing of them. There was an epic poem on *The Fall of Jerusalem*, a poem which he had meditated, he said, since his twenty-fifth year; one which, "like Milton's *Paradise Lost*, should interest all Christendom, as the Homeric War interested all Greece. Here there would be the completion of the Prophicies; the termination of the first revealed national religion under the violent assaults of Paganism—itself the immediate forerunner and condition of the spread of a revealed mundane religion; and then you would have the character of the Roman and the Jew; and the awfulness, the completeness of the justice." But no line of this grand epic was ever written. And then there was another great work—his *Magnum Opus*, which was "to set forth Christianity as the only revelation of permanent and universal validity;" which was to reduce all knowledge into harmony, "and to unite the insulated fragments of truth, and therewith to frame a perfect mirror." Of this work, also nothing was ever written, unless we may consider the essay upon "Method" prefixed to the *Encyclopedia Metropolitana*, as an installment of this. Thus in large promises to himself and others, and in comparatively few actual performances, passed the last half-score years of the life of Coleridge. He failed from year to year not in the actual power of doing, but rather in the power of willing to do. Not many months befort his death he composed this epitaph for himself:

COLERIDGE'S EPITAPH FOR HIMSELF.

Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop, child of God!
And read, with gentle breath. Beneath this sod
A poet lies. or that which once seemed he:—
Oh, lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.—
That he, who many a year, with toil of breath,
Found death in life, may here find life in death!
Mercy, for praise—to be forgiven, for fame—
He asked and hoped through Christ:—Do thou
the same.

The career of Coleridge, as a poet, really closed at about the age of twenty-eight. He lived indeed thirty-four years more, during which time he wrote much noble prose; but in an introductory note to *Christabel*, written in 1816, he says: "The second part of this poem was written in the year 1800; since that date my poetic powers have been, till lately, in a state of suspended animation." From this they never fairly recovered. A few short poems and fragments make up all the verse written thereafter by Coleridge. Among these, but following close after that time, we believe, is to be placed the following magnificent poem, the general idea of which is borrowed from the German of Frederika Brun:

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

Hast thou a charm to stay the Morning Star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life, and life's our secret joy,
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn!

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,

And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
Companion of the Morning Star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down these precipitous, black, jaggèd rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let your billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full-moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God! and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing
peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure
serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too again stupendous Mountain! thou
That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me—rise, O ever rise!
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!

ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR—1796.

I.

Spirit who sweepest the wild harp of Time!
It is most hard, with an untroubled ear
Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear!
Yet, mine eye fixed on Heaven's unchanging clime
Long had I listened free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness and a bowèd mind;
When lo! its folds far waving on the wind,
I saw the train of the departing Year!
Starting from my silent sadness,
Then with no unholy madness,
Ere yet the entered cloud foreclosed my sight,
I raised the impetuous song, and solemnized his
flight. . . .

IV.

Departing Year! 'twas on no earthly shore
My soul beheld thy vision! Where alone,
Voiceless and stern before the cloudy throne,
Aye Memory sits: thy robe inscribed with gore,
With many an unimaginable groan
Thou storied'st thy sad hours! Silence ensued,
Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude,
Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with
glories shone.

Then his eye wild ardors glancing.
From the choirèd gods advancing,
The Spirit of the Earth made reverence meet,
And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

V.

Throughout the blissful throng
Hushed were the harp and song.
Till wheeling round the throne the Lampads seven—
The mystic Words of Heaven—
Permissive signal make.
The fervent Spirit bowed, then spread its wings and spake!
"Thou in stormy blackness throning
Love and uncreated Light,
By the Earth's unsolaced groaning,
Seize thy terrors. Arm of Might!
By peace with offered insult scared,
Masked hate and envying scorn!
By years of havoc yet unborn!
And hunger's bosom to the frost-winds bared!
But chief by Afric's wrongs
Strange, horrible and foul!
By what deep guilt belongs
To the deaf Synod, 'full of gifts and lies!'
By wealth's insensate laugh! by torture's howl!
Avenger, rise!
Forever shall the thankless Island scowl
Her quiver full, and with unbroken bow?
Speak! from thy storm-black Heaven. O speak aloud!
And on the darkling foe
Open thine eye of fire from some uncertain cloud!
O dart the flash! O rise and deal the blow!
The Past to thee. to thee the Future cries!
Hark, how wide Nature joins her groans below!
Rise, God of Nature, rise!" . . . .

VIII.

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
O Albion! O my Mother Isle!
Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers;

Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
  Echo to the bleat of flocks—
Those grassy hills, those glittering dells
  Proudly ramparted with rocks :—
  And Ocean, mid his uproar wild;
  Speaks safety to his Island child.
  Hence for many a fearless age
    Has social Quiet loved thy shore
  Nor ever proud invader's rage
Or sacked thy towers or stained thy fields with gore.

TO LIBERTY.

I.

Ye clouds ! that far above me float and pause,
  Whose pathless march no mortal may control !
  Ye Ocean waves ! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws !
Ye Woods ! that listen to the night-bird's singing
  Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches swinging
Have made a solemn music in the wind !
  Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms which never woodman trod,
  How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
  Inspired beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound !
O ye loud Waves ! and O ye Forests high !
  And O ye Clouds that far above me soared !
Thou rising Sun ! thou blue rejoicing Sky !
  Ye, everything that is and will be free !
  Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
  With what deep worship I have still adored
  The spirit of divinest Liberty ! . . . .

V.

  The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion ! In mad game
They burst their manacles, and wear the name
  Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain !
  O Liberty ! with profitless endeavor
Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour ;
  But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever

Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power;
Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee—
Nor prayer nor boastful name delays thee—
Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,
And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves!
And there I felt thee!—on that sea-cliff's verge,
Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze above,
Had made one murmur with the distant surge!
Yes, while I stood and gazed with temples bare
And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love!
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.
—*Ode to France*—1797.

PRAYER FOR BRITAIN.

But O dear Britain: O my Mother Isle!
Needs must thou prove a name most dear and holy
To me, a son, a brother, and a friend,
A husband and a father! who revere
All bonds of natural love, and find them all
Within the limits of thy rocky shores.
O native Britain! O my Mother Isle!
How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy
To me, who from thy lakes and mountain-hills,
Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,
Have drank in all my intellectual life,
All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
All lovely and all honorable things,
Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
The joy and greatness of its future being?
There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
Unborrowed from my country. O divine
And beauteous Island! thou hast been my sole
And most magnificent temple, in the which
I walk with awe, and sing my stately songs,
Loving the God that made me!—May my fears,
My filial fears, be vain! and may the vaunts
And menaces of the vengeful enemy
Pass like the gust, that roared and died away.

In the distant tree: which heard, and only heard,
In this low dell, bowed not the delicate grass. . .
—*Fears in Solitude*—1798.

THE ADIEU OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

"Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony
Which forced me to begin my tale,
And then it left me free.

"Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghostly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

"I pass, like night, from land to land,
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

"What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding guests are there,
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bridemaids singing are:
And hark! the little vesper-bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer.

"O wedding guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

"O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk,
With a goodly company!

"To walk together to the kirk
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."—

The mariner, whose eye is bright
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the wedding guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.
—*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*

WE MAKE OUR OWN WORLD.

O lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live:
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold of higher worth
Than that inanimate, cold world allowed
To the poor loveless, ever-anxious crowd.
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair, luminous cloud,
Enveloping the earth;
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!
O pure of heart, thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be;
What, and wherein it doth exist;
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power!—
Joy, virtuous lady! joy that ne'er was given
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour;
Life and life's effluence, cloud at once and shower;
Joy, lady, is the spirit and the power
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower;
A new earth and new heaven.

Undreamed of by the sensual and the proud :—
Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud ;
We in ourselves rejoice !
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colors a suffusion from that light.
—*From "Dejection"—an Ode.*

THE GREAT GOOD MAN.

"How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honor or wealth with all his worth and pains !
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains."—
For shame, dear friend, renounce this canting strain:
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain—
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain ?—
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends !
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man ?—Three treasures, Love and Light,
And calm Thoughts regular as infant's breath;—
And three firm friends more sure than day and night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

ON THE LAST WORDS OF BERENGARIUS.

"*No more 'twixt Conscience staggering and the Pope,*
Soon shall I now before my God appear,
By him to be acquitted, as I hope ;
By him to be condemned, as I fear."

Lynx amid moles ! had I stood by thy bed,
"Be of good cheer, meek soul!" I would have said :
"I see a hope spring from that humble fear ;
All are not strong alike through storms to steer
Right onward. What though dread of threatened death
And dungeon tortures made thy hand and breath
Inconstant to the truth within thy heart ?—
That truth, from which through fear thou twice didst start,
Fear haply told thee was a learned strife,

Or not so vital as to claim thy life;
And myriads had reached heaven who never knew
Where lay the difference 'twixt the false and true!"—
Ye who secure 'mid trophies not your own,
Judge him who won them when he stood alone,
And proudly talk of "recreant Berengare"—
Oh first the age and then the man compare!
That age how dark, congenial minds how rare!
No host of friends with kindred zeal did burn!
No throbbing hearts awaited his return!
Prostrate alike when prince and peasant fell,
He only disenchanted from the spell.
Like the weak worm that gems the starless night,
Moved in the scanty circle of his light:
And was it strange if he withdrew the ray
That did but guide the night-birds to their prey?—
The ascending Day-star with a bolder eye
Hath lit each dew-drop on our trimmer lawn!
Yet not for this, if wise, will we decry
The spots and struggles of the timid Dawn,
Lest so we tempt the approaching Noon to scorn
The mists and painted vapors of our Morn.

TO WORDSWORTH.

[*Composed on the night after his recitation of a Poem on the Growth of an Individual Mind.*]

Friend of the wise and teacher of the good!
Into my heart have I received that lay
More than historic—that prophetic lay
Wherein (high theme by thee first sung aright)
Of the foundation and the building up
Of a human spirit thou hast dared to tell
What may be told—to the understanding mind
Revealable: and what within the mind
By vital breathings secret as the soul,
Of vernal growth, oft quickens in the heart
Thoughts all too deep for words!—
Theme hard as high;
Of smiles spontaneous, and mysterious fears
(The first-born they of Reason and twin-birth);
Of tides obedient to external force,
And currents self-determined, as might seem,

Or by some inner power; of moments awful,
Now in the inner life, and now abroad,
When power streamed from thee, and thy soul received
The light reflected, as light bestowed;
Of fancies fair, and milder hours of youth;
Hyblean murmurs of poetic thought
Industrious in its joy, in vales and glens.
Native or outland; lakes and famous hills;
Or on the lonely high-road, when the stars
Were rising; or by mountain streams,
The guides and the companions of thy way.—
Of more than Fancy, of the Social Sense
Distending wide. . . . Then (last strain)
Of Duty, chosen Laws controlling Choice.
Action, and Joy! An Orphic song indeed;
A song divine of high and passionate thoughts
To their own music chanted!
O great Bard!
Ere yet that last strain dying awed the air,
With steadfast eye I viewed thee in the choir
Of ever-during men. The truly great
Have all one age, and from one visible space
Shed influence! Time is not with them,
Save as it worketh for them, they in it. . . .
Ah! as I listened, with a heart forlorn,
The pulses of my being beat anew:
And even as life returns upon the drowned,
Life's joy rekindling roused a throng of pains:
Keen pangs of Love, awakening as a babe
Turbulent with an outcry in the heart;
And Fears self-willed, that shunned the eye of Hope:
And Hope that scarce would know itself from Fear;
Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain,
And genius given, and knowledge won in vain;
And all which I had culled in wood-walks wild,
And all which patient toil had reared, and all
Commune with thee had opened out—but flowers
Strewed on my corse, and borne upon my bier,
In the same coffin, for the self-same grave.
That way no more! and ill beseems it me,
Who came a welcomer in a herald's guise,

Singing of glory and futurity,
To wander back on such unhealthful road
Plucking the poisons of self-harm! And ill
Such intertwine beseems triumphal wreaths
Strewed before thy advancing.

WORK WITHOUT HOPE.—(1827.)

All nature seems at work. Stags leave their lair,
  The bees are stirring, birds are on the wing,
And Winter, slumbering in the open air,
  Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring;
  And I the while, the sole unbusy thing
  Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, or sing.
Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,
Have traced the founts whence streams of nectar flow.
Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,
For me ye bloom not. Glide, rich streams, away!
With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll:
And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?—
Work without Hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And Hope without an object cannot live.

The Friend, begun in June, 1809, and continued until March, 1810, embodies some of the most notable of Coleridge's prose writing.

OBSCURITY OF AUTHORS *VS.* INATTENTION OF READERS.

It has been remarked by the celebrated Haller that we are deaf while we are yawning. The same act of drowsiness that stretches open our mouths closes our ears. It is much the same in acts of the understanding. A lazy half-attention amounts to a mental yawn. Where, then, a subject that demands attentive thought has been thoughtfully treated, and with an exact and patient derivation from its principles, we must be willing to exert a portion of the same effort, and to think *with* the author, or the author will have thought in vain *for* us. It makes little difference, for the time being, whether there be an *hiatus oscitans* in the reader's attention or an *hiatus lacry-*

mabilis in the author's manuscript. When this occurs during the perusal of a work of known authority and established fame, we honestly lay the fault on our own deficiency, or on the unfitness of our present mood; but when it is a contemporary production over which we have been nodding, it is far more pleasant to pronounce it insufferably dull and obscure. Indeed, as "charity begins at home," it would be unreasonable to expect that a reader should charge himself with lack of intellect, when the effect may be equally well accounted for by declaring the author unintelligible; or that he should accuse his own inattention, when by half a dozen phrases of abuse, as "heavy stuff," "metaphysical jargon," etc., he can at once excuse his laziness, and gratify his pride, scorn, and envy.—*The Friend*, Essay IV.

THE WORTH AND PRICE OF KNOWLEDGE.

It is not true that ignorant persons have no notion of the advantages of truth and knowledge. They see and confess those advantages in the conduct, the immunities, and the superior powers of the possessors. Were these attainable by pilgrimages the most toilsome, or penances the most painful, we should assuredly have as many pilgrims and self-tormentors in the service of true religion and virtue as now exist under the tyranny of Papal and Brahman superstition. This inefficacy of legitimate reason, from the want of fit objects—this its relative weakness, and how narrow at all times its immediate sphere of action must be—is proved to us by the impostors of all professions. What, I pray you, is their fortress, the rock which is both their quarry and their foundation, from which and on which they are built?—The desire of arriving at the end without the effort of thought and will which are the appointed means.

Let us look back three or four centuries. Then, as now, the great mass of mankind were governed by the three main wishes: the wish for vigor of body, including the absence of painful feelings; for wealth, or the power of procuring the external conditions of bodily enjoyment—these during life; and security from pain, and continuance of happiness hereafter. Then, as now, men were desirous to attain them by some easier means than those of temperance, industry, and strict justice. They gladly therefore applied to the Priest, who could ensure them happiness hereafter, without the performance of their duties here; to the Lawyer, who could make money a substitute for a right cause; to the Physician, whose medicines promised to take the sting out of the tail of their sensual indulgences, and let them fondle and play with vice, as with a charmed serpent; to the Alchemist, whose gold-tincture would enrich them without toil or economy; and to the Astrologer, from whom they could purchase foresight without knowledge or reflection.—*The Friend.* Essay VII.

WEIGHING AND VALUING TRUTH AND ERROR.

Luther felt and preached and wrote and acted as beseemed a Luther to feel and utter and act. The truths which had been outraged, he re-proclaimed in the spirit of outraged truth, at the behest of his conscience, and in the service of the God of Truth. He did his duty, come good, come evil! and made no question on which side the preponderance would be. In the one scale there was gold, and impressed thereon the image and superscription of the Universal Sovereign. In all the wide and ever-widening commerce of mind with mind throughout the world, it is treason to refuse it. Can this have a counterweight?

The other scale might have seemed full up to the very balance-yard; but of what worth and substance were its contents? Were they capable of being counted or weighed against the former? The conscience is, indeed, already violated when to moral good or evil we oppose things possessing no moral interest. Even if the conscience dared waive this her preventive *veto*, yet before we could consider the twofold results in the relation of loss and gain, it must be known whether their *kind* is the same or equivalent. They must first be valued, and then they may be weighed or counted, if they are worth it.—*The Friend*, Essay VIII.

TRUTH PERMANENT, ERROR TRANSIENT.

But in the particular case before us, the loss is contingent and alien ; the gain essential, and the tree's own natural produce. The gain is permanent, and spreads through all times and places, the loss but temporary ; and, owing its very being to vice and ignorance, vanishes at the approach of knowledge and moral improvement. The gain reaches all good men, belongs to all that love light, and desire an increase of light ; to all, and of all times, who thank heaven for the gracious dawn, and expect the noon-day ; who welcome the first gleams of Spring, and sow their fields in confident faith of the ripening Summer and rewarding Harvest-tide. But the loss is confined to the unenlightened and the prejudiced : say rather, to the weak and prejudiced of a single generation. The prejudices of one age are condemned even by the prejudiced of the succeeding ages ; for endless are the modes of folly, and the fools join with the wise in passing sentence on all modes but their own. The truth-haters of every future generation will call the truth-haters of another generation by their true names :—for even these the stream of time carries onward.

In fine, Truth, considered in itself, and in the effects natural to it, may be considered as a gentle spring or water-course, warm from the genial earth, and breathing up into the snow-drift that is piled up and around its outlet. It turns the obstacle into its own form and character, and as it makes its way increases its stream. And should it be arrested in its course by a chilling season, it suffers delay, not loss, and waits only for a change in the wind to awaken again and roll onwards.—*The Friend*, Essay VII.

THE GROWTH OF CIVIL ORDER.

In quiet times and prosperous circumstances a nation presents an aggregate of individuals, a busy ant-hill in calm and sunshine. By the happy organization of a well-governed society the contradictory interests of ten millions of such individuals may neutralize each other, and be reconciled in the results of a national interest. Whence did this happy organization first come? Was it a tree transplanted from Paradise, with all its branches in full fruitage? Or was it sowed in sunshine? Was it in vernal breezes and gentle rains that it fixed its roots, and grew and strengthened? Let history answer these questions. With blood was it planted; it was rocked in tempests; the goat, the ass, and the stag gnawed it; the wild-boar has whetted its tusks on its bark. The deep scars are still extant on its trunk, and the path of the lightning may be traced among its higher branches. And even after its full growth, in the season of its strength; when "its height reached to the heaven, and the sight thereof to all the earth," the whirlwind has more than once forced its stately top to touch the ground: it has been bent like a bow, and sprung back like the shaft. Mightier powers were at work than expediency ever yet called up: yea, mightier than the mere understanding can comprehend.—*The Statesman's Manual.*

The *Aids to Reflection* is the only considerable prose work of Coleridge which can be regarded as a completed production. It consists mainly of "Aphorisms" or selections from the works of Robert Leighton, the Episcopal Archbishop of Glasgow (1611–1684), with elaborate comments and amplifications by Coleridge. In an introductory "Address to the Reader," he sets forth the aim which he had in view in preparing this work:

AIM OF THE AIDS TO REFLECTION.

Fellow Christian! the wish to be admired as a fine writer held a very subordinate place in my thoughts and feelings in the composition of this volume. Let then its comparative merits and demerits, in respect of style and stimulancy, possess a proportional weight in determining your judgment for or against its contents. Read it through; then compare the state in which your mind was when you first opened the book. Has it led you to reflect? Has it supplied or suggested fresh subjects for reflection? Has it given you any new information? Has it removed any obstacle to a lively conviction of your own responsibility as a moral agent? Has it solved any difficulties which had impeded your faith as a Christian? Lastly has it increased your power of thinking connectedly, especially on the scheme and purpose of the Redemption by Christ. If it have done none of these things, condemn it aloud as worthless; and strive to compensate for your own loss of time, by preventing others from wasting theirs. But if your conscience dictates an affirmative answer to all or any of the preceding questions, declare this too aloud, and endeavor to extend my utility.—*Introduction to Aids to Reflection.*

FOR WHOM THE AIDS WERE WRITTEN.

Generally, for as many in all classes as wish for aid in disciplining their minds to habits of reflection; for all who, desirous of building up a manly character in the light of distinct consciousness, are content to study the principles of moral architecture on the several grounds of Prudence, Morality, and Religion. And lastly for all who feel an interest in the position which I have undertaken to defend: this namely, that the Christian faith is the perfection of human intelligence—an interest sufficiently strong to insure a patient attention to the arguments brought in its support.—*Preface to Aids to Reflection.*

The work begins with a series of about thirty "Introductory Aphorisms," some of which here follow:

INTRODUCTORY APHORISMS.

Aphorism I.—In philosophy, equally as in poetry, it is the highest and most useful prerogative of genius to produce the strongest impressions of novelty, while it rescues admitted truths from the neglect caused by the very circumstance of their universal admission. Extremes meet. Truths of all others the most awful and interesting are often considered as so true, that they lose all the power of truth, and lie bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors.

Aphorism V.—As a fruit-tree is more valuable than any one of its fruits singly, or even than all its fruits of a single season, so the noblest object of reflection is the mind itself, by which we reflect. And as the blossoms, the green and ripe fruit of an orange-tree are more beautiful to behold when on the tree, and seen as one with it, than the same growth detached and seen successively, after their importation into another country and different clime; so it is with the manifold objects of reflection, when they are considered principally in reference to the reflective power, and as part and parcel of the same. No object, of whatsoever value our passions may represent it, but becomes foreign to us as soon as it is altogether unconnected with our intellectual, moral, and spiritual life. To be ours, it must be referred to the mind, either as a motive, or consequence, or symptom.

Aphorism IX.—Life is the one universal soul, which, by virtue of the enlivening Breath and the informing Word, all organized bodies have in common, each after its kind. This, therefore, all animals possess—and Man, as an animal. But, in addition to this, God transfused into man a higher gift, and specially imbreathed:—even a Living (that is self-subsisting) Soul; a Soul having its life in itself:—"And Man became a Living Soul." He did not merely possess it—he *became* it. It was his proper being, his truest self—the Man in the man. None, then, not one of human kind, so poor and destitute but there is provided for him, even in his present state, "a house not built with hands;" aye, and in spite of the philosophy (falsely so-called) which mistakes the causes, the conditions, and the occasions of our becoming conscious of certain truths and realities, for the truths and realities themselves—a house gloriously furnished. Nothing is wanted but the eye, which is the light of this house, the light which is the eye of the soul. This very light, this enlightening eye, is Reflection. It is more, indeed, than is ordinarily meant by that word; but it is what a Christian ought to mean by it, and to know, too, whence it first came, and still continues to come:—of what Light even this light is but a reflection. This, too, is Thought; and all thought is but unthinking that does not flow out of this, or tend towards it.

Aphorism XVII.—A reflective mind is not a flower which grows wild, or comes up of its own accord. The difficulty is indeed greater than many—who mistake quick recollection for thought—are disposed to admit; but how much less than it would be, had we not been born and bred in a Christian and Protestant land, few of us are sufficiently aware. Truly may we, and thankfully ought we, to exclaim with the Psalmist, "The entrance of thy word giveth light, it giveth understanding to the simple!"

Aphorism XVIII. Examine the journals of our zealous missionaries—I will not say among the Hottentots or Esquimaux—but in the highly civilized, though fearfully uncultivated, inhabitants of ancient India. How often and how feelingly do not they describe the difficulty of rendering the simplest chain of thought intelligible to the ordinary natives; the rapid exhaustion of their whole power of attention; and with what distressful effort it is exerted while it lasts! Yet it is among these that the hideous practices of self-torture chiefly prevail. Oh, if folly were no easier than wisdom—it being often so very much more grievous—how certainly might these unhappy slaves of superstition be converted to Christianity! But alas! to swing by hooks passed through the back, or to walk in shoes with nails of iron pointed upwards through the soles—all this is so much less difficult, demands so much less exertion of the will, than to reflect, and by reflection to gain knowledge and tranquillity.

Aphorism XXII.—The rules of Prudence, in general—like the Laws of the Stone Tables—are for the most part prohibitive. "Thou shalt *not*" is their characteristic formula: and it is an especial part of Christian Prudence that it should be so. Nor would it be difficult to bring under this head all the social obligations that arise out of the relations of this present life, which the sensual understanding ("the mind of the flesh," *Rom.* viii. 6), is of itself able to discover; and the performance of which, under favorable circumstances, the merest worldly self-interest, without love or faith, is sufficient to enforce; but which Christian Prudence enlivens by a higher principle, and renders symbolic and sacramental (*Eph.* v. 32).

Aphorism XXIV.—Morality is the body of which faith in Christ is the soul:—so far, indeed, its earthly body as it is adapted to its state of warfare on earth, and the appointed form and instrument of its present communion with the present world; yet not "terrestrial," nor of the world, but a celestial body, and capable of being transfigured from glory to glory, in accordance with the varying circumstances and outward relations of its moving and informing spirit.

Aphorism XXX.—What the duties of Morality are, the Apostle instructs the believer in full; comprising them under the two heads of negative and positive: Negative—to keep himself pure from the world; and Positive—beneficence, from loving-kindness; that is, love of his fellow-men (his kind) as himself.

Aphorism XXXI.—Last and highest, come the spiritual, comprising all the truths, acts, and duties that have an especial reference to the timeless, the permanent, the eternal; to the sincere love of the true as Truth, of the good as Good, and of God as both in one. It comprehends the whole ascent from Uprightness (morality, virtue, inward rectitude) to Godliness, with all the acts, exercises, and discipline of mind, will, and affection that are requisite or conducive to the great design of redemption from the form of the Evil One, and of our second creation, or birth, in the Divine Image.

Aphorism XXXII.—It may be an additional aid to reflection to distinguish the three kinds severally, according to the faculty to which each corresponds—the part of our human nature which is more particularly its organ. Thus: the *prudential* corresponds to the sense and the understanding; the *moral* to the heart and conscience; the *spiritual* to the will and the reason; that is, to the finite will reduced to harmony with, and in subordination to the reason, as a ray from that true light which is both reason and will absolute.

In the *Biographia Literaria* Coleridge gives a somewhat desultory record of his literary life and opinions; thus concluding:

GENERAL OBJECT OF ALL HIS WORKS.

This has been my object, and this alone my defense: and Oh! that with this my personal as well as my Literary Life might conclude! The unquenched desire, I mean, not without the consciousness of having earnestly endeavored to kindle young minds, and to guard them against the temptations of scorners, by showing that the scheme of Christianity, as taught in the liturgies and homilies of our Church, though not discoverable by human reason, is yet in accordance with it; that link follows link by necessary consequence; that Religion passes out of the ken of Reason only when the eye of Reason has reached its own horizon; and that Faith is then but its continuation: even as the day softens away into sweet twilight, and twilight, hushed and breathless, steals into the darkness. It is night—sacred night! the upraised eye views only the starry heaven, which manifests itself alone: and the outward beholding is fixed on the sparks twinkling in the awful depths—though suns of other worlds—only to preserve the soul steady and collected in its pure *act* of inward adoration, to the great I AM, and to the filial WORD that reaffirms it from eternity to eternity.—ΘΕΩ ΜΟΝΩ ΔΟΞΑ.

COLERIDGE, SARA, daughter of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, born at Keswick in 1802, died in London in 1852. While she was an infant Coleridge contracted those unfortunate habits which marred many years of his life. He virtually abandoned his family, leaving them to the care of Southey, who had married the sister of his wife. Guided by Southey, and with his ample library at her command, she read the principal Greek and Latin classics, and at the age of twenty published a translation, in three large volumes, of Dobrizhoffer's *Account of the Abipones*, which had suggested to Southey his *Tale of Paraguay*. She was also acquainted with French, German, Italian, and Spanish. Wordsworth's fine poem, *The Triad*, is a poetical glorification of his own daughter, Dora Wordsworth, of Edith Southey, and of Sara Coleridge, who is thus described:

SARA COLERIDGE AT TWENTY-SIX.

Last of the Three, though eldest born,
Reveal thyself like pensive Morn,
Touched by the skylark's earliest note,
Ere humbler gladness be afloat.
But whether in the semblance drest
Of Dawn—or Eve, fair vision of the west—
Come with each anxious hope subdued,
By woman's gentle fortitude,
Each grief through meekness settling into rest.—
Or I would hail thee when some high-wrought page
Of a closed volume lingering in the hand
Has raised thy spirit to a peaceful stand
Among the glories of a happier age.

Her brow hath opened on me—see it there,
Brightening beneath the umbrage of her hair;
So gleams the crescent moon, that loves
To be descried through shady groves.
Tenderest bloom is on her cheek;
Wish not for a richer streak;
Nor dread the depth of meditative eye;

But let thy love, upon that azure field
Of thoughtfulness and beauty, yield
Its homage offered up in purity.—
What would'st thou more? In sunny glade,
Or under leaves of thickest shade,
Was such a stillness e'er diffused
Since earth grew calm while angels mused?
Softly she treads, as if her foot were loth
To crush the mountain dew-drops—soon to melt
On the flower's breast, as if she felt
That flowers themselves, whate'er their hue,
With all their fragrance, all their glistening,
Call to the heart for inward listening:
And though for bridal wreaths and tokens true
Welcomed wisely: though a growth
Which the careless shepherd sleeps on,
As fitly sprung from turf the mourner weeps on—
And without wrong are cropped the marble tomb
to strew.

—WORDSWORTH: *The Triad.*

In 1829 Sara Coleridge was married to her cousin, Henry Nelson Coleridge, a rising London barrister, and author of an excellent *Introduction to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets.* Shortly after the death of S. T. Coleridge, he commenced the collection and editing of the works of the poet, in which he was aided by Sara Coleridge, who completed the work, after the death of her husband in 1843. To this collected edition she furnished some important contributions, explanatory of the text, and biographical. Sara Coleridge also wrote several works of her own. Among these are *Pretty Lessons in Verse for Good Children* (1834), originally written for her own children, which became popular when published, and a new edition of which was brought out a few years ago. Her longest work is *Phantasmion, a Fairy Tale* (1837; republished in 1874, with a Preface by Lord-Chief-Justice Coleridge). *Phantasmion* is not only a prose-poem, but it contains several exquisite lyrics, and the whole tale is noticeable for the beauty of its story and the richness of its language. During the later years of her life Sara Coleridge was a confirmed invalid. Not long before her death she began an *Autobiography*, which she brought down only to her ninth year. This was continued by her daughter, and published in 1873 under the title of *Memoirs and Letters of Sara Coleridge*. She was buried in Highgate Churchyard, London, by the side of her father, her mother, and her husband.

ON THE DEATH OF BLANCO WHITE, 1841.

Couldst thou in calmness yield thy mortal breath
Without the Christian's sure and certain hope?
Didst thou to earth confine our being's scope,
Yet fixed on One Supreme with fervent faith,
Prompt to obey what conscience witnesseth,
As one intent to fly the eternal wrath
Decline the ways of sin that downward slope?
O thou light-searching spirit! that didst grope
In such bleak shadows here, 'twixt life and death:—
To thee dare I bear witness, though in ruth
(Brave witness like thine own!)—dare hope and pray
That thou, set free from this imprisoning clay,
Now clad in raiment of perpetual youth,
May find that bliss untold, 'mid endless day,
Awaits each earnest soul that lives for Truth.

COLLIER, Jeremy, an English clergyman and author, born in Cambridgeshire, in 1650, died in 1726. He was educated at Cambridge, took Holy Orders, and in 1685, was appointed lecturer at Gray's Inn, London. At the Revolution of 1688 he relinquished his office, rather than take the oath of allegiance to William III. He also incurred several months' imprisonment in Newgate by the publication of a pamphlet, *The Desertion Discuss-*

ed. His whole life was one of literary warfare, in which he delighted. Among his works are an *Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain*, and a volume of *Essays* on moral subjects. He is best known by his *Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the Stage*, published in 1698, and called forth by the shameful license of the English drama after the Restoration. His attack was the beginning of a ten years' battle, in which Congreve, Farquhar, and other dramatists were his antagonists, which left Collier triumphant, and which resulted in the gradual purification of the stage. Of the *Short View*, Macaulay says: "There is hardly any book of the time from which it would be possible to select specimens of writing so excellent and so various. He was complete master of the rhetoric of honest indignation. The spirit of the book is truly heroic." The subjoined extract is from the preface to this work:

THE COMIC DRAMA OF THE RESTORATION.

Being convinced that nothing has gone further in debauching the age than the Stage-Poets and Play-House, I thought I could not employ my time better than in writing against them. These men, sure, take Virtue and Regularity for great enemies; why else is their disaffection so very remarkable? It must be said, they have made their attack with great courage, and gained no very inconsiderable advantage. But it seems, Lewdness without Atheism is but half their business. Conscience might possibly recover, and revenge be thought on; and therefore, like footpads, they must not only rob, but murther. . . . I confess I have no ceremony for debauchery. For to compliment vice, is but one remove from worshipping the Devil.

COLLIER, JOHN PAYNE, an English critic and author, born in London, in 1789, died in

1883. He began the study of law, which he soon relinquished for that of literature. In 1820 he published *The Poetical Decameron*, consisting of ten conversations on English poets and poetry. *His History of English Dramatic Poetry to the time of Shakespeare, and Annals of the Stage to the Restoration*, appeared in 1831, and *New Facts regarding the Life and Works of Shakespeare*, in 1835–39. He also published a new edition of Shakespeare's *Works*, and *Shakespeare's Library*, a collection of ancient romances, legends, and poems upon which the great poet's works were in a measure founded. In 1852 he published a volume entitled, *Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakespeare's Plays from Early Manuscript Corrections in a Copy of the Folio of* 1632, *in the Possession of J. P. Collier*. This copy of the plays, purchased by him at a bookstall, contained many marginal notes which Collier supposed to have been written soon after the date of publication, and which he gave to the world. It excited great interest among literary men, many of whom regarded the *Emendations* as a valuable addition to Shakespearean literature, while others assailed them as spurious, even accusing Collier himself of being their author. *A Bibliographical Account of Rare Books* was published by him in 1865.

THE AUDIENCE IN AN OLD THEATRE.

The visitors of our old theatres used to amuse themselves with reading, playing at cards, drinking, and smoking before or during the performance. It has already been shown that pamphlets were sold at the doors of playhouses to attract purchasers as they went in, and Fitzgeoffrey, H. Parrot, and other authors allude to this custom, in passages I have extracted or mentioned. Dekker, in his *Gull's Horn-book* (1609), tells his hero, whom he supposes to be sitting on the stage, "before the play begins fall to cards :" and whether he win or lose, he is directed to tear some of the cards and to throw them about just before the entrance of the prologue. Stephen Gosson, in his *School of Abuse* (1579), informs us that the young men of his day treated the ladies with apples, and Fitzgeoffrey mentions that they were cried in the theatres. . . . Nut-cracking was also a favorite amusement of the lower class of spectators, to the great annoyance of poets and players ; and in the prologue "for the Court" before his *Staple of News*, Ben Jonson speaks of—

> ——"the vulgar sort
> Of nut-crackers, who only come for sight."

It is of course unnecessary to establish that other fruits were sold in playhouses at the respective seasons. The consumption of tobacco in theatres is mentioned by innumerable authorities, but it should seem from a line in the epigrams of Sir J. Davies and Christopher Marlowe, printed about 1598, that at that period it was a service of some danger, and generally objected to :

> "He *dares to take Tobacco* on the stage."

but the practice very soon became common, for two years afterwards, one of the boy-actors in the induction to *Cynthia's Revels*, imitating a gallant supposed to be sitting on the stage, speaks of having his "three sorts of tobacco in his pocket, and his light by him." Dekker, in 1609, tells his gallant to "get his match lighted :" and in *The Scornful Lady* (1616), Captains of Galiyfoists are ridiculed, "who only wear swords to reach fire at a play," for the purpose of lighting their pipes. Tobacco was even sold at the playhouse, and in *Bartholomew Fair* (1614), Ben Jonson talks of those who "accommodate gentlemen with tobacco at our theatres." In 1602, when Dekker printed his *Satiromastix*, ladies sometimes smoked. Asinius Bubo, offering his pipe, observes :—"'Tis at your service, gallants, and the tobacco too ; 'tis right pudding, I can tell you : a lady or two took a pipeful or two at my hands, and praised it 'fore the heavens." Prynne states that in his time, instead of apples, ladies were sometimes offered the tobacco-pipe at plays.

Ben Jonson, Webster, Beaumont and Fletcher, Nabbes, and various other dramatists allude to memorandum-books, then called writing-tables or table-books, used by auditors to note down jests in plays, for retail, or passages for malicious criticism. It is needless to go into proof that audiences in our old theatres expressed their approbation or disapprobation in much the same manner as at present, by clapping of hands, exclamations, hisses, groans, and the imitation of the mewing of cats.—"Signor Snuff," says Marston in the induction to his *What you Will* (1607), "Monsieur Mew, and Cavaliero Blirt, are three of the most to be feared auditors," and farther on he asks if the poet's resolve shall be—

> "Struck through with the blirt
> Of a *goose* breath ?"

so that even the technical phrase of "treating an actor with goose" was understood then as well as at present.—*History of English Dramatic Poetry.*

COLLIER, Robert Laird, an American clergyman and author, born at Salisbury, Md., August 7, 1837. He is the author of *Every-Day Subjects in Sunday Sermons*, *Meditations on the Essence of Christianity*, and *Henry Irving: a Sketch and a Criticism.*

AN UNFORTUNATE BROTHER.

When a man says he does not believe in God, I am sure he is either very fortunate or very unfortunate. He has never been hungry for God, never thirsted for living waters, never known the bleeding of a vicarious and grief-stricken soul, so he has been fortunate in this. Dare I say so? He counts it fortune. I say in reality, he has been most unfortunate—he has not yet breathed the breath of life.

The ocean sighs, it never sings: the winter winds, when they come, moan, never clap their hands in joy. All winds, too, come from heaven, so we cannot mistake the key to which its music, is all set. Men will make glad music on a harp, but put it in one's window, and let nature play upon its strings, and the music is all minor, sombre, sad, sighing, wailing. But this is the highest life. The multitude rejoice together, the saints dwell in solitary places. All nature is in the agony of redemption—it is agony—man redeems himself by agony; but there are bright clouds and glory unspeakable, all about the grief of struggle.

So this man who says there is no God is a poor unfortunate brother, who has never felt the need of God, and, it is strange to say, these people are the product of civilization—the savages all have gods; the props of what we call civilization take the place now and then of God, only for a time however; they rot in the earth and the spirit falls, only to get upon surer foundation. God will claim the heart, and only comes when man has no other resource or help. So he magnifies himself into God. If one could dispose of Him like a problem of mathematics, or make a telescopic examination of Him, then He would not be God at all. He is God because He is unsearchable, and His ways past finding out. God is not only a fact, but a light; not only a truth, but a life.—*Meditations on the Essence of Christianity.*

COLLINS, MORTIMER, an English poet and novelist, born in 1827, died in 1876. His first volume of poems was published in 1855, and his first novel, *Who is the Heir?* in 1865. Among his other works are *Sweet Anne Page* (1868); *The Ivory Gate* (1869); *The Vivian Romance* (1870); *The Inn of Strange Meetings*, and *Marquis and Merchant* (1871); *The British Birds: a Communication from the Ghost of Aristophanes* (1872); *The Summerfield Imbroglio; Two Plunges for a Pearl; A Fight with Fortune;* and in conjunction with his wife, Frances Collins, *Sweet and Twenty* and *Frances.* In all he wrote fourteen novels, which were fairly successful.

He was also a prolific contributor, in prose and verse, to periodicals.

THE LONDONER.

To be a true Londoner is to know the highest sublimity and the deepest abasement possible to mankind. Your cool citizen of the world's chief city, amazed at nothing, amused by everything, analyses or appraises a speech by Disraeli or Kenealy, a poem by Browning or Gibbs, even as the citizens of Athens judged Aristophanes and Alcibiades. Your true Londoner is a man of infinite possibilities, who carefully avoids performance. He is a man who *could* do anything he pleased to absolute perfection; but he does not choose to do anything. His mission is to criticise those who do imperfectly what he could do perfectly, were it only worth his while. It is not. London is to him a theatre; he takes a perpetual stall, and calmly watches the gradual development of the marvelous drama of life, in which every scene is a surprise, in which nothing is certain but the unforseen.

The City crucible condenses intellect; and the man who knows his London knows a good deal of humanity. It is a curiously special art. . . . No Englishman is educated who has not known London. It is the only absolute university. We all graduate there, from statesman to burglar, from poet to penny-a-liner. But London should be strictly regarded as a University. No man should remain in it regularly after the time when his intellect comes of age, which is somewhere about forty.—*A Fight with Fortune.*

ON EYES.

There's the eye that simply reflects—a mere retina, a mirror, and no more. People with that sort of optical instrument go through the world without a suspicion of its mystery and its magic. They look with equal interest on an oak and an omnibus, unaware that the oak has its Dryad, and the Dryad perchance her Rhaicos. They see no Dryads, bless your heart! nor any Naiads with soft soluble limbs in wandering waters, nor any ghosts in grim old houses, though ancient unholy murders be photographed on their walls. Worse than that, they never see their wives and children. They perceive fine well-dressed female animals, and jolly young cubs of their own race, but the divinity of womanhood and the mystery of childhood, are alike beyond their ken.

> "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
> The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar."

This great utterance of Wordsworth would sound like sheer nonsense to men with what may be called looking-glass eyes.

Nor are the fellows much better who possess eyes that pierce. They can tell a rogue from a fool—that is all; a good useful quality in a world like this. They are like men who have always lived in broad day—who have never seen evengloam or moonlight. But a man whose eyes are of the highest service to him is he who can see beyond the mere outer husk of things; who can discover the nymph in the oak, and catch the fairies dancing in the moonlit woods, and look beyond the region of hard fact into the realm of dreams.—*The Vivian Romance.*

MY THRUSH.

All through the sultry hours of June,
From morning blithe to golden noon,
And till the star of evening climbs
The gray-blue East, a world too soon,
There sings a Thrush amid the limes.

God's poet, hid in foliage green,
Sings endless songs, himself unseen:
Right seldom come his silent times.
Linger, ye summer hours serene!
Sing on, dear Thrush, amid the limes!

May I not dream God sends thee there,
Thou mellow angel of the air,
Even to rebuke my earthlier rhymes
With music's soul, all praise and prayer?
Is that thy lesson in the limes?

Closer to God art thou than I:
His minstrel thou, whose brown wings fly
Though silent æther's sunnier climes.
Ah, never may thy music die!
Sing on, dear Thrush, amid the limes!

"A MOUNTAIN APART."

Who that has seen a mountain peak,
With pines upon it, and a pure clear air
Surrounding, would not think that Christ might seek
Such place of prayer!

O purple heather! furze of gold!
Long slopes of soft green grass, cool to the feet!
Chapels of living rock that wise men hold
For worship meet.

God built them high in upper air
That those who loved Him might come close to Him,
And you may know the wings and voices there
Of Seraphim.

Is it not beautiful to see
Christ praying on the mountain quite alone,
From the mad whirlpool of the world set free
To help His own?

No soft green hill do I behold,
No keen blue summit, kissed by sunsets rare,
But that its multitudinous mists enfold
The Christ in prayer.

IN VIEW OF DEATH.

No: I shall pass into the Morning Land
As now from sleep into the life of morn;
Live the new life of the new world, unshorn
Of the swift brain, the executing hand;
See the dense darkness suddenly withdrawn,
As when Orion's sightless eyes discerned the dawn.

I shall behold it: I shall see the utter
Glory of sunrise, heretofore unseen,

Freshening the woodlawn ways with brighter green,
And calling into life all things that flutter,
All throats of music, and all eyes of light,
And driving o'er the verge the intolerable night.

O virgin world! O marvellous far days!
No more with dreams of grief doth love grow bitter,
Nor trouble dim the lustre wont to glitter
In happy eyes. Decay alone decays:
A moment—death's dull sleep is o'er; and we
Drink the immortal morning air Eäriné.

LAST VERSES.

I have been sitting alone
All day while the clouds went by,
While moved the strength of the seas,
While a wind with a will of this own,
A Poet out of the sky,
Smote the green harp of the trees.

Alone, yet not alone,
For I felt, as the gay wind whirled,
As the cloudy sky grew clear,
The touch of our Father half-known
Who dwells at the heart of the world,
Yet who is always here.

COLLINS, William, an English poet, born in 1721, died in 1759. He was educated at Winchester College and at Oxford. His poetic talent was early developed. The *Persian Eclogues* were written in his seventeenth year, and his *Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer* in his twenty-second. He left Oxford abruptly, and went to London full of plans for literary work, which he could not carry out. He formed dissolute habits, and squandered his means. His *Odes*, which appeared in 1746, attracted little notice. A small fortune inherited from an uncle relieved him from want. The *Elegy on Thomson*, was written in 1749, and the *Ode on Popular Su-*

perstition in the Highlands, in 1750. Symptoms of insanity had already appeared in the poet, and the disease rapidly developed. His madness became occasionally violent, and he was removed to Chichester, where he spent his last years. Music, his early delight, affected him so painfully that he would wander up and down in the cathedral, howling an accompaniment to the organ. His *Odes*, unappreciated at first, are now regarded as among the finest in the language.

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs and dying gales:

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired Sun,
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short, shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum;
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail,
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet—at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows
with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;
Or find some ruin, 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;
And hears their simple bell; and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he
wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favorite name!

ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;

Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed: his eyes on fire,
In lightnings, owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With awful measures wan Despair,
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still, through all the song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung;—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The-war denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
And ever, and anon, he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat:

And, though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed—
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed:
And now it courted Love, now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired,
And, from her wild, sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound.
Through glades and glooms the mingled measures stole;
Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh, how altered was its sprightlier tone
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crowned Sisters and their chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest;

But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best:
They would have thought who heard the strain
They saw, in Tempê's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing.
While as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay, fantastic round;
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As, in that loved Athenian bower,
You learned an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endeared,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page.
'Tis said—and I believe the tale—
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
E'en all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavors cease;
Revive the just designs of Greece;
Return in all thy simple state:
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

COLLINS, WILLIAM WILKIE, an English novelist, born in 1824. He is the son of William Collins the artist, and was educated for the bar. His earliest literary performance was a biography of his father, published in

1848. He has since been a prolific and popular writer. The following are his principal works: *Antonina* (1850); *Rambles Beyond Railways* (1851); *Basil* (1852); *Mr. Wray's Cash Box* (1852); *Hide and Seek* (1854); *After Dark* (1856); *The Dead Secret* (1857); *The Queen of Hearts* (1859); *The Woman in White* (1860); *No Name* (1862); *My Miscellanies* (1863); *Armadale* (1866); *The Moonstone* (1868); *Man and Wife* (1870); *Poor Miss Finch* (1872); *Miss or Mrs.?* (1873); *The New Magdalen* (1873); *The Law and the Lady* (1875); *Two Destinies* (1876); *The Haunted Hotel* (1878); *The Fallen Leaves* (1879); *A Rogue's Life from his Birth to his Marriage* (1879); *Heart and Science* (1883); *I Say No* (1884); *The Evil Genius* (1886).

THE COUNT AND COUNTESS FOSCO.

Never before have I beheld such a change produced in a woman by her marriage as has been produced in Madame Fosco. As Eleanor Fairlie (aged seven-and-thirty), she was always talking pretentious nonsense, and always worrying the unfortunate men with every small exaction which a vain and foolish woman can impose on long-suffering male humanity. As Madame Fosco (aged three-and-forty), she sits for hours together without saying a word, frozen up in the strangest manner in herself. The hideously ridiculous love-locks which used to hang on either side of her face, are now replaced by stiff little rows of very short curls, of the sort that one sees in old-fashioned wigs. A plain, matronly cap covers her head, and makes her look, for the first time in her life, since I remember her, like a decent woman. . . . Clad in quiet black or gray gowns, made high round the throat, dresses that she would have laughed at, or screamed at, as the whim of the moment inclined her, in her maiden days—she sits speechless in corners; her dry white hands (so dry that the pores of her skin look chalky) incessantly engaged, either in monotonous embroidery work, or in rolling up endless little cigarettes for the Count's own particular smoking.

On the few occasions when her cold blue eyes are off her work, they are generally turned on her husband, with the look of mute submissive inquiry which we are all familiar with in the eyes of a faithful dog. The only approach to an inward thaw which I have yet detected under her outer covering of icy constraint, has betrayed itself, once or twice, in the form of a suppressed tigerish jealousy of any woman in the house (the maids included) to whom the Count speaks, or on whom he looks with anything approaching to special interest or attention. Except in this one particular, she is always—morning, noon, and night, indoors, and out, fair weather or foul—as cold as a statue, and as impenetrable as the stone out of which it is cut.

For the common purposes of society the extraordinary change thus produced in her, is beyond all doubt, a change for the better, seeing that it has transformed her into a civil, silent, unobtrusive woman, who is never in the way. How far she is really reformed or deteriorated in her secret self, is another question. I have once or twice seen sudden changes of expression on her pinched lips, and heard sudden inflections of tone in her calm voice, which have led me to suspect that her present state of suppression may have sealed up something dangerous in her nature, which used to evaporate harmlessly in the freedom of her former life. And the magician who has wrought this wonderful transformation—the foreign husband who has tamed this once wayward Englishwoman till her own relations hardly know her again—the Count himself! What of the Count?

This, in two words: He looks like a man who could tame anything. If he had married a tigress instead of a woman, he would have tamed the tigress. . . . How am I to describe him? There are peculiarities in his personal appearance, his habits, and his amusements, which I should blame in the boldest terms, or ridicule in the most merciless manner, if I had seen them in another man. What is it that makes me unable to blame them, or to ridicule them in *him?*

For example, he is immensely fat. Before this time I have always especially disliked corpulent humanity. I have always maintained that the popular notion of connecting excessive grossness of size and excessive good-humor as inseparable allies, was equivalent to declaring, either that no people but amiable people ever get fat, or that the accidental addition of so many pounds of flesh has a directly favorable influence over the disposition of the person on whose body they accumulate. I have invariably combated both these absurd assertions by quoting examples of fat people who were as mean, vicious, and cruel, as the leanest and the worst of their neighbors. . . . Here, nevertheless, is Count Fosco, as fat as Henry the Eighth himself, established in my favor, at one day's notice, without let or hindrance from his own odious corpulence. Marvelous indeed!

Is it his face that has recommended him? It may be his face. He is a most remarkable likeness, on a large scale, of the Great Napoleon. His features have Napoleon's magnificent regularity: his expression recalls the grandly calm, immovable power of the Great Soldier's face. This striking resemblance certainly impressed me, to begin with; but there is something in him besides the resemblance, which has impressed me more. I think the influence I am now trying to find, is in his eyes. They are the most unfathomable gray eyes I ever saw: and they have at times a cold, clear, beautiful, irresistible glitter in them, which forces me to look at him, and yet causes me sensations, when I do look, which I would rather not feel. . . . The marked peculiarity which singles him out from the rank and file of humanity, lies entirely, so far as I can tell at present, in the extraordinary expression and extraordinary power of his eyes.

All the smallest characteristics of this strange man have something strikingly original and perplexingly contradictory in them. Fat as he is, and old as he is, his movements are astonishingly light and easy. He is as noiseless in a room as any of us women; and, more than that, with all his look of unmistakable mental firmness and power, he is as nervously sensitive as the weakest of us. He starts at chance noises as inveterately as Laura herself. He winced and shuddered yesterday, when Sir Percival beat one of the spaniels, so that I felt ashamed of my own want of tenderness and sensibility, by comparison with the Count. The relation of this last incident reminds me of one of his most curious peculiarities, which I have not yet mentioned—his extraordinary fondness for pet animals. Some of these he has left on the Continent, but he has brought with him to this house a cockatoo, two canary-birds, and a whole family of white mice. He attends to all the necessities of these strange favorites himself, and he has taught the creatures to be surprisingly fond of him, and familiar with him. . . This same man, who has all the fondness of an old maid for his cockatoo, and all the small dexterities of an organ-boy in managing his white mice, can talk, when anything happens to rouse him, with a daring independence of thought, a knowledge of books in every language, and an experience of society in half the capitals of Europe, which would make him the prominent personage of any assembly in the civilized world. . . . His management of the Countess (in public) is a sight to see. He bows to her; he habitually addresses her as "my angel;" he carries his canaries to pay her little visits on his fingers, and to sing to her! he kisses her hand, when she gives him his cigarettes; he presents her with sugar-plums, in return, which he puts into her mouth, playfully, from a box in his pocket. The rod of iron with which he rules her never appears in company—it is a private rod, and is always kept upstairs.—*The Woman in White.*

THE WRECK OF THE TIMBER-SHIP.

As I had surmised, we were in pursuit of the vessel in which Ingleby and his wife had left the island that afternoon. The ship was French, and was employed in the timber-trade ; her name was *La Grace de Dieu.* Nothing more was known of her than that she was bound for Lisbon ; that she had been driven out of her course ; and that she had touched at Madeira, short of men and short of provisions. The last want had been supplied, but not the first. Sailors distrusted the seaworthiness of the ship, and disliked the look of the vagabond crew. When those two serious facts had been communicated to Mr. Blanchard, the hard words he had spoken to his child in the first shock of discovering that she had helped to deceive him, smote him to the heart. He instantly determined to give his daughter a refuge on board his own vessel, and to quiet her by keeping her villain of a husband out of the way of all harm at my hands. The yacht sailed three feet and more to the ship's one. There was no doubt of our overtaking *La Grace de Dieu ;* the only fear was that we might pass her in the darkness.

After we had been some little time out the wind suddenly dropped, and there fell on us an airless, sultry calm. When the order came to get the topmasts on deck, and to shift the large sails, we all knew what to expect. In little better than an hour more the storm was upon us, the thunder was pealing over our heads, and the yacht was running for it. She was a powerful schooner-rigged vessel of three hundred tons, as strong as wood and iron could make her ; she was handled by a sailing-master who thoroughly understood his work, and she behaved nobly. As the new morning came, the fury of the wind, blowing still from the southwest quarter, subsided a little, and the sea was less heavy. Just before daybreak we heard faintly, through the howling of the gale, the report of a gun. The men, collected anxiously on deck, looked at each other and said, "There she is !"

With the daybreak we saw the vessel, and the timber-ship it was. She lay wallowing in the trough of the sea, her foremast and her mainmast both gone—a water-logged wreck. The yacht carried three boats ; one amidships, and two slung to davits on the quarters; and the sailing-master seeing signs of the storm renewing its fury before long, determined on lowering the quarter-boats while the lull lasted. Few as the people were on board the wreck, they were too many for one boat, and the risk of trying two boats at once was thought less, in the critical state of the weather, than the risk of making two separate trips from the yacht to the ship. There might be time to make one trip in safety, but no man could look at the heavens and say there would be time enough for two.

The boats were manned by volunteers from the crew, I being in the second of the two. When the first boat was got alongside of the timber-ship—a service of difficulty and danger which no words can describe—all the men on board made a rush to leave the wreck together. If the boat had not been pulled off again before the whole of them had crowded in, the lives of all must have been sacrificed. As our boat approached the vessel in its turn, we arranged that four of us should get on board—two (I being one of them) to see to the safety of Mr. Blanchard's daughter, and two to beat back the cowardly remnant of the crew, if they tried to crowd in first. The other three—the coxswain and two oarsmen—were left in the boat to keep her from being crushed by the ship. What the others saw when they first boarded *La Grace de Dieu*, I don't know: what *I* saw was the woman whom I had lost, the woman vilely stolen from me, lying in a swoon on the deck. We lowered her insensible into the boat. The remnant of the crew—five in number—were compelled by main force to follow her in an orderly manner, one by one, and minute by minute, as the chance offered for safely taking them in. I was the last who left; and, at the next roll of the ship towards us, the empty length of the deck, without a living creature on it from stem to stern, told the boat's crew that their work was done. With the louder and louder howling of the fast-rising tempest to warn them, they rowed for their lives back to the yacht.

A succession of heavy squalls had brought round the course of the new storm that was coming from the south to the north; and the sailing-master, watching his opportunity, had wore the yacht, to be ready for it. Before the last of our men had got on board again it burst on us with the fury of a hurricane. One boat was swamped, but not a life was lost. Once more, we ran before it, due south, at the mercy of the wind. I was on deck with the rest, watching the one rag of a sail we could venture to set, and waiting to supply its place with another, if it blew out of the bolt ropes, when the mate came close to me, and shouted in my ear through the thunder of the storm, "She has come to her senses in the cabin, and has asked for her husband. Where is he?" Not a man on board knew. The yacht was searched from one end to another without finding him. The men were mustered in defiance of the weather—he was not among them. The crews of the two boats were questioned. All the first crew could say, was that they had pulled away from the wreck when the rush into their boat took place, and that they knew nothing of who they let in or who they kept out. All the second crew could say was, that they had brought back to the yacht every living soul left by the first boat on the deck of the timber-ship. There was no blaming anybody; but at the same time there was no resisting the fact that the man was missing.

All through that day the storm, raging unabatedly, never gave us even the shadow of a chance of returning and searching the wreck. The one hope for the yacht was to scud. Towards evening the gale, after having carried us to the southward of Madeira, began at last to break; the wind shifted again, and allowed us to bear up for the island. Early the next morning we got back into port. Mr. Blanchard and his daughter were taken ashore; the sailing-master accompanying them, and warning us that he should have something to say on his return which would nearly concern the whole crew. We were mustered on deck and addressed by the sailing-master as soon as he came on board again. He had Mr. Blanchard's orders to go back at once to the timber-ship and to search for the missing man. We were bound to do this for his sake and for the sake of his wife, whose reason was despaired of by the doctors if something was not done to quiet her. We might be almost sure of finding the vessel still afloat, for her lading of timber would keep her above water as long as her hull held together. If the man was on board—living or dead—he must be found and brought back. And if the weather continued to moderate there was no reason why the men, with proper assistance, should not bring the ship back too, and (their master being quite willing) earn their share of the salvage with the officers of the yacht. Upon this the crew gave three cheers, and set to work forthwith to get the schooner to sea again. I was the only one of them who drew back from the enterprise. I told them the storm had upset me—I was ill, and wanted rest. They all looked me in the face as I passed through them on my way out of the yacht, but not a man of them spoke to me. I waited through that day at a tavern on the port for the first news from the wreck. It was brought toward nightfall by one of the pilot boats which had taken part in the enterprise for saving the abandoned ship. *La Grace de Dieu* had been discovered still floating, and the body of Ingleby had been found on board drowned in the cabin. At dawn the next morning the dead man was brought back by the yacht; and on the same day the funeral took place in the Protestant cemetery. . . . There is more to tell before I can leave the dead man to his rest. I have described the finding of his body, but I have not described the circumstances under which he met his death. He was known to have been on deck when the yacht's boats were seen approaching the wreck, and he was afterwards missed in the confusion caused by the panic of the crew. At that time the water was five feet in the cabin, and was rising fast. There was little doubt of his having gone down into that water of his own accord. The discovery of his wife's jewel-box close under him on the floor explained his presence in the cabin. He was known to have seen help approaching, and it was quite likely that he had thereupon gone below to make an effort at saving the box. It was less probable—though it might still have been inferred—that his death was the result of some accident in diving, which had for the moment deprived him of his senses. But a discovery made by the yacht's crew pointed straight at a conclusion which struck the men, one and all, with the same horror. When the course of their search brought them to the cabin, they found the scuttle bolted, and the door locked on the outside. Had some one closed the cabin, not knowing he was there? Setting the panic-stricken condition of the crew out of the question, there was no motive for closing the cabin before leaving the wreck. But one other conclusion remained. Had some murderous hand purposely locked the man in, and left him to drown as the water rose over him? Yes. A murderous hand had locked him in, and left him to drown. That hand was mine.—*Armadale.*

COLLYER, ROBERT, an Anglo-American clergyman and author, born at Keighley, Yorkshire, in 1823. He was the son of a blacksmith, and at the age of seven years was taken from school to learn his father's trade, which he practiced until after he came to America, about 1850. He had been a Wesleyan local preacher in England, and he continued to preach at Shoemakertown, Pa. Soon after coming to America, he adopted Unitarian views. In 1859 he removed to Chicago, and became pastor of a Unitarian church in that city, and one of the most popular preachers of that denomination. In 1879 he was called to the Church of the Messiah, in New York. His chief publications are *Nature and Life*, a collection of sermons, *A Man in Earnest*, and

The Life that now Is. He has also written much for religious and literary periodicals.

A LESSON FROM A LEAF.

"All leaves are builders," says Ruskin; "but they are to be divided into two orders—those that build by the sword, and those that build by the shield." I would see every life as that most perfect of all seers into leaf-life sees every leaf. It may be that our lives are the most obscure and powerless for good this earth ever bore on her breast: I tell you, if we are trying to be what we can be, then the life of every one of us casts its speck of grateful shadow somewhere, holds itself somehow up to the sun and rain, fights its way with some poor success against storm and fire and foe and parasite; or it stands sternly, in these great days, shoulder to shoulder with its comrades, a strong tower of defence, to guard what we have won in our war for humanity, resolute not to fall into that trap the devil always sets for generous people, of giving up in the treaty what they won in the fight. For it is true, and truest of all, that not the things which satisfy the world's heart easily; not purple grape, and golden apple, and ripe grain, and brown seed, and roses and asters; not the noble and beautiful, over which men rejoice and are glad—are alone the fruit on the tree of life; but the leaf, faded, ragged, and unnoticed, is fruit too; falling, when its day is done, it falls honorably; dying, it dies well; its work well done, and the world is better by the measure of what one poor leaf may do for its life. . . .

All honor to the common soldier, the common laborer, the poor teacher, the man and woman everywhere, unknown and yet well known—with no name to live, but bearing, in all they are and all they do, the assurance of the life everlasting! For as every leaf on every tree is, by the tenure of its life, a mediator and saviour, standing between the hard rock and living man, the bridge between life and death—so this unknown man or woman, this common soldier or common worker, is fruit, in being leaf and falling, scorched by battle-fires or chilled by night-damps; or, dying, worn out by toiling in the field of the world. Not one such man or woman has lived and striven and died in vain. There may be no monument to tell how they died or where they rest: but what they have done is their monument. The leaves of their tree are for the healing of the nations.—*Nature and Life.*

COLONNA, VITTORIA, an Italian poetess, born in 1490, died in 1547. She was the daughter of Fabrizio Colonna, Grand Constable of the Kingdom of Naples. She was betrothed in childhood to Francisco d'Avilos, son of the Marquis of Pescara, and was married to him at the ago of seventeen. Having joined the Holy League, her husband was taken prisoner at Ravenna, and carried to France. From this time they seldom saw each other, but carried on a close correspondence in prose and verse. After his death in 1525, Vittoria sought consolation in poetry. She resided at Naples and Ischia, Orvieto, Viterbo, and Rome. In Rome she formed a lasting friendship with Michael Angelo, who dedicated to her some of his sonnets. Most of her poems were devoted to the memory of her husband. Among them the best known are her *Rime Spirituali*, published in 1548.

A PRAYER.

Father of heaven! if by thy mercy's grace
A living branch I am of that true vine
Which spreads o'er all—and would we did resign
Ourselves entire by faith to its embrace!—
In me much drooping, Lord, thine eye will trace,
Caused by the shade of these rank leaves of mine,
Unless in season due thou dost refine
The humor gross, and quicken its dull pace.
So cleanse me, that, abiding e'er with thee,
I feed me hourly with the heavenly dew,
And with my falling tears refresh the root.

Thou saidst, and thou art truth, thou 'dst with
me be:
Then willing come, that I may bear much fruit,
And worthy of the stock on which it grew.

COLTON, CALEB CHARLES, an English clergyman and author, born in 1780, died in 1832. He graduated at Cambridge, was chosen a Fellow of King's College, and in 1818 obtained the vicarage of Kew and Petersham. He contracted extravagant habits, gave himself up to gambling, and in 1828 was obliged to flee from his country. He went first to America, and soon afterwards to Paris, where he is said to have won £25,000 in two years at the gaming-table. He committed suicide through apprehension of a painful surgical operation which had become necessary. He wrote *Hypocrisy, a Satirical Poem* (1812); *Napoleon, a Poem* (1812); *Lines on the Conflagration of Moscow* (1816). After his death appeared a volume, *Modern Antiquity, and other Lyrical Pieces*, among which is the following:

HUMAN LIFE.

How long shall man's imprisoned spirit groan
'Twixt doubt of Heaven and deep disgust of
Earth?
Where all worth knowing never can be known,
And all that can be known, alas! is nothing
worth.

Untaught by saint, by cynic, or by sage,
And all the spoils of time that load their shelves,
We do not quit, but change our joys in age—
Joys framed to stifle *thoughts*, and lead us from
ourselves.

The drug, the cord, the steel, the flood, the flame,
Turmoil of action, tedium of rest,
And lust of change, though for the worst, proclaim
How dull life's banquet is—how ill at ease the
guest.

Known were the bill of fare before we taste,
Who would not spurn the banquet and the board;
Prefer the eternal but oblivious fast,
To life's frail-fretted thread, and death's suspended sword?

He that the topmost stone of Babel planned,
And he that braved the crater's boiling bed—
Did these a clearer, closer view command
Of Heaven or Hell, we ask, than the blind herd they led?

Or he that in Valdarno did prolong
The night, her rich star-studded page to read—
Could he point out, 'mid all that brilliant throng,
His fixed and final home, from fleshy thraldom freed?

Minds that have scanned Creation's vast domain,
And secrets solved, till then to sages sealed,
While Nature owned their intellectual reign,
Extinct, have *nothing* known, or nothing have revealed.

Devouring Grave! we might the less deplore
The extinguished lights that in thy darkness dwell,
Would'st thou, from that lost zodiac, *one* restore,
That might the enigma solve, and Doubt—man's tyrant—quell.

To live in darkness— in despair to die—
Is this, indeed, the boon to mortals given?
Is there no port—no rock of refuge nigh?
There is—to those who fix their anchor-hope in Heaven.

Turn then, O Man! and cast all else aside;
Direct thy wandering thoughts to things above;
Low at the Cross bow down: in *that* confide,
Till Doubt be lost in Faith, and Bliss secured in Love.

Caleb Colton, however, will be best remembered by a work produced while he was yet an honored member of the Anglican Church, and before the shadows had began to gather which darkened his later years. This work was entitled *Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words*, (1820–22). It is a series of apothegms and moral reflections, gathered and condensed from a great variety of sources. One of these Laconics reads almost prophetically of his own future fate: "The gamester," he says, "if he die a martyr to his profession, is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other loss; and by the act of suicide renounces Earth to forfeit Heaven." Among the many wise and pregnant sayings of *Lacon* are the following:

TRUE GENIUS ALWAYS UNITED TO REASON.

The great examples of Bacon, of Milton, of Newton, of Locke, and of others, happen to be directly against the popular inference that a certain wildness of eccentricity and thoughtlessness of conduct are the necessary accompaniments of talent, and the sure indications of genius. Because some have united their extravagances with great demonstrations of talent, as a Rousseau, a Chatterton, a Savage, a Burns, or a Byron, others, finding it less difficult to be eccentric than to be brilliant, have therefore adopted the one, in the hope that the world would give them credit for the other. But the greatest genius is never so great as when it is chastised and subdued by the highest reason: it is from such a combination, like that of Bucephalus reined in by Alexander, that the most powerful efforts have been produced. And be it remembered, that minds of the very highest order, who have given an unrestrained course to their caprice, or to their passions, would have been so much higher, by subduing them; and that, so far from presuming that the world would give them credit for talent, on the score of their aberrations and their extravagances, all that they dared hope or expect has been, that the world would pardon and overlook those extravagances, on account of the various and manifold proofs they were constantly exhibiting of superior acquirement and inspiration. We might also add, that the good effects of talent are universal, the evil of its blemishes confined. The light and heat of the sun benefit all, and are by all enjoyed; the spots on his surface are discoverable only to the *few*. But the lower order of aspirers to fame and talent have pursued a very different course; instead of exhibiting talent in the hope that the world would forgive their eccentricities, they have exhibited only their eccentricities in the hope that the world would give them credit for talent.—*Lacon.*

MYSTERY AND INTRIGUE

There are minds so habituated to intrigue and mystery in themselves, and so prone to expect it from others, that they will never accept of a plain reason for a plain fact, if it be possible to devise causes for it that are obscure, far-fetched, and usually not worth the carriage. Like the miser of Berkshire, who would ruin a good horse to escape a turnpike, so these gentlemen ride their high-bred theories to death, in order to come at truth, through by-paths, lanes, and alleys; while she herself is jogging quietly along, upon the high and beaten road of common-sense. The consequence is, that those who take this mode of arriving at truth, are sometimes before her, and sometimes behind her, but very seldom with her. Thus the great statesman who relates the conspiracy against Doria, pauses to deliberate upon, and minutely to scrutinise into divers and sundry errors committed, and opportunities neglected, whereby he could wish to account for the total failure of that spirited enterprise. But the plain fact was, that the scheme had been so well planned and digested, that it was victorious in every point of its operation, both on the sea and on the shore, in the harbor of Genoa no less than in the city, until that most unlucky accident befell the Count de

Fiesque, who was the very life and soul of the conspiracy. In stepping from one galley to another, the plank on which he stood upset, and he fell into the sea. His armor happened to be very heavy—the night to be very dark—the water to be very deep—and the bottom to be very muddy. And it is another plain fact, that water, in all such cases, happens to make no distinction whatever between a conqueror and a cat.—*Lacon.*

MAGNANIMITY IN HUMBLE LIFE.

In the obscurity of retirement, amid the squalid poverty and revolting privations of a cottage, it has often been my lot to witness scenes of magnanimity and self-denial, as much beyond belief as the practise of the great; a heroism borrowing no support either from the gaze of the many or the admiration of the few, yet flourishing amidst ruins, and on the confines of the grave; a spectacle as stupendous in the moral world as the falls of Niagara in the natural; and, like that mighty cataract, doomed to display its grandeur only where there are no eyes to appreciate its magnificence.—*Lacon.*

AVARICE.

Avarice begets more vices than Priam did children, and, like Priam, survives them all. It starves its keeper to surfeit those who wish him dead; and makes him submit to more mortifications to lose heaven than the martyr undergoes to gain it. Avarice is a passion full of paradox, a madness full of method; for although the miser is most mercenary of all beings, yet he serves the worst master more faithfully than some Christians do the best, and will take nothing for it. He falls down and worships the god of this world, but will have neither its pomps, its vanities, nor its pleasures for his trouble. He begins to accumulate treasure as a mean to happiness, and by a common but morbid association, he continues to accumulate it as an end. He lives poor, to die rich, and is the mere jailer of his house, and the turnkey of his wealth. Impoverished by his gold, he slaves harder to imprison it in his chest, than his brother slave to liberate it from the mine. The avarice of the miser may be termed the grand sepulchre of all his other passions as they successively decay. But, unlike other tombs, it is enlarged by repletion, and strengthened by age. This latter paradox, so peculiar to this passion, must be ascribed to that love of power so inseparable from the human mind. There are three kinds of power—Wealth, Strength, and Talent; but as old age always weakens, often destroys the two latter, the aged are induced to cling with the greater avidity to the former. And the attachment of the aged to wealth must be a growing and a progressive attachment, since such are not slow in discovering that those same ruthless years which detract so sensibly from the strength of their bodies and of their minds, serve only to augment and to consolidate the strength of their purse.—*Lacon.*

COLTON, CALVIN, an American clergyman and author, born at Long Meadow, Mass., in 1789, died at Savannah, Georgia, in 1857. He graduated at Yale College in 1812, studied afterwards at Andover Theological Seminary, and in 1815 was ordained as a minister of the Presbyterian Church, and became pastor at Batavia, N. Y. Having partially lost the use of his voice he resigned the pastorate in 1826, and thereafter devoted himself mainly to literary labor. In 1831 he went to London, as correspondent for the *New York Observer;* and after his return put forth several works, among which were *Thoughts on the Religious State of the Country*, and *Reasons for Preferring Episcopacy*, setting forth the considerations which had led him to leave the Presbyterian and attach himself to the Episcopalian communion. In 1838 he made his appearance as a political writer by the publication of a pamphlet in which he maintained that "Abolition is Sedition." In succeeding years he put forth a series of political pamphlets entitled the *Junius Tracts*, which led to an intimate acquaintance with Henry Clay, whose biographer he became. His *Life, Speeches, and Correspondence of Henry Clay*, ultimately extended to six large volumes. His son, GEORGE HOOKER COLTON (1818–1847) wrote a clever poem entitled *Tecumseh*, and about two years before his death became Editor of *The American Whig Review*. At the close of his *Life and Speeches of Clay*, Mr. Colton thus speaks of the closing political labors of that statesman:

HENRY CLAY IN 1850.

Many of Mr. Clay's most brilliant displays of intellect and power were occasioned by momentary excitement; and he never, in his long-protracted career of public life, shone brighter, and never was more powerful in debate, than in the long contest of 1850. He was then an old man, and in feeble health; but his solicitude for the country, in that crisis of its affairs, brought out all the wealth of his experience, and roused all the fervor of his patriotism. He earnestly hoped, and strenuously endeavored, by his last great effort, to leave the country in peace on the slavery question; and he left the world feeling that the object had been accomplished. Happy for him that he died at such a time.

COMBE, ANDREW, a Scottish physician and author, born in 1797, died in 1847. After passing his examination at Surgeon's Hall, he completed his medical studies at Paris, and while there became interested in phrenology, which he investigated on anatomical principles. On his return to England he was attacked with symptoms of pulmonary disease, which obliged him to spend two winters in the South of Europe, and it was not until 1823 that he was able to begin the practice of his profession. He had become a believer in phrenology, and defended the science before the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh. He also assisted in editing the *Phrenological Journal*. In 1831, he published *Observations on Mental Derangement*, and in 1834, *The Principles of Physiology applied to Health*. He was appointed physician to the King of Belgium in 1836; but his failing health soon obliged him to resign the position. In 1838, he was made one of the physicians in ordinary to the Queen of England. His work on the *Physiological and Moral Management of Infancy* appeared in 1840; and *The Physiology of Digestion* in 1842.

EFFECTS OF A MONOTONOUS LIFE.

When a person of some mental capacity is confined for a length of time to an unvarying round of employment, which affords neither scope nor stimulus for one-half of his faculties, and from want of education or society, has no external resources, his mental powers, for want of exercise to keep up due vitality in their cerebral organs, become blunted; his perceptions slow and dull, and he feels any unusual subjects of thought as disagreeable and painful intrusions. The intellect and feelings not being provided with interests external to themselves, must either become inactive and weak, or work upon themselves and become diseased. In the former case the mind becomes apathetic, and possesses no ground of sympathy with its fellow-creatures; in the latter, it becomes unduly sensitive, and shrinks within itself and its own limited circle, as its only protection against every trifling occurrence or mode of action which has not relation to itself. A desire to continue an unvaried round of life takes strong possession of the mind, because, to come forth into society requires an exertion of faculties which have been long dormant, which cannot awaken without pain, and which are felt to be feeble when called into action. In such a state, home and its immediate interests become not only the centre which they ought to be, but also the boundary of life; and the mind being originally constituted to embrace a much wider space, is thus shorn of its powers, deprived of numerous pleasures attending their exercise, the whole tone of mental and bodily health is lowered, and a total inaptitude for the business of life and the ordinary intercourse of society comes on, and often increases till it becomes a positive malady. But let the situation of such a person be changed; give him a variety of imperative employments, and place him in society, so as to supply to his cerebral organs that extent of exercise which gives them health and vivacity of action, and, in a few months the change produced will be surprising. Health, animation, and acuteness, will take the place of former insipidity and dullness.—*Observations on Mental Derangement.*

COMBE, GEORGE, the brother of Andrew, a writer on phrenology, was born in 1788, and died in 1855. He studied law, and gained a good professional practice. Having seen Spurzheim dissect the brain, he began to investigate phrenology and became a zealous supporter of its theories. In 1819 a series of papers contributed by him to the *Literary and Statistical Magazine* were published together under the title *Essays on Phrenology. The Phrenological Journal* was established, a volume of *Phrenological Transactions* was issued, and a *System of Phrenology* published by Combe in 1824. In 1828 appeared his work on *The Constitution of Man.* In 1839–40 he visited the United States, and gave an account of his travels in *Notes on the United States of North America* (1841). His *Moral Philosophy* had been published in the preceding year. The next year he delivered a course of lectures in the German University of Heidelberg. A pamphlet on *The Cur-*

rency Question (1855), and one on *The Relation between Science and Religion* (1857) are among his works. He published *The Life and Letters of Andrew Combe*, and contributed many articles to magazines.

LARGE AND SMALL BRAINS.

The doctrine, that size is a measure of power, is not to be held as implying that much power is the only or even the most valuable quality which a mind in all circumstances can possess. To drag artillery over a mountain, or a ponderous wagon through the streets of London, we would prefer an elephant or a horse of great size and muscular power; while, for graceful motion, agility, and nimbleness, we would select an Arabian palfry. In like manner, to lead men in gigantic and difficult enterprises—to command by native greatness, in perilous times, when law is trampled under foot—to call forth the energies of a people, and direct them against a tyrant at home, or an alliance of tyrants abroad—to stamp the impress of a single mind upon a nation—to infuse strength into thoughts, and depth into feelings, which shall command the homage of enlightened men in every age—in short, to be a Bruce, Bonaparte, Luther, Knox, Demosthenes, Shakespeare, Milton, or Cromwell—a large brain is indispensably requisite. But to display skill, enterprise, and fidelity in the various professions of civil life—to cultivate with success the less arduous branches of philosophy—to excel in acuteness, taste, and felicity of expression—to acquire extensive erudition and refined manners—a brain of moderate size is perhaps more suitable than one that is very large; for wherever the energy is intense, it is rare that delicacy, refinement, and taste are present in an equal degree. Individuals possessing moderate-sized brains easily find their proper sphere, and enjoy in it scope for all their energy. In ordinary circumstances they distinguish themselves, but they sink when difficulties accumulate around them. Persons with large brains, on the other hand, do not readily attain their appropriate place: common occurrences do not rouse or call them forth, and, while unknown, they are not trusted with great undertakings. Often, therefore, such men pine and die in obscurity. When, however, they attain their proper element, they are conscious of greatness, and glory in the expansion of their powers. Their mental energies rise in proportion to the obstacles to be surmounted, and blaze forth in all the magnificence of self-sustaining energetic genius, on occasions when feeble minds would sink in despair.—*System of Phrenology.*

RELATION OF NATURAL LAWS TO MAN.

The natural laws are in harmony with the whole constitution of man, the moral and intellectual powers holding the supremacy. If ships in general had sunk when they were stanch, strong, and skilfully managed, this would have outraged the perceptions of reason; but as they float, the physical law is, in this instance, in harmony with the moral and intellectual law. If men who rioted in drunkenness and debauchery had thereby established health and increased their happiness, this, again, would have been at variance with our intellectual and moral perceptions: but the opposite and actual result is in harmony with them.

It will be subsequently shown, that our moral sentiments desire universal happiness. If the physical and organic laws are constituted in harmony with them, it ought to follow that the natural laws, when obeyed, will conduce to the happiness of the moral and intelligent beings who are called on to observe them; and that the evil consequences, or punishments resulting from infringement of them, will be calculated to enforce stricter obedience, for the advantage of those creatures themselves. According to this view, when a ship sinks, in consequence of a plank starting, the punishment is intended to impress upon the spectators the absolute necessity of having every plank secure and strong before going to sea, this being a condition indispensable to their safety. When sickness and pain follow a debauch, the object of the suffering is to urge a more scrupulous obedience to the organic laws, that the individual may escape premature death, which is the inevitable consequence of too great and continued disobedience to these laws—and enjoy health, which is the reward of the opposite conduct. When discontent. irritation, hatred, and other mental annoyances, arise out of infringement of the moral law, this punishment is calculated to induce the offender to return to obedience, that he may enjoy the rewards attached to it.

When the transgression of any natural law is excessive, and so great that return to obedience is impossible, one purpose of death, which then ensues, may be to deliver the individual from a continuation of the punishment which could then do him no good. . . . If a man in the vigor of life so far infringe any organic law as to destroy the function of a vital organ—the heart, for instance, or the lungs, or the brain—it is better for him to have his life cut short, and his pain put an end to, than to have it protracted under all the tortures of an organic existence, without lungs, without a heart, or without a brain, if such a state were possible, which, for this wise reason, it is not.—*The Constitution of Man.*

COMBE or COOMBE, WILLIAM, an English satirical and humorous writer, born in 1741, died in 1823. He was the author of a satirical work *The Diaboliad*, and an imitation of Le Sage, entitled *The Devil on Two Sticks in England* (1790). His most popular work was *The Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*, published first in the *Poetical Magazine*, and printed in book form in 1812. A collection of *Letters of the late Lord Lyttleton*, a brilliant and profligate nobleman whom Combe had known at school, were at first supposed to be genuine, but there seems no doubt that Combe was the author of them, as he was of a series of *Letters supposed to have passed between Sterne and Eliza.*

THE SMOKING SOLILOQUY.

That man, I trow, is doubly curst,
Who of the best doth make the worst;
And he, I'm sure, is doubly blest,
Who of the worst can make the best.
To sit in sorrow and complain,
Is adding folly to our pain.
In adverse state there is no vice,
More mischievous than cowardice;
'Tis by resistance that we claim
The Christian's venerable name.
If you resist him, e'en Old Nick
Gives up his meditated trick. . . .
Learning I thank thee;—though by toil
And the pale lamp of midnight oil
I gain'd thy smiles; though many a year
Fortune refus'd my heart to cheer;
By th' inspiring laurels crown'd,
I oft could smile when fortune frown'd.
Beguil'd by thee, I oft forgot
My uncomb'd wig and rusty coat:
When coals were dear, and low my fire,
I warm'd myself with Homer's lyre:
Or, in a dearth of ale benign,
I eager quaff'd the stream divine,
Which flows in Virgil's every line.
To save me from domestic brawls,
I thunder'd Tully to the walls:
When nought I did could Dolly please,
I laugh'd with Aristophanes;
And oft has Grizzle, on our way,
Heard me from Horace smart and gay.
But while I trod Life's rugged road,
While troubles haunted my abode,
With not an omen to portend
That toil would cease, that things would mend,
I did to my allotment bow,
And smok'd my pipe as I do now.
  Hail, social tube! thou foe to Care!
Companion of my easy chair!
Form'd not, with cold and Stoic art,
To harden, but to soothe the heart!
For Bacon, a much wiser man
Than any of the Stoic clan,

Declares thy power to control
Each fretful impulse of the soul;
And Swift has said (a splendid name
On the large sphere of mortal fame),
That he who daily smokes two pipes
The tooth-ache never has—nor gripes.
With these, in silence calm and still,
My Dolly's tones no longer shrill,
Though meant to speak reproach and sneer,
Pass'd in soft cadence to my ear.
Calm Contemplation comes with thee,
And the mild maid—Philosophy!
Lost in the thoughts which you suggest
To the full counsel of my breast,
My books all slumb'ring on the shelf
I thus can commune with myself;
Thus to myself my thoughts repeat;
Thus moralize on what is great,
And, every selfish wish subdued,
Cherish the sense of what is good.
Thus, cheer'd with hopes of happier days,
My grateful lips declare thy praise.
How oft I 've felt, in adverse hour,
The comforts of thy soothing power!
Nor will I now forget my friend,
When my foul fortune seems to mend,
Yes; I would smoke as I do now,
Though a proud mitre deck'd my brow.
Hail, social tube! thou foe to care!
Companion of my easy chair!

—*Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque.*

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Tell me, I beg of you, in what respect Dr. Goldsmith was neglected? As soon as his talents were known, the public discovered a ready disposition to reward them; nor did he ever produce the fruits of them in vain. If he died in poverty, it was because he had not discretion enough to be rich. A rigid obedience to the Scripture demand of "Take no thought for to-morrow," with an ostentatious impatience of coin, and an unreflecting spirit of benevolence, occasioned the difficulties of his life and the insolvency of its end. He might have blessed himself with a happy independence, enjoyed without interruption every wish of a wise man, secured an ample provision for his old age, if he had attained it, and have made a respectable last will and testament; and all this without rising up early or sitting up late, if common-sense had been added to his other attainments. Such a man is awakened into the exertion of his faculties but by the impulse of some sense which demands enjoyment, or some passion which cries aloud for gratification, by the repeated menace of a creditor, or the frequent dun at his gate. Nay, should the necessity of to-day be relieved, the procrastinated labor will wait for the necessity of to-morrow; and if death should overtake him in the interval, it must find him a beggar, and the age is to be accused of obduracy in suffering genius to die for want! If Pope had been a debauchee he would have lived in a garret, nor enjoyed the Attic elegance of his villa on the banks of the Thames. If Sir Joshua Reynolds had been idle and drunken, he might at this hour have been acquiring a scanty maintenance by painting coach-panels and Birmingham tea-boards. Had not David Hume possessed the invariable temper of his country, he might have been the actual master of a school in the Hebrides; and the inimitable Garrick, if he had possessed Shuter's character, would have acquired little more than Shuter's fame, and suffered Shuter's end. . . . Rest then assured, when a man of learning and talents does not, in this very remunerative age, find protection, encouragement, and independence, that such an unnatural circumstance must arise from some concomitant failings which render his labors obnoxious, or, at least, of no real utility.—*The Lyttleton Letters.*

COMTE, Isidore-Auguste-Marie-François-Xavier, a French philosopher, born at Montpellier, in 1798, died at Paris in 1857. In 1814 he entered the Polytechnic School at Paris; but two years afterwards he took part in a demonstration against one of the masters, and was sent home. Soon, against the wishes of his parents, he went back to Paris, with the intention of perfecting his own intellectual development; hoping to support himself in the meantime by giving instruction in mathematics. He had set up Benjamin Franklin as the ideal upon which his own life should be modeled. To a school-friend he thus wrote:

COMTE'S PLANS AT TWENTY.

I seek to imitate the modern Socrates; not in talents, but in way of living. You know that at five-and-twenty he formed the design of becoming perfectly wise, and that he fulfilled his design. I have dared to undertake the same thing, though I am not yet twenty.

At Paris he lived for some years upon an allowance of about $400 a year made to him by his father. He fell for a time under the influence of Saint-Simon, with whom, and whose school of philosophy, he after a while quarrelled. Yet he frankly acknowledged his obligations to Saint-Simon: "I certainly," he wrote to a friend, "am under great personal obligations to Saint-Simon; that is to say, he helped in a powerful degree to launch me in the philosophical direction that I have now definitely marked out for myself, and that I shall follow without looking back for the rest of my life." The personal life of Comte was far from a happy one, especially in his domestic relations. In 1826 he had what he styles a "cerebral crisis," which resulted in a period of insanity, which lasted for several months. Recovering from this he devoted the remainder of his life to the elaboration of his new science of thought, which has come to be designated as the "Positive Philosophy," earning his livelihood in the meanwhile as a teacher of mathematics; but receiving also from time to time much sorely needed pecuniary aid from some of his wealthy English admirers. Comte's method of composition is thus described by Mr. John Morley in the *Encyclopædia Britannica :*

COMTE AS A WRITER.

If you seek to place yourself in sympathy with Comte, it is best to think of him only as the intellectual worker pursuing in uncomforted obscurity the laborious and absorbing task to which he had given up his whole life. His singularly conscientious fashion of elaborating his ideas made the mental strain more intense than even so exhausting a work as the abstract exposition of the principles of positive science need have been, if he had followed a more self-indulgent plan. He did not write down a word until he had first composed the matter in his mind. When he had thoroughly meditated every sentence, he sat down to write, and then, such was the grip of his memory, the exact order of his thoughts came back to him as if without an effort, and he wrote down precisely what he had intended to write, without the aid of a note or a memorandum, and without check or pause. For example, he began and completed in about six weeks a chapter of the *Positive Philosophy* which would fill at least 150 large closely printed octavo pages. Even if his subject had been merely narrative or descriptive, this would be a very satisfactory piece of continuous production. When we reflect that the chapter in question is not narrative, but an abstract exposition of the guiding principles of the movements of several centuries, with many threads of complex thought running along side by side through the speculation, then the circumstances under which it was reduced to literary form are really astonishing. It is hardly possible for a critic to share the admiration expressed by some of Comte's disciples for his style. We are not so unreasonable as to blame him for failing to make his pages picturesque; but there is a certain standard for the most serious and abstract subjects. When compared with such philosophic writing as Hume's, Diderot's, Berkeley's, then Comte's manner is heavy, labored, monotonous, without relief, and without light. There is now and then an energetic phrase; but, as a whole, the vocabulary is jejune; the sentences are overloaded, the pitch is flat. The general effect is impressive, not by any virtues of style, for we do not discover one, but by reason of the magnitude and importance of the undertaking, and the visible conscientiousness and the grasp with which it is executed. It is by sheer strength of thought, by the vigorous perspicacity with which he strikes the lines of cleavage of his subject, that he makes his way into the mind of the reader. In the presence of gifts of this power, we need not quarrel with an ungainly style.

The following are the principal works of Comte: In 1830 he began the publication of the *Cours de Philosophie positive*, which extended to six large volumes, the last appearing in 1842. In 1843 he published the *Traité élémentaire de Géométrie analytique;* in 1848 the *Discours sur l' Ensemble du Positivisme;* and in 1851–54 the *Système de Politique positive* (4 vols.) in which he presented the final view of his system. Among the most notable passages in his writings is the following:

THE GREAT BEING.

A deeper study of the great universal order reveals to us at length the ruling power within it of the true Great Being, whose destiny it is to bring that order continually to perfection by constantly conforming to its laws, and which thus represents to us that system as a whole. This undeniable Providence, the supreme dispenser of our destinies, becomes in the natural course the common centre of our affections, our thoughts, and our actions. Although this Great Being evidently exceeds the utmost strength of any, even of any collective, human force, its necessary constitution and peculir : function endow it with the truest sympathy towards all its servants. The least among us can and ought constantly to aspire to maintain and even to improve this Being. This natural object of all our activity, both public and private, determines the true general character of the rest of our existence, whether in feeling or in thought; which must be devoted to love, and to know, in order rightly to serve, one Providence, by a wise use of all the means which it furnishes to us. Reciprocally this continued service, while strengthening our true unity, renders us at once both happier and better.

Mr. Morley thus summarizes what he conceives to be the scope of the philosophy developed by Comte:

COMTE'S PHILOSOPHICAL THEORY.

The exaltation of Humanity into the throne occupied by the Supreme Being under the monotheistic systems, made all the rest of Comte's construction easy enough. Utility remains the test of every institution, impulse, act; his fabric becomes substantially an arch of utilitarian principles, with an artificial Great Being inserted at the top to keep them in their place. The Comtist system is utilitarianism crowned by a fantastic decoration. Translated into the plainest English, the position is as follows: "Society can only be regenerated by the greater subordination of politics to morals, by the moralization of capital, by the renovation of the family, by a higher conception of marriage, and so on. These ends can only be reached by a heartier development of the sympathetic instincts. The sympathetic instincts can only be developed by the Religion of Humanity." . . . The whole contest as to the legitimateness of Comtism as a religion turns upon this erection of Humanity into a Being. The various hypotheses, dogmas, proposals, as to the family, to capital; etc., are merely propositions measurable by considerations of utility and a balance of expediencies. Many of these proposals are of the highest interest, and many of them are actually available, but there does not seem to be one of them of an available kind which could not equally well be approached from other sides, and even incorporated in some radically antagonistic system. . . . The singularity of Comte's construction, and the test by which it must be tried is the transfer of the worship and discipline of Catholicism to a system in which "the conception of God is superseded" by the abstract idea of Humanity, conceived as a kind of Personality. . . . Perhaps we have said enough to show that after performing a great and real service to thought, Comte almost sacrificed his claims to gratitude by the invention of a system that, as such, and independently of detached suggestions, is markedly retrograde. But the world has strong self-protecting qualities. It will take what is available in Comte, while forgetting that in his work which is as irrational in one way as Hegel is in another.

CONANT, SAMUEL STILLMAN, son of Rev. Thomas J. Conant, an American journalist, born at Waterville, Maine, in 1831. After completing his collegiate education he spent several years in German Universities. Upon his return to America he entered upon the profession of journalism, and in 1862 became the Office Editor of *Harper's Weekly*. In January, 1885, after completing his regular week's work, he left the office, expecting to return in a day or two. At intervals, for about a week he was casually seen in the vicinity of New York; after which he disappeared entirely. It is presumed that he had wandered away in a sudden fit of insanity. In 1870 he published a translation of *The Circassian Boy*, a metrical romance by the Russian poet Lermontoff. He also contributed both prose and verse to periodicals.

RELEASE.

As one who leaves a prison cell,
And looks, with glad though dazzled eye,

Once more on wood and field and sky,
And feels again the quickening spell

Of nature thrill through every vein,
I leave my former self behind,
And, free once more in heart and mind
Shake off the old corroding chain.

Free from the Past—a jailer dread—
And with the Present clasping hands,
Beneath fair skies, through sunny lands,
Which memory's ghosts ne'er haunt, I tread.

The pains and griefs of other days
May, shadow-like, pursue me yet;
But toward the sun my face is set,
His golden light on all my ways.

HELEN S. CONANT, wife of S. S. Conant, was born at Methuen, Mass., in 1839. In 1866 she published *The Butterfly-Hunters;* and subsequently *A Primer of German Literature*, and *A Primer of Spanish Literature*, both of which contain many original translations:

A GERMAN LOVE SONG.

Thou art the rest, the langour sweet!
Thou my desire! Thou my retreat!
I consecrate my heart to thee,
Thy home through all eternity!
Come in to me, and shut the door
So fast that none shall enter more;
Fill all my soul with dear delight;
Oh, tarry with me day and night.

A SPANISH SONG.

On lips of blooming youth,
There trembles many a sigh,
Which lives to breathe a truth,
Then silently to die.
Thou, who art my desire,
Thy languishing sweet love
In sighs upon thy lips shall oft expire.

I love the sapphire glory
Of those starry depths above,
Where I read the old, old story
Of human hope and love,
I love the shining star,
But when I gaze on thee,
The fire of thine eyes is brighter far.

The fleeting, fleeting hours,
Which ne'er return again,
Leave only faded flowers,
And weary days of pain.
Delight recedes from view,
And never more may pass
Sweet words of tenderness, between us two.

The gentle breeze which plays
On the water murmuringly,
And the silvery, trembling rays
Of the moon on the midnight sea—
Ay! all have passed away,
Have faded far from me,
Like the love which lasted only one sweet day.

CONANT, THOMAS JEFFERSON, an American scholar, born at Brandon, Vt., in 1802. He graduated at Middlebury College in 1823, and after devoting several years to philological study, became Professor of Languages in Waterville College, Maine. He resigned this position in 1833, and devoted himself especially to the study of Oriental languages. In 1835 he became Professor of Biblical Literature in the Baptist Theological Seminary at Hamilton, N. Y., and in 1850 was called to a similar chair in the University of Rochester, N. Y., having in the meanwhile spent two years in the German Universities of Halle and Berlin. In 1857 he took up his residence at Brooklyn, N. Y., in order to devote himself to Biblical revision, in the service of the American Bible Union (Baptist). At a later period he became a member of the Old Testament division of the American Committee co-operating with the English Committee for the revisal of the Authorized Version of the Bible. While Professor at Hamilton he translated the *Hebrew Grammar* of Gesenius and Rödiger. Besides his Biblical labors he has co-operated with others in the preparation of much other scholarly work: with his daughter, Blandina Conant, in making out a complete *Index to the American Cyclopedia*, and with Rev. Lyman Abbott in the preparation of his *Dictionary of Religious Knowledge.*

HELEN (CHAPLIN) CONANT, wife of T. J. Conant (1809–1865), was a frequent contributor to literary and religious periodicals, and in 1838 became Editor of *The Mother's Journal.* She translated several works from the German, among which are some of the Commentaries by Neander. In 1855 she wrote *The Earnest Man*, a biographical sketch of Adoniram Judson, the missionary to Burmah. Her most elaborate work is *A History of the Translation of the Holy Scriptures into the English Tongue*, which is held in high esteem.

CONDILLAC, ÉTIENNE BONNOT, DE, a French philosopher, born at Grenoble, in 1715, died in 1780. His feebleness of constitution in childhood prevented his being kept at school. As his health improved, he devoted himself to study, and while still young he was appointed tutor to the Duke of Parma, the grandson of Louis XV. In 1768 he was chosen a member of the French Academy. After completing the young Duke's education, Condillac retired to an estate near Beaugency, where he spent the remainder of his life in the quiet pursuits of a scholar.

Condillac's works are, *Essai sur l'Origine des Connaissances Humaines*, published in

1746; *Traité des Systèmes* (1749); *Traité des Sensations* (1754); *Cours d'Etudes*, comprising *Grammaire*, *L'Art d'écrire*, *L'Art de penser*, *L'Art de raisonner*, *L'histoire ancienne*, *L'Histoire moderne*, and *L'Etude del'Histoire*, (1755), this *Cours* being written for the instruction of the Duke of Parma: *Traité des Animaux* (1775); *Le Commerce et le Gouvernement* (1776); *La Logique* (1780); and *La Langue des Calculs*, left incomplete by the author, and published in 1798.

Condillac criticises the philosophy which seeks to know the nature of the mind, and is not content with observing its operations. He rejects the theory of innate ideas, and maintains that "the sensations and the operations of the mind are the materials of all our knowledge;" that mental operations are transformations of sensations; that unaided by the senses, the mind is powerless; that thinking is nothing without language; that reasoning consists in detecting a judgment which is implicitly contained in another, proof being afforded by identity; that the analytic is the only method of acquiring a knowledge of the truth. In the *Traité des Sensations*, Condillac imagines a statue, like ourselves within, possessed of a mind destitute of all ideas, and acquiring the use of its senses at the pleasure of the experimenter. He begins with the sense of smell, as that which seems to contribute least to the development of the human mind, and endows his statue with hearing, taste, sight, and touch in succession. In his work *Le Commerce et le Gouvernement*, Condillac regards the wants and desires of the human mind as the source of value. He treats of economic science as the science of exchanges in which men give what is comparatively superfluous to them for what is necessary.

OF SENSATIONS.

It is evident that the ideas which we call sensations, are of such a nature that if we had been deprived of our Senses, we should never have been able to have acquired them. Hence no philosopher ever asserted that they were innate; this would have been plainly contradicting experience. But it has been said, that they are not ideas; just as if they were not in themselves as representative as any other thought of the soul. The sensations have therefore been considered only as something that comes after, and that modifies our ideas; an error on which several extravagant and unintelligible systems are founded. A very slight attention must convince us, that when we perceive light, colors, or solidity, these and the like sensations are more than sufficient to give us all the ideas which we generally have of bodies. For is there, in fact, any idea not included in those first perceptions? Do not we find in these the ideas of extension, figure, place, motion, rest, etc.?

Let us therefore reject the hypothesis of innate ideas, and suppose that God has given us only, for instance, the perceptions of light and color Will not these represent even to our eyes, the ideas of extension, of lines and figures? But it will be objected, that we cannot be sure, by our senses, whether these things are really such as they appear: therefore we have not the ideas of them from the senses. How strange a consequence! Can we have any greater certainty from innate ideas? What does it signify whether the senses can give us any certain knowledge of the figure of a body or not? The question is, whether, even when they deceive us, they do not convey the idea of a figure. I see one, for instance, which I take to be a pentagon, though on one of its sides it forms an imperceptible angle. This is an error; but, for all that, does it not convey to my mind the idea of a pentagon?

And yet the followers of Des Cartes and Mallebranche make such a loud cry against the senses, and repeat to us so often, that they produce nothing but error and delusion; that a great many are apt to look upon them as an obstacle to knowledge, and through a mistaken zeal for truth, would be glad, if possible, to be divested of them. Not that the complaints of those philosophers are absolutely without foundation: they have so ingeniously exposed a multitude of errors on this very subject, that we cannot, without injustice, deny the obligations we owe them. But is there no medium? Cannot we find in our senses a source of truth, as well as of error: and distinguish them so clearly, as to have always recourse to the former?

And first of all, it is very certain, that nothing is more clear and distinct than our perception, when we feel some particular sensations. What can be more clear and distinct than the perceptions of form and of color? Do we ever confound these ideas? But if we are desirous to inquire into their nature, and to know in what manner they are produced within us, we must not begin by saying that our senses deceive us, or that they give us confused and obscure ideas: the least reflection is sufficient to refute such an assertion.

And yet let the nature of these perceptions be what it will, and let them be produced as they will, if we look amongst them for the idea of extension, for instance, of a line, of an angle, and any other figure, we shall find it in that repository very clearly and distinctly. If we afterwards look for the thing to which we attribute this extension, and these figures, we shall perceive still as clearly and distinctly that it belongs not to us, nor to that which, within us, is the subject of thought, but to something without us. But if we want to find, in these perceptions, the idea of the absolute magnitude of certain bodies, or even of their relative magnitude, and proper figure, we shall have reason to suspect the information they give us. According as the object is more or less distant, the appearances of size and figure, in which it will show itself, shall be entirely different.

We must therefore distinguish three things in our sensations: 1. The perception which we feel.

—2. The application we make of it to something without us.—3. The judgment, that what we apply or attribute to those things, really belongs to them.—*Origin of Human Knowledge, Transl. of* NUGENT.

THE NECESSITY OF SIGNS.

The necessity of signs is still very obvious in those complex ideas which we form without patterns. When once we have combined such ideas as we see nowhere else united, which generally happens in archetypes; who is it that could fix their combinations, if we did not connect them with words, which are the chain, as it were, that hinders them from escaping our memory? If you imagine that the names of things are of no use, cancel them from your memory, and try to reflect on civil and moral laws, on virtues and vices, in short, on all human actions, and you will soon perceive your mistake. You will acknowledge that at every combination you make, if you have no signs to determine the number of simple ideas which you wanted to combine, you can hardly advance one step without finding yourself in a labyrinth. You will be just in the same dilemma, as a person that should want to calculate, by repeating several times one, one, one, and did not imagine signs for each combination. This man would never form to himself the idea of twenty, because he could not be assured that he had exactly repeated all the units. Let us conclude that in order to have ideas on which we may be capable of reflecting, we have need of imagining signs that may serve as chains to the different combinations of simple ideas; and that our notions are exact, no farther than as we have invented regular signs to fix them.—*Origin of Human Knowledge, Transl. of* NUGENT.

CONDORCET, JEAN ANTOINE NICOLAS DE CARITAT, MARQUIS DE, a French author, born in 1743, died in 1794. He was educated at the Jesuit College of Rheims and at the College of Navarre, where he gave promise of distinction. At the age of twenty-two, he wrote an *Essai sur le Calcul Integral*, which four years later gained him a seat in the Academy of Science. In 1777 he was elected Secretary of the Academy, and received from the Berlin Academy of Sciences a prize for his theory of Comets. His *Pensées de Pascal* were published in 1776. Turgot, with whom he was intimate, interested him in political economy, and induced him to become a contributor to the *Encyclopédie.* In 1782 he was elected a member of the French Academy. His *Eloges des Académiciens del' Académie Royale des Sciences morts depuis* 1666 *jusqu' en* 1699, was published the next year. A work entitled *Eléments du Calcul des Probabilités*, was written in 1785, *Vie de Turgot*, in 1786, and *Vie de Voltaire* in 1787.

At the outbreak of the French Revolution, Condorcet attached himself to the popular cause. His political speeches and pamphlets added to his fame. He was appointed one of the secretaries of the Legislative Assembly, and in 1792 became its President. He wrote the address of the French people to the nations of Europe on the abolition of monarchy, and was entrusted with the preparation of a new Constitution, which was rejected for another. His criticism of this document, and his denunciation of the arrest of the Girondists, led to his own downfall. He was accused of being a conspirator, and was declared an outlaw. For some months he was sheltered by Madame Vernet, who, to divert his mind, induced him to begin his best known work, *L'Esquisse d'un Tableau historique des Progrés de l' Esprit humaine*, in which he endeavors to set forth the origin of the ills of life, and to indicate the steps by which a perfect state of society may be attained. He also wrote while under the protection of Mme.

Vernet, *Epître d' un Polonais Exile en Sibèrie à sa Femme.* Learning that by shelteriéng him, Madame Vernet was endangering her own life, Condorcet fled from her house, and after wandering about until compelled by starvation to ask for food at an inn, was arrested and thrown into prison, where he was found dead on the following morning. His wife, Marie Louise Sophie de Condorcet, the sister of Marshal Grouchy and Madame Cabanis (1765-1822), had considerable literary talent. Besides her own compositions, not without merit, she is the author of a good translation of Adam Smith's *Theory of Moral Sentiments.*

EQUALITY OF INSTRUCTION A MEANS OF PROGRESS.

The equality of instruction we can hope to attain, and with which we ought to be satisfied, is that which excludes every species of dependence, whether forced or voluntary. We may exhibit, in the actual state of human knowledge, the easy means by which this end may be attained even for those who can devote to study but a few years of infancy, and in subsequent life only some occasional hours of leisure. We might show, that by a happy choice of the subjects to be taught, and of the means of inculcating them, the entire mass of a people may be instructed in everything necessary for the purposes of domestic economy; for the transaction of their affairs; for the free development of their industry and their faculties; for the knowledge, exercise and protection of their rights; for a sense of their duties, and the power of discharging them: for the capacity of judging both their own actions, and the actions of others, by their own understanding; for the acquisition of all the delicate or dignified sentiments that are an honor to humanity; for freeing themselves from a blind confidence in those to whom they may entrust the care of their interests, and the security of their rights; for choosing and watching over them, so as no longer to be the dupes of those popular errors that torment and waylay the life of man with superstitious fears and chimerical hopes; for defending themselves against prejudices by the sole energy of reason; in fine, for escaping from the delusions of impostures, which would spread snares for their fortune, their health, their freedom of opinion and of conscience, under the pretext of enriching, of healing, and of saving them.

The inhabitants of the same country being then no longer distinguished among themselves by the alternate use of a refined or vulgar language; being equally governed by their own understandings; being no more confined to the mechanical knowledge of the processes of the arts, and the mere routine of a profession; no more dependent in the most trifling affairs, and for the slightest information, upon men of skill, who, by a necessary ascendency, control and govern, a real equality must be the result; since the difference of talents and information can no longer place a barrier between men whose sentiments, ideas, and phraseology are capable of being mutually understood, of whom the one part may desire to be instructed but cannot need to be guided by the other; of whom the one part may delegate to the other the office of a rational government, but cannot be forced to regard them with blind and unlimited confidence. Then it is that this superiority will become an advantage even for those who do not partake of it, since it will exist not as their enemy, but as their friend. The natural differences of faculties between men whose understandings have not been cultivated, produces, even among savages, empirics and dupes, the one skilled in delusion, the others easy to be deceived; the same difference will doubtless exist among a people where instruction shall be truly general; but it will be here between men of exalted understandings and men of sound minds, who can admire the radiance of knowledge, without suffering themselves to be dazzled by it; between talents and genius on the one hand, and on the other the good sense that knows how to appreciate and enjoy them: and should this difference be even greater in the latter case, comparing the force and extent of the faculties only, still would the effects of it not be the less imperceptible in the relations of men with each other, in whatever is interesting to their independence or their happiness.—*Outlines of a Historical View of the Progress of the Human Mind.*

CONFUCIUS (the Latinized transliteration of KONG-FU-TSE, "Kong the Master"), a Chinese ethical philosopher, born in 549, died in 479 B.C. He was thus a contemporary of Pythagoras and the later Hebrew Prophets. He died about twenty years before the battle of Lake Regillus, the first authentic date in Roman history. His father died when Confucius was only three years old; but the child was carefully brought up by his mother, and early displayed great love of learning and veneration for the ancient institutions of his country. At the age of seventeen he was made an inspector of the corn-markets; and a few years afterwards was appointed inspector-general of pastures and flocks. His mother died when he was twenty-three, and he, in accordance with an ancient, but almost obsolete law of China, resigned his public employment and went into mourning for three years, devoting himself to philosophical study. When the prescribed period of mourning had expired, he traveled through various parts of the empire, and became known as a reformer of morals. When he returned to his home his reputation was very great, and he soon had five hundred Mandarins among his disciples. His pupils were all full-grown men, whom he divided into four classes. To the first class he taught morals; to the second, rhetoric; to the third, politics: to the fourth, the perfection of their written style. He also devoted himself assiduously to the revision and abridgment of the ancient Chinese classics.

After a while he was induced to resume his travels; being sometimes well received, and sometimes neglected. Returning to his native district, he was made "governor of the people." But in spite of his efforts a tide of immorality set in; and, being unable to stem it, he again set out upon a new reformatory mission, which proved a bootless one. He met with frequent persecutions; once he was imprisoned and nearly starved. Finally he returned to his native district in a destitute condition. He died in the seventieth year of his age. He was hardly in his grave when his countrymen began to show tokens of extraordinary veneration for his memory. The anniversary of his death is yet publicly commemorated; while in every considerable city there is a temple erected to his honor. His family has continued for some seventy generations down to the present time to reside in the district where he lived. Like the reputed descendants of Mohammed, they constitute an especial class—the only hereditary aristocracy in the empire.

The actual writings of Confucius himself consist of two brief tracts, both of them making not more than three or four moderate pages. The first of these is entitled *The Great Learning.* This, we are told, "forms the gate by which first learners enter into virtue. Learners must commence their course with this, and then it may be hoped they will be kept from error."

THE GREAT LEARNING.

1. What the Great Learning teaches, is—To illustrate illustrious virtue; to renovate the people; and to rest in the highest excellence.—2. The point where to rest being known, the object of pursuit is then determined; and, that being

determined, a calm unperturbedness may be attained. To that calmness there will succeed a tranquil repose. In that repose there may be careful deliberation, and that deliberation will be followed by the attainment [of the desired end.]—3. Things have their root and their completion. Affairs have their end and their beginning. To know what is first and what is last will lead near to what is taught [in the Great Learning.]—4. The ancients who wished to illustrate illustrious virtue throughout the empire, first ordered well their own States. Wishing to order well their States, they first regulated their families. Wishing to regulate their families, they first cultivated their persons. Wishing to cultivate their persons, they first rectified their hearts. Wishing to rectify their hearts, they first sought to be sincere in their thoughts. Wishing to be sincere in their thoughts, they first extended to the utmost their knowledge. Such extension of knowledge lay in the investigation of things.—5. Things being investigated, knowledge became complete. Their knowledge being complete, their thoughts were sincere. Their thoughts being sincere, their hearts were then rectified. Their hearts being rectified, their persons were cultivated. Their persons being cultivated, their families were regulated. Their families being regulated, their States were rightly governed. Their States being rightly governed, the whole empire was made tranquil and happy.—6. From the emperor down to the mass of the people, all must consider the cultivation of the person the root [of everything besides.]—7. It cannot be, when the root is neglected, that what should spring from it will be well ordered. It never has been the case that what was of great importance has been slightly cared for, and, at the same time, that what was of slight importance has been greatly cared for.

The second of the writings of Confucius is entitled *The Doctrine of the Mean.* Of this we are told: "This work contains the Law of the Mind, which was handed down from one to another in the Confucian School, till Tsze-sze, the grandson of Confucius, fearing lest in the course of time errors should arise about it committed it to writing, and delivered it to Mencius [371-288 B.C.] The book first speaks of one principle; it next spreads this out, and embraces all things; finally, it returns and gathers them all up under the one principle. The whole of it is solid learning. When the skilful reader has explored it with delight till he has apprehended it, he may carry it into practice all his life, and will find that it cannot be exhausted."

THE DOCTRINE OF THE MEAN.

1. What heaven has conferred is called *The Nature;* an accordance with this nature is called *The Path* of duty: the regulation of this path is called *Instruction.*—2. The path may not be left for an instant. If it could be left, it would not be the path. On this account, the superior man does not wait till he sees things, to be cautious, nor till he hears things, to be apprehensive.—3. There is nothing more visible than what is secret, and nothing more manifest than what is minute. Therefore the superior man is watchful over himself, when he is alone.—4. While there are no stirrings of pleasure, anger, sorrow, or joy, the mind may be said to be in the state of *Equilibrium.* When those feelings have been stirred, and they act in their due degree, there ensues what may be called the state of *Harmony.* This *Equilibrium* is the great root from which grow all the human actings in the world, and this Harmony is the universal path which they all should pursue.—5. Let the states of Equilibrium and Harmony exist in perfection, and a happy order will prevail throughout heaven and earth, and all things will be nourished and flourish.

Both *The Great Learning* and *The Doctrine of the Mean* are accompanied by extended comments, which are regarded as authoritative—the one by Tsang, the other by Tsze-sze. But much more extensive, and to us more important, are what are styled *The Analects*, but which may properly be designated *The Table-Talk* of Confucius, apparently written down by several of his disciples. *The Analects* are divided into twenty Books, making in all, in the translation of Dr. Legge, a rather small volume. We present a few of the most striking passages of these talks :

THE ANALECTS.

The Master said : "Is it not pleasant to learn with a constant perseverence and application? Is he not a man of complete virtue, who feels no discomposure though men may take no note of him?"—The philosopher Tsang said : "I daily examine myself on three points : Whether, in transacting business for others, I may have been not faithful : whether in intercourse with friends, I may have been not sincere ; whether I may have not mastered and practiced the instructions of my teacher." The Master said : "To rule a country of a thousand chariots, there must be a reverent attention to business, and sincerity ; economy in expenditure, and love for men : and the employment of the people at the proper seasons."—The Master said : "A youth, when at home, should be filial, and, abroad, respectful to his elders. He should be earnest and truthful. He should overflow in love to all, and cultivate the friendship of the good. When he has time and opportunity, after the performance of these things, he should employ them in polite studies." The Master said : "Hold faithfulness and sincerity as first principles. Have no friends not equal to yourself. When you have faults do not fear to abandon them."—Tsze-kung said : "What do you pronounce concerning the poor man, who yet does not flatter, and the rich man who is not proud?" The Master replied: "They will do; but they are not equal to him who, though poor, is yet cheerful, and to him who, though rich, loves the rules of propriety."

Tsze-kung replied: "It is said in the Book of Poetry, 'As you cut and then file, as you carve and then polish.' The meaning is the same, I apprehend, as that which you have just expressed." The Master said: "With one like Tsze I can begin to talk about the Odes. I told him one point, and he knew its proper sequence."—*Analects*, Book I.

The Master said: "He who exercises government by means of his virtue may be compared to the north-polar star, which keeps its place, and all the stars turn towards it." "In the Book of Poetry are three hundred pieces, but the design of them all may be embraced in one sentence, Have no depraved thoughts." "If the people be led by laws, and uniformity sought to be given them by punishments, they will try to avoid the *punishment*, but have no sense of *shame*."—Tsze-kung asked what constituted the superior man. The Master said: "He acts before he speaks, and afterwards speaks according to his actions. The superior man is catholic, and no partisan; the mean man is a partisan, and not catholic."—The lord Gae asked, what should be done in order to secure the submission of the people. The Master replied: "Advance the upright and set aside the crooked, then the people will submit; advance the crooked and set aside the upright, then the people will not submit."—*Analects*, Book II.

The Master said: "It is only the truly virtuous man who can love or can hate others." "A scholar whose mind is set on truth, and who is ashamed of bad clothes and bad food, is not fit to be discoursed with." "The superior man thinks of virtue; the small man thinks of comfort. The superior man thinks of the sanctions of law; the small man thinks of favors [which he may receive.]" "The reason why the ancients did not readily give utterance to their words, was that they feared their actions should not come up to them." "Riches and honors are what men desire; if they cannot be obtained in the proper way, they should not be held. Poverty and meanness are what men dislike; if they can not be avoided in the proper way, they should not be avoided." "It is virtuous manners which constitute the excellence of a neighborhood. If a man in selecting a residence does not fix on one where such prevail, how can he be wise?" "Those who are without virtue cannot abide long in a condition of poverty and hardship, or in a condition of enjoyment. The virtuous rest in virtue: the wise desire virtue."—*Analects*, Book IV.

Some one said: "Yang is truly virtuous; but he is not ready with his tongue." The Master said: "What is the good of being ready with the tongue? They who meet men with smartnesses of speech, for the most part procure themselves hatred. I know not whether he be truly virtuous; but why should he show readiness of the tongue?"—Tsze-kung said: "What I do not wish men to do to me, I also wish not to do to men." The Master said: "Tsze, you have not attained to that."—Several persons had been telling the things which they wished to do, then Tsze-loo said: "I should like, sir, to hear your wishes." The Master said: "They are, in regard to the aged, to give them rest; in regard to friends, to show them sincerity; in regard to the young, to treat them tenderly."—*Analects*, Book V.

The Master said: "When the solid qualities are in excess of accomplishments, we have rusticity; when the accomplishments are in excess of the solid qualities, we have the manners of a clerk. When the accomplishments and solid qualities are equally blended we then have the man of complete virtue."—Fan-che asked what constituted wisdom. The Master said: "To give oneself earnestly to the duties due to men, and, while respecting spiritual beings, to keep aloof from them, may be called wisdom." He asked about perfect virtue. The Master said: "The man of virtue makes the difficulty [to be overcome] his first business, and success only a subsequent consideration: this may be called perfect virtue."—The Master said: "They who know [the truth] are not equal to those who love it; and they who love it are not equal to those who find pleasure in it." "The man of perfect virtue, wishing to be established himself, seeks also to establish others; wishing to be enlarged himself, he seeks also to enlarge others." "To be able to judge [of others] by what is nigh [in ourselves], this may be called the art of virtue."—*Analects*, Book VI.

The Master said: "When I walk along with two others, they may serve me as my teachers. I will notice their good qualities, and follow them; their bad qualities, and avoid them." Tsze-loo asked: "If you had the conduct of the armies of a great State, whom would you have to act with you?" The Master said: "I would not have him to act with me, who would unarmed attack a tiger, or cross a river without a boat, dying without any regret. My associate must be the man who proceeds to action full of solicitude; who is fond of adjusting his plans, and then carries them into execution."—The lord of She asked Tsze-loo about Confucius, and Tsze-loo did not answer him. The Master said: "Why did you not say to him, He is simply a man who in his eager pursuit of knowledge forgets his food; who in the joy [of its attainment] forgets his sorrows; and who does not perceive that old age is coming on?" —*Analects*, Book VII.

The Master said: "There are three principles of conduct which the man of high rank should consider specially important: That in his deportment and manner he keep from violence and heedlessness: that in regulating his countenance he keep close to sincerity; that in his words and tones he keep far from lowness and impropriety. As to such matters as attending to the sacrificial vessels, there are the proper officers for them."—The Master said: "When a country is well-governed, poverty and a mean condition are things to be ashamed of; when a country is ill-governed, riches and honor are things to be ashamed of."—*Analects*, Book VIII.

Ke-loo asked about serving the spirits [of the dead]. The Master said: "While you are not able to serve men, how can you serve [their] spirits?" Ke-loo continued: "I venture to ask about death." He was answered: "While you do not know life, how can you know about death?"—*Analects*, Book XI.

Tsze-kung asked about government. The Master said: "The requisites of government are, that there be sufficiency of food, sufficiency of military equipment, and confidence of the people in their ruler." Tsze-kung asked: "If it cannot be helped, and one of these must be dispensed with, which of the three should be foregone first?" "The military equipment," said the Master. Tsze-kung again asked: "If it cannot be helped, and one of the remaining two must be dispensed with, which of them should be foregone?" The Master answered: "Part with the food. From of old, death has been the lot of all men; but if the people have no faith [in their rulers], there is no standing [for the State]."—Tsze-kung asked about friendship. The Master said: "Faithfully admonish [your friend], and kindly try to lead him. If you find him impracticable, stop: do not disgrace yourself."—*Analects*, Book XII.

"Tsze-loo said: "The prince of Wei has been waiting for you, in order with you to administer the government. What will you consider the first thing to be done?" The Master replied: "What is necessary to rectify the names [of things.]" "Why must there be such rectification?" inquired Tsze loo. The Master replied: "If the names be not correct, language is not in accordance with the truth of things. If language be not in accordance with the truth of things, affairs cannot be carried on to success. Therefore a superior man considers it necessary that the words he uses may be spoken [appropriately], and also that what he speaks may be carried out [appropriately]. What the superior man requires is that in his words there may be nothing incorrect."—Tsze-hea, being governor of Keu-foo, asked about government. The Master said: "Do not be desirous to have things done quickly; do not look at small advantages. Desire to have things done quickly prevents their being done thoroughly; looking at small advantages prevents great affairs from being accomplished."—Tsze-kung asked: "What do you say of a man who is loved by all the people of his village?" The Master replied: "We may not for that accord our approval of him." "And what do you say of him who is hated by all the people of his village?" The Master said: "We may not for that conclude that he is bad. It is better than either of these cases that the good in the village love him, and the bad hate him."—*Analects*, Book XIII.

Heen asked what was shameful. The Master said: "When good government prevails in a State, [to be thinking only of one's] salary; and when bad government prevails, [to be thinking only of one's] salary: this is shameful."—Some one asked: "What do you say of the principle that injury should be recompensed with kindness?" The Master said: "With what, then, will you recompense kindness? Recompense injury with justice; and recompense kindness with kindness."—The Kung-pih, Leaou, having slandered Tsze-loo to Ke-sun, Tsze-fu, Kung-pih informed Confucius of it, saying: "Our Master is certainly being led astray by Kung-pih, Leaou; but I have still power enough left to cut Leaou off, and expose his corpse in the market and in the court." The Master said: "If my principles are to advance, it is so ordered; if they are to fall to the ground, it is so ordered. What can the Kung-pih, Leaou, do where such ordering is concerned?"—*Analects*, Book. XIV.

Tsze-kung asked: "Is there not one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life?" The Master said: "Is not *Reciprocity* such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others."—The Master said: "Virtue is more to man than either fire or water. I have seen men die from treading on water and fire; but I have never seen a man die from treading the course of virtue."—The Master said: "The superior man cannot be known in little matters; but he may be trusted in great concerns. The small man may not be intrusted with great concerns; but he may be known in little matters."—*Analects*, Book XV.

The Master said: "There are three things which the superior man guards against: In youth, when the physical powers are not yet settled, he guards against lust; when he is strong, and the physical powers are full of vigor, he guards against quarrelsomeness, when he is old, and the animal powers are decayed, he guards against covetousness."—The Master said: "There are three things of which the superior man stands in awe: He stands in awe of the ordinances of Heaven; he stands in awe of great men; he stands in awe of the words of sages. The mean man does not know the ordinances of Heaven, and [consequently] does not stand in awe of them; he is disrespectful to great men; he makes sport of the words of sages." The Master said: "Those who are born with the possession of knowledge are the highest class of men. Those who learn, and so [readily] get possession of knowledge, are the next. Those who are dull and stupid, and yet compass learning, are another class next to these. As to those who are dull and stupid, and yet do not learn, they are the lowest of the people."—*Analects*, Book XVI.

The Master said to Yew: "Have you heard the six words to which are attached six becloudings?" Yew replied: "I have not." "Sit down, then, and I will tell them to you: There is the love of being *benevolent*, without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to a foolish simplicity. There is the love of *knowing*, without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to a dissipation of mind. There is the love of being *sincere*, without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to an injurious disregard of consequences. There is the love of *straightforwardness*, without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to rudeness. There is the love of *boldness*, without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to insubordination. There is the love of *firmness*, without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to extravagant conduct." The

Master said: "Of all people girls and servants are the most difficult to behave to. If you are familiar with them, they lose their humility; if you maintain a reserve towards them, they are discontented.—*Analects*, Book XVII.

Tsze-chang asked Confucius, saying: "In what way should [a person in authority] act in order that he may conduct government properly?" The Master replied: "Let him honor the *five excellent*, and banish away the *four bad* things; then he may conduct government properly." Tsze-chang asked: "What are meant by the five excellent things?" The Master said: "When the person in authority is beneficent without great expenditure; when he lays tasks [on the people] without their repining; when he [pursues what he] desires without being covetous; when he maintains a dignified ease without being proud; when he is majestic without being fierce." Tsze-chang then asked: "What are meant by the four bad things?" The Master said: To require from [the people] the full tale of work, without having given them warning; this is called oppression. To issue orders as if without urgency; and when the time comes [to insist on them with severity]; this is called injury. And, generally speaking, to give to men, and yet to do it in a stingy way: this is called acting the part of a mere official." The Master said: "Without recognizing the Ordinances [of Heaven], it is impossible to be a superior man. Without an acquaintance with the Rules of Propriety, it is impossible for the character to be established. Without knowing Words, it is impossible to know Men.—*Analects*, Book XX.

The teachings of Confucius are a system of individual, social, and political *Ethics*, not of *Religion*, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Five centuries before Jesus appeared upon earth, Confucius gave utterance to the precise thought of the Golden Rule, and in very nearly the same words. Having been asked, "Is there not one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life?" Confucius replied: "Is not Reciprocity such a word? *What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others.*" (*Analects*, Book XV.) But there is nowhere any clear indication that he recognized the existence of a Supreme Being, the Ruler of all things. He indeed sometimes speaks of "Heaven" and the "Ordinances" [of Heaven] in a manner not inconsistent with the supposition that he believed in the existence of a superintending Deity; but his phrases do not of necessity imply such a belief. There is not any where the slightest reference to a future state of rewards and punishments; or indeed to any future life at all. His philosophy, whether found in his own writings, or in the records of his oral teachings, as handed down in the *Analects*, relate wholly to the life that now is. Dr. Legge, of the London Missionary Society, from whose translation of Confucius our citations have been taken, indeed says: "Along with the worship of God there existed in China, from the earliest historical times, the worship of other spiritual beings—especially, and to every individual, the worship of departed ancestors." How far Confucius held to these beliefs may be a matter of question; but, as Dr. Legge says, "At any rate, by his frequent references to Heaven, instead of following the phraseology of the older sages, he gave occasion to many of his followers to identify God with a Principle of Reason and the Course of Nature."

CONGREVE, WILLIAM, an English dramatist, born probably in 1672, died in 1729. It is not certain whether he was born in England or Ireland; but while he was a mere child we find his parents resident in Ireland, where his father held a government position. He was educated at the University of Dublin, where he became an excellent classical scholar. After graduating, he went to London, and was entered as a student of law in the Middle Temple. He wrote and published, under a pseudonym, a now forgotten novel entitled *The Incognita.* In 1693 his first comedy, *The Old Bachelor*, was brought out upon the stage. The author was only twenty-one, and, according to his own account, the comedy was written several years earlier. Its success was very great, and Congreve was rewarded with the post of commissioner for the licensing of coaches, the emoluments of which were sufficient to maintain him in comfort. He also received a promise of the reversion of the lucrative position of Secretary for Jamaica; but it was many years before the office became vacant. Next year he brought out a still finer comedy, *The Double Dealer*, which elicited the most extravagant eulogy of Dryden. Only once before had Heaven been so prodigal in its gifts to man; for he "to Shakespeare gave as much, he could not give him more." In 1695 appeared the comedy of *Love for Love;* in the next year the tragedy of *The Mourning Bride*, and in 1700 the comedy of *The Way of the World*, which Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne pronounces "the crowning work of his genius; the unequaled and unapproached masterpiece of English comedy; the one play in our language which may fairly claim a place beside, or just beneath, the mightiest work of Molière."

The Way of the World was coldly received by the public. Congreve was only twenty-eight when it was brought upon the stage. He lived twenty-eight years longer, but never thereafter wrote anything worth the reading. His way of life was that of a clever man-about-town; and he paid some of the penalties of it. He was hardly more than five-and-forty when the long-awaited secretaryship of Jamaica came into his hands, raising his income to some £1,200 a year—a sum fairly equivalent to $20,000, or $25,000 in our time. Towards the end of his life he was not only tormented by the gout, but became totally blind. A singular intimacy sprang up between the prematurely aged author and the Duchess of Marlborough, daughter and heiress of the great commander; but considering his age and infirmities, it may be assumed that the intimacy was not of a criminal character. He died at the age of fifty-six, in consequence of injuries received by the upsetting of his coach. He was buried in Westminster Abbey with unprecedented pomp. For nearly twenty years Congreve had not spent more than half his income. His savings amounted to £10,000 (equivalent to something like $200,000 in our day.) He left £200 to each of two elderly actresses, with whom he had formerly been intimate. The remainder was left to the Duchess of Marlborough, to whose immense fortune this bequest made scarcely a perceptible addition; and she laid out the money in purchasing a splendid diamond necklace, which she was wont to wear in honor of Congreve.

Congreve stands highest in that group of writers known as "The Comic Dramatists of the Restoration"—prominent among whom were Congreve, Farquhar, Vanbrugh, and Wycherley—whose cardinal principle was that every man is either a libertine, a hypocrite, or a dolt; that every woman is either a wanton or a fool—perhaps both. No one of the comedies of Congreve can be pronounced decent, as a whole; though in all of them are scenes which are brilliant in execution and free from indecency. Among the cleverest of these is the following—the characters being, Lord Froth, Lady Froth, Brisk, and Cynthia:—

SCANDAL AND LITERATURE IN HIGH LIFE.

Lady Froth.—Then you think that episode between Susan, the dairy-maid, and our coachman is not amiss. You know, I may suppose the dairy in town as well as in the country.

Brisk.—Incomparable, let me perish! But, then, being an heroic poem, had not you better call him a charioteer? Charioteer sounds great. Besides, your ladyship's coachman having a red face, and your comparing him to the sun—and you know the sun is called "heaven's charioteer."

Lady F.—Oh! infinitely better; I am extremely beholden to you for the hint. Stay; we'll read over those half-a-score lines again. [*Pulls out a paper.*] Let me see here: you know what goes before—the comparison you know. [*Reads.*]

For as the sun shines every day,
So of our coachman I may say.

Brisk.—I am afraid that simile won't do in wet weather, because you say the sun shines *every* day.

Lady F.—No; for the sun it won't, but it will do for the coachman; for you know there's most occasion for a coach in wet weather.

Brisk.—Right, right; that saves all.

Lady F.—Then I don't say the sun shines all the day, but that he peeps now and then; yet he does shine all the day, too, you know, though we don't see him.

Brisk.—Right; but the vulgar will never comprehend that.

Lady F.—Well, you shall hear. Let me see—

For as the sun shines every day,
So of our coachman I may say,
He shews his drunken fiery face
Just as the sun does, more or less.

Brisk.—That's right; all's well, all's well. *More or less.*

Lady F.—[*Reads.*]

And when at night his labour's done,
Then, too, like heaven's charioteer, the sun—

Ay, charioteer does better—

Into the dairy he descends,
And there his whipping and his driving ends;
There he's secure from danger of a bilk;
His fare is paid him, and he sets in milk.

For Susan, you know, is Thetis, and so—

Brisk.—Incomparable well and proper, egad! But I have one exception to make; don't you think *bilk*—I know it's a good rhyme—but don't you think *bilk* and *fare* too like a hackney coachman?

Lady F.—I swear and vow I'm afraid so. And yet our Jehu was a hackney coachman when my lord took him.

Brisk.—Was he? I'm answered, if Jehu was a hackney coachman. You may put that in the marginal notes though, to prevent criticism; only mark it with a small asterisk, and say, "Jehu was formerly a hackney coachman."

Lady F.—I will; you'd oblige me extremely to write notes to the whole poem.

Brisk.—With all my heart and soul, and proud of the vast honor, let me perish!

Lord F.—Hee, hee, hee! my dear, have you done? Won't you join with us? We were laughing at my Lady Whister and Mr Sneer.

Lady F.—Ay, my dear, were you? Oh! filthy Mr. Sneer; he's a nauseous figure, a most fulsamic fop. Foh! He spent two days together in going about Covent Garden to suit the lining of his coach with his complexion.

Lord F.—O silly! Yet his aunt is as fond of him as if she had brought the ape into the world herself.

Brisk.—Who? my Lady Toothless? Oh, she's a mortifying spectacle; she's always chewing the cud like an old ewe.

Lord F.—Foh!

Lady F.—Then she's always ready to laugh when Sneer offers to speak; and sits in expectation of his no-jest, with her gums bare, and her mouth open.

Brisk.—Like an oyster at low-ebb, egad! Ha, ha, ha!

Cynth. [*Aside.*]—Well, I find there are no fools so inconsiderable in themselves, but they can render other people contemptible by exposing their infirmities.

Lady F.—Then that t'other great strapping lady; I can't hit of her name; the old fat fool that paints so exorbitantly.

Brisk.—I know whom you mean. But, deuce take me, I can't hit of her name either. Paints d' ye say? Why, she lays it on with a trowel. Then she has a great beard that bristles through it, and makes her look as if she were plastered with lime and hair, let me perish!

Lady F.—Oh! you made a song upon her, Mr. Brisk.

Brisk.—Heh? egad, so I did. My lord can sing it.

Cynth.—O good, my lord; let us hear it.

Brisk.—'Tis not a song neither. It 's a sort of epigrammatic sonnet, I don't know what to call it, but it 's satire. Sing it, my lord.

Lord F. [*Sings.*]—

Ancient Phyllis has young graces:
'Tis a strange thing, but a true one;
  Shall I tell you how?
She herself makes her own faces,
And each morning wears a new one;
  Where 's the wonder now?

Brisk.—Short, but there 's salt in 't. My way of writing, egad!

—*The Double Dealer.*

Congreve's only tragedy, *The Mourning Bride*, ranks high in all but the very highest rank of English tragedy. Dr. Johnson indeed says, rather extravagantly: "If I were required to select from the whole mass of English poetry the most poetical paragraph, I know not what I could prefer to the following:

ALMERIA AND LEONORA IN THE CATHEDRAL.

Alm.—It was a fancied noise, for all is hushed.
Leon.—It bore the accent of a human voice.
Alm.—It was thy fear, or else some transient
    wind

Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle.
We 'll listen.
Leon.—Hark ! [dreadful !
Alm.—No ; all is hushed and still as death. 'Tis
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight ; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice ;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.
Leon.—Let us return ; the horror of this place
And silence will increase your melancholy.
Alm.—It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on ; shew me Anselmo's tomb,
Lead me o'er bones and skulls and mouldering earth
Of human bodies : for I 'll mix with them :
Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corpse
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia's more detested bed : that thought
Exerts my spirits, and my present fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill.
—*The Mourning Bride.*

CONRAD, Robert T., an American jurist and author, born at Philadelphia in 1810, died in 1858. He studied law, was admitted to the bar at an early age, and at various times was actively engaged in journalism. He held several judicial positions, and in 1854 was elected Mayor of Philadelphia. While a student of law he wrote the successful tragedy, *Conrad of Naples*, and still later that of *Aylmere*, the hero of which was "Jack Cade." This tragedy was in 1852 published under the title of *Aylmere, or the Bondman of Kent, and other Poems.* Among the poems were a collection entitled *The Sons of the*

Wilderness, and a series of *Sonnets on the Lord's Prayer.*

SAY, CLIFFORD, AND BUCKINGHAM.

Say.—These are the mire-gendered knaves you praise!
Clifford, I swear 'tis strange, that thou, a noble,
Shouldst love these kern.
Cliff.— Nay, I but love their daughters.
But to be grave—you smile—I can be grave—
They 're men as good in soul and sinew, ay,
Even in birth, as is the best of us.
Say.—In birth! Why now thou 'rt wild.
Cliff.— I said in birth.
This crazy priest, his crazy couplet 's right:
"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"
A potent question! Answer it, if you may.
Say.—Why Heaven ne'er made the universe a level.
Some trees are loftier than the rest: some mountains
O'erpeak their fellows: and some planets shine,
With brighter ray, above the skyey rout,
Than others. Even at our feet, the rose
Out-scents the lily: and the humblest flower
Is noble still o'er meaner plants. And thus
Some men are nobler than the mass, and should,
By nature's order, shine above their brethren.
Cliff.—'Tis true, the *noble* should: but who is noble?
The scentless weed that grows i' the soil where grew
The pride o' the garden? And the dull, foul meteor
Which streams where beamed a planet? Say not so.
Heaven, and not heraldry, makes noble men.
Buck.—Art dead to all the burning thoughts that speak
A glorious past transmitted through long ages?
Cliff.—All this is well, or would be if 't were true.
Men cannot put their virtues in their wills.
'Tis well to prate of lilies, lions, eagles,
Flourishing in fields *d'or* or *d'argent*: but
Your only heraldry, its true birth traced,
Is the plough, loom, or hammer! dusk-browed labor.

At the red forge, or wall-eyed prudence o'er
The figured ledger. Without them, pray tell me
What were your nobles worth? Not much, I trow!
Buck.—Thou speak'st as fame were nothing—fame, the thirst,
Of gods and godlike men, to make a life
Which nature makes not; and to steal from Heaven
Its winged immortality! Lord Clifford,
Wouldst rank this with the joys of ploughmen?
Cliff.— Yes.
I would not dive for bubbles. Pish! for fame!
Say.—Yet, Clifford, hast thou fought, ay, hacked and hewed,
By the long day, in sweat and blood for fame.
Cliff.—Nor have, nor will. I'll fight for love or hate,
Or for divertisement; but not for fame.
What! die for glory! Leap a precipice
To catch a shadow! What is it, this fame?
Why, 'tis a brave estate to have and hold—
When? From and after death! Die t' enjoy fame!
'Tis as to close our eyes before the mirror
To know our sleeping aspects. No, by 'r Lady!
I 'll never be a miser of fair words,
And hoard up honor for posterity.
Die for glory!
—*Aylmere.*

GONE BEFORE.

Forever gone! I am alone—Alone!
Yet my heart doubts; to me thou livest yet:
Love's lingering twilight o'er my soul is thrown,
E'en when the orb that lent that light is set.
Thou minglest with my hopes—does Hope forget?
I think of thee as thou wert at my side;
I grieve, and whisper—"*He* too will regret;"
I doubt and ponder—"How will *he* decide?"
I strive, but 'tis to win thy praises and thy pride.

For I thy praise could win—thy praise sincere.
How lov'dst thou me, with more than woman's love!

And thou to me wast e'en as honor dear!
Nature in one fond web our spirits wove,
Like wedded vines enclasping in the grove
We grew. Ah! withered now the fairer vine!
But from the living who the dead can move?
Blending their sere and green leaves, there they twine,
And will, till dust to dust shall mingle mine with thine.

The sunshine of our boyhood! I bethink
How we were wont to beat the briery wood,
Or clamber, boastful, up the craggy brink,
Where the rent mountain frowns upon the flood
That thrids that vale of beauty and of blood,
Sad Wyoming! The whispering past will tell,
How by the silver-browed cascade we stood,
And watched the sunlight waters as they fell—
So youth drops in the grave—down in the shadowy dell.

And how we plunged in Lackawanna's wave;
The wild-fowl startled, when to echo gay,
In that hushed dell, glad laugh and shout we gave!
Or on the shaded hillside how we lay,
And watched the bright rack on its beamy way,
Dreaming high dreams of glory and of pride;
What heroes we, in Freedom's deadliest fray!
How poured we gladly forth life's ruddy tide,

Looked to our skyey flag, and shouted, smiled, and died!
Bright dreams—forever past! I dream no more!
Memory is now my being: her sweet tone
Can, like a spirit-spell, the lost restore:—
My tried, my true, my brave, high-hearted one!
Few have a friend—and such a friend! But none
Have, in this bleak world, more than one; and he
Ever mine own, mine only—*he* is gone!
He fell—as hope had promised—for the free:
Our early dream: alas! it was no dream to thee!
—*The Sons of the Wilderness.*

CONSCIENCE, HENRI, a Flemish novelist, born December 3, 1812, died September 11, 1883. His birthplace was Antwerp, where his father was an inspector of dockyards. His mother died during his childhood. Conscience educated himself, and at the age of fifteen became a private teacher. Three years later he entered the army, and served six years, during which time he wrote many spirited and popular French songs. On quitting the army, he endeavored in various ways to obtain employment. Failing in this he wrote his first work in Flemish, *The Year of Miracles*, 1566. It was published in 1837, and was well received. His father disapproved of literature as a means of gaining a livelihood, and declined to assist him until he should obtain regular employment of another kind. A small pension from King Leopold relieved the youthful author of embarrassment, and he devoted himself to literature. In 1837 he published *Phantasia*, a collection of Flemish legends and poems, and in 1838, *The Lion of Flanders*, a historical romance, which at once established his fame. In 1845 he was appointed assistant professor in the University of Ghent, and instructor in Flemish to the royal children. He continued to write, and produced many works which have been translated into French, German, and English. His historical novels *Count Hugo of Craenhove and his Son Abulfaragus* (1845), and *Jacob van Artevelde* (1849), are among his best works. Conscience was a master in the delineation of Flemish rural life, and his stories relating the "short and simple annals of the poor" are full of genuine humor and true pathos. Among his many works are, *Evening Hours* (1846): *Lambrecht Hensmans* (1847); *Sitka von Rosemael*, *The Progress of a Painter*, and *What a Mother can Endure* (1849): *Wooden*

Clara, *The Miser*, and *Blind Rosa* (1850); *Kikketikketak* and *The Poor Gentleman* (1851); *The Conscript; Veva, or the War of the Peasants; The Curse of the Village* (1855); *Tales of Old Flanders*, *The Happiness of being Rich*, *Simon Turchi* (1859); *The Village Innkeeper* (1860); *Bella Stock* (1861); *The Good Mother* (1862); *Bavo en Lieveken*, a prize romance (1871); *De Baanwachter* (1872); *De Kerels van Vlaanderen* (1874); *De Keusvdes Harten*, and *Eene Verwarde Zaak* (1875); and *Schandevrees* (1876).

DRAWN FOR THE ARMY.

In the distance, at a turn of the wood, the conscripts were seen approaching the village rapidly, singing and shouting for joy till they wakened the echoes. Some of them threw their hats and caps in the air, in token of delight; while the whole crowd behaved like a bevy of drunkards returning at nightfall from a fair. Still, in the multitude of wayfarers an observer could not yet distinguish those who were singing joyfully and those who moved along in disappointment. From the moment of the announcement of their approach, the friends and relatives who had been loitering in the village set forth in a hurry to meet them. Grandfather could not get along as quickly as the rest, though Kate, in her anxiety, almost dragged him by the hand. At length, finding it impossible to restrain her impatience, when she beheld a number of mothers embracing their sons and brothers, the ardent girl broke from the dotard, and ran forward with eagerness. Half-way from the spot whence she started, she was observed to stop suddenly as if shot, and stagger to the roadside till she grasped the trunk of a tree for support. The old man came up with her as soon as he possibly could, and, observing her posture and tears, anxiously inquired,—"Isn't John there, that you stop, Kate?"

"Oh God! I shall die!" cried Kate. "See—see him coming along yonder, behind the rest, pale as a sheet, with his eyes on the earth! Look at him, grandfather!"

"Perhaps he's overcome with joy, Kate," said the old man, striving to calm himself as well as his companion.

"How happy you are, grandfather, not to have good eyes!"

As Kate uttered this last remark, John walked slowly up to the old man, while the girl hid her sobbing face against the tree, and exhibiting a number on a slip of paper, said, with quivering lips, "Father, I have had bad luck!" Then going straight to Kate, he halted as if transfixed, looked at her a moment, and burst into tears. He could not utter another word, for his voice stuck in his throat; nor could his grandfather speak, but quietly fixed his eyes on the ground as the tears stole down his brown and wrinkled cheeks.

"My poor mother! my poor mother! sobbed John, after a repose of some moments had in some degree restored his self-command. These words seemed to work a complete revolution in the soul of the maiden, who was a noble and courageous girl. As long as doubt mastered her, she wept like a child; but the moment that a certainty of misfortune became manifest, her soul rose with the occasion; duty overcame grief, and she recovered the moral energy that was part of her beautiful character.

"John, my friend," said she, turning to him calmly, "God has decided this matter, and who can fight against his will? You will be with us a year yet, before your service commences, and perhaps something may turn up. Let me get home before you, so that I may inform your mother; for I am sure if anybody else told her she would die."

With this, she quitted the highroad, and striking into a wood-path, disappeared from the group. —*The Conscript.*

WRITING A LETTER.

It was on a fine autumn day that Kate might have been seen leaving the village, her eyes sparkling with delight, and bearing in her hands a couple of large sheets of paper and a bottle of ink. On her way she met Jane, the shoemaker's daughter, who crossed her path as she issued from the woods.

"Heigh! Kate! where are you going with so much paper in such a hurry? Is there a fire anywhere? How's John getting along?"

"John!" exclaimed Kate; "John! God knows, Jane dear. We have only heard from him thrice since he went away. It 's quite six months now since one of his comrades from Turnhout left a message from him at the Crown; and as he is now somewhere on the other side of Maestricht, I expect it will be long before we hear of him again, for news don't often come this way from such a distance."

"Don't he know how to write, Kate?" said Jane.

"He did when we went to school together to the sacristan, and once he got a prize for writing; but I suppose he has forgotten it, like myself."

"And what are you going to do with that paper?"

"I'll tell you, Jenny. For the last two months I have been studying my old copy-books over and over again, and I 've almost taught myself again how to write. I mean to try if I can scribble a letter this very day. Do you think it will go? for I don't know anything about such matters. Did you ever write a letter in your life, Jane?"

"No; but I 've heard a great many *read*. My brother Jacob, who lives in town, sends us one almost every month."

"And what are they like? What do they put in them? Is it just as if some one were talking to you?"

"Oh *no*, Kate; it 's altogether different. They are beautiful!—full of all sorts of compliments, and such big words that you can hardly understand them!"

"Alas, Jane, if that 's the case, how shall I ever write one? Yet, stay; suppose I wrote thus:—'John, we are very sad, because we don't know whether you are ill or well. You must let us hear from you very soon, for your mother will become ill:' and so on. He'd understand that, wouldn't he?"

"Simpleton! *that's* not a letter! Everybody talks that way, gentle as well as simple. But listen to me. Letters must always begin so:—'Venerated parents:—I take my pen in my trembling hand to—to—to——' I don't recollect exactly what comes next."

"'To write to you,' of course," said Kate.

"Ah! you know better than I do, Kate, I see already, and you're only making a fool of me. That's not kind of you Kate: it isn't!"

"Nonsense! Why where's your head Jenny? When he takes his pen in his hand it's not to cut a pie with, of course. Your simplicity makes me laugh. But I don't understand what makes your brother's hand '*tremble*' always when he begins a letter. Besides, it's always bad to tremble, because it makes you write ill."

"Well, I'll tell you, Kate. Our Jacob is a little wild in town, I fear, and always wants money. That's why he trembles: he is afraid father will be angry."

"Good-bye, Kate," said Jane, as she went on her way. "Strive to write your letter, and give our compliments to John."

"Farewell till after church, next Sunday," replied Kate, "when I'll tell you how I got on. Give my love to your sister. Adieu!"

And immediately Jane skipped away singing.

Kate stood still, silent and dreamy, till the sweet voice of the maiden was lost in the wood, when recovering herself from her reverie, she resumed her walk homeward. In the cottage she found the two widows, seated near the table, awaiting her return with considerable impatience; while grandfather, who was ill with a bad cold and had retired to bed, peered through the curtains to witness the great work she was about undertaking. No sooner had she appeared on the door-sill than the whole household was on tip-toe with anxiety about the wonderful letter that was to be written, and the two dames busied themselves with clearing the table which was to be the field of action.

"Come here, Kate," said John's mother. "Sit in grandfather's chair, for it is the most comfortable."

Kate took her seat silently at the table, unrolled and smoothed the sheets of paper, and put the nib of the pen between her lips, as if absorbed in deep thought. While this pantomime was going on, the women and the grandfather contemplated the girl with an air of the most anxious solicitude; and John's little brother, with mouth agape and elbows on the table, stared at poor Kate to see what on earth she was about doing with the mysterious pen.

Suddenly Kate rose silently from the chair, took a teacup from the closet, poured the ink into it, reseated herself at the table, and began to turn the paper round and round, and over and over, as if cudgelling her brains for inspiration. At last she plunged the pen in the ink, put her hand on the paper, bent down her head, and arranged herself as if beginning to write; but, after a moment of hesitation, raised her eyes again, and said, inquiringly:

"Well! tell me now what I'm to say."

The two widows looked at each other in surprise and doubt, and then fixed their eyes on the grandfather, who, with his neck stretched forth through the curtains, still continued watching the anxious scribe.

"Well, write that we are all well," said the old man coughing: "a letter always begins that way."

"Now, that's a pretty way of talking, grandfather!" replied Kate, with a disapproving glance at him. "We are all *well!* when you have been sick and in bed this fortnight!"

"You might put it Kate, at the *end* of the letter, then, if you have no objection."

"No, my daughter," said the other widow; "say first of all that you 'take your pen in your hand to inquire into the condition of his health.'

That's the way the letter began which I heard read yesterday at the miller's."

"Yes; that's precisely what Jane, the shoemaker's daughter, said; yet I won't do it, for it is too childish," answered Kate, impatiently. "John will know very well himself that I couldn't write with my foot."

"Put his name at the top of the paper," said grandfather.

"Which name! Braems?"

"No: John."

"You're right, grandfather," said Kate. "Now, take care, Paul, and put your arms off the table; and you, mother, get a little farther from the edge: else you'll be sure to shake me."

Kate set her pen forthwith to the paper, and, while deciding on the exact place where she ought to begin, spelled the name of their absent friend in a low tone. But just as she was beginning to move her hand in making the first letter, John's mother suddenly seized it, and exclaimed,—"Stop a bit, Kate; don't you think that the word '*John*' just all alone by itself won't look well? It's so short; we must put something with it. Wouldn't it be better to say, '*Dear Child,*' or '*Dear Son?*'"

Kate hardly heard what she was saying; for she was busy licking a huge blot of ink from the paper, which the abrupt action of the widow had spilled on it. "See," said she, "what you've made me do; and there's no use licking, for the blot still remains. Let me take the other sheet."

"Well, what say you to my notion, Kate? '*Dear Son:*' it's much handsomer, isn't it?"

"No," answered Kate, a little spitefully; "I won't put that either. Do you think I am going to write to John as if I were his mother?"

"Well, what *are* you going to put?" inquired the pair with considerable eagerness.

A modest blush crimsoned Kate's forehead, as she answered,—"Suppose I write 'Dear Friend?' Don't you think that would be better than all?"

"No; I won't have that either," said John's mother. "Better put '*John,*' short as it is."

"'*Beloved John?*'" inquired the maiden.

"Ah, that's it! that's it!" shouted the whole party together, delighted with this solution of the initial difficulty.

"Now, keep away from the table," said Kate, "and don't let Paul touch me."

The peasant-girl began her work seriously; but in a moment huge drops of sweat started on her brow as she held her breath and grew purple in the face. Soon, however, she was relieved from her agony by a sigh, as she exclaimed,—"Heavens! that *B* is the hardest of all letters! But, thank God! there it is at last, with its big head."

The widows instantly arose, bent over the table, and expressed their perfect delight with the letter, which was about as long as their little fingers.

"That's lovely!" cried John's mother; "it looks exactly like a wasp! And that says '*Beloved John*,' does it? What a beautiful thing it is to be able to write!—one would really think there was magic in it!"

"Come; sit down now, and let me get on," said Kate, resolutely. "I feel that I shall be able to do it if the pen don't break down."

Puffing and panting, Kate recommenced her toil. Grandfather looked on and coughed; the widows were quiet as mice; while little Paul amused himself by dipping his fingers stealthily in the teacup and making dots on the table with the ink. When the first line of the epistle was full of its fine large letters, the writer stopped to take breath.

"How far have you got, Kate?" asked John's mother. "Read us all you have got down on the paper."

"What a hurry you're in!" cried Kate; "there's nothing else yet than '*Beloved John*;' and I think that's very well. Don't you see how the perspiration is running from my forehead? I'd rather clean the stable any day. You think, I suppose, that there's no work in writing! Paul, keep your fingers out of the ink, or you'll upset the cup."

"Go on, my daughter, go on!" said grandfather, "or else the letter won't be done by the end of next week!"

"That's true," answered Kate; "but tell me yourselves what I shall say."

"Inquire, first of all and before anything else, about his health."

Kate went to work again for some time, blotting out several wrong letters with her fingers; scolded at the hair that would follow the nib of the pen; growled at the sacristan because the ink was too thick; and, finally, read aloud, "Beloved John, how is your health?"

"That's capital!" said his mother. "And now write," continued she, "that we are all well, cattle and people; and that we wish him every happiness."

Kate thought a moment, and set to work again. As soon as she had finished the sentence, she read as follows:—"Thank God, we are all still very well, and the ox and the cow also—except grandfather, who is sick; and we all together wish you may be happy."

"Good heavens, Kate!" ejaculated John's mother, "where did you learn to do all that? The sacristan——"

"Don't talk now," interrupted the girl, "or you'll make me forget. I feel it coming." For half an hour the dropping of a pin might have been heard in the cottage, so great was the silence of all its inmates. Kate's work seemed to advance more agreeably and readily than at first; for she was seen to smile from time to time, as if a pleasant thought had shot across her mind. The only thing that annoyed her was seeing Paul dip his fingers in the ink, and continue spotting his arm with the fluid, in spite of her threatening looks. Ten times at least Kate moved the cup from side to side; but the scamp was so intent on the ink that he could not be kept away from it. Notwithstanding this, however, the two first pages were filled to the bottom; when Kate, with an air of considerable elation, undertook to read the following epistolary *morceau* to her delighted hearers:—

"Beloved John:—How is your health? Thank God, we are all still very well, and the ox and the cow also—except grandfather, who is sick; and we all together wish you may be happy. It is quite six months since we heard from you. Let us know if you are alive. It is wrong in you to forget all of us, who love you so much. Your mother talks about you all day long, and I dream at night that you are miserable, and that I hear your voice crying in my ear, 'Kate, Kate!' so loud that it wakes me:—and then the ox, too, he looks out of the stable-door, and don't see you, and moans as if he wanted to cry. It is so hard, John, to hear nothing from you, that you must have mercy on us, else your mother will get sick. When the poor woman hears your name, she can't talk any more, and begins to cry so much that it almost breaks my heart."

As the reading proceeded, the listeners' eyes gradually filled with tears; but, as the last sad words fell on their ears, none of them could resist the emotion, and the maiden was interrupted by sobs. Grandfather dropped his white locks on the edge of the bed to hide his tears, and John's mother threw herself on the writer's neck with a burst of anguish, while poor Kate herself looked at them almost stupefied by the surprising effect of her composition.

"Oh, Kate, Kate!" ejaculated one of the widows, "where did you find all those words? It was like running a knife into my heart; and still, how beautiful it was!"

"Oh!" said John's mother, "and yet it's nothing but the pure truth, and he ought to know how much I have suffered. Go on reading, dear Kate. I am altogether amazed that you know how to write so. There never was anything like it: your hands are entirely too good, my dear child, to milk cows and work in the fields. What strange things God permits in this world!"—*The Conscript.*

COMING TO AN UNDERSTANDING.

"To-morrow night, John, we shall be at home! It will be as good as a regular frolic. Your poor mother, who thinks you are still languishing in that black hole of a hospital—how she will hug and kiss you! Paul, who cried so much when you went away—won't he jump and dance as if he were crazy—the noble little fellow! And then mother and grandfather!—I think I see them running with open arms. . . . I wish I was there already?"

As she spoke, Kate frequently turned round to observe the effect of her words on the soldier's face; but a sorrowful smile was the only change that she could detect. Nevertheless, trifling as was the encouragement, she went on:—

"And when we get home, John, I shall be always near you, and will never leave you. I will buy songs and learn them, so as to sing to you at night in the chimney corner. When I go out to work in the fields, you will come with me; we will talk during the work, and what you can't see I will help you to touch with your hands. Thus you will know as well as I how the crops come on. We will go to church together, and on Sunday evenings I will lead you to the Crown, where we may get a pint of beer and chat with your friends. You'll hardly recollect that you're blind John! What do you say to it? It will be nice: won't it?". . .

John dropped the end of the stick, seized her hand, and walked beside her, as he replied:

"Kate I was so happy yesterday at the idea of getting home; but since this morning, and while I was asleep, yonder, the truth has been disclosed to me. Now something torments my heart, and I ought not to hide it from you. *God will punish me if I think again of your love.*' . . . Let us talk quietly about it, Kate. You are handsome, strong, good-hearted, brave, and clever at all kinds of work: and shall you sacrifice your youth for pity and love of a wretched blind man? When our parents lie in the graveyard, you will be old, alone in the world, broken down; and all on my account!" Kate burst into tears. "I shall remember clearly to my dying hour, dear Kate," continued John, "the moment when we bade each other good-bye; I understood all that those sweet blue eyes of yours said; and it was my consolation in all my suffering. Even when the doctor burned my eyes with caustic, that rosy cheek was still before them, and I felt your hand tremble with sympathy in mine. Oh, had it only been God's will to have spared me one eye, so that I might have worked for our daily bread! But now, alas! it cannot be!" . . .

Kate led him to a spot where they could rest comfortably, and threw the knapsack on the ground.

"Come now, John, tell me, once for all, what bothers your fancy?"

"Oh my dear Kate, you understand me very well," replied the soldier. "You are willing to renounce your youth for me; but can I think of asking you to sacrifice your entire life for simple goodness? The very thought that you are anxious to do it rends my heart. You desire to see me consoled and joyous? Well, promise me, then, that you will never be more to me than a sister, that you will go to the fairs as of old, and that you will be as civil to other young men as propriety allows.". . . .

"And, were I to follow your bad advice, you would forget me too, would you not?" asked Kate, a little archly.

"Forget you!" exclaimed John. "It is always dark for me, and I have nothing to do but think and dream; and what should I think and dream about were it not of your kindness and of what your eyes told me before the separation?"

"And so you would love Kate always, though she should do as you wish?"

"Always, till death! . . . Kate, you are an angel upon earth! I feel indeed that you alone could make me forget what it has pleased God to take from me; yet it can never be."

"Yes; I understand you, John," answered Kate, quickly; "you intend to hint that I ought to become an old maid. But I *will* marry, and that too before the first snow falls next winter: that's what I'll do, John!"

"Marry?" sighed the soldier, repressing his agitation with difficulty. "Oh, Kate! I see clearly now. God grant that your husband may love you as you deserve! You are going to marry, are you? With whom? Is it with one of our villagers!"

"John, you are losing your wits!" cried Kate, with a voice so clear and loud that the fir-trees sent back an echo. "I am going to marry; and you ask with whom? *With you!*—with him who would give ten eyes to be able to love me!"

"Oh! thanks, thanks for your matchless love! Blessings on you for it! but——"

Kate stopped his mouth and the sentence with her hand, as she interrupted him triumphantly. "Hush," she said. "You spoke seriously just now, and, as I listened to you, my heart seemed breaking in my bosom. It is my turn to talk now. Had Kate become blind, would you have repulsed the poor girl, and if she had continued to love you in her wretched condition, would you have given her a death-blow by loving other girls? Answer me!"

"Oh, Kate, I would have done exactly what you are doing now; and yet, my love, it can never be!"

"*It shall be!*" exclaimed Kate, with a tone of unanswerable resolution. "Let God be our witness till the priest can pray over us!"—*The Conscript.*

CONSTANT DE REBECQUE, HENRI BENJAMIN, usually called Benjamin Constant, a French orator and author, born in 1757, died in 1830. He was born at Lausanne, of a French family who had fled to Switzerland from religious persecution. He was educated at Oxford, Erlangen, and Edinburgh, went to Paris before the French revolution, and in 1796, became known by a pamphlet on the French government. Expelled by Napoleon in 1802, he went to Vienna, where he translated *Wallenstein*, wrote a romance entitled *Adolphe*, and, in 1813, a pamphlet *On the Spirit of Conquest and Usurpation*. In 1814 he returned to France, and wrote several pamphlets on constitutional liberty, maintaining that it was enjoyed under Louis XVIII. He, however, adhered to Napoleon during the Hundred Days, and became a Councillor of State. Afterwards, under Charles X. he combated the reactionary measures of the government, but deplored the revolution of July, 1830. His speeches in behalf of constitutional liberty were clear and persuasive. His political tractates, have been collected under the title of *Cours de Politique Constitutionelle* (1819–20). His work on *Religion Considered in its Source, its Forms, and its Developments*, published in 1824–31, is an attempt to trace successive transformations of the religious sentiment, his conclusion being that while the religious instinct is imperishable, the doctrinal and ceremonial forms by which it expressed itself are transitory. Among his works are *Des Effets de la Terreur* (1797), *Adolphe, Anecdote trouvée dans les papiers d'un Inconnu* (1816), *De la Responsibilité du Ministres* (1815), *Memoirs sur les Cent Jours* (1820), and a posthumous work *Du Polythéism Romain, considéré dans ses Rapports avec la Philosophie Grecque et la Religion Chrétienne.*

THE PERFECTIBILITY OF THE HUMAN RACE.

Among the different systems which have been followed, combated and modified, one alone appears to me to explain the enigma of our individual and social existence, one alone seems to me adapted to give an object to our labors, and a motive to our researches, to sustain us in our uncertainty and to relieve us in our discouragement. This is the system of the perfectibility of the human race. For him, who does not adopt this opinion, social order, like everything which belongs, I will not say to man only, but to the Universe, is merely one of the thousand fortuitous combinations, one of the thousand forms, more or less transitory, which must perpetually destroy and replace each other without leaving any permanent amelioration as the result. The system of perfectibility alone guarantees us against the infallible perspective of a complete destruction, which leaves no remembrance of our efforts, no trace of our success. A physical calamity, a new religion, an invasion of barbarians or some uninterrupted oppression might deprive our race of everything which elevates and ennobles it, everything which renders it, at once, more moral, more enlightened and more happy. It is vain that we are told of intelligence, of liberty, of philosophy; an abyss may open under our feet, savages may rush into the midst of us, impostors may spring from our own bosom, and still more easily, our governments may be changed into tyrannies. If ideas do not possess a duration independent of men, we may close our books, renounce our speculations, free ourselves from unfruitful sacrifices, and at the utmost confine ourselves to those useful or agreeable arts, which will give less insipidity to a life without hope, and a momentary embellishment to the present without a future. The progressive advancement of our species alone establishes a certain communication between different generations. They enrich one another without a mutual acquaintance: and this consoling opinion is so deeply engraved on the instincts of man, that each of these fleeting generations expects and finds its recompense in the esteem of distant generations which must one day tread upon its insensible ashes.

In this system, human acquisitions form an everlasting mass, to which each individual contributes his peculiar share, assured that no power can take away the slightest portion of this imperishable treasure. Thus, the friend of liberty and justice leaves to future ages the most precious part of himself; he places it beyond the reach of the ignorance which does not understand it and of the oppression which menaces it; he deposits it in a sanctuary which degrading and ferocious passions can never approach. He who has discovered a single principle, in the solitude of meditation, he whose hand has traced a single line of truth, may yield his life to be disposed of by nations or tyrants; he will not have existed in vain, and if time effaces even the name which designated his transitory existence, his thought will still continue imprinted on the indestructible aggregate, to the formation of which nothing can do away the fact that he has contributed. . . .

The destruction of theocratic slavery, of civil slavery, of feudalism, of a privileged nobility, are so many steps towards the re-establishment of natural equality. The perfectibility of the human race is nothing but the tendency towards equality. This tendency proceeds from the fact that equality alone is conformable to truth, that is to say, to the mutual relations of things and to the mutual relations of men. Inequality is that alone which constitutes injustice. If we analyze all the general or particular forms of injustice, we shall find that they all have their foundation in inequality.

Whenever man begins to reflect, and by means of reflection, attains to that power of sacrifice, which constitutes his perfectibility, he takes equality as his starting-point; for he gains the conviction that he ought not to do to others what he would not that they should do to him; that is to say, that he ought to treat others as his equals, and that he has the right not to suffer from others what they would not suffer from him; that is to say, that others ought to treat him as their equal. It follows from this that whenever a truth is discovered—and truth tends, by its nature, to be discovered—man approaches equality. If he remains so long at a distance from it, it is because the need of supplying the truths of which he is ignorant has driven him towards ideas that are more or less fantastic, opinions that are more or less erroneous. He needs a certain stock of opinions and ideas to put in action the physical forces which are nothing but passive instruments. Ideas only are active. They are the sovereigns of the world. The empire of the Universe has been given to them. Accordingly, whenever there are not a sufficient number of truths in the human mind to serve as a lever to physical forces, man supplies their place by conjectures and errors. Whenever the truth afterwards makes its appearance, the erroneous opinions which held its place vanish away, and it is the temporary struggle which they maintain—a struggle which always ends in their annihilation—that changes the conditions of states, throws nations into agitation, dashes individuals in pieces, produces, in a word, what we call revolutions.—*Mélanges de Litterature et de Politique.*

CONWAY, MONCURE DANIEL, an American author, born in Stafford Co., Va., March 17, 1832. He was educated at Dickinson College, entered the Methodist ministry, and became a contributor to the Southern press. His opinions having undergone a change, he entered the Cambridge Divinity School, from which he graduated in 1854, and became pastor of a Unitarian church in Washington. His anti-slavery opinions caused his dismissal from this church. He was then called to the Unitarian church in Cincinnati, and afterwards lectured on slavery. In 1863 he went to England, lectured upon the civil war, contributed to periodicals, and towards the close of the year became pastor of a Unitarian church in London. Among his works are, *Tracts for To-day* (1858); *The Rejected Stone* (1861); *The Golden Hour* (1862); *The Earthward Pilgrimage* (1870); *Republican Superstitions* (1873); *Idols and Ideals; Demonology and Devil-Lore* (1879); *A Necklace of Stories*, and *The Wandering Jew.*

THE IDEAL.

In human life, therefore, tendency must always be the main thing. What is the direction of a man's faculties, his aims? If you know the angles of convergence of the sides of the pyramid, the point at which they will meet may be computed. If the tendencies of life are in the direction of an ideal, the apex may be equally recognized, though it may not be reached. In youth our actual and our ideal seem to be not only distinct but hostile to each other. But the main lesson of life is to learn that they are really friends, and culture means the raising of the law of our lower nature into harmony with the firmament of reason that vaults above our little world of animal power. . .

The best thing in every noble dream is the dreamer himself. Faust clutching at the perfect ideal of Greece, to be thrown back on hard actuality; the poor French Socialist with a fair heaven in his brain and starvation around him, represent Man, able to apprehend when he cannot comprehend. They leave us the same old earth rolling on as before, but they have outlined a higher Man, which the ages must fulfil. How sacred are they, the seekers of the invisible, the wayfarers who will not rest on anything short of the beautiful idea that has ravished them! . . . .

To a human being his ideal represents his individual existence. One life we each have, which is merely hereditary. We received it from our ancestors, we share it with others; it is a common property. There is another life which is our own. There each stands in the presence of his own Sinai, receives the Tables of the Law of his individual life. To him there comes a Decalogue of private interpretation, and the voice commands—"See that thou do all things after the pattern thou did'st see on the Mount!" So indeed must he work—if the world is to be better by a feather's weight for his life in it;—so must he build, quarrying his hereditary nature, polishing it for his individual structure. Nor shall he pause to ask whether the edifice is to be completed and adorned, and labor give way to happiness. He cannot reach the great end, because there is no end; the scale is infinite: so have the poets said, who reached the seeming summit, only to behold a higher height rising before them evermore. Let it be enough for each that the genius of God finds no obstruction in him; that he is part of the organizing force of the universe—as much so as the coral building in the sea, or the sun that vitalizes a world. And when his day is past and his bit of work is done, the ideal he has served will whisper a sweet and secret joy—Thou hast labored, and others will enter into thy labors.—*Idols and Ideals.*

CONYBEARE, William Daniel, an English clergyman and author, born in 1789, died in 1857. He was educated at Oxford, became a member of the Geological Society, and in 1821 discovered and described the first plesiosaurus. His papers on the coal-beds of Great Britain are valuable. His principal work, published in conjunction with W. Phillips, is *Outlines of Geology of England and Wales.* He delivered the Bampton Lectures for 1839, his subject being *The Fathers of the Ante-Nicene Period.* In 1819 he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1845, Dean of Llandaff.

THE ENGLISH PENNINE CHAIN.

The features of this chain are often very wild and picturesque: it exhibits all the scenery and accompaniments of a considerable mountain range; precipices, torrents, and cataracts. The caverns, cliffs, and rocky dales of Ingleborough and the Peak, are too well known to need description. Two facts observed in the moorlands of Staffordshire will serve to illustrate the depth of the ravines and abrupt escarpment of the mountains in that part of the chain. The sun, when nearest the tropic of Capricorn, never rises to the inhabitants of Narrowdale for nearly a quarter of a year; and during the season when it is visible, never rises till one o'clock P. M. On the other hand, at Leek, the sun is, at a certain time of the year, seen to set twice in the same evening, in consequence of the intervention of a precipitous mountain at a considerable distance from the town; for after it sets behind the top of the mountain, it breaks out again on the northern side, which is steep, before it reaches the horizon in its fall; so that, within a very few miles, the inhabitants have the rising sun, when he has, in fact, passed his meridian, and the setting sun twice on the same evening.—*Geology of England and Wales.*

CONYBEARE, WILLIAM JOHN, an English clergyman and author, the son of William Daniel Conybeare; born in 1820, died in 1857. He was a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Principal of the Collegiate Institution at Liverpool. He was the author of a novel, *Perversion, or the Causes and Consequences of Infidelity.* In conjunction with the Rev. J. S. Howson he wrote *The Life and Epistles of St. Paul.* His essays and sermons have been published under the titles *Essays Ecclesiastical and Social*, and *Whitehall Sermons.* One of his essays, *On Church Parties*, attracted great attention.

THE VARIED LIFE OF ST. PAUL.

To comprehend the influences under which he grew to manhood, we must realize the position of a Jewish family in Tarsus, "the chief city of Cilicia;" we must understand the kind of education which the son of such a family would receive as a boy in his Hebrew home, or in the schools of his native city, and in his riper youth "at the feet of Gamaliel" in Jerusalem; we must be acquainted with the profession for which he was to be prepared by this training, and appreciate the station and duties of an expounder of the law. And that we may be fully qualified to do all this, we should have a clear view of the state of the Roman empire at the time, and especially of its system in the provinces; we should also understand the political position of the Jews of the "dispersion:" we should be, so to speak, hearers in their synagogues—we should be students of their rabbinical theology. And in like manner, as we follow the apostle, in the different stages of his varied and adventurous career, we must strive continually to bring out in their true brightness the half-effaced forms and coloring of the scene in which he acts; and while he "becomes all things to all men, that he might by all means save some," we must form to ourselves a living likeness of the *things* and of the *men* among whom he moved, if we would rightly estimate his work. Thus we must study Christianity rising in the midst of Judaism; we must realize the position of its early churches with their mixed society, to which Jews, proselytes, and heathens had each contributed a characteristic element; we must qualify ourselves to be umpires, if we may so speak, in their violent internal divisions; we must listen to the strifes of their schismatic parties, when one said, "I am of Paul—and another, I am of Apollos;" we must study the true character of those early heresies which even denied the resurrection, and advocated impurity and lawlessness, claiming the right to sin "that grace might abound," "defiling the mind and conscience" of their followers, and "making them abominable and disobedient, and to every good work reprobate;" we must trace the extent to which Greek philosophy, Judaizing formalism, and Eastern superstition blended their tainting influence with the pure fermentation of the new leaven which was at last to leaven the whole mass of civilized society.—*Life and Epistles of St. Paul.*

DIFFERENCES IN RELIGIOUS PARTIES.

We should nor forget that the differences which divide each from each are much exaggerated by party spirit. Most of them can be resolved into mere disputes about terms, which might be ended by stricter definition. Those which lie deeper result from a difference of mental constitution, and belong to the domain of metaphysics rather than of religion. For it is in theology as it is in philosophy, every distinct sect strives to represent and embody a separate truth. A few great ideas are intuitively stamped on the groundwork of human reason, but not illuminated with equal brightness. The idea which, in one mind, stands out in dazzling light, in another is dim and overshadowed. Hence each idea has its exclusive worshippers. But as the understanding logically develops its favorite truth, it at length deduces consequences which seem to contradict some other truth equally fundamental. Then follows a conflict, which in a few minds produces absolute Pyrrhonism; but which more frequently issues in one of three alternatives. First, the mind may abandon the principle whence it started, considering it reduced *ad absurdum*, now that its logical consequences seem to contradict another axiom: secondly, the truth of both principles may be admitted, although their consequences seem irreconcilable; or, thirdly, the consequences of the first principle may be embraced, and the modifying truth rejected. This last is the course adopted by extreme parties. Thus (whether the first principles be derived from reason or from Scripture) there are different stages in the development of opinion, each marked by the rejection or reception of some modifying truth, and each forming the halting-place of a different sect or school. Nor is there any evil in this variety, so long as the truths of morality and religion are not contradicted. . . . For piety has a transmuting power, and often turns the inconsistency of the understanding into food for the goodness of the heart. Therefore, instead of murmuring, we should rejoice when we see the same character of Christian Holiness manifested under diverse opinions. For Christianity embraced under one form, might have been rejected under another. All cannot see through the same telescope, but different eyes require the tube to be variously adjusted. And the image formed will at best be blurred and dim, unless Charity furnished us with her achromatic lens, and blend all the rays into one harmonious brightness.—*Essay on Church Parties.*

COOK, **Clarence**, an American journalist and author, born at Dorchester, Mass., in

1828. He graduated at Harvard College, and afterwards took up his residence in New York. His writings, in various periodicals, are mainly upon topics connected with art. Among his poems are several of high merit.

ABRAM AND ZIMRI.

Abram and Zimri owned a field together—
A level field hid in a happy vale;
They ploughed it with one plough, and in the Spring
Sowed, walking side by side, the fruitful seed.
In harvest, when the glad earth smiles with grain,
Each carried to his home one-half the sheaves,
And stored them with much labor in his barns.
Now Abram had a wife and seven sons,
But Zimri dwelt alone within his house.
  One night, before the sheaves were gathered in,
As Zimri lay upon his lonely bed,
And counted in his mind his little gains,
He thought upon his brother Abram's lot,
And said, "I dwell alone within my house,
But Abram hath a wife and seven sons.
And yet we share the harvest-sheaves alike.
He surely needeth more for life than I.
I will arise, and gird myself, and go
Down to the field, and add to his from mine."
  So he arose, and girded up his loins,
And went out softly to the level field.
The moon shone out from dusky bars of clouds,
The trees stood black against the cold blue sky,
The branches waved and whispered in the wind.
So Zimri, guided by the shifting light,
Went down the mountain-path, and found the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,
And bore them gladly to his brother's heap;
And then went back to sleep and happy dreams.
  Now, that same night, as Abram lay in bed,
Thinking upon his blissful state in life,
He thought upon his brother Zimri's lot,
And said, "He dwells within his house alone.
He goeth forth to toil, with few to help.
He goeth home at night to a cold house,

And hath few other friends but me and mine"
(For these two tilled the happy vale alone);
"While I, whom Heaven hath very greatly blessed,
Dwell happy with my wife and seven sons,
Who aid me in my toil, and make it light;
And yet we share our harvest-sheaves alike.
This surely is not pleasing unto God.
I will arise and gird myself, and go
Out to the field, and borrow from my store,
And add unto my brother Zimri's pile."
  So he arose, and girded up his loins,
And went down softly to the level field.
The moon shone out from silver bars of clouds,
The trees stood bleak against the starry sky,
The dark leaves waved and whispered in the breeze.
So Abram, guided by the doubtful light,
Passed down the mountain-path, and found the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,
And added them unto his brother's heap;
Then he went back to sleep and happy dreams.
  So the next morning, with the early sun,
The brothers rose, and went out to their toil;
And when they came to see the heavy sheaves,
Each wondered in his heart to find his heap—
Though he had given a third—was still the same.
  Now, the next night, went Zimri to the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous share,
And placed them on his brother Abram's heap,
And then lay down behind his pile to watch.
The moon looked out from bars of silvery cloud,
The cedars stood up black against the sky,
The olive-branches whispered in the wind;
Then Abram came down softly from his home,
And, looking to the right and left, went on;
Took from his ample store a generous third,
And laid it on his brother Zimri's pile.
Then Zimri rose, and caught him in his arms,
And wept upon his neck, and kissed his cheek;
And Abram saw the whole, and could not speak,
Neither could Zimri. So they walked along
Back to their homes, and thanked their God in prayer
That He had bound them in such loving bands.

COOK, DUTTON, an English journalist and author, born in London in 1832, died in 1883. He was educated at King's College, studied law in the office of his father; but turned his attention to art and literature. He was connected as a writer with the *Cornhill Magazine*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and The London *World*. He wrote several works of fiction, among which are: *A Prodigal Son* (1862); *The Trials of the Tredgolds* (1864); *Dr. Muspratt's Patients* (1868); *The Banns of Marriage* (1875); and *Doubleday's Children* (1877). In later years he confined himself more especially to works relating to English dramatic history. His principal works in this department are: *A Book of the Play* (1876); *Hours with the Players* (1881); and *Nights at the Play* (1883).

COOK, ELIZA, an English Poet, born in 1817. At an early age she became a contributor to the *Literary Gazette* and other periodicals. Her first volume, *Melaia, and Other Poems*, was published in 1840. A few years later she became editor of *Eliza Cook's Journal*, a weekly magazine, which she conducted until failing health forced her to relinquish the care in 1854. Her poems have passed through many editions.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

I never see a young hand hold
The starry bunch of white and gold,
But something warm and fresh will start
About the region of my heart.
My smile expires into a sigh ;
I feel a struggling in the eye,
'Twixt humid drop and sparkling ray,
Till rolling tears have won their way ;
For soul and brain will travel back
  Through memory's chequered mazes,
To days when I but trod life's track
  For buttercups and daisies.

Tell me, ye men of wisdom rare,
Of sober speech and silver hair,
Who carry counsel, wise and sage,
With all the gravity of age;
Oh! say, do ye not like to hear
The accents ringing in your ear,
When sportive urchins laugh and shout,
Tossing those precious flowers about,
Springing with bold and gleesome bound,
  Proclaiming joy that crazes,
And chorusing the magic sound
  Of buttercups and daisies?

Are there, I ask, beneath the sky
Blossoms that knit so strong a tie
With childhood's love? Can any please
Or light the infant eye like these?
No, no; there's not a bud on earth,
Of richest tint or warmest birth,
Can ever fling such zeal and zest
Into the tiny hand and breast.
Who does not recollect the hours
  When burning words and praises
Were lavished on those shining flowers,
  Buttercups and daisies?

There seems a bright and fairy spell
About their very names to dwell;
And though old Time has marked my brow
With care and thought, I love them now.
Smile, if ye will, but some heart-strings
Are closest linked to simplest things:
And these wild flowers will hold mine fast,
Till love, and life, and all be past;
And then the only wish I have
  Is, that the one who raises
The turf-sod o'er me plant my grave
  With buttercups and daisies.

A HOME IN THE HEART.

Oh, ask not a home in the mansions of pride,
  Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls;
Though the roof be of gold it is brilliantly cold,
  And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted halls.

But seek for a bosom all honest and true.
Where love once awakened will never depart;
Turn, turn to that breast like the dove to its nest.
And you'll find there's no home like a home in the heart.

Oh! link but one spirit that's warmly sincere,
That will heighten your pleasure and solace your care;
Find a soul you may trust as the kind and the just,
And be sure the wide world holds no treasure so rare.
Then the frowns of misfortune may shadow our lot,
The cheek-searing tear-drops of sorrow may start,
But a star never dim sheds a halo for him
Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I love it, I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed it with sighs.
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;
Would you know the spell?—a mother sat there!
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me that shame would never betide
With Truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat, and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshiped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled!

I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in her old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past! but I gaze on it now,
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nursed me. 'twas there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
Whilst scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

COOK, JAMES, an English circumnavigator, born in Yorkshire, in 1728, killed on the island of Hawaii, in an affray with the natives, Febuary 14, 1779. When quite young, he went to sea on board a coal-vessel, of which he rose to be mate. In 1755 he entered the royal navy as a volunteer. He served as master of a sloop at the capture of Quebec by Wolfe in 1759. In 1768 he was chosen by Government to command a vessel sent to the Pacific in order to observe the transit of Venus, and make other scientific observations. He returned to England in 1771, and in the next year was again sent, in command of two vessels to the far Southern Pacific, in order to ascertain whether there was any continent there. The farthest point reached by him was lat. 71° S., where he was stopped by ice. He returned to England in 1775, having circumnavigated the globe in high southern latitudes. He put forth two quarto volumes containing a *Journal* of this voyage. He thus closes his narrative of this voyage:

RESULTS OF HIS SECOND VOYAGE.

Whatever may be the public judgment about other matters, it is with real satisfaction, and without claiming any merit but that of attention to my duty, that I can conclude this account with an observation which facts enable us to make, that our having discovered the possibility of preserving health among a numerous ship's company, for such a length of time, in such varieties of climate, and amidst such continued hardships and fatigues, will make this voyage remarkable, in the opinion of every benevolent person, when the disputes about the Southern Continent shall have ceased to engage the attention, and to divide the judgment of philosophers.

In 1777 he set out on a third voyage, the immediate object of which was to search for a northern passage between the Pacific and the Atlantic. He discovered the Sandwich Islands, then sailed northward and explored Behring's Strait, as far as lat. 70°. He returned to the Sandwich Islands, where he proposed to pass the winter of 1778–79. Some of the natives had stolen one of his boats; he went ashore for the purpose of recovering it; met with resistance from the natives; and was himself killed, with four of his crew, while attempting to return to his ship.

The *Narrative of the Voyages Round the World, performed by Captain James Cook*, was drawn up by Andrew Kippis, D.D., LL.D., from Cook's Journals and other sources (1788). Strictly speaking, this cannot be considered the work of Cook himself. But in 1776 the navigator was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and was presented with the Copley gold medal for his services in preserving the health of his crew during his preceding voyage of circumnavigation. Upon this occasion a paper by Cook was read giving a detailed account of the sanitary methods which he had adopted and found so efficacious :

COOK'S SANITARY PRECAUTIONS.

We were furnished with a quantity of malt, of which was made sweet wort. To such of the men as showed the least symptoms of the scurvy, and also to such as were thought to be threatened with that disorder, this was given, from one to two or three pints a day each man; or in such proportion as the surgeon found necessary—which sometimes amounted to three quarts. This is, without doubt, one of the best anti-scorbutic sea-medicines yet discovered: and if used in time, will, with proper attention to other things, I am persuaded, prevent the scurvy from making any great progress for a considerable while; but I am not altogether of opinion that it will cure it at sea. —Sour Krant, of which we had a large quantity, is not only a wholesome vegetable food, but in my judgment highly anti-scorbutic. A pound of this was served to each man, when at sea, twice a week, or oftener, as was thought necessary. . . .

Portable Broth was another great article of which we had a large supply. An ounce of this to each man, or such other proportion as circumstances pointed out, was boiled in their pease three days in the week; and when we were in places where vegetables were to be got, it was boiled with them, and wheat or oatmeal, every morning for breakfast; and also with pease and vegetables for dinner. It enabled us to make several nourishing and wholesome messes, and was the means of making the people eat a greater quantity of vegetables than they would otherwise have done.

Rob of Lemon and Orange is an anti-scorbutic we were not without. The surgeon made use of it in many cases with great success. But I believe that the dearness of these articles will hinder them from being furnished in large quantities. And I do not think this so necessary: for though they may assist other things, I have no great opinion of them alone. Nor have I a higher opinion of vinegar. My people had it very sparingly during the voyage; and towards the latter part, none at all; and yet we experienced no ill effect from the want of it. The custom of washing the inside of the ship with vinegar I seldom observed, thinking that fire and smoke answered the purpose much better.

But the introduction of the most salutary articles either as provisions or medicines will generally prove unsuccessful, unless supported by certain regulations. The crew were at three watches, except upon some extraordinary occasions. By this means they were not so much exposed to the weather as if they had been at watch-and-watch; and had generally dry clothes to shift themselves, when they happened to get wet. Care was also taken to expose them as little to wet weather as possible.

Proper methods were used to keep their persons, hammocks, bedding, clothes, etc., constantly clean and dry. Equal care was taken to keep the ship clean and dry betwixt decks. Once or twice a week she was aired with fires; and when this could not be done, she was smoked with gunpowder, mixed with vinegar and water. I had also frequently a fire made in an iron pot at the bottom of the well, which was of great use in purifying the air in the lower parts of the ship. To this, and to cleanliness, as well in the ship as amongst the people, too great attention cannot be paid. The least neglect occasions a putrid and disagreeable smell below, which nothing but fires will remove. Proper attention was paid to the ship's coppers, so that they were kept constantly clean. The fat which boiled out of the salt beef and pork I never suffered to be given to the people.

I was careful to take in water wherever it was to be got, even though we did not want it; because I look upon fresh water from the shore to be more wholesome than that which has been kept some time on board a ship. Of this essential article we were never at an allowance, but had always plenty for every necessary purpose. Navigators in general cannot, indeed, expect, nor would they wish to meet with such advantages in this respect as fell to my lot. The nature of our voyages carried us into very high latitudes. But the hardships and dangers inseparable from that situation were in some degree compensated by the singular felicity we enjoyed of extracting inexhaustible supplies of fresh water from an ocean strewed with ice.

We came to few places where either the art of man, or the bounty of nature, had not provided some sort of refreshment or other, either in the animal or the vegetable way. It was my first care to procure whatever of any kind could be met with, by every means in my power; and to oblige our people to make use thereof, both by example and authority. But the benefits arising from refreshments of any kind soon became so obvious, that I had little occasion to recommend the one or to exert the other.

COOK, JOSEPH, an American theological writer and lecturer, born at Ticonderoga, N. Y., in 1838. He received his early education at Phillips Academy, Andover. In 1858 he entered Yale College, which he quitted at the end of two years, for Harvard. After his graduation at Harvard, he spent four years in the theological school at Andover, preached for a year at Lynn, and then spent several years in travel and study in Europe. On his return to Boston, in 1873, he began a course of lectures on the relations between science and religion. Since that time he has given in connection with the Boston Monday Lectureship, several courses of lectures, which have been published under the following titles: *Biology* (1877), *Transcendentalism* (1877), *Orthodoxy* (1878), *Marriage*, *Conscience*, *Heredity* (1879), *Socialism*, and *Labor* (1880). Since that time these lectures have been continued, and have been regularly printed in periodicals.

THE UNITY OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

There is a great fact known to us more certainly than the existence of matter: it is the unity of consciousness. I know that I exist, and that I am One. Hermann Lotze's supreme argument against materialism is the unity of consciousness. I know that I am *I*, and not *you;* and I know *this* to my very finger-tips. That finger is part of my organism, not of yours. To the last extremity of every nerve. I know that I am One. The unity of consciousness is a fact known to us by much better evidence than the existence of matter. I am a natural realist in philosophy, if I may use a technical term: I believe in the existence of both matter and mind. There are two things in the universe; but I know the existence of mind better than I know the existence of matter. Sometimes in dreams we fall down precipices and awake, and find that the gnarled savage rocks had no existence. But we touched them; we felt them; we were bruised by them. Who knows but that some day we may wake, and find that all matter is merely a dream? Even if we do that, it will yet remain true that I am *I*. There is more support for idealism than for materialism; but there is no sufficient support for either. If we are to reverence all, and not merely a fraction, of the list of axiomatic or self-evident truths, if we are not to play fast and loose with the intuitions which are the eternal tests of verity, we shall believe in the existence of both matter and mind. Hermann Lotze holds that the unity of consciousness is a fact absolutely incontrovertible and absolutely inexplicable on the theory that our bodies are woven by a complex of physical arrangements and physical forces, having no co-ordinating presiding power over them all. I know that there is a co-ordinating presiding power somewhere in me. I am *I*. I am One. Whence the sense of a unity of consciousness, if we are made up, according to Spencer's idea, or Huxley's, of infinitely multiplex molecular mechanisms? We have the idea of a presiding power that makes each man one individuality from top to toe. How do we get it? It must have a sufficient cause. To this hour, no man has explained the unity of consciousness in consistency with the mechanical theory of life.—*Biology*.

COOKE, JOHN ESTEN, an American novelist, born at Winchester Va., November 3, 1830. He studied law, which, after a few years' practice, he abandoned for literature. Among his works are: *Leather Stocking and Silk* (1854); *The Virginia Comedians* (1855); *The Last of the Foresters* (1856); *Henry St. John, Gentleman* (1858); *Surry of the Eagle's Nest* (1866); *Life of Stonewall Jackson* (1866); *Mohun* (1868); *Fairfax* (1868); *Hilt to Hilt* (1869); *Hammer and Rapier* (1870); *Life of Robert E. Lee* (1871); *Dr. Van Dyke* (1872); *Her Majesty the Queen* (1873); *Canolles* (1877); *Stories of the Old Dominion* (1879); *Mr. Grantley's Idea* (1879); and *Virginia*, in the American Commonwealth Series, (1883).

THE HURRICANE COMMENCES.

All Williamsburgh is in terrific commotion: a moral storm is raging there, and men look about them, measuring each other with doubtful eyes. At the office of the *Virginia Gazette*, an enormous crowd is collected, and within, are heard the presses rolling rapidly, and vainly striving to strike off sufficient copies of the journal, to supply the eager hands held out to take them. The street is full of people passing to and fro: the crowd undulates; a murmur rises which at times swells into a great shout. Suddenly the multitude raises its startled head. A bell begins to toll —slowly, solemnly, with a melancholy expression, which seems to echo the feeling of the crowd.

The explanation of the gathering, of the demand for copies of the journal, of the tolling bell, is simple. The vessel lying yonder at the port of York, and just from London, has brought the intelligence of the passage of the Stamp Act. For this reason the crowd murmurs, and stretches out its Briarean hands towards the printing office, where an additional number has been hastily composed, containing the provisions of the act. As they receive the papers unfolded, they hastily glue their eyes to them, and with dozens of persons looking over their shoulders, scan the ominous words. Upon a barrel, at some distance, is mounted a man who reads to that portion of the crowd next him, the contents of his paper. The population of the town flow backward and forward, as the blood flows in the veins and arteries. But the office of the journal is the heart, to which all the streams return, from which the flood pours, ever making way for others.

The crowd is for the most part composed of men who seem to be of humble rank, such as are not accustomed to criticise very strongly any acts of Government ; but among these rude forms are seen great numbers of the richly clad members of the House of Burgesses, whose powdered heads and embroidered doublets present a strong contrast to the coarse fustian of the commoners. The faces of the burghers are troubled—doubtful ; they are to act, not merely murmur, as the popular voice murmurs : and the crisis is enough to try the soul. On one side, England with her tremendous strength, her overwhelming power by land and sea, and her immemorial prestige of sovereignty ; upon the other, a few weak colonies, scattered over a wild continent, and scarcely knowing each other—or whether if one rises in opposition, the rest will not march to put her down. On one side, an act of Parliament armed with all the weight of a solemn resolution of that great government ; upon the other, a mere popular sentiment, which only stammers " Liberty—the liberty of free born Englishmen ! "

And this very day the trial comes :—for Governor Fauquier will open the House of Burgesses, and officially communicate to that body the intelligence of the passage of the act :—and they must at once make submission or throw down the gauntlet of defiance. The crowd, as they respectfully make way for them, follow them with their eyes :—they seek to read in the faces of the burghers what reply they deign to make to his serene Excellency. . . The commotion ever rises higher, and the great wave, extending from the governor's palace to the capital, the whole length of Gloucester street, surges to and fro, and breaks into a foam of cries and furious gestures everywhere. And still the bell tolls mournfully, and ever and anon rise those shouts which mount to the gathering clouds above.

But now another sound startles the multitude. A cannon roars from the palace, sending its hoarse sombre voice upon the wind which now begins to rise. And then a drum is heard. The governor has set out from the palace for the capital, there to open the House of Burgesses. Before him ride his body-guard with drawn sabres, and the face of the old man is seen through the window of his splendid chariot, which is drawn slowly onward by six glossy horses, who toss their rosetted heads and push aside the muttering crowd with their chests.

The crowd mutters inarticulately: gazes sidewise at the cortège slowly passing. The governor raises his head, and pointing with his white jewelled finger through the window of the chariot, says to one of the gentlemen who ride with him:

"What is that bell?"

"They began tolling it upon the intelligence this morning, your Excellency."

The governor shakes his head and sinks back in his chariot, muttering, "Well, well, the die is thrown!"

The crowd mutter too, and with ever-increasing rage: the cavalcade is followed by groans and murmurs which are menacing murmurs. So it continues all day; the chariot goes slowly back again under the now lurid sky, and disappears within the palace gates. . . .

Night draws on, lurid and tempestuous: the sky is dark with clouds, from which issue thunder and lightning. The wind moans. The crowd has not moved, and is almost silent, until a light appears approaching from the side of York. They shout then, and surge backward and forward, tumultuously going to meet the light.

Through the press comes slowly onward a wagon, whose six horses foam at the mouth and pant, covered with sweat. They have galloped all the way from Yorktown. The wagon pauses in the middle of the square, and is buried almost beneath the surge of men who throw themselves upon it.

The horses, unhitched hastily, are lashed, and disappear like shadows, but shadows which overthrew men as they ploughed their furious way into the darkness.

The wagon is rifled with the rapidity of lightning. The boxes containing the blank stamps are hurled out and piled into a mass. The crowd utters a hoarse shout, and the torch is applied to them. The flame licks and clasps them, winding round and through the pile of half broken boxes. Then it soars aloft, and throws its glare upon the crowd, whose faces but now were concealed by the darkness—faces full of rage.—*The Virginia Comedians.*

THE DEATH OF HUNTER JOHN.

So the sunset waned away, and with it the life and strength of the old storm-beaten mountaineer—so grand yet powerless, so near to death yet so very cheerful.

"I 'm goin'," he murmured as the red orb touched the mountain. "I 'm goin', my darlin's ; I always loved you all, my children. Darlin', don't cry," he murmured feebly to Alice, whose heart was near breaking, "don't any of you cry for me."

The old dim eyes again dwelt tenderly on the loving faces, wet with tears, and on those trembling lips. There came now to the aged face of the rude mountaineer, an expression of grandeur and majesty, which illumined the broad brow and eyes like a heavenly light. Then those eyes seemed to have found what they were seeking, and were abased. Their grandeur changed to humility, their light to shadow, their fire to softness and unspeakable love. The thin feeble hands, stretched out upon the cover were agitated slightly, the eyes moved slowly to the window and thence returned to the dear faces weeping round the bed; then whispering :

"The Lord is good to me! he told me he was comin' 'fore the night was here ; come! come—Lord Jesus—come!" the old mountaineer fell back with a low sigh ; a sigh so low that the old sleeping hound dreamed on.

The life strings parted without sound; and Hunter John, that so long loved and cherished soul, that old strong form which had been hardened in so many storms, that tender loving heart—ah, more than all, that grand and tender heart—had passed as calmly as a little babe from the cold shadowy world to that other world: the world, we trust, of light, and love, and joy.—*Leather Stocking and Silk.*

MAY.

Has the old glory passed
  From the tender May—
That never the echoing blast
Of bugle-horn merry, and fast
Dying away like the Past,
  Welcomes the day?

Has the old beauty gone
  From the golden May—
That not any more at dawn
Over the flowery lawn,
Or knolls of the forest withdrawn,
  Maids are at play?

Is the old freshness dead
  Of the fairy May?—
Ah! the sad tear-drops unshed!
Ah! the young maidens unwed!
Golden locks—cheeks rosy red!
    Ah! where are they?

COOKE, PHILIP PENDLETON, an American poet, brother of John Esten Cooke, born at Martinsburg, Va., Oct. 26, 1816, died Jan. 20, 1850. He was educated at Princeton, and was admitted to the bar in 1837. In 1847 he published *Froissart Ballads and Other Poems.* Though best known as a poet, he contributed many sketches and other prose articles to the *Southern Literary Messenger* and other periodicals. His poem *Florence Vane*, has been translated into several languages.

FLORENCE VANE.

I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again;
I renew in my fond vision
My heart's dear pain
My hopes and thy derision,
Florence Vane!

The ruin, lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told.
That spot, the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane!

Thou was lovelier than the roses
In their prime:
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main,
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane.

But fairest, coldest wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain,
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane!

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The pansies love to dally
Where maidens sleep,
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane.

COOKE, Rose (Terry), an American story-writer and poet, born at Hartford, Conn., February 17, 1827. She has written numerous stories and poems in various periodicals, some of which have been collected into volumes. Among these are, *Somebody's Neighbors; The Sphinx's Children; Root-bound;* and *Steadfast* (1886).

AUNTS AND NEPHEW.

Aunt Huldah and Aunt Hannah sat in the kitchen—Aunt Huldah bolt upright in a straight-backed wooden chair, big silver-bowed spectacles astride her high nose, sewing carpet-rags with such energy that her eyes snapped, and her brown, wrinkled fingers flew back and forth like the spokes of a rapid wheel; Aunt Hannah in a low, creaky old rocker, knitting diligently but placidly, and rocking gently. You could almost hear her purr, and you wanted to stroke her; but Aunt Huldah!—an electric machine could not be less desirable to handle than she, or a chestnut-burr pricklier.

The back-log simmered and sputtered; the hickory-sticks in front shot up bright, soft flames; and through the two low, green-paned windows the pallid sun of February sent in a pleasant shining on the clean kitchen floor. Cooking-stoves were not made then, nor Merrimac calicoes. The two old women had stuff petticoats and homespun short-gowns, clean mob-caps over their decent gray hair, and big blue-check aprons; hair-dye, wigs, flowered chintz, and other fineries had not reached the lonely farms of Dorset in those days. "Spinsters" was not a mere name. The big wool-wheel stood in one corner of the kitchen, and a little flax-wheel by the window. In summer both would be moved to the great garret, where it was cool and out of the way.

"Curus, ain't it?" said Aunt Huldah. "Freedom never come home before, later 'n nine-o'clock bell, and he was mortal mighty then; kep' his tongue between his teeth same way he did to breakfast this mornin'. There 's suthin' a-goin' on, Hanner, you may depend on 't."

"Mabbe he needs some wormwood-tea," said Aunt Hannah, who, like Miss Hannah More, thought the only two evils in the world were sin and bile, and charitably preferred to lay things first to the physical disorder.

"I du b'lieve, Hanner, you think 'riginal sin is nothin' but a bad stomick."

"Ef 't ain't 'riginal sin, it 's actual transgression pretty often, Huldy," returned the placid old lady with a gentle cackle. *The Assembly's Catechism* had been ground into them both, as any old-fashioned New-Englander will observe, and they quoted its forms of speech, as Boston people do Emerson's Essays, by "an automatic action of the unconscious nervous centres."

The door opened, and Freedom walked in, scraping his boots upon the husk-mat, as a man will who has lived all his days with two old maids, but nevertheless spreading abroad in that clean kitchen an odor of the barn that spoke of "chores," yet did not disturb the accustomed nostrils of his aunts. He was a middle-sized, rather "stocky" man, with a round head well covered with light-curling short hair, that revenged itself for being cut too short to curl by standing on end toward every point of the compass. You could not call him a common-looking man: something in his keen blue eye, abrupt nose, steady mouth, and square chin, always made a stranger look at him twice. Rugged sense, but more rugged obstinacy, shrewdness, keen perception, tempered somewhat by a certain kindliness that he himself felt to be his weak spot—all these were to be read in Freedom Wheeler's well-bronzed face, sturdy figure, positive speech, and blunt manner.

He strode up to the fireplace, sat down in an arm-chair rudely shaped out of wood by his own hands, and plunged, after his fashion, at once into the middle of things.

"Aunt Huldy and Aunt Hanner, I 'm a-goin' to git married."

The domestic bombshell burst in silence. Aunt Hannah dropped a stitch, and couldn't see to pick it up for at least a minute. Aunt Huldah's scissors snipped at the rags with a vicious snap, as if they were responsible agents, and she would end their proceedings then and there: presently she said —

"Well, I *am* beat!" To which rather doubtful utterance Freedom made no reply, and the scissors snipped harder yet.

Aunt Hannah recovered herself first. "Well, I 'm real glad on 't," purred she. It was her part to do the few amenities of the family.

"I do'no whether I be or not, till I hear who 't is," dryly answered Aunt Huldah, who was obviously near akin to Freedom.

"It 's Lowly Mallory," said the short-spoken nephew, who by this time was whittling briskly a peg for his ox-yoke.

"Du tell!" said Aunt Hannah in her lingering, deliberate tones, the words running into each other as she spoke. "She 's jest 's clever 's the day is long. You 've done a good thing, Freedom, 's sure 's you live."

"He might ha' done wuss; that 's a fact." And with this approval Freedom seemed satisfied; for he brushed his chips into the fire, ran his fingers through his already upright hair, eyed his peg with the keen aspect of a critic in pegs, and went off to the barn. He knew instinctively that his aunts must have a chance to talk the matter over.

"This is the beateree!" exclaimed Aunt Huldah as the door shut after him. "Lowly Mallory, of all creturs! Freedom's as masterful as though he was the Lord above, by natur': and ef he gets a leetle softly cretur like that, without no more grit 'n a November chicken, he 'll ride right over everything, and she won't darst to peep nor mutter a mite. Good land!"

"Well, well," murmured Aunt Hannah, "she is a kind o' feeble piece, but she 's real clever; an' I do'no but what it 's as good as he could do. Ef she was like to him, hard-headed, 'n sot in her way, I tell ye, Huldy, the fur 'd fly mightily ; and it 's putty bad to have fight to home when there 's a fam'ly to fetch up.". . . .

Aunt Huldah picked up the rags at her feet, piled them into a splint basket, hung the shears on a steel chain by her side, and lifting her tall, gaunt figure from the chair, betook herself upstairs. But Aunt Hannah kept on knitting. She was the thinker, and Huldah the doer, of the family. Now her thoughts ran before her to the coming change, and she sighed ; for she knew her nephew thoroughly, and she pitied the gentle, sweet nature that was to come in contact with his. Dear Aunt Hannah ! She had never had any romance in her own life : she did not know anything about love, except as the placid and quite clear-eyed affection she felt for Freedom, who was her only near relation, and she saw little Lowly Mallory's future on its hardest side. But she could not help it ; and her nature was one that never frets against a difficulty, any more than the green turf beats against the rock to whose edge it clings. . . .

Lowly Mallory was a fragile, slender, delicate girl, with sweet gray eyes and plenty of brown hair ; pale as a spring anemone, with just such faint pinkness in her lips and on her high cheekbones as tints that pensile, egg-shaped bud, when its

"Small flower layeth
Its fairy gem beneath some giant tree"

on the first warm days of May. She had already the line of care that marks New England women across the forehead with the mark of Cain—the signal of a life in which work has murdered health and joy and freedom ; for Lowly was the oldest of ten children, and her mother was bedridden. . . . Poor little Lowly ! Her simple, tender heart went out to her husband like a vine feeling after a trellis : and, even when she found it was only a bowlder that chilled and repelled her slight ardors and timid caresses, she did still what that vine does—flung herself across and along the granite faces of the rock, and turned her trembling blossoms sunward, where life and light were free and sure.—*Freedom Wheeler's Controversy.*

ANOTHER DAUGHTER.

It was with an impotent rage beyond speech that Freedom took the birth of another daughter, —a frail, tiny creature, trembling and weak as a new-born lamb in a snow-drift, but for that very reason rousing afresh in Lowly's breast the eternal floods of mother-love, the only love that never fails among all earthly passions, the only patience that is never weary, the sole true and abiding trust for the helpless creatures who come into life as waifs from the great misty ocean to find a shelter or a grave. Lowly was not only a mother according to flesh—for there are those whose maternity goes no further, and there are childless women who have the motherliness that could suffice for a countless brood—but she had, too, the real heart: she clung to her weakling with a fervor and assertion that disgusted Freedom and astounded Aunt Huldah, who, like the old Scotch woman, sniffed at the idea of children in heaven: "No, no! a hantle o' weans there! an' me that could never abide bairns onywhere! I 'll no believe it."

"It does beat all, Hanner, to see her take to that skinny miser'ble little critter! The others was kind o' likely, all on 'em; but this is the dreadfulest weakly, peeked thing I ever see. I should think she 'd be sick on 't."

"I expect mothers—anyway them that 's real motherly, Huldy—thinks the most of them that needs it the most. I 've seen women with children quite a spell now, bein' out nussin' 'round, an' I allers notice that the sickly ones gets the most lovin' an' cuddlin'. I s'pose it 's the same kind o' feelin' the Lord hez for sinners: they want him a sight more 'n the righteous do."

"Why, Hanner Wheeler, what be you a-thinkin' of! Where 's your Catechis'? Ain't all men by nater under the wrath an' cuss o' God 'cause they be fallen sinners? And here you be a-makin' out he likes em better 'n good folks."

"Well, Huldy, I warn't a thinkin' of Catechism: I was a-thinkin' about what it sez in the Bible."

Here the new baby cried; and Aunt Huldah, confounded but unconvinced, gave a loud sniff, and carried off Shearjashub and Marah to the red house, where their fights and roars and general insubordination soon restored her faith in the Catechism.—*Freedom Wheeler's Controversy.*

PARSON TUCKER'S MARRIAGE EXHORTATION.

But Parson Tucker's career was not to be monotonous. His next astonishing performance was at a wedding. A very pretty young girl, an orphan, living in the house of a relative, equally poor but grasping and ambitious, was about to marry a young man of great wealth and thoroughly bad character: a man whom all men knew to be a drunkard, a gambler, and a dissolute fellow, though the only son of a cultivated and very aristocratic family. Poor Emily Manning had suffered all those deprivations and mortifications which result from living in a dependent condition, aware that her presence was irksome and unwelcome; while her delicate organization was overtaxed with work whose limits were as indefinite as the food and clothing which were its only reward. She had entered into this engagement in a sort of desperation, goaded on by the widowed sister-in-law with whom she lived, and feeling that nothing could be much worse than her present position. Parson Tucker knew nothing of this, but he did know the character of Royal Van Wyck: and when he saw the pallid, delicate, shrinking girl beside this already worn-out, debased, bestial creature, ready to put herself into his hands for life, the "daimon" laid hold upon him, and spoke again. He opened the service, as was customary in Hartland, with a short address; but surely never did such a bridal exhortation enter the ears of man or woman before.

"My friends," he began, "matrimony is not to be lightly undertaken, as the matter of a day: it is an awful compact for life and death that ye enter into here. Young man, if thou hast not within thyself the full purpose to treat this woman with pure respect, loyal service, and tender care; to guard her soul's innocence as well as her bodily welfare; to cleave to her only, and keep thyself from evil thoughts and base indulgences for her sake—if thou art not fit, as well as willing, to be priest and king of a clean household, standing unto her in character and act in God's stead so far as man may, draw back even now from thine intent; for a lesser purpose is sacrilege here, and will be damnable infamy hereafter."

Royal Van Wyck opened his sallow green eyes with an insolent stare. He would have sworn roundly had not some poor instinct of propriety restrained him; as it was, he did not speak, but looked away. He could not bear the keen, deep-set eyes fixed upon him; and a certain gaunt majesty in the parson's outstretched arm and severe countenance daunted him for the moment. But Thomas Tucker saw that he had no intention of accepting this good advice, so he turned to Emily.

"Daughter," he said, "if thou art about to enter into this solemn relation, pause and consider. If thou hast not such confidence in this man that thy heart faileth not an iota at the prospect of a life-long companionship with him; if thou canst not trust him utterly, respect him as thy lord and head; yield him an obedience joyful and secure next to that thou givest to God; if he is not to thee the one desirable friend and lover; if thou hast a thought so free of him that it is possible for thee to imagine another man in his place without a shudder; if thou art not willing to give thyself to him in the bonds of a life-long, inevitable covenant of love and service; if it is not the best and sweetest thing earth can offer thee to be his wife and the mother of his children—stop now; stop at the very horns of the altar, lest thou commit the worst sin of woman, sell thy birthright for a mess of pottage, and find no place for repentance, though thou seek it carefully and with tears."

Carried away with his zeal for truth and righteousness, speaking as with the sudden inspiration of a prophet, Parson Tucker did not see the terror and the paleness deepening, as he spoke, on the bride's fair countenance. As he extended his hand toward her, she fell in a dead faint at his feet. All was confusion in an instant. The bridegroom swore, and Mrs. Manning screamed, while the relations crowded about the insensible girl, and tried to revive her. She was taken at once upstairs to her room, and the wedding put off till the next day, as Mrs. Manning announced.—*The Sphinx's Children and Other People's.*

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Darlings of the forest!
  Blossoming alone
When Earth's grief is sorest
  For her jewels gone—
Ere the last snow-drift melts, your tender buds have blown.

Tinged with color faintly,
  Like the morning sky,
Or more pale and saintly,
  Wrapped in leaves ye lie,
Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity.

There the wild wood-robin
  Hymns your solitude,
And the rain comes sobbing
  Through the budding wood,
While the low south-wind sighs, but dare not be more rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned
  Out of air and dew:
Starlight unimpassioned,
  Dawn's most tender hue—
And scented by the woods that gathered sweets for you?

Fairest and most lonely,
  From the world apart,
Made for beauty only,
  Veiled from Nature's heart,
With such unconscious grace as makes the dream of Art!

Were not mortal sorrow
An immortal shade,
Then would I to-morrow
Such a flower be made,
And live in the dear woods where my lost childhood played.

IT IS MORE BLESSED.

Give ! as the morning that flows out of heaven ;
Give ! as the waves when their channel is riven ;
Give ! as the free air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give.
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June rose's blowing ;
Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river
Wasting its waters, for ever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver ;
Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.
Scatter thy life as the Summer shower's pouring !
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring?
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?
Look to the life that was lavished for thee !

Give, though thy heart may be wasted and weary,
Laid on an altar all ashen and dreary ;
Though from its pulses a faint miserere
Beats to thy soul the sad presage of fate,
Bind it with cords of unshrinking devotion ;
Smile at the song of its restless emotion ;
'Tis the stern hymn of eternity's ocean ;
Hear ! and in silence thy future await.

So the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses,
Evil and thankless the desert it blesses,
Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses,
Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.
What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses?
What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes?
Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes,
Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over;
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover.
What shall thy longing avail in the grave?
Give as the heart gives whose fetters are breaking,
Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking,
Soon, heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,
Thou shalt know God and the gift that he gave.

INDOLENCE.

Indolent! indolent!—Yes I am indolent!
So is the grass growing tenderly, slowly;
So is the violet fragrant and lowly,
Drinking in quietness peace, and content:
So is the bird on the light branches swinging,
Idly his carol of gratitude singing,
Only on living and loving intent.

Indolent! indolent!—Yes I am indolent!
So is the cloud overhanging the mountain;
So is the tremulous wave of a fountain,
Uttering softly its silvery psalm:
Nerve and sensation in quiet reposing,
Silent as blossoms the night-dew is closing,
But the full heart beating strongly and calm.

Indolent! indolent!—Yes I am indolent,
If it be idle to gather my pleasure
Out of creation's uncoveted treasure:
Midnight and morning, by forest and sea;
Wild with the tempest's sublime exultation,
Lonely in Autumn's forlorn lamentation,
Hopeful and happy with Spring and the bee.

Indolent! indolent! Are ye not indolent?
Thralls of the earth, and its usages weary;
Toiling like gnomes where the darkness is dreary:
Toiling and sinning to heap up your gold!
Stifling the heavenward breath of devotion;
Crushing the freshness of every emotion;
Hearts like the dead which are pulseless and cold!

Indolent! indolent! Art thou not indolent?
  Thou who art living unloving and lonely,
  Wrapped in a pall which will cover thee only;
Shrouded in selfishness, piteous ghost!—
  Sad eyes behold thee, and angels are weeping
  O'er thy forsaken and desolate sleeping!
Art thou not indolent?—Art thou not lost?

COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE, an American novelist, born at Burlington, New Jersey, Sept. 15, 1789, died at Cooperstown, New York, Sept. 14, 1851. At the age of thirteen he was admitted to Yale College, and on quitting college, entered the Navy. In 1811, he resigned his commission, married, and settled at Westchester, N. Y. His first novel, *Precaution*, was a failure. *The Spy*, published in 1821, showed his real power, and met with great success. It was followed, in rapid succession, by *The Pioneers*, the first of the Leather-Stocking series (1823); *The Pilot* (1823); *Lionel Lincoln* (1825); *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826); *The Prairie* (1826); *The Red Rover* (1827); *The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish* (1827); *The Water-witch* (1830); *The Bravo* (1831); *Heidenmauer* (1832); *The Headsman of Berne* (1833); *The Monikins* (1835); *Homeward Bound*, and *Home as Found* (1838); *The Pathfinder*, *Mercedes of Castile*, and *The Deerslayer* (1841); *The Two Admirals*, and *Wing and Wing* (1842); *Wyandotte*, *The Autobiography of a Pocket-Handkerchief*, and *Ned Meyers* (1843); *Afloat and Ashore*, and *Miles Wallingford* (1844); *The Chainbearer*, and *Satanstoe* (1845); *The Redskins* (1846); *The Crater, or Vulcan's Peak* (1847); *Oak Openings*, and *Jack Tier* 1848); *The Sea Lions* (1849); *The Ways of the Hour* (1850). Besides his novels, Cooper wrote *A Naval History of the United States* (1839); *The Lives of Distinguished American Naval Officers* (1846); and several volumes of notes on his travels in Europe.

THE ESCAPE OF WHARTON WITH HARVEY BIRCH.

The person who was ushered into the apartment, preceded by Cæsar, and followed by the matron, was a man beyond the middle age, or who might rather be said to approach the down-hill of life. In stature he was above the size of ordinary men, though his excessive leanness might contribute in deceiving as to his height; his countenance was sharp and unbending, and every muscle seemed set in rigid compression. No joy, or relaxation, appeared ever to have dwelt on features that frowned habitually, as if in detestation of the vices of mankind. The brows were beetling, dark, and forbidding, giving the promise of eyes of no less repelling expression; but the organs were concealed beneath a pair of enormous green goggles, through which they glared around with a fierceness that denounced the coming day of wrath. All was fanaticism, uncharitableness, and denunciation. Long, lank hair, a mixture of gray and black, fell down his neck, and in some degree obscured the sides of his face, and parting on his forehead, fell in either direction in straight and formal screens. On the top of this ungraceful exhibition was laid, impending forward, so as to overhang in some measure the whole fabric, a large hat of three equal cocks. His coat was of a rusty black, and his breeches and stockings were of the same color; his shoes without lustre, and half concealed beneath huge plated buckles.

He stalked into the room, and giving a stiff nod with his head, took the chair offered him by the black, in dignified silence. For several minutes no one broke this ominous pause in the conversation. Henry feeling a repugnance to his guest that he was vainly endeavoring to conquer, and the stranger himself drawing forth occasional sighs and groans, that threatened a dissolution of the unequal connection between his sublimated soul and its ungainly tenement. During this death-like preparation, Mr. Wharton, with a feeling nearly allied to that of his son, led Sarah from the apartment. His retreat was noticed by the divine, in a kind of scornful disdain, who began to hum the air of a popular psalm-tune, giving it the full richness of the twang that distinguishes the Eastern psalmody.

"Cæsar," said Miss Peyton," hand the gentleman some refreshment; he must need it after his ride."

"My strength is not in the things of this life," said the divine, speaking in a hollow, sepulchral voice. "Thrice have I this day held forth in my Master's service, and fainted not; still it is prudent to help this frail tenement of clay, for, surely, 'the laborer is worthy of his hire.'"

Opening a pair of enormous jaws, he took a good measure of the proffered brandy, and suffered it to glide downwards with that sort of facility with which man is prone to sin.

"I apprehend, then, sir, that fatigue will disable you from performing the duties which kindness had induced you to attempt."

"Woman!" exclaimed the stranger with energy, "when was I ever known to shrink from a duty? But, 'judge not, lest ye be judged,' and fancy not that it is given to mortal eyes to fathom the intentions of the Deity."

"Nay," returned the maiden, meekly, and slightly disgusted with his jargon, "I pretend not to judge of either events or the intentions of my fellow-creatures, much less of those of Omnipotence."

"'Tis well, woman, 'tis well," cried the minister, waving his hand with supercilious disdain; "humility becometh thy sex and lost condition; thy weakness driveth thee on headlong, like 'unto the besom of destruction.'"

Surprised at this extraordinary deportment, yielding to that habit which urges us to speak reverently on sacred subjects, even when perhaps we had better continue silent, Miss Peyton replied—

"There is a Power above, that can and will sustain us all in well-doing, if we seek its support in humility and truth."

The stranger turned a lowering look at the speaker, and then composing himself into an air of self-abasement, he continued in the same repelling tones—

"It is not every one that crieth out for mercy that will be heard. The ways of Providence are not to be judged by men—'many are called, but few chosen.' It is easier to talk of humility than to feel it. Are you so humble, vile worm, as to wish to glorify God by your own damnation? If not, away with you for a publican and a pharisee!"

Such gross fanaticism was uncommon in America, and Miss Peyton began to imbibe the impression that her guest was deranged; but remembering that he had been sent by a well known divine, and one of reputation, she discarded the idea, and, with some forbearance observed—

"I may deceive myself, in believing that mercy is proffered to all, but it is so soothing a doctrine that I would not willingly be undeceived."

"Mercy is only for the elect," cried the stranger, with an unaccountable energy: "and you are in the 'valley of the shadow of death.' Are you not a follower of idle ceremonies, which belong to the vain Church that our tyrants would gladly establish here, along with their stamp-acts and tea-laws? Answer me that, woman; and remember that heaven hears your answer: are you not of that idolatrous communion?"

"I worship at the altars of my fathers," said Miss Peyton, motioning to Henry for silence; "but bow to no other idol than my own infirmities."

"Yes, yes, I know ye, self-righteous and papal as ye are—followers of forms, and listeners to bookish preaching; think you, woman, that holy Paul had notes in his hand to propound the word to the believers?"

"My presence disturbs you," said Miss Peyton rising; "I will leave you with my nephew, and offer those prayers in private that I did wish to mingle with his."

So saying she withdrew, followed by the landlady, who was not a little shocked, and somewhat surprised by the intemperate zeal of her new acquaintance; for, although the good woman believed that Miss Peyton and her whole Church were on the high road to destruction, she was by no means accustomed to hear such offensive and open avowals of their fate.

Henry had with difficulty repressed the indignation excited by this unprovoked attack on his meek and unresisting aunt; but as the door closed on her retiring figure, he gave way to his feelings—

"I must confess, sir," he exclaimed with heat, "that in receiving a minister of God I thought I was admitting a Christian; and one who, by feeling his own weaknesses, knew how to pity the frailties of others. You have wounded the meek spirit of an excellent woman, and I acknowledge but little inclination to mingle in prayer with so intolerant a spirit."

The minister stood erect, with grave composure, following with his eyes, in a kind of scornful pity, the retiring females, and suffered the expostulation of the youth to be given, as if unworthy of his notice. A third voice, however spoke—"Such a denunciation would have driven many women into fits; but it has answered the purpose well enough as it is."

'Who's that?" cried the prisoner, in amazement, gazing around the room in quest of the speaker.

"It is I, Captain Wharton," said Harvey Birch, removing the spectacles, and exhibiting his piercing eyes, shining under a pair of false eyebrows.

"Good Heavens—Harvey!"

"Silence," said the peddler, solemnly; "'tis a name not to be mentioned, and least of all here, within the heart of the American army." Birch paused and gazed around him for a moment, with an emotion exceeding the base passion of fear, and then continued in a gloomy tone, "There are a thousand halters in that very name, and little hope would there be left me of another escape, should I be again taken. This is a fearful venture that I am making; but I could not sleep in quiet, and know that an innocent man was about to die the death of a dog, when I might save him."

"No," said Henry, with a glow of generous feeling on his cheek; "if the risk to yourself be so heavy, retire as you came, and leave me to my fate. Dunwoodie is making even now, powerful exertions in my behalf; and if he meets with Mr. Harper in the course of the night, my liberation is certain."

"Harper!" echoed the peddler, remaining with his hands raised, in the act of replacing the spectacles, "what do you know of Harper? and why do you think he will do you service?"

"I have his promise;—you remember our recent meeting in my father's dwelling, and then he gave an unasked promise to assist me."

"Yes—but do you know him? that is—why do you think he has the power? or what reason have you for believing he will remember his word?"

"If there ever was a stamp of truth, or simple, honest benevolence, in the countenance of man, it shone in his," said Henry; "besides Dunwoodie has powerful friends in the rebel army, and it would be better that I take the chance where I am, than thus to expose you to certain death if detected."

"Captain Wharton," said Birch, looking guardedly around, and speaking with impressive seriousness of manner, "if I fail you, all fail you. No Harper nor Dunwoodie can save your life; unless you get out with me, and that within the hour, you die to-morrow on the gallows of a murderer. Yes, such are their laws; the man who fights and kills and plunders, is honored; but he who serves his country as a spy, no matter how faithfully, no matter how honestly, lives to be reviled, or dies like the vilest criminal!"

"You forget, Mr. Birch," said the youth, a little indignantly, "that I am not a treacherous, lurking spy, who deceives to betray; but innocent of the charge imputed to me."

The blood rushed over the pale meagre features of the peddler, until his face was one glow of fire; but it passed quickly away, and he replied—

"I have told you the truth. Cæsar met me, as he was going on his errand this morning, and with him I have laid the plan which, if executed as I wish, will save you—otherwise you are lost; and I again tell you, that no other power on earth, not even Washington, can save you."

"I submit," said the prisoner, yielding to his earnest manner, and goaded by the fears that were thus awakened anew.

The peddler beckoned him to be silent, and walking to the door, opened it, with the stiff, formal air with which he had entered the apartment. "Friend, let no one enter," he said to the sentinel; "we are about to go to prayer, and would wish to be alone."

"I don't know that any will wish to interrupt you," returned the soldier with a waggish leer of his eye; "but, should they be so disposed, I have no power to stop them, if they be of the prisoner's friends; I have my orders, and must mind them whether the Englishman goes to heaven or not."

"Audacious sinner!" said the pretended priest, "have you not the fear of God before your eyes? I tell you, as you will dread punishment at the last day, to let none of the idolatrous communion enter, to mingle in the prayers of the righteous."

"Whew—ew—ew—what a noble commander you 'd make for Sergeant Hollister! you 'd preach him dumb in a roll-call. Hark'ee I 'll thank you not to make such a noise when you hold forth, as to drown our bugles, or you may get a poor fellow a short horn at his grog, for not turning out to evening parade; if you want to be alone, have you no knife to stick over the door-latch, that you must have a troop of horse to guard your meeting-house?"

The peddler took the hint, and closed the door immediately, using the precaution suggested by the dragoon.

"You overact your part," said young Wharton, in constant apprehension of discovery; "your zeal is too intemperate."

"For a foot-soldier and them Eastern militia it might be," said Harvey turning a bag upside down, that Cæsar now handed him; "but these dragoons are fellows that you must brag down. A faint heart, Captain Wharton, would do but little here: but come, here is a black shroud for your good-looking countenance," taking, at the same time, a parchment mask, and fitting it to the face of Henry. "The master and the man must change places for a season."

"I don't tink he look a bit like me," said Cæsar, with disgust, as he surveyed his young master with his new complexion.

"Stop a minute, Cæsar," said the peddler with the lurking drollery that at times formed part of his manner, "till we get on the wool."

"He worse than ebber now," cried the discontented African. "A think colored man like a sheep. I nebber see such a lip, Harvey; he most as big as a sausage!"

Great pains had been taken in forming the different articles used in the disguise of Captain Wharton, and when arranged, under the skilful superintendence of the peddler, they formed together such a transformation that would easily escape detection from any but an extraordinary observer. The mask was stuffed and shaped in such a manner as to preserve the peculiarities, as well as the color, of the African visage; and the wig was so artfully formed of black and white wool, as to imitate the pepper-and-salt color of Cæsar's own head, and to exact plaudits from the black himself, who thought it an excellent counterfeit in everything but quality.

"There is but one man in the American army who could detect you, Captain Wharton," said the peddler, surveying his work with satisfaction, "and he is just now out of our way."

"And who is he?"

"The man who made you a prisoner. He would see your white skin through a plank. But strip, both of you; your clothes must be exchanged from head to foot."

Cæsar, who had received minute instructions from the peddler in their morning interview, immediately commenced throwing aside his coarse garments, which the youth took up, and prepared to invest himself with, unable, however, to repress a few signs of loathing. In the manner of the peddler there was an odd mixture of care and humor; the former was the result of a perfect knowledge of their danger, and the means necessary to be used in avoiding it; and the latter proceeded from the unavoidably ludicrous circumstances before him, acting on an indifference which sprung from habit and long familiarity with such scenes as the present.

"Here, captain," he said, taking up some loose wool, and beginning to stuff the stockings of Cæsar, which were already on the leg of the prisoner; "some judgment is necessary in shaping this limb. You will have to display it on horseback; and the southern dragoons are so used to the brittle shins, that should they notice your well-turned calf, they'd know at once it never belonged to a black."

"Golly!" said Cæsar with a chuckle, that exhibited a mouth open from ear to ear, "Massa Harry breeches fit."

"Anything but your leg," said the peddler coolly pursuing the toilet of Henry. "Slip on the coat, captain, over all. Upon my word you would pass well at a pinkster frolic; and here, Cæsar, place this powdered wig over your curls, and be careful and look out of the window, whenever the door is opened, and on no account speak, or you will betray all."

"I s'pose Harvey tink a colored man an't got a tongue like oder folk," grumbled the black as he took the station assigned him.

Everything now was arranged for action, and the peddler very deliberately went over the whole of his injunctions to the two actors in the scene. The captain he conjured to dispense with his erect military carriage, and for a season to adopt the humble paces of his father's negro; and Cæsar he enjoined to silence and disguise, so long as he could possibly maintain them. Thus prepared, he opened the door, and called aloud to the sentinel, who had retired to the farthest end of the passage, in order to avoid receiving any of that spiritual comfort, which he felt was the sole property of another.

"Let the woman of the house be called," said Harvey, in the solemn key of his assumed character; "and let her come alone. The prisoner is in a happy train of meditation, and must not be led from his devotions."

Cæsar sunk his face between his hands; and when the soldier looked into the apartment, he thought he saw his charge in deep abstraction. Casting a glance of huge contempt at the divine, he called aloud for the good woman of the house. She hastened to the summons with earnest zeal, entertaining a secret hope that she was to be admitted to the gossip of a death-bed repentance.

"Sister," said the minister, in the authoritative tones of a master, "have you in the house 'The Christian Criminal's Last Moments, or Thoughts on Eternity, for them who die a violent death?'"

"I never heard of the book!" said the matron in astonishment.—"'Tis not unlikely; there are many books you have never heard of: it is impossible for this poor penitent to pass in peace, without the consolations of that volume. One hour's reading in it is worth an age of man's preaching."

"Bless me, what a treasure to possess!—when was it put out?"

"It was first put out at Geneva in the Greek language, and then translated at Boston. It is a book, woman, that should be in the hands of every Christian, especially such as die upon the gallows. Have a horse prepared instantly for this black, who shall accompany me to my Brother ——, and I will send down the volume yet in season. Brother, compose thy mind; you are now in the narrow path to glory." Cæsar wriggled a little in his chair, but he had sufficient recollection to conceal his face with hands that were, in their turn concealed by gloves. The landlady departed, to comply with this very reasonable request, and the group of conspirators were again left to themselves.

"This is well," said the peddler, "but the difficult task is to deceive the officer who commands the guard—he is a lieutenant to Lawton, and has learned some of the captain's own cunning in these things." "Remember, Captain Wharton," continued he, with an air of pride, "that now is the moment when everything depends on our coolness."

"My fate can be made but little worse than it is at present, my worthy fellow," said Henry: "but for your sake I will do all that in me lies."

"And wherein can I be more forlorn and persecuted than I now am?" asked the peddler, with that wild incoherence which often crossed his manner. "But I have promised *one* to save you, and to him I have never yet broken my word."

"And who is he?" said Henry with awakened interest."

"No one."

The man soon returned, and announced that the horses were at the door. Henry gave the captain a glance, and led the way downstairs, first desiring the woman to leave the prisoner to himself, in order that he might digest the wholesome mental food that he had so lately received. A rumor of the odd character of the priest had spread from the sentinel at the door to his comrades: so that when Harvey and Wharton reached the open space before the building, they found a dozen idle dragoons loitering about, with the waggish intention of quizzing the fanatic, and employed in affected admiration of the steeds.

"A fine horse!" said the leader in this plan of mischief; "but a little low in flesh; I suppose from hard labor in your calling."

"My calling may be laborsome to both myself and this faithful beast, but then a day of settling is at hand, that will reward me for all my outgoings and incomings," said Birch, putting his foot in the stirrup, and preparing to mount.

"You work for pay, then, as we fight for 't?" cried another of the party.

"Even so—'is not the laborer worthy of his hire?'"

"Come, suppose you give us a little preaching;

we have a leisure moment just now, and there's no telling how much good you might do a set of reprobates like us, in a few words; here, mount this horse-block, and take your text where you please."

The men now gathered in eager delight around the peddler, who, glancing his eye expressively towards the captain, who had been suffered to mount, replied—

"Doubtless, for such is my duty. But, Cæsar, you can ride up the road and deliver the note—the unhappy prisoner will be wanting the book, for his hours are numbered."

"Ay—ay, go along, Cæsar, and get the book," shouted half a dozen voices, all crowding eagerly around the ideal priest, in anticipation of a frolic.

The peddler inwardly dreaded, that in their unceremonious handling of himself and garments, his hat and wig might be displaced, when detection would be certain; He was therefore fain to comply with their request. Ascending the horse-block, after hemming once or twice, and casting several glances at the captain, who continued immovable, he commenced as follows:—

"I shall call your attention, my brethren, to that portion of Scripture which you will find in the second book of Samuel, and which is written in the following words:—'*And the King lamented over Abner, and said, Died Abner as a fool dieth? Thy hands were not bound, nor thy feet put into fetters: as a man falleth before wicked men, so fellest thou. And all the people wept again over him.*' Cæsar, ride forward, I say, and obtain the book as directed; thy master is groaning in spirit even now for the want of it."

"An excellent text!" cried the dragoons. "Go on—go on—let the snowball stay; he wants to be edified as well as another."

"What are you at there, scoundrels?" cried Lieutenant Mason, as he came in sight from a walk he had taken, to sneer at the evening parade of the regiment of militia; "away with every man of you to your quarters, and let me find that each horse is cleaned and littered, when I come round." The sound of the officer's voice operated like a charm, and no priest could desire a more silent congregation, although he might possibly have wished for one that was more numerous. Mason had not done speaking when it was reduced to the image of Cæsar only. The peddler took that opportunity to mount, but he had to preserve the gravity of his movements, for the remark of the troopers upon the condition of their beasts was but too just, and a dozen dragoon horses stood saddled and bridled at hand, ready to receive their riders at a moment's warning.

"Well, have you bitted the poor fellow within," said Mason, "that he can take his last ride under the curb of divinity, old gentleman?"

"There is evil in thy conversation, profane man," cried the priest, raising his hands and casting his eyes upwards in holy horror; "so I will depart from thee unhurt, as Daniel was liberated from the lion's den."

"Off with you, for a hypocritical, psalm-singing, canting rogue in disguise," said Mason scornfully; "by the life of Washington! it worries an honest fellow to see such voracious beasts of prey ravaging a country for which he sheds his blood. If I had you on a Virginia plantation for a quarter of an hour, I 'd teach you to worm the tobacco with the turkeys."

"I leave you, and shake the dust off my shoes, that no remnant of this wicked hole may tarnish the vestments of the godly."

"Start, or I will shake the dust from your jacket, designing knave! A fellow to be preaching to my men! There 's Hollister put the devil in them by his exhorting; the rascals were getting too conscientious to strike a blow that would raise the skin. But hold! whither do you travel, master blackey, in such godly company?"

"He goes," said the minister, hastily speaking for his companion, "to return with a book of much condolence and virtue to the sinful youth above, whose soul will speedily become white, even as his outwards are black and unseemly.

Would you deprive a dying man of the consolations of religion?"

"No, no, poor fellow, his fate is bad enough; a famous good breakfast his prim body of an aunt gave us. But harkee, Mr. Revelations, if the youth must die, *secundum artem*, let it be under a gentleman's direction: and my advice is, that you never trust that skeleton of yours among us again, or I will take the skin off, and leave you naked."

"Out upon thee for a reviler and scoffer of goodness!" said Birch, moving slowly, and with a due observance of clerical dignity, down the road, followed by the imaginary Caesar; "but I leave thee, and that behind me that will prove thy condemnation, and take from thee a hearty and joyful deliverance."

"Damn him," muttered the trooper: "the fellow rides like a stake, and his legs stick out like the cocks of his hat. I wish I had him below these hills, where the law is not over-particular, I'd——"

"Corporal of the guard!—corporal of the guard!" shouted the sentinel in the passage to the chambers, "corporal of the guard!—corporal of the guard!"

The subaltern fled up the narrow stairway that led to the room of the prisoner, and demanded the meaning of the outcry.

The soldier was standing at the open door of the apartment, looking in with a suspicious eye on the supposed British officer. On observing his lieutenant, he fell back with habitual respect, and replied, with an air of puzzled thought—

"I don't know, sir; but just now the prisoner looked queer. Ever since the preacher has left him, he don't look as he used to do—but," gazing intently over the shoulder of his officer, "it must be him, too! There is the same powdered head, and the darn in the coat, where he was hit the day he had the last brush with the enemy."

"And then all this noise is occasioned by your doubting whether that poor gentleman is your prisoner or not, is it, sirrah? Who the devil do you think it can be else?"

"I don't know who else it can be," returned the fellow, sullenly: "but he is grown thicker and shorter, if it is he; and see for yourself, sir, he shakes all over, like a man in an ague."

This was but too true. Cæsar was an alarmed auditor of this short conversation, and, from congratulating himself upon the dexterous escape of his young master, his thoughts were very naturally beginning to dwell upon the probable consequences to his own person. The pause that succeeded the last remark of the sentinel in no degree contributed to the restoration of his faculties. Lieutenant Mason was busied in examining with his own eyes the suspected person of the black, and Cæsar was aware of the fact by stealing a look through a passage under one of his arms, that he had left expressly for the purpose of reconnoitring. Captain Lawton would have discovered the fraud immediately, but Mason was by no means so quick-sighted as his commander. He therefore turned rather contemptuously to the soldier, and, speaking in an undertone, observed—

"That anabaptist, methodistical, quaker, psalm-singing rascal has frightened the boy with his farrago about [flames and brimstone. I'll step in and cheer him with a little rational conversation."

"I have heard of fear making a man white," said the soldier, drawing back, and staring as if his eyes would start from their sockets, "but it has changed the royal captain to a black."

The truth was, that Cæsar, unable to hear what Mason uttered in a low voice, and having every fear aroused in him by what had already passed, incautiously removed the wig a little from one of his ears, in order to hear the better, without in the least remembering that its color might prove fatal to his disguise. The sentinel had kept his eyes fastened on his prisoner, and noticed the action. The attention of Mason was instantly drawn to the same object, and, forgetting all delicacy for a brother officer in distress, or, in short, forgetting everything but the censure that might alight on his corps, the lieutenant sprang forward and siezed the terrified African by the throat; for no sooner had Cæsar heard his color named, than he knew his discovery was certain; and at the first sound of Mason's heavy boot on the floor, he arose from his seat, and retreated precipitately to a corner of the room.

"Who are you?" cried Mason, dashing the head of the old man against the angle of the wall, at each interrogatory, "who the devil are you, and where is the Englishman? Speak, thou thunder-cloud! Answer me, you jackdaw, or I'll hang you on the gallows of the spy!"

Cæsar continued firm. Neither the threats nor the blows could extract any reply, until the lieutenant, by a very natural transition in the attack, sent his heavy boot forward in a direction that brought it in direct contact with the most sensitive part of the negro—his shin. The most obdurate heart could not have exacted further patience, and Cæsar instantly gave in. The first words he spoke were—

"Golly! Massa, you t'ink I got no feelin'?"

"By Heavens!" shouted the lieutenant, "it is the negro himself! scoundrel! where is your master, and who was the priest?" While speaking, he made a movement as if about to renew the attack; but Cæsar cried aloud for mercy, promising to tell all that he knew.

"Who was the priest?" repeated the dragoon, drawing back his formidable leg, and holding it in threatening suspense—

"Harvey, Harvey!" cried Cæsar, dancing from one leg to the other, as he thought each member in turn might be assailed.

"Harvey who, you black villain?" cried the impatient lieutenant, as he executed a full measure of vengeance, by letting his leg fly.

"Birch!" shrieked Cæsar, falling on his knees, the tears rolling in large drops over his shining face.

"Harvey Birch!" echoed the trooper, hurling the black from him, and rushing from the room, "To arms! to arms! fifty guineas for the life of the peddler-spy—give no quarter to either. Mount, mount! to arms! to horse!"

During the uproar occasioned by the assembling of the dragoons, who all rushed tumultuously to their horses, Cæsar rose from the floor where he had been thrown by Mason, and began to examine into his injuries. Happily for himself, he had alighted on his head, and consequently sustained no material damage.—*The Spy.*

THE ARIEL ON THE SHOALS.

During this time the sea was becoming more agitated, and the violence of the wind was gradually increasing. The latter no longer whistled amid the cordage of the vessel, but it seemed to howl, surlily, as it passed the complicated machinery that the frigate obtruded on its path. An endless succession of white surges rose above the heavy billows, and the very air was glittering with the light that was disengaged from the ocean. The ship yielded, each moment, more and more before the storm, and in less than half an hour from the time that she had lifted her anchor, she was driven along with tremendous fury by the full power of the gale of wind. Still the hardy and experienced mariners who directed her movements, held her to the course that was necessary to their preservation, and still Griffith gave forth, when directed by their unknown pilot, those orders that turned her in the narrow channel where alone safety was to be found. So far, the performance of his duty appeared easy to the stranger, and he gave the required directions in those still, calm tones, that formed so remarkable a contrast to the responsibility of his situation. But when the land was becoming dim, in distance as well as darkness, and the agitated sea alone was to be discovered as it swept by them in foam, he broke in upon the monotonous roaring of the tempest with the sounds of his voice, seeming to shake off his apathy, and rouse himself to the occasion.

"Now is the time to watch her closely, Mr. Griffith," he cried: "here we get the true tide and the real danger. Place the best quartermaster of your ship in those chains, and let an officer stand by him, and see that he gives us the right water."

"I will take that office on myself," said the captain; "pass a light into the weather main-chains."

"Stand by your braces!" exclaimed the pilot, with startling quickness. "Heave away that lead!"

These preparations taught the crew to expect the crisis, and every officer and man stood in fearful silence, at his assigned station, awaiting the issue of the trial. Even the quartermaster at the conn gave out his orders to the men at the wheel in deeper and hoarser tones than usual, as if anxious not to disturb the quiet and order of the vessel. While this deep expectation pervaded the frigate, the piercing cry of the leadsman, as he called, "By the mark, seven," rose above the tempest, crossed over the decks, and appeared to pass away to leeward, borne on the blast like the warnings of some water-spirit.

"'Tis well," returned the pilot calmly; "try it again." The short pause was succeeded by another cry, "And a half five!"

"She shoals! she shoals!" exclaimed Griffith; "keep her a good full."

"Ay! you must hold the vessel in command, now," said the pilot, with those cool tones that are most appalling in critical moments, because they seem to denote most preparation and care.

The third call, "By the deep four!" was followed by a prompt direction from the stranger to tack. Griffith seemed to emulate the coolness of the pilot, in issuing the necessary orders to execute this manœuvre.

The vessel rose slowly from the inclined position into which she had been forced by the tempest, and the sails were shaking violently, as if to release themselves from their confinement, while the ship stemmed the billows, when the well-known voice of the sailing-master was heard shouting from the forecastle:

"Breakers! breakers dead ahead!"

This appalling sound seemed yet to be lingering about the ship, when a second voice cried:

"Breakers on our lee-bow!"

"We are in a bight of the shoals, Mr. Gray," cried the commander. "She loses her way; perhaps an anchor might hold her."

"Clear away that best bower!" shouted Griffith through his trumpet.

"Hold on!" cried the pilot, in a voice that reached the very hearts of all who heard him; "hold on everything."

The young man turned fiercely to the daring stranger who thus defied the discipline of his vessel, and at once demanded:

"Who is it that dares to countermand my orders? Is it not enough that you run the ship into danger, but you must interfere to keep her there? If another word——"

"Peace, Mr. Griffith," interrupted the captain, bending from the rigging, his gray locks blowing about in the wind, and adding a look of wildness to the haggard care that he exhibited by the light of his lantern; "yield the trumpet to Mr. Gray; he alone can save us."

Griffith threw his speaking-trumpet on the deck, and, as he walked proudly away, muttered, in bitterness of feeling: "Then all is lost, indeed! and among the rest the foolish hopes with which I visited this coast." There was, however, no time for reply; the ship had been rapidly running into the wind, and as the efforts of the crew were paralyzed by the contradictory orders they had heard, she gradually lost her way, and in a few seconds all her sails were taken aback. Before the crew understood their situation, the pilot had applied the trumpet to his mouth, and, in a voice that rose above the tempest, he thundered forth his orders. Each command was given distinctly and with a precision that showed him to be master of his profession. The helm was kept fast, the head-yards swung up heavily against the wind, and the vessel was soon whirling round on her heel with a retrograde movement.

Griffith was too much of a seaman not to perceive that the pilot had seized with a perception almost intuitive, the only method that promised to extricate the vessel from her situation. He was young, impetuous, and proud—but he was also generous. Forgetting his resentment and his mortification, he rushed forward among the men, and, by his presence and example, added certainty to the experiment. The ship fell off slowly before the gale, and bowed her yards nearly to the water, as she felt the blast pouring its fury on her broadside, while the surly waves beat violently against her stern, as if in reproach at departing from her usual manner of moving.

The voice of the pilot, however, was still heard, steady and calm, and yet so clear and high as to reach every ear; and the obedient seamen whirled the yards at his bidding, in despite of the tempest, as if they handled the toys of their childhood. When the ship had fallen off dead before the wind, her head-sails were shaken, her after-yards trimmed, and her helm shifted, before she had time to run upon the danger that had threatened to leeward as well as to windward. The beautiful fabric, obedient to her government, threw her bows up gracefully toward the wind again, and, as her sails were trimmed, moved out from among the dangerous shoals in which she had been embayed, as steadily and swiftly as she had approached them. A moment of breathless astonishment succeeded this manœuvre, but there was no time for the usual expressions of surprise. The stranger still held the trumpet, and continued to lift his voice amid the howlings of the blast, whenever prudence or skill required any change in the management of the ship. For an hour longer there was a fearful struggle for their preservation, the channel becoming at each step more complicated, and the shoals thickening around the mariners on every side. The lead was cast rapidly, and the quick eye of the pilot seemed to pierce the darkness with a keenness of vision that exceeded human power. It was apparent to all in the vessel that they were under the guidance of one who understood the navigation thoroughly, and their exertions kept pace with their reviving confidence. . . . The ship was recovering from the inaction of changing her course in one of those critical tacks that she had made so often, when the pilot, for the first time, addressed the commander of the frigate, who still continued to superintend the all-important duty of the leadsman.

"Now is the pinch," he said, "and if the ship behaves well we are safe; but, if otherwise, all we have yet done will be useless."

The veteran seaman whom he addressed, left the chains at this portentous notice, and, calling to his first-lieutenant, required of the stranger an explanation of his warning.

"See you yon light on the southern headland?" returned the pilot; "you may know it from the star near it—by its sinking, at times, in the ocean. Now observe the hommoc, a little north of it, looking like a shadow in the horizon—'tis a hill far inland. If we keep that light open from the hill, we shall do well; but if not, we shall surely go to pieces.

"Let us tack again!" exclaimed the lieutenant.

The pilot shook his head, as he replied:

"There is no more tacking or box-hauling to be done to-night. We have barely room to pass out of the shoals on this course; and if we can weather the 'Devil's Grip,' we clear their uttermost point; but if not, as I said before, there is but an alternative."

"If we had beaten out the way we entered," exclaimed Griffith, "we should have done well."

"Say, also, if the tide would have let us do so," returned the pilot, calmly. "Gentlemen, we must be prompt; we have but a mile to go, and the ship appears to fly. That topsail is not enough to keep her up to the wind; we want both jib and mainsail."

"'Tis a perilous thing to loosen canvas in such a tempest!" observed the doubtful captain.

"It must be done," returned the collected stranger; "we perish without it—see! the light already touches the edge of the hommoc; the sea casts us to leeward!"

"It shall be done!" cried Griffith, seizing the trumpet from the hand of the pilot.

The orders of the lieutenant were executed almost as soon as issued; and, everything being ready, the enormous folds of the mainsail were trusted loose to the blast. There was an instant when the result was doubtful; the tremendous threshing of the heavy sail seemed to bid defiance to all restraint, shaking the ship to her centre; but art and strength prevailed, and gradually the canvas was distended, and, bellying as it filled, was drawn down to its usual place by the power of a hundred men. The vessel yielded to this immense addition of force, and bowed before it like a reed bending to a breeze. But the success of the measure was announced by a joyful cry from the stranger, that seemed to burst from his inmost soul.

"She feels it! she springs her luff! observe," he said, "the light opens from the hommoc already: if she will only bear her canvas, we shall go clear!"

A report, like that of a cannon, interrupted his exclamation, and something resembling a white cloud was seen drifting before the wind from the head of the ship, till it was driven into the gloom far to leeward.

"'Tis the jib, blown from the bolt ropes," said the commander of the frigate. "This is no time to spread light duck, but the mainsail may stand it yet."

"The sail would laugh at a tornado," returned the lieutenant; "but the mast springs like a piece of steel."

"Silence all!" cried the pilot. "Now, gentlemen, we shall soon know our fate. Let her luff—luff you can!'

This warning effectually closed all discourse; and the hardy mariners, knowing that they had already done all in the power of man to insure their safety, stood in breathless anxiety, awaiting the result. At a short distance ahead of them the whole ocean was white with foam, and the waves, instead of rolling on in regular succession, appeared to be tossing about in mad gambols. A single streak of dark billows, not half a cable's length in width, could be discerned running into this chaos of water; but it was soon lost to the eye amid the confusion of the disturbed element. Along this narrow path the vessel moved more heavily than before, being brought so near the wind as to keep her sails touching. The pilot silently proceeded to the wheel, and with his own hand, he undertook the steerage of the ship. No noise proceeded from the frigate to interrupt the horrid tumult of the ocean; and she entered the channel among the breakers, with the silence of a desperate calmness. Twenty times, as the foam rolled away to leeward, the crew were on the eve of uttering their joy, as they supposed the vessel past the danger; but breaker after breaker would still heave up before them, following each other into the general mass, to check their exultation. Occasionally the fluttering of the sails would be heard: and when the looks of the startled seamen were turned to the wheel, they beheld the stranger grasping the spokes, with his quick eye glancing from the water to the canvas. At length the ship reached a point where she appeared to be rushing directly into the jaws of destruction, when suddenly her course was changed, and her head receded rapidly from the wind. At the same instant the voice of the pilot was heard shouting: "Square away the yards!—in mainsail!"

A general burst from the crew echoed "Square away the yards!" and, quick as thought, the frigate was seen gliding along the channel before the wind. The eye had hardly time to dwell on the foam, which seemed like clouds driving in the heavens, and directly the gallant vessel issued from her perils, and rose and fell on the heavy waves of the sea.—*The Pilot.*

ENCOUNTER WITH A PANTHER.

By this time they had gained the summit of the mountain, where they left the highway, and pursued their course under the shade of the stately trees that crowned the eminence. The day was becoming warm, and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in the ascent. The conversation, as if by mutual consent, was entirely changed to the little incidents and scenes of their walk, and every tall pine, and every shrub or flower, called forth some simple expression of admiration. In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed :

"Listen ! There are the cries of a child on this mountain ! Is there a clearing near us, or can some little one have strayed from its parents ?"

"Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds : it may be a wanderer starving on the hill."

Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds, that proceeded from the forest, with quick impatient steps. More than once the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and pointing behind them, cried, "Look at the dog !"

Brave had been their companion from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel, to the present moment. His advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity ; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter, for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

"Brave!" she said, "be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?"

At the sound of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking.

"What does he see?" said Elizabeth; "there must be some animal in sight."

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening to leap.

"Let us fly," exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity. She fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice.

"Courage, Brave!" she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble, "courage, courage, good Brave!"

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant, but vicious creature, approached the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind-legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its forepaws, and play the antics of a cat; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling, and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific. All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.

Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dry leaves, accompanied by loud and terrific cries. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe like a feather, and rearing on his hind-legs, rush to the fray again, with jaws distended and a dauntless eye. But age, and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In everything but courage he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favorable position, on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment only could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild-cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened, when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power in the present instance suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe; next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting inches from her broad feet.

Miss Temple did not or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy—her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination, and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves behind seemed rather to mock the organs than to meet her ears.

"Hist! hist!" said a low voice, "stoop lower, gal; your bonnet hides the creature's head."

It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whiz of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of the Leather-Stocking rushed by her, and he called aloud:

"Come in, Hector, come in, old fool; 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump agin."

Natty fearlessly maintained his position in front of the females, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and, placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.—*The Pioneers.*

MABEL IN THE BLOCK-HOUSE.

While the light lasted, the situation of our heroine was sufficiently alarming: but, as the shades of evening gradually gathered over the island, it became fearfully appalling. By this time the savages had wrought themselves up to the point of fury, for they had possessed themselves of all the liquor of the English, and their outcries and gesticulations were those of men truly possessed of evil spirits. All the efforts of their French leader to restrain them were entirely fruitless, and he had wisely withdrawn to an adjacent island, where he had a sort of bivouac, that he might keep at a safe distance from friends so apt to run into excesses. Before quitting the spot, however, this officer, at great risk to his own life, succeeded in extinguishing the fire, and in securing the ordinary means to re-light it. This precaution he took lest the Indians should burn the block-house, the preservation of which was necessary to the preservation of his future plans. He would gladly have removed all the arms also, but this he found impracticable, the warriors clinging to their knives and tomahawks with the tenacity of men who regarded a point of honor as long as a faculty was left; and to carry off the rifles, and leave behind him the very weapons that were generally used on such occasions, would have been an idle expedient. The extinguishing of the fire proved to be the most prudent measure, for no sooner was the officer's back turned than one of the warriors, in fact, proposed to fire the block-house. Arrowhead had also withdrawn from the group of drunkards as soon as he found that they were losing their senses, and had taken possession of a hut, where he had thrown himself on the straw, and sought the rest that two wakeful and watchful nights rendered necessary. It followed that no one was left among the Indians to care for Mabel—if, indeed, any knew of her existence at all; and the proposal of the drunkard was received with yells of delight by eight or ten more as much intoxicated and habitually brutal as himself.

This was the fearful moment for Mabel. The Indians, in their present condition, were reckless of any rifles that the block-house might hold: though they did retain dim recollections of its containing living beings—an additional incentive to their enterprise—and they approached its base, whooping and leaping like demons. As yet they were excited, not overcome, by the liquor they had drunk. The first attempt was made at the door, against which they ran in a body; but the solid structure, which was built entirely of logs, defied their efforts. The rush of a hundred men, with the same object would have been useless. This Mabel, however, did not know, and her heart seemed to leap into her mouth as she heard the heavy shock at each renewed effort. At length, when she found that the door resisted these assaults as if it were of stone, neither trembling nor yielding, and only betraying its not being a part of the wall by rattling a little on its heavy hinges, her courage revived, and she seized the first moment of a cessation to look down through the loop, in order, if possible, to learn the extent of her danger. A silence for which it was not easy to account, stimulated her curiosity, for nothing is so alarming to those who are conscious of the presence of imminent danger, as to be unable to trace its approach.

Mabel found that two or three of the Iroquois had been raking the embers, where they had found a few small coals, and with these they were endeavoring to light a fire. The interest with which they labored, the hope of destroying, and the force of habit, enabled them to act intelligently and in unison, so long as their fell object was kept in view. A white man would have abandoned in despair the attempt to light a fire with coals that came out of the ashes resembling sparks; but these children of the forest had many expedients that were unknown to civilization. By the aid of a few dry leaves, which they alone knew where to seek, a blaze was finally kindled, and then the addition of a few light sticks made sure of the advantage that had been obtained. When Mabel stooped down over the loop, the Indians were making a pile of brush against the door, and as she remained gazing at their proceedings, she saw the twigs ignite, the flame dart from branch to branch, until the whole pile was crackling and snapping under a bright blaze. The Indians now gave a yell of triumph, and returned to their companions, well assured that the work of destruction was commenced. Mabel remained looking down, scarcely able to tear herself away from the spot, so intense and engrossing was the interest she felt in the progress of the fire. As the pile kindled throughout, however, the flames mounted, until they flashed so near her eyes as to compel her to retreat. Just as she reached the opposite side of the room, to which she had retired in her alarm, a forked stream shot up through the loop-hole, the lid of which she had left open, and illuminated the rude apartment with Mabel and her desolation. Our heroine now naturally enough supposed that her hour was come, for the door, the only means of retreat, had been blocked up by the brush and fire, with hellish ingenuity, and she addressed herself, as she believed for the last time, to her Maker in prayer. Her eyes were closed, and for more than a minute, her spirit was abstracted; but the interests of the world too strongly divided her feelings to be altogether suppressed; and when they involuntarily opened again, she perceived that the streak of flame was no longer flaring in the room, though the wood around the little aperture had kindled, and the blaze was slowly mounting under the impulsion of a current of air that sucked inward. A barrel of water stood in a corner, and Mabel, acting more by instinct than by reason, caught up a vessel, filled it, and, pouring it on the wood with a trembling hand, succeeded in extinguishing the fire at that particular spot. The smoke prevented her from looking down again for a couple of minutes; but, when she did, her heart beat high with delight and hope at finding that the pile of blazing brush had been overturned and scattered, and that water had been thrown on the logs at the door, which was still smoking, though no longer burning.

"Who is there?" said Mabel, with her mouth at the loop. "What friendly hand has a merciful Providence sent to my succor?"

A light footstep was audible below, and one of those gentle pushes at the door was heard, which just moved the massive beams on the hinges.

"Who wishes to enter? Is it you, dear, dear, uncle!"

"Salt-water no here. St. Lawrence sweet-water," was the answer. "Open quick—want to come in."

The step of Mabel was never lighter, or her movements more quick and natural, than while she was descending the ladder and turning the bars, for all her motions were earnest and active. This time she thought only of her escape, and she opened the door with a rapidity that did not admit of caution. Her first impulse was to rush into the open air, in the blind hope of quitting the block-house, but June repulsed the attempt, and, entering, she coolly barred the door again before she would notice Mabel's eager efforts to embrace her.

"Bless you—bless you, June," cried our heroine, most fervently—"You are sent by Providene to be my guardian angel!"

"No hug so tight"—answered the Tuscarora woman. "Pale-face woman all cry or all laugh. Let June fasten door."

Mabel became more rational, and in a few minutes the two were again in the upper room, seated as before, hand in hand, all feeling of distrust or rivalry between them being banished on the one side by the consciousness of favors received, and on the other by the consciousness of favors conferred.—*The Pathfinder.*

COOPER, SUSAN FENIMORE, an American author, daughter of James Fenimore Cooper, was born in 1825. She is the auther of *Rural Hours* (1850); *Rhyme and Reason of Country Life* (1854); *Country Rambles;* and *A Tribute to the Character of Washington* (1858).

THE WOODS IN AUTUMN.

The hanging woods of a mountainous country are especially beautiful at this season; the trees throwing out their branches, one above another, in bright variety of coloring and outline, every individual of the gay throng having a fancy of his own to humor. The oak loves a deep, rich red, or a warm scarlet, though some of his family are partial to yellow. The chestnuts are all of one shadeless mass of gold-color, from the highest to the lowest branch. The bass-wood or linden, is orange. The aspen, with its silvery stem and branches, flutters in a lighter shade, like the wrought gold of the jeweller. The sumach, with its long pinnated leaf, is of a brilliant scarlet. The pepperidge is almost purple, and some of the ashes approach the same shade during certain seasons. Other ashes, with the birches and beach, hickory and elms, have their own tints of yellow. That beautitul and common vine, the Virginia creeper, is a vivid cherry-color. The sweet-gum is vermillion. The Viburnum tribe and dog-woods are dyed in lake. As for the maples, they always rank first among the show; there is no other tree which contributes singly so much to the beauty of the season, for it unites more of brilliancy with more of variety, than any of its companions; with us it is also more common than any other tree. Here you have a soft-maple, vivid scarlet from the highest to the lowest leaf; there is another, a sugar-maple, a pure sheet of gold; this is dark crimson like the oak, that is vermillion; another is parti-colored, pink and yellow, green and red; yonder is one of a deep purplish hue; this is still green, that is mottled in patches, another is shaded; still another blends all these colors on its own branches, in capricious confusion, the different limbs, the separate twigs, the single leaves, varying from each other in distinct colors, and shaded tints. And in every direction a repetition of this magnificent picture meets the eye: in the woods that skirt the dimpled meadows, in the thickets and copses of the fields, in the bushes which fringe the brook, in the trees which line the streets and road-sides, in those of the lawns and gardens—brilliant and vivid in the nearest groves, gradually lessening in tone upon the farther woods and successive knolls, until, in the distant back-ground, the hills are colored by a mingled confusion of tints, which defy the eye to seize them.—*Rural Hours.*

COOPER, THOMAS, an English journalist and poet, born at Leicester in 1805. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker. While working at his trade he made himself master of the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French languages, and at the age of twenty-three became a schoolmaster. He came to be a recognized leader among the Chartists, and in 1842 was tried for sedition and conspiracy, found guilty, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. While in prison he wrote a poem, *The Purgatory of Suicides*, and several other works. After his release, he engaged in the political and social movements of the day, and in general literature. He wrote several novels, among which are *Alderman Ralph* (1853), and *The Family Feud* (1854). Up to this time he had been an avowed skeptic in matters of religion. But a change came over his views in 1855, and he set up in London a series of evening lectures against skepticism, which were continued until 1858, when he began traveling through England and Scotland, lecturing on the Evidences of Christianity. In 1872 he put forth an *Autobiography;* and in 1878 appeared a collection of his *Poetical Works*, the best of which is *The Baron's Yule Feast: a Christmas Rhyme*, originally published in 1846.

CHRISTMAS-TIME.

How joyously the lady-bells
  Shout through the bluff north breeze
Loudly his boisterous bugle swells!
  And though the brooklets freeze,
How fair the leafless hawthorn-tree
Waves with its hoar-frost tracery!
While sun-smiles throw o'er stalks and stems
Sparkles so far transcending gems,
The bard would gloze who said their sheen
  Did not out-diamond
All brighter gauds that man hath seen,
Worn by earth's proudest king or queen,
  In pomp and grandeur throned.
—*The Baron's Yule Feast.*

COPLESTON, **Edward**, an English clergyman and author, born in 1776, died in 1849. He became a Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, in 1795, Professor of Poetry in the University, in 1802, and Bishop of Llandaff and Dean of St. Paul's, in 1827. He was the author of *Advice to a Young Reviewer*, a piece of playful satire (1807); *The Examiner Examined* (1809); *Three Replies to the Edinburgh Review* (1810–11); *Prælectiones Academicæ* (1813); *An Inquiry into the Doctrines of Necessity and Predestination* (1821), various *Sermons*, and several papers contributed to the *Quarterly Review*. The pure Latin of the *Prælectiones* is much admired. The *Three Replies* were written in answer to criticisms on the system of teaching in Oxford, published in the *Edinburgh Review*.

RESTRAINT IN EDUCATION.

Plans of education can never create great men. It is a weak and mistaken opinion one now and then meets with in the world; and all the testimony of history and experience will never wholly explode it. Native vigor and persevering exertion are the rare qualities which lead to excellence of every kind. These qualities, it is true, may be aided, encouraged, and directed by method. Still it cannot happen that the method best adapted for the generality of cases will exactly suit each. The charge of education is a weighty one, and many interests are involved in it: it must be conducted with a view to the general benefit; and rules not always liked, not always profitable to individuals, must be enforced. Some, perhaps, will be impatient, and overshoot the convoy, in hopes of making a better market. But it is at their own peril; and as the advantage is precarious, so is the failure unpitied, and without remedy.

There are again many who speak, there are some even who have written upon education, as if in its best form it were one continued system of restraint, of artificial guidance, and over-ruling inspection. The mind, they tell us, may be moulded like wax; and wax-work, truly, is all these plans will make of it. . . . Heaven, and the guardian genius of English liberty preserve us from this degrading process. We want not men who are clipped and espaliered into any form which the whim of the gardener may dictate, or the narrow limits of his parterre require. Let our saplings take their full spread, and send forth their vigorous shoots in all the boldness and variety of nature. Their luxuriance must be pruned; their distortions rectified ; the rust and canker and caterpillar of vice carefully kept from them ; we must dig round them, and water them, and replenish the exhaustion of the soil by continual dressing. The sunbeams of heaven, and the elements of nature will do the rest.

In the first stages indeed of infancy and boyhood, restraint must be continually practiced, and liberty of action abridged. But, in proportion as reason is strengthened, freedom should be extended. At some of our public schools, it is said, this freedom is indulged to a dangerous extent. The charge may be just ; and if so, the evil calls aloud for correction. But when a student is sent to the university, he ought to understand that he must think, in a great measure, and act, for himself. He is not to be forever watched, and checked, and controlled, till he fancies that everything is right which is not forbidden ; as if there were no conscience within him, and no God above him, to whom he is accountable. Obedience is indeed a virtue even in man; but it is obedience founded in right reason, not in fear. Unless joined with this principle, virtue itself hardly deserves the name. Unless some choice be left it, some voluntary action to try its steadiness, how shall it approve itself to be virtue?—*Reply to the Edinburgh Review.*

COQUEREL, ATHANASE LAURENT CHARLES, a French clergyman and author, born in 1795, died in 1868. He was educated by his aunt, an Englishwoman, author of *Letters from France.* Having completed his theological studies at Montauban, he preached for twelve years in Holland. In 1830 he was called to Paris, where he spent the rest of his life. He established a periodical entitled *Le Protestant*, which was continued untill the end of 1833, in which year Coquerel was chosen a member of the Consistory. In conjunction with Artaud, he edited the *Libre Examen* for two and a half years. Hoping to bring about a union between the Protestants of France, he established in 1841, a periodical *Le Lien*. In this year, he also published a *Reply* to the *Leben Jesu* of Strauss. In 1848 he became a member of the National Assembly, and later, of the Legislative Assembly, but did not cease to discharge his pastoral duties. Coquerel was a prolific writer of sermons, which have been published in 8 volumes. Among his other works are *Biographie Sacrée* (1825–26); *Histoire sainte et Analyse de la Bible* (1839); *Orthodoxie moderne* (1842); and *Christologie* (1858).

His son, ATHANASE JOSUÉ COQUEREL, (1820–1875), was also an eloquent preacher, and a writer. He succeeded his father as editor of *Le Lien* and took part in establishing the *Nouvelle Revue de Theologie*. His unorthodox theology brought upon him the censure of the Paris Consistory, and he was forbidden to preach; but the Protestant Liberal Union enabled him to continue in the pulpit. Among the works of Coquerel the younger are *Jean Calas et sa Famille* (1858); *Des Beaux-Arts en Italie; La Saint Barthélemy* (1860); *Précis de l' Eglise réformée* (1862); *Le Catholicisme et le Protestantisme considerée dans leur origine et leur développement* (1864); *Libres Etudes*, and *La Conscience et la Foi* (1867).

MYSTERY OF FREE WILL.

It has been seen, that in the exercise of our powers, the fact of the will or of human freedom is always observed; it would be impossible that the exercise of those powers should by constraint attain the end for which God has imparted them. An intelligence searching after truth in spite of itself; a morality practicing virtue against its will;

affections loving by constraint; sensitiveness accepting involuntary happiness, are all so many flagrant contradictions in terms. A mental power is not a power except so far forth as it is independent. Man is then free in his part of the finite, as God is in the infinite; that is to say, that man acts in his quality of man with the same independence, that God acts as God; or, in other terms still, freedom is power, man is powerful as man, God is powerful as God.

It will be seen that the mystery of free will—that ancient stone of stumbling in all religions, all systems of philosophy, and all schools, lies in the point of separation of the two powers, the creating power and the power created. To ask how a man is free, is to ask how the Creator, his work being finished, separated himself and kept himself separate from his creature, and leaves him to himself: it is to ask what method God pursues to constitute an individuality. Obviously God alone knows.

Obviously too, this our insuperable and necessary ignorance of the manner in which the Creator effects the withdrawal of his power or his will, and remains in his individuality when he leaves the creature to his own, can in no respect weaken the certainty which we have of our own freedom. A fact, lying without us, obscure, unknown, inexplicable, by no means invalidates the certainty of a fact within us, of which we are conscious. That ignorance does not destroy this knowledge, that obscurity does not overshadow this light.

The same mystery appears again in *inactive* existences. We know not how the Creator's power ceases to weigh upon free beings, raises and keeps raised the sluices of the will. We know no better the manner in which creative power detaches itself from matter, and leaves physical laws and secondary causes to play their part.

The question is not then respecting the freedom of the will, since it presents itself identically where there is no liberty. We do not comprehend how God should leave two Greeks in the age of Pericles to choose, one to be Socrates and the other

Anytus, or two Jews in the age of Augustus, one to be Caiaphas and the other St. Paul; and we know no better how God leaves the heavenly bodies to attract one another in the direct ratio of their masses, and in the inverse ratio of their distances. The same obscurity conceals the means of accomplishing the moral and the physical law. although on the one hand there is freedom, and on the other coercion. This illustration loses nothing of its value, if we adopt the system which supposes that the Creator preserves creation by the constant maintenance of order and life, not by laws fixed and established, as it were, once for all, but by a continuous, suitable, and efficient intervention. In this system, its advocates adopt the doctrine of an immutable will, continually manifesting itself in the regulation of creation; in that more usually received, we believe in laws which never fall into desuetude: this, however, is merely a vast and flagrant dispute about words; the whole discussion is impregnated with notions of time and space, both of which are foreign to God. The laws of nature only remain in force because God so wills; and who does not perceive that when we speak of an infinite being, acts succeeding each other without relaxation, interval, or diminution, and laws whose force is consecutively maintained, come precisely to the same thing? At the bottom of this dispute, there are merely human ideas transferred to God.—*Christologie.*

CORNEILLE, Pierre, a French dramatist, born at Rouen, in 1606, died in 1684. His father was royal advocate of the marble table of Normandy, and Master of waters and forests in the viscounty of Rouen. He was educated at the Jesuits' College, studied law, and in 1624, took the oaths. It is said that his first play *Mélite*, produced in 1629, was founded on personal experience. Though popular, this play was not prophetic of its author's greatness. It was followed by *Clitandre*, *La Veuve*, *La Galerie du Palais*, *La*

Suivante, and *La Place Royal*. In 1635 appeared *Medea*, which, says Guizot, "inaugurated tragedy in France." In the previous year Corneille had been enrolled among the five poets employed by Richelieu to construct plays on his plots, and under his direction. He did not prove sufficiently docile to retain the Cardinal's favor. By altering the third act of the *Thuileries*, a play arranged by Richelieu, he gave great offence. When, in 1636, he produced his tragedy, *The Cid*, he was attacked on all sides by envious contemporaries, who asserted that everything in the play that was not stolen was altogether bad. Corneille defended himself proudly; and notwithstanding the adverse criticism of his enemies, saw his play a triumphant success. He withdrew to Rouen, where he spent the next three years in quiet. . In 1639, he published *Horace*, with a dedication to Richelieu, who, his jealousy appeased, bestowed 500 crowns a year upon the poet, and forwarded his marriage with Marie de Lampérière. *Cinna* also appeared in 1639, and *Polyeucte* in 1640. These plays are regarded as Corneille's masterpieces. *La Mort de Pompée*, and the comedy *Le Menteur*, followed in 1642, and *Rodogune* in 1644. *Theodore*, the poet's next play was a failure. His remaining plays are *Heraclius* (1647); *Andromède*, and *Don Sancho d'Aragon* (1650); *Nicomède* (1651); *Pertharite* (1653); *Œdipe* (1659); *La Toison d' Or* (1660); *Sertorius* (1662); *Sophonisbe* (1663); *Othon* (1664); *Agésilas* (1666); *Attila* (1667); *Tite et Bérénice* (1670); *Pulchérie* (1672), and *Suréna* (1674). Between 1653 and 1659 he wrote three *Discourses on Dramatic Poetry*, the *Examens* printed at the end of his plays, and made a metrical translation of the *Imitation of Christ*. The tide of Corneille's genius had ebbed since the appearance of *Rodogune.* Even by his greatest admirers his last two plays were acknowledged to be failures.

In 1647 Corneille was made a member of the Academy, and in 1663 he was allowed a pension of 2,000 livres. This pension was suspended from 1674 to 1681, and again in 1683, and the poet suffered all the pangs of poverty. "I am satiated with glory and starving for money," said he to an admirer. It is said that owing to the interposition of Boileau, who offered to resign his own pension in favor of Corneille, the King sent the poet 200 pistoles, which reached him two days before his death.

FROM THE CID.

Sanchez.—Alvarez comes! Now probe his hollow heart,
Now while your thoughts are warm with his deceit,
And mark how calmly he 'll evade the charge.
My Lord, I 'm gone. [*Exit.*]
Gormaz.—I am thy friend forever.
[*Alvarez enters.*]
Alvarez.—My Lord, the king is walking forth to see
The prince, his son, begin his horsemanship:
If you 're inclined to see him, I'll attend you.
Gorm.—Since duty calls me not, I 've no delight
To be an idle gaper on another's business.
You may, indeed, find pleasure in the office,
Which you 've so artfully contrived to fit.
Alv.—Contrived, my Lord? I 'm sorry such a thought
Can reach the man whom I so late embraced.
Gorm.—Men are not always what they seem. This honor,
Which, in another's wrong you 've bartered for,
Was at the price of those embraces bought.
Alv.—Ha! bought? For shame! suppress this poor suspicion!
For, if you think, you can't but be convinced
The naked honor of Alvarez scorns

Such base disguise. Yet pause a moment :—
Since our great master with such kind concern,
Himself has interposed to heal our feuds,
Let us not, thankless, rob him of the glory,
And undeserve the grace by new, false fears.
Gorm.—Kings are, alas! but men, and formed like us,
Subject alike to be by men deceived :
The blushing court from this rash choice will see
How blindly he o'erlooks superior merit.
Could no man fill the place but worn Alvarez?
Alv.—Worn more with wounds and victories than age.
Who stands before him in great actions past?—
But I'm to blame to urge that merit now,
Which will but shock what reasoning may convince.
Gorm.—The fawning slave! O Sanchez, how I thank thee! [*Aside.*]
Alv.—You have a virtuous daughter, I a son,
Whose softer hearts our mutual hands have raised
Even to the summit of expected joy ;
If no regard to me, yet let, at least,
Your pity of their passions rein your temper.
Gorm.—O needless care! to nobler objects now,
That son, be sure, in vanity, pretends :
While his high father's wisdom is preferred
To guide and govern our great monarch's son,
His proud, aspiring heart forgets Ximena.
Think not of him, but your superior care ;
Instruct the royal youth to rule with awe
His future subjects, trembling at his frown ;
Teach him to bind the loyal heart in love,
The bold and factious in the chains of fear :
Join to these virtues, too, your warlike deeds ;
Inflame him with the vast fatigues you've borne,
But now are past, to show him by example,
And give him in the closet safe renown ;
Read him what scorching suns he must endure,
What bitter nights must wake, or sleep in arms,
To countermarch the foe, to give the alarm,
And to his own great conduct owe the day ;
Mark him on charts the order of the battle,
And make him from your manuscripts a hero.

Alv.—Ill-tempered man! thus to provoke the heart
Whose tortured patience is thy only friend!
Gorm.—Thou only to thyself canst be a friend:
I tell thee, false Alvarez, thou hast wronged me,
Hast basely robbed me of my merit's right,
And intercepted our young prince's fame.
His youth with me had found the active proof,
The living practice of experienced war;
This sword had taught him glory in the field,
At once his great example and his guard;
His unfledged wings from me had learned to soar,
And strike at nations trembling at my name:
This I had done, but thou, with servile arts,
Hast, fawning, crept into our master's breast,
Elbowed superior merit from his ear,
And, like a courtier, stole his son from glory.
Alv.—Hear me, proud man! for now I burn to speak,
Since neither truth can sway, nor temper touch thee;
Thus I retort with scorn thy slanderous rage:
Thou, thou, the tutor of a kingdom's heir?
Thou guide the passions of o'erboiling youth,
That canst not in thy age yet rule thy own?
For shame! retire, and purge thy imperious heart,
Reduce thy arrogant, self-judging pride.
Correct the meanness of thy grovelling soul,
Chase damned suspicion from thy manly thoughts,
And learn to treat with honor thy superior.
Gorm.—Superior, ha! dar'st thou provoke me, traitor?
Alv.—Unhand me, ruffian, lest thy hold prove fatal!
Gorm.—Take that, audacious dotard!
[*Strikes him.*]
Alv.— O my blood,
Flow forward to my arm to chain this tiger!
If thou art brave, now bear thee like a man,
And quit my honor of this vile disgrace!
[*They fight; Alvarez is disarmed.*]
O feeble life, I have too long endured thee!
Gorm.—Thy sword is mine; take back the inglorious trophy,
Which would disgrace thy victor's thigh to wear.
Now forward to thy charge, read to the prince

This martial lecture of my famed exploits;
And from this wholesome chastisement learn thou
To tempt the patience of offended honor! [*Exit.*]
Alv.—O rage! O wild despair! O helpless age!
Wert thou but lent me to survive my honor?
Am I with martial toils worn gray, and see
At last one hour's blight lay waste my laurels?
Is this famed arm to me alone defenceless?
Has it so often propped this empire's glory,
Fenced, like a rampart, the Castilian throne,
To me alone disgraceful, to its master useless?
O sharp remembrance of departed glory!
O fatal dignity, too dearly purchased!
Now, haughty Gormaz, now guide thou my prince;
Insulted honor is unfit to approach him.
And thou, once glorious weapon, fare thee well,
Old servant worthy of an abler master!
Leave now forever his abandoned side,
And, to revenge him, grace some nobler arm!—
[*Carlos enters.*]
My son! O Carlos! canst thou bear dishonor?
Carlos.—What villain dares occasion, Sir, the question?
Give me his name; the proof shall answer him.
Alv.—O just reproach! O prompt, resentful fire!
My blood rekindles at thy manly flame,
And glads my laboring heart with youth's return.
Up, up, my son—I cannot speak my shame—
Revenge, revenge me!
Carl.— O, my rage!—of what?
Alv.—Of an indignity so vile, my heart
Redoubles all its torture to repeat it.
A blow, a blow, my boy!
Carl.— Distraction! fury!
Alv.—In vain, alas! this feeble arm assailed
With mortal vengeance the aggressor's heart;
He dallied with my age, o'erborne, insulted:
Therefore to thy young arm, for sure revenge,
My soul's distress commits my sword and cause:
Pursue him, Carlos, to the world's last bounds,
And from his heart tear back our bleeding honor;
Nay, to inflame thee more, thou 'lt find his brow
Covered with laurels, and far-famed his prowess:
O, I have seen him, dreadful in the field,

Cut through whole squadrons his destructive way,
And snatch the gore-dyed standard from the foe!
Carl.—O, rack not with his fame my tortured heart,
That burns to know him and eclipse his glory!
Alv.—Though I forsee 't will strike thy soul to hear it,
Yet, since our gasping honor calls for thy
Relief—O Carlos!—'t is Ximena's father——
Carl.— Ha!
Alv.—Pause not for a reply—I know thy love,
I know the tender obligations of thy heart,
And even lend a sigh to thy distress.
I grant Ximena dearer than thy life;
But wounded honor must surmount them both.
I need not urge thee more, thou know'st my wrong;
'T is in thy heart—and in thy hand the vengeance:
Blood only is the balm for grief like mine.
Which till obtained, I will in darkness mourn,
Nor lift my eyes to light till thy return.
But haste, o'ertake this blaster of my name,
Fly swift to vengeance, and bring back my fame!
[*Exit.*]
Carl.—Relentless heaven! is all thy thunder gone?
Not one bolt left to finish my despair?
Lie still, my heart, and close this deadly wound!
Stir not to thought, for motion is thy ruin!—
But see, the frighted poor Ximena comes,
And with her tremblings strike thee cold as death!
My helpless father too, o'erwhelmed with shame,
Begs his dismission to his grave with honor,
Ximena weeps; heart-pierced, Alvarez groans:
Rage lifts my sword, and love arrests my arm.
O double torture of distracting woe!
Is there no mean between these sharp extremes?
Must honor perish, if I spare my love?
O ignominious pity! shameful softness!
Must I, to right Alvarez, kill Ximena?
O cruel vengeance! O heart-wounding honor!
Shall I forsake her in her soul's extremes,
Depress the virtue of her filial tears,
And bury in a tomb our nuptial joy?

Shall that just honor, that subdued her heart,
Now build its fame relentless on her sorrows?
Instruct me, Heaven, that gav'st me this distress,
To choose, and bear me worthy of my being!
O love, forgive me, if my hurried soul
Should act with error in this storm of fortune!
For Heaven can tell what pangs I feel to save thee!—
But, hark! the shrieks of drowning honor call!
'Tis sinking, gasping, while I stand in pause;
Plunge in, my heart, and save it from the billows!
It will be so—the blow 's too sharp a pain;
And vengeance has at least this just excuse,
That even Ximena blushes while I bear it;
Her generous heart, that was by honor won,
Must, when that honor 's stained, abjure my love.
O peace of mind, farewell! Revenge, I come,
And raise thy altar on a mournful tomb! [*Exit.*]
—*Transl. of* CIBBER.

FROM CINNA.

Livia.—You know not yet all the conspirators:
Your Emilie is one; behold her here!
Cinna.—Ye gods, 'tis she!
Augustus.— Thou too, my daughter! thou!
Emilie.—Yes; all that he has done was done for me,
And I was, Sire, the cause and the reward.
Aug.—What! doth the love that but to-day had birth
Within thy heart, thus carry thee away
To die for him? too soon dost thou abandon
Thy soul to transports such as these, too soon
Thou lovest well the lover I have given.
Emil.—This love, O sovereign, which doth me expose
To your displeasure was not swiftly born
At your command: the flame within our hearts,
Unknown to you, was kindled long ago;
Four years and more have we its secret kept.
But though I loved him, though for me he burned,
A hatred stronger than the strongest love
Has been the bond that bound our souls together;
And never had I given hope to him,

Had he not sworn t' avenge me for my father.
I made him swear it: then he sought his friends.
Heaven snatched success away, and I am come
To offer up a victim, not to save
His life by taking on myself his crime;
After that crime his death is only just,
And baffled treason has no claim to mercy.
To die before him, and rejoin my sire
Is all I hope, and all that brings me here.
Aug.—O heaven! how long, and by what right, dost thou
Within my very doors conspire against me?
For her debaucheries I banished Julia,
And then my love made choice of Emilie:
Unworthy of my favor too she proves.
One soiled my honor, one my blood would spill,
And each her passion blindly following,
One is immodest, one a parricide.
Thus, child, dost thou repay my kindnesses!
Emil.—My father's cares for you were thus repaid.
Aug.—Remember with what love I taught thy youth.
Emil.—Yours did he guide with the same tenderness.
He was your teacher; you were his assassin,
And you have led me in the way of crime.
In this alone we differ—your ambition
Did immolate my father, and the wrath
That justly burns within me, at his blood
Unjustly shed, would immolate you now.
Liv.—Too much of this! Remember, Emilie,
That he full well thy father has repaid.
His death, whose memory thy fury fires,
Was of Octavius a crime, not Cæsar.
All crimes of State committed for the crown
Heaven pardons us when it the crown bestows,
And in the sacred rank where, by its favor,
We dwell to day, the past is justified,
The future unforbidden: who can attain
This power may not be counted culpable;
Whatever he has done, whate'er may do,
He is inviolable: all our wealth
We owe to him, our days are in his hand,
No right have we above our sovereign's own.

Emil.—Truly, in what you heard me say but now,
I spoke to exasperate the emperor,
Not to defend myself; then punish, Cæsar,
These traitor charms which of your favorites
Have ingrates made: cut off my mournful days,
That yours may be secure; for if my wiles
Have Cinna drawn away from his allegiance,
Other brave men like him I can seduce.
More to be feared am I, you more in danger,
If I both love and kindred must avenge!
Cin.—Seduced me! you! what mortal pangs I suffer
Dishonored thus by her whom I adore!
Here must the truth be told: before I loved her,
This plot was formed by me alone, and when
I found her deaf to all the prayers of love,
And deemed that she to other thoughts might listen,
I spoke to her of vengeance, of her sire,
His death untimely, your severity,
And with my heart, I offered her my arm:
How sweet is vengeance to a woman's soul!
By that I sought, by that I won her love.
For my small merit she would none of me;
She could not slight the arm that would avenge her.
She has conspired but by my artifice;
The author I, she the accomplice only.
Emil.—Cinna, what darest thou say? is this thy love,
To take away my honor in the hour
When I must die? Thus dost thou cherish me?
Cin.—Die, but in dying sully not my glory!
Emil.—Mine fades if Cæsar will believe thee now.
Cin.—And mine is lost if to yourself you take
All that which follows on a deed so noble.
Emil.—Take then thy part of it, and leave me mine;
That can be lessened but by lessening thine.
Glory and pleasure, shame and torment all
Belong alike to those who truly love.
Two Roman souls are ours, O emperor!

And joining our desires we join our hate:
Bitter resentment for our kindred lost
Taught us our duty in the self-same breath.
Our hearts united in the noble plan:
Together did our generous souls conspire;
We seek together now a glorious death,
You will unite, you cannot sever us!
Aug.—Ingrate, perfidious pair! my enemy
Greater than Antony and Lepidus,
I will unite you, yea, I will unite you,
Since this you crave! 'Tis well to feed the fires
With which you burn, and well it is that knowing
What animates my vengeance, earth and heaven
Should stand astonished at the expiation,
As well as at the crime!
—*Transl. of* AMELIA D. ALDEN.

CORNEILLE, THOMAS, the younger brother of Pierre, a French dramatist, born in 1625, died in 1709. After completing his studies at the Jesuits' College in Rouen, he went to Paris, and influenced by his brother's example, turned his attention to the drama. His first piece, *Les Engagements du Hasard* was acted in 1647. *Timocrate* (1656), was one of the most successful of French plays, being represented every night for six successive months. Of the tragedies, *Darius* (1660), *Stilicon* (1660), *Camma, de Reine Galatie* (1661), and *Laodice, Reine de Cappadoce* (1668), Pierre Corneille said that he wished he had written them. Notwithstanding their twenty years' difference in age, the brothers Corneille lived in singular harmony. They married sisters differing in age like themselves, occupied the same house, and employed the same servant. The property of their wives was not divided until after the death of Pierre. Thomas succeeded his brother in the Academy. He was the author of thirty-six plays. Among those not previously mentioned are the comedies, *L' Amour à la Mode* (1653), *Le Geolier de soi-*

même (1657). *Les Illustres Ennemis* (1654), *Le Festin de St. Pierre* (1672), and the tragedies, *Bérénice* (1657), *Pyrrhus* (1661), *La Mort d' Annibal* (1669), *Ariane* (1672), and *Le Comte d' Essex* (1678). Corneille also made a complete translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and just before his death completed a large *Geographical and Historical Dictionary*, the labor of fiteen years.

THE GRIEF OF ARIADNE.

Nérine.—O calm this grief! where will it carry thee?
Knowest thou not the loudness of thy cries
Will bear thy wild designs throughout the palace?
Ariadne.—What matter if afar my plaints are heard?
Lovers betrayed have oft been seen and known:
Others ere this in faith have lacking been,
But never was it as with me, Nérine.
By the warm love I 've borne for Theseus
Have I deserved to see myself despised?
Of all that I have done behold the fruit!
I fled for him alone; from me he flees.
For him alone I have disdained a crown:
Winning my sister, he conspires my loss.
Each day new pledges of my faith are given:
On him I blessings heap; he overwhelms
My soul with woes; relentless, to the end
He follows me, and when I fondly strive
His death to hinder, tears my life away.
After the shameful scandal of a deed
So base, no more I feel astonishment
That he should fear again my face to see:
Shame makes him shun a meeting, but at length,
He must again behold me: then I 'll prove
His power to stand against the memory
Of all he owes me; for my tears shall speak,
And if he sees them, he is conquered quite.
No more will I restrain them, and his heart
By this same weakness shall be overwhelmed,
And his lost tenderness again be won.
—*Ariane.*

CORNWALL, BARRY. See PROCTER, BRYAN [illegible].

COSTELLO, LOUISE STUART, a British historical and miscellaneous writer, born in 1799, died in 1870. Having lost her father in early youth, she aided in the support of her mother and brother, by her work as an artist. When sixteen years of age she published *The Maid of Cyprus and other Poems.* Her later works are *Songs of a Stranger* (1825); *Specimens of the Early Poetry of France* (1835); *A Summer among the Bocages and Vines* (1840); *The Queen's Poisoner*, a historical romance, (1841); *Béarn and the Pyrenees* and *Memoirs of Eminent Englishwomen* (1844); *The Rose-Garden of Persia*, a translation of Persian poems (1845); *The Falls, Lakes, and Mountains of North Wales* (1845); *Clara Fane*, a novel (1848); *Memoir of Mary of Burgundy* (1853), and *Memoir of Anne of Brittany* (1855).

THE VEILED FIGURE AT LE MANS.

After considerable toil, we reached the platform where once stood the chateau, and where still stands a curious building, all towers and tourelles, some ugly, and some of graceful form, the latter apparently of the period of Charles VI. Immediately before the steps in the square above us rose the cathedral, which we came upon unawares; and exactly in front of us, in an angle, partly concealed by the broad shadow, we perceived a figure so mysterious, so remarkable, that it was impossible not to create in the mind of the beholder the most interesting speculations. This extraordinary figure deserves particular description, and I hope it may be viewed by some person more able than myself to explain it, or one more fortunate than I was in obtaining information respecting it. . . .

Seated in an angle of the exterior walls of the cathedral, on a rude stone, is a reddish-looking block, which has all the appearence of a veiled priest, covered with a large mantle, which conceals his hands and face. The height of the figure is about eight feet as it sits: the feet, huge unformed masses, covered with what seems drapery, are supported on a square pedestal, which is again sustained by one larger, which projects from the angle of the building. The veil, the ample mantle, and two under-garments, all flowing in graceful folds, and defining the shape, may be clearly distinguished. No features are visible, nor are the limbs actually apparent, except through the uninterrupted waving lines of the drapery, or what may be called so. A part of the side of what seems the head has been sliced off, otherwise the block is entire. It would scarcely appear to have been sculptured, but has the effect of one of those sports of Nature in which she delights to offer representations of forms which the fancy can shape into symmetry. There is something singularly Egyptian about the form of this swathed figure: or it is like those Indian idols, whose contours are scarcely defined to the eye. It is so wrapped up in mystery, and so surrounded with oblivion, that the mind is lost in amazement in contemplating it. Did it belong to a worship long since swept away?—was it a god of the Gauls, or a veiled Jupiter?—how came it squeezed in between two walls of the great church, close to the ground, yet supported by steps?—why was it not removed on the introduction of a purer worship?—how came it to escape destruction when saints and angels fell around it?—who placed it there, and for what purpose? Will no zealous antiquarian, on his way from a visit to the wondrous circle of Camas and the gigantic Dolmens of Saumur, pause at Le Mans, at this obscure corner of the cathedral, opposite the huge Pans de Gorron, and tell the world the meaning of this figure with the stone veil?—*Béarn and the Pyrenees.*

COTTIN, Sophie (Ristaud), a French author, born at Tonneins, in 1773, died in 1807. She was educated at Bordeaux, was married at the age of seventeen, and was a widow at twenty. From her mother she inherited a passion for books. Left without children she turned to literature for relief from loneliness. Her first work, *Claire D'Albe*, was published anonymously in 1798, the proceeds of its sale being given to a proscribed friend who was leaving France. It was followed by *Malvina* in 1800, *Amelia Mansfield* in 1802, *Matilda, Princess of England*, in 1805, and *Elizabeth; or the Exiles of Siberia* in 1806. This touching story of filial devotion added greatly to Mme. Cottin's fame. It recounts the hardships and sufferings of a young girl, journeying on foot from Tobolsk to Moscow to obtain pardon for her exiled father.

A WEARY JOURNEY.

In the course of her journey Elizabeth often met with objects which affected her compassionate heart in a degree hardly inferior to her own distress. Sometimes she encountered wretches chained together, who were condemned to work for life in the mines, or to inhabit the dreary coasts of Angara, and sometimes she came across troops of emigrants, who were destined to people the new city, building, by the Emperor's order, on the confines of China; some on foot, and others on the cars which conveyed the animals, poultry, and baggage. Notwithstanding these were criminals, who had been sentenced to a milder doom, for offences which might have been punished with death, they did not fail to excite compassion in her. But when she met exiles escorted by an Officer of State, whose noble mien called to her mind her father, she could not forbear shedding tears at their fate. Sometimes she offered them consolation; pity, however, was the only gift she had to bestow. With that she soothed their sorrows, and by a return of pity must she now depend for subsistence; for on her arrival at Voldomir, all she had was one rouble. She had been nearly three months in her journey from Sarapol to Voldomir, but, through the kind hospitality of the Russian peasants, who never take any payment for milk and bread, her little treasure had not been yet exhausted. Now all began to fail; her feet were almost bare, and her ragged dress ill-defended her from a frigidity of atmosphere which had already sunk the thermometer thirty degrees below the freezing point, and which increased daily. The ground was covered with snow more than two feet deep. Sometimes it congealed while falling, and appeared like a shower of ice, so thick that earth and sky were equally concealed from view. At other times torrents of rain rendered the roads almost impassable; or gusts of wind arose, so violent that to defend herself from their rude assaults, she was obliged to dig a hole in the snow, covering her head with large pieces of the bark of pine-trees, which she dexterously stripped off, as she had seen done by the inhabitants of Siberia.

One of these tempestuous hurricanes had raised the snow in thick clouds, and had created an obscurity so impenetrable that Elizabeth, no longer able to discern the road, and stumbling at every step, was obliged to stop. She took refuge under a rock to which she clung as firmly as she could, that she might withstand the fury of a storm which overthrew all around her. Whilst she was in this perilous situation, with her head bent down, a confused noise, that appeared to issue from behind the spot where she stood, raised a hope that a better shelter might be found. With difficulty she tottered round the rock, and discovered a *kibitki*, which had been overturned and broken, and a hut at no great distance. She implored entrance. An old woman opened the door; and struck with the wretchedness of her appearance—"My poor child!" said she, "whence dost thou come, and why art thou wandering thus alone in this dreadful weather?" To this interrogation Elizabeth made her usual reply: "I come from beyond Tobolsk, and am going to St. Petersburg to solicit my father's pardon."

At these words a man who was sitting in a corner of the room, suddenly raised his head from between his hands, and regarding her with an air of astonishment, exclaimed: "Is it possible that you come from so remote a country, alone, and during this tempestuous season, to solicit pardon for your father? Alas! my poor child would perhaps have done as much, but the barbarians tore me from her arms, leaving her in ignorance of my fate. She knows not what has become of me. She cannot plead for mercy. Never shall I again behold her—the affecting thought will kill me; separated forever from my child, I cannot live. Now indeed that I know my doom," continued the unhappy father, "I might inform her of it; I have written a letter to her, but the carrier belonging to this kibitki, who is returning to Riga, the place of her abode, will not undertake the charge of it without some small compensation, and I cannot offer him any. Not a single kopeck do I possess: the barbarians have stripped me of everything."

Elizabeth drew from her pocket the last rouble she had, and asked in timid accents, as she presented it to the unfortunate exile: "If that would be enough!" He pressed to his lips the generous hand that was held forth to succor him, and offered the money to the carrier. Like the widow's mite, Heaven bestowed its blessing on the offering. The carrier was satisfied and took charge of the letter. Thus did her noble sacrifice produce a fruit worthy of her heart; it relieved the agonized feelings of a parent, and carried consolation to the wounded bosom of a child. . . .

From Voldomir to the village of Pokroff the road lies through extensive forests of oaks, elms, aspens, and wild apple-trees. These trees afford an asylum to banditti. In winter, as the boughs despoiled of their foliage form but a poor hiding-place, these bands of robbers are less formidable. Elizabeth, however, during her journey, heard numerous accounts of thefts that had been committed. A few versts from Pokroff the high-road had been destroyed by a hurricane, and travellers proceeding to Moscow were obliged to make a considerable circuit through swamps occasioned by the inundations of the Volga. These were now hardened by the frost to a solidity equal to dry land. Elizabeth endeavored to follow the route which had been pointed out to her; but after walking for more than an hour over this icy desert, through which were no traces of a road, she found herself in a swampy marsh, from which every endeavor to extricate herself was for a long time in vain. At length, with great difficulty, she attained a little hillock. Covered with mud, and exhausted with fatigue, she seated herself upon a stone to rest, and to dry her sandals in the sun, which at that moment shone in full lustre. The environs of this spot appeared to be perfectly desolate; no signs of a human dwelling were visible; solitude and silence prevailed around. She found that she must have strayed far away from the road. and, notwithstanding all the courage with which she was endued, her heart failed. Her situation was alarming in the extreme; behind was the bog she had just crossed, and before her an immense forest, through which no track was to be distinguished.

At length day began to close; and notwithstanding her extreme weariness, she had to proceed in search of shelter for the night. In vain did she wander about, sometimes following one track and then another. No object presented itself to revive her hopes, no sound reanimated her drooping spirits; that of a human voice would have filled her heart with joy. Suddenly she heard voices, and some men issued from the forest. She hastened towards them, but their savage air and stern countenances dismayed her. All the stories she had heard of banditti immediately occurred to her, and she feared a judgment awaited her for the temerity with which she had indulged the idea that a special Providence watched over her preservation, and she fell upon her knees to humble herself in the presence of God. The troop advanced and stopped before Elizabeth, and regarding her with surprise and curiosity, demanded whence she came, and what had brought her there. With downcast eyes she replied that she had come from beyond Tobolsk, and that she was going to Saint Petersburg, to solicit from the Emperor a pardon for her father. She added that, having lost her way, she was now seeking for a refuge for the night. The men were astonished, and asked her what money she had to undertake so long a journey. She showed them the little coin given to her by the boatman of the Volga.

"Is that all?" they asked.

"It is all," she replied.

At this answer, delivered with a candor that enforced belief, the robbers looked at each other with amazement. They were not moved nor softened. Rendered callous by long habits of vice, an action of such noble heroism as that of Elizabeth had no such influence over their souls, but it excited wonder. They could not comprehend what they felt necessitated to believe, and restrained by a kind of veneration, they dared not injure the object of Heaven's evident protection; so passing on, they said to each other: "Let us leave her; some supernatural Power shields her."

Elizabeth hurried from them. She had not penetrated far into the forest before four roads, crossing each other, presented themselves to her view. In one of the angles which they formed was a little chapel dedicated to the Virgin, and over it a post inscribed with the names of the towns to which the roads led. Elizabeth prostrated herself to offer her grateful acknowledgments to the Omnipotent Being who had preserved her; the robbers were not mistaken, she was protected by a supernatural Power.—*The Exiles of Siberia.*

COTTLE, JOSEPH, an English author, born about 1770, died in 1853. He was a bookseller and publisher in Bristol. He was the author of *Malvern Hills*, *Alfred*, *The Fall of Cambria*, and *Reminiscences of Coleridge and Southey*, whose earlier works he had published.

THE PANTISOCRACY.

At the close of the year 1794, a clever young man of the Society of Friends, of the name of Robert Lovell, who had married a Miss Fricker, informed me that a few friends of his from Oxford and Cambridge, with himself, were about to sail to America, and on the banks of the Susquehanna, to form a Social Colony, in which there was to be a community of property, and where all that was selfish was to be proscribed. None, he said, were to be admitted into their numbers, but tried and incorruptible characters; and he felt quite assured that he and his friends would be able to realize a state of society free from the evils and turmoils that then agitated the world, and to present an example of the eminence to which men might arrive under the unrestrained influence of sound principles. He now paid me the compliment of saying that he would be happy to include *me* in this select assemblage who, under a state which he called *Pantisocracy*, were, he hoped, to regenerate the whole complexion of society; and that, not by establishing formal laws, but by excluding all the little deteriorating passions, injustice, "wrath, anger, clamor, and evil speaking," and thereby setting an example of "Human Perfectibility.". . . .

"How do you go?" said I. My young and ardent friend instantly replied:

"We freight a ship, carrying out with us ploughs, and other implements of husbandry."

The thought occurred to me, that it might be more economical to purchase such articles in America; but not too much to discourage the enthusiastic aspirant after happiness, I forebore all reference to the accumulation of difficulties to be surmounted, and merely inquired who were to compose his company. He said that only four had as yet absolutely engaged in the enterprise: Samuel Taylor Coleridge, from Cambridge (in whom I understood the plan to have originated); Robert Southey and George Burnet, from Oxford, and himself. "Well," I replied, "when do you set sail?" He answered, "Very shortly. I soon expect my friends from the Universities, when all the preliminaries will be adjusted, and we shall joyfully cross the blue waves of the Atlantic." "But," said I, "to freight a ship, and sail out in the high style of gentlemen agriculturists, will require funds. How do you manage this?" "We all contribute what we can," said he, "and I shall introduce all my dear friends to you, immediately on their arrival at Bristol.". . . .

One morning shortly after, Robert Lovell called on me, and introduced Robert Southey. Never will the impression be effaced, produced on me by this young man. Tall, dignified, possessing great suavity of manners; an eye piercing, with a countenance full of genius, kindliness and intelligence, I gave him at once the right hand of fellowship, and to the moment of his decease, that cordiality was never withdrawn. . . .

After some considerable delay, it was at length announced that on the coming morning Samuel Taylor Coleridge would arrive in Bristol, as the nearest and most convenient port: and where he was to reside but a short time before the favoring gales were to waft him and his friends across the Atlantic. Robert Lovell at length introduced Mr. Coleridge. I instantly descried his intellectual character; exhibiting, as he did, an eye, a brow, and a forehead, indicative of commanding genius. Interviews succeeded, and these increased the impression of respect. . . .

Though the ship was not engaged, nor the least preparation made for so long a voyage, still the delights and wide-spreading advantages of Pantisocracy formed one of their everlasting themes of conversation. It will excite merely an innocent smile in the reader at the extravagance of a youthful and ardent mind, when he learns that Robert Lovell stated with great seriousness, that—after the minutest calculation and inquiry among practical men—the demand on their labor would not exceed two hours a day; that is, for the production of absolute necessaries. The leisure still remaining might be devoted, in convenient fractions, to the extension of their domain, by prostrating the sturdy trees of the forest, where "lop and top," without cost, would supply their cheerful winter fire; and the trunks, when cut into planks, without any other expense than their own pleasant labor, would form the sties for their pigs, and the linnies for their cattle, and the barns for their produce; reserving the choicest timbers for their own comfortable dwellings. But after every claim that might be made on their manual labor have been discharged, a large portion of time would still remain for their own individual pursuits, so that they might read, converse, and even write books.—*Reminiscences of Coleridge and Southey.*

COTTON, **Charles**, an English poet, born in 1630, died in 1687. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. At twenty-eight he succeeded to the family estates, which, though nominally large, had become greatly encumbered by the extravagance of his father. He lived the life of a jolly country gentleman, always in want of more money than he had. He wrote a good deal of verse, either original or translated from the French and Italian. Among his friends was Izaak Walton; and the best of Cotton's verse grew out of this intimacy:

INVITATION TO IZAAK WALTON.

Whilst in this cold and blustering clime,
  Where bleak winds howl, and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
  Has been of many years before:

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks,
  The chillest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
  Are almost navigable made;

Whilst all the ills are so improved
  Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much beloved,
  We would not now wish with us here:

In this estate, I say, it is
  Some comfort to us to suppose
That in a better clime than this,
  You, our dear friend, have more repose;

And some delight to me the while,
Though Nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply I may do again.

If the all-ruling Power please
We live to see another May,
We'll recompense an age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing-day.

We then shall have a day or two,
Perhaps a week, wherein to try
What the best master's hand can do
With the most deadly killing fly.

A day with not too bright a beam;
A warm, but not a scorching sun;
A southern gale to curl the stream;
And, master, half our work is done.

Then, whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray,
We'll prove it just, with treacherous bait
To make the preying trout our prey;

And think ourselves, in such an hour,
Happier than those, though not so high,
Who, like leviathans, devour
Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This, my best friend, at my poor home,
Shall be our pastime and our theme;
But then—should you not deign to come,
You make all this a flattering dream.

NO ILLS BUT WHAT WE MAKE.

There are no ills but what we make
By giving shapes and names to things,
Which is the dangerous mistake
That causes all our sufferings.
O fruitful grief, the world's disease!
And vainer man to make it so,
Who gives his miseries increase,
By cultivating his own woe!

We call that sickness which is health;
That persecution which is grace;
That poverty which is true wealth;
And that dishonor which is praise.

Alas! our time is here so short,
That in what state soe'er 'tis spent,
Of joy or woe, does not import,
Provided it be innocent.

But we may make it pleasant too,
If we will take our measures right,
And not what Heaven has done undo
By an unruly appetite.
The world is full of beaten roads,
But yet so slippery withal,
That where one walks secure 'tis odds
A hundred and a hundred fall.

Untrodden paths are then the best,
Where the frequented are unsure:
And he comes soonest to his rest
Whose journey has been most secure.
It is content alone that makes
Our pilgrimage a pleasure here;
And who buys sorrow cheapest, takes
An ill commodity too dear.

COTTON, NATHANIEL, an English physician and poet, born in 1707, died in 1788. He was noted for his skill in the treatment of mental diseases. He conducted a private lunatic asylum, and among his patients was Cowper, who makes special mention of his "well-known humanity and sweetness of temper." He published *Visions in Verse*, designed for children (1751); and after his death was published a collection of his *Works in Prose and Verse.*

THE FIRESIDE.

I.

Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we 'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

II.

From the gay world we 'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs ;
No noisy neighbor enters here :
Nor intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

III.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies ;
And they are fools who roam :
The world has nothing to bestow :
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.

IX.

Our portion is not large, indeed ;
But then how little do we need !
For nature's calls are few :
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice
And make that little do.

XIII.

Thus, hand in hand, through life we 'll go ;
Its checkered paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we 'll tread ;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead :

XIV.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath :
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

TO-MORROW.

"To-morrow," didst thou say ?
Methought I heard Horatio say, "To-morrow."—
Go to—I will not hear of it. "To-morrow !"
'Tis a sharper who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty ; who takes thy ready cash
And pays thee naught but wishes, hopes, and promises,

The currency of idiots. Injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor! "To-morrow!"
It is a period nowhere to be found
In all the hoary registers of Time,
Unless, perchance, in the fool's calendar!
Wisdom disdains the word, nor holds society
With those who own it.—No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and as baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.
  But soft, my friend: arrest the present moments;
For, be assured, they are all arrant tell-tales:
And though their flight be silent, and their path
Trackless as the winged couriers of the air,
They post to heaven, and there record thy folly;
Because, tho' stationed on the important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnoticed, unimproved.
And know, for that thou slumberest on the guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive; and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal,
Of hoodwinked Justice, who shall tell thy audit?
  Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio!
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms, far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountains!
Oh, let it not elude thy grasp, but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee!

COUSIN, Victor, a French philosophical writer, born November 28, 1792, died January 16, 1867. He was educated at the Lycée Charlemagne, in Paris, where he received the highest honors. At the organization of the Normal School his name was inscribed first on the list of pupils. He was then eighteen years of age. At the end of two years he was appointed Greek Tutor in the school, and in 1814 Master of the Conferences. His mind had been directed towards philosophy by the teachings of Laromiguière and Royer-Collard, and when in 1815 he was appointed assistant to the latter in the Sorbonne, he threw himself with enthusiasm into the battle against the sensualistic philosophy of the day. He studied the Scottish metaphysicians, and the German speculative systems of philosophy, and made the acquaintance of the most distinguished German philosophers, during his vacations spent in that country. On his second visit to Germany, in 1824, he was accused of plotting against the Government, was arrested at Dresden, sent to Berlin, and kept a prisoner for six months. The accusations against him having been proved groundless, he was released.

The Normal School was suppressed in 1822, and upon Cousin's return to France, he was not permitted to resume his lectures at the University. In 1828 he received a new appointment as Professor in the Faculty of Literature. His clearness of expression, his beauty of style, his powers of generalization, his moderation in philosophy, religion, politics, rendered these lectures a brilliant success, and drew around him a crowd of enthusiastic scholars. In 1830 he was made a member of the Council of Public Instruction, in 1832 a Peer of France, and later, Director of the Normal School. In this capacity he put forth his efforts to organize primary education in France, inspecting the schools of Frankfort, Weimar, Leipsic, and Berlin, and making valuable reports on the state of public education in those cities. In 1840 he became a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Science, and Minister of Public Instruction in the Cabinet of Thiers. After the *coup d'état* of Dec. 2, 1851, he was deprived of his position as permanent member of the Council of Public Instruction. A decree of

1852 placed him in the rank of honorary professors, with Villemain and Guizot. Cousin was an indefatigable worker. Between 1820 and 1827, he published editions of *Proclus* and *Descartes*, and *Fragmens Philosophiques* (1826): between 1830 and 1835, four volumes of the translation of *Plato*, a new edition of the *Fragmens*, with a valuable preface, and a work on the *Metaphysics of Aristotle*, with a translation of the first two books. *The Inedited Works of Abelard* and the *Cours de la Philosophie* appeared in 1836; a translation of Tennemann's *Manual of the History of Philosophy* (1839); the completed translation of *Plato* in 13 vols. (1840); *Cours de l'Histoire de la Philosophie Morale au XVII. Siècle* (1840-1); *Cours de l'Histoire de la Philosophie Moderne*, and *Œuvres Philosophiques de Maine-de-Biran*, with a Preface, in itself a treatise on Philosophy (1841); *Leçons de Philosophie sur Kant* (1842); *Des Pensées de Pascal* (1842); *Nouveaux Fragmens* (1847); *Petri Abelardi Opera* (1849); *Etudes sur les Femmes et la Societé du XVII. Siècle* (1853), and *The True the Beautiful and the Good*, being a new edition of the *Cours de la Philosophie* (1854). Cousin also contributed a great variety of papers to the French literary and philosophical Reviews.

ANALYSIS OF FREE ACTION.

Free action is a phenomenon which contains several different elements combined together. To act freely, is to perform an action with the consciousness of being able not to perform it; now, to perform an action with the consciousness of being able not to perform it, supposes that we have preferred performing it to not performing it; to commence an action when we are able not to commence it, is to have preferred commencing it; to continue it when we are able to suspend it, is to have preferred continuing it; to carry it through when we are able to abandon it, is to have preferred accomplishing it. Now, to prefer supposes that we had motives for preferring, motives for performing this action, and motives for not performing it; that we were acquainted with these motives, and that we have preferred a part of them to the rest: in a word, preference supposes the knowledge of motives for and against. Whether these motives are passions or ideas, errors or truths, this or that, is of no consequence; it is important only to ascertain what faculty is here in operation; that is to say, what it is that recognizes these motives, which prefers one to the other, which judges that one is preferable to the other; for this is precisely what we mean by preferring. Now what is it that knows, that judges, but intelligence? Intelligence therefore is the faculty which prefers. But in order to prefer certain motives to others, to judge that some are preferable to others, it is not sufficient to know these different motives, we must moreover have weighed and compared them; we must have deliberated on these motives in order to form a conclusion; in fact, to prefer, is to judge definitively, to conclude. What then is it to deliberate? It is nothing else than to examine with doubt, to estimate the relative value of different motives without yet perceiving it with the clear evidence that commands judgment, conviction, preference.

Now, what is it that examines, what is it that doubts, what is it that judges that we should not yet judge in order to judge better? Evidently it is intelligence—the same intelligence which, at a subsequent period, after having passed many provisional judgments, will abrogate them all, will judge that they are less true, less reasonable than a certain other; will pass this latter judgment, will conclude and prefer after having deliberated. It is in intelligence that the phenomenon of preference takes place, as well as the other phenomena which it supposes. Thus far, then, we are still in the sphere of intelligence, and not in that of action. Assuredly intelligence is subjected to conditions; no one examines who does not wish to examine;

and the will intervenes in deliberation ; but this is the simple condition, not the foundation, of the phenomenon ; for, if it be true, that without the faculty of willing, all examination and all deliberation would be impossible, it is also true that the faculty itself which examines and which deliberates—the faculty which is the peculiar subject of examination, of deliberation, and of all judgment, provisional or definitive, is intelligence. Deliberation and conclusion, or preference, are therefore facts purely intellectual. Let us continue our analysis.

We have conceived different motives for performing or not performing an action ; we have deliberated on these motives, and we have preferred some of them to others ; we have concluded that we ought to perform it rather than not to perform it ; but to conclude that we ought to perform, and to perform, are not the same thing. When intelligence has judged that we ought to do this or that, for such or such motives, it remains to proceed to action ; in the first place to resolve to assume our part, to say to ourselves, not I *ought* to do, but I *will* to do. Now, the faculty which says I ought to do, is not and cannot be the faculty which says I will to do, I resolve to do. The office of intelligence here closes entirely. I ought to do is a judgment ; I will to do is not a judgment, nor consequently an intellectual phenomenon. In fact, at the moment when we form the resolution of doing a particular action, we form it with the consciousness of being able to form the contrary resolution. Here then is a new element which should not be confounded with the preceding ; this element is will ; just before it was our business to judge and to know ; now it is our business to will. To will, I say, and not to do ; for precisely as to judge that we ought to do is not to will to do, so to will to do is not in itself to do. To will is an act, not a judgment ; but an act altogether internal. It is evident that this act is not action properly so called ; in order to arrive at action, we must pass from the internal sphere of will to the sphere of the external world, in which is definitively accomplished the action which you had at first conceived, deliberated on, and preferred; which you then willed: and which it was necessary to execute. If there were no external world, there would be no consummated action: and there must not only be an external world; the power of will also, which we have recognized after the power of comprehending and of judging, must be connected with another power, a physical power, which serves it as an instrument with which to attain the external world. Suppose that the will were not connected with organization, there would be no bridge between the will and the external world; no external action would be possible. The physical power, necessary to action, is organization; and in this organization, it is acknowledged that the muscular system is the special instrument of the will. Take away the muscular system, no effort would any longer be possible, consequently, no locomotion, no movement whatever would be possible; and if no movement were possible, no external action would be possible. Thus, to recapitulate, the whole action which we undertook to analyze is resolved into three elements perfectly distinct: 1. the intellectual element, which is composed of the knowledge of the motives for and against, of deliberation, of preference, of choice; 2. the voluntary element, which consists entirely in an internal act, namely the resolution to do; 3. the physical element, or the external action.—*Cours de l'Histoire de la Philosophie.*

COWLEY, ABRAHAM, an English poet and essayist, born in 1618, died in 1667. His father died shortly before the poet's birth, and his mother obtained his admission to Westminister School as a king's scholar. While very young he began to write verses, being moved thereto, he tells us, by a copy of the *Faerie Queene*, which lay in his mother's parlor, and which he read until it filled his brain, he says, "with such chimes of verse as never since have left ringing there." In his tenth year he composed a *Tragicall History of Piramus and Thisbe*, and two years later *Constantia and Philetus*. At Westminister he displayed extraordinary mental activity, and wrote in his thirteenth year an *Elegy on the Death of Dudley, Lord Carlton*, which with the first two poems were printed under the title of *Poetical Blossoms*. At eighteen, Cowley entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself as a scholar, and wrote one book of the *Davideis*, of which three other books were afterwards written. *Love's Riddle* and a Latin comedy, the *Naufragium Joculare*, were printed in 1638, and in 1641 was printed *The Guardian*, a dramatic work, acted on the occasion of Prince Charles passing through Cambridge. Cowley's devotion to the royal cause, caused his expulsion from Cambridge, and he went to Oxford. In 1646, he followed the queen to Paris, where he remained ten years, devoting himself unreservedly to the royal service, deciphering the secret correspondence of the king and queen, and undertaking perilous journeys to other countries, in furtherance of their cause. In 1647, a collection of his love-verses, entitled *The Mistress*, was published. Though now entirely neglected, it was the most popular reading of its day. In 1656 Cowley went secretly to England, was arrested, and forced to give bail in £1000 for his future behavior. He now published a volume of his collected poems, and found himself the most highly esteemed poet of his time. On the death of Cromwell, he escaped to France, and returned to England only at the Restoration. The poet, who had reason to expect some return from the royal family for his long and valuable services, was at first neglected. Through the efforts of

Lord St. Albans he was at length given a lease of the queen's lands at Chertsey, where he spent the last years of his life in the rural retirement which he had longed for, but which he found it impossible to enjoy. He was buried in Westmininster Abbey near Chaucer and Spenser. His poems, so highly praised in his life time are now little read, though not a few of them are quite well worth reading. His Essays are pleasing specimens of English prose.

OF MYSELF.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honor I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone:
The unknown are better than ill-known;
Rumor can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death the night.
My house a cottage more
Than palace; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he, that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate:
But boldly say each night:
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to-day.

A FREE LIFE.

Where honor or where conscience oes not bind,
No other law shall shackle me;

Slave to myself I will not be;
Nor shall my future actions be confined
By my own present mind.
Who by resolves and vows engaged does stand
For days that yet belong to Fate.
Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his estate
Before it falls into his hand.
The bondman of the cloister so
All that he does receive does always owe;
And still as time comes in, it goes away,
Not to enjoy, but debts to pay.
Unhappy slave! and pupil to a bell!
Which his hour's work, as well as hours, does tell!
Unhappy to the last, the kind releasing knell.

MARK THAT SWIFT ARROW.

Mark that swift arrow, how it cuts the air,
How it outruns thy following eye!
Use all persuasions now, and try
If thou canst call it back or stay it there,
That way it went; but thou shalt find
No track is left behind.

Fool! 'tis thy life, and the fond archer thou.
Of all the time thou'st shot away,
I'll bid thee fetch but Yesterday,
And it shall be too hard a task to do.
Besides repentance, what canst find
That it hath left behind?

Our life is carried with too strong a tide;
A doubtful cloud our substance bears,
And is the horse of all our years:
Each day doth on a wingèd whirlwind ride.
We and our glass run out, and must
Both render up our dust.

But his past life who without grief can see,
Who never thinks his end too near,
But says to Fame, thou art mine heir—
That man extends life's natural brevity
To outlive Nestor in a day.

ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD CRASHAW.

Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven;
The hard and rarest union which can be,
Next to that of Godhead with humanity.
Long did the Muses, banished slaves, abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride,
Like Moses thou (tho' spells and charms withstand)
Has brought them home, back to their Holy Land.
Ah, wretched we! poets of earth! but thou
Wert, living, the same poet thou 'rt now,
Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applause so great as thine.
Equal society with them to hold,
Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old;
And they (kind spirits!) shall rejoice to see
How little less than they exalted man may be.

HEAVEN.

Sleep on! Rest, quiet as thy conscience, take,
For though thou sleep'st thyself, thy God 's awake.
Above the subtle foldings of the sky,
Above the well-set orbs' soft harmony;
Above those petty lamps that gild the night,
There is a place o'erflown with hallowed light;
Where heaven, as if it left itself behind,
Is stretched out far, nor its own bounds can find:
Here peaceful flames swell up the sacred place,
Nor can the glory contain itself in th' endless space.
For there no twilight of the sun's dull ray
Glimmers upon the pure and native day.
No pale-faced moon does in stolen beams appear,
Or with dim taper scatters darkness there.
On no smooth sphere the restless seasons slide,
No circling motion doth swift time divide;
Nothing is there *to come*, and nothing *past*,
But an eternal *Now* does always last.
—*The Davideis.*

THE GRASSHOPPER.

[*After Anacreon.*]

Happy insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,

The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self 's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently enjoy;
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
The country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know.
But when thou 'st drunk, and danced, and sung,
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among—
Voluptuous and wise withal.
Epicurean animal!—
Satiate with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

OF OBSCURITY.

If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time: we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honor that lies in that: whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than the lord chief justice of a city. Every creature has it, both of nature and art, if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, "This is that Bucephalus," or "This is that Incitatus," when they were led prancing through the streets, as "This is that Alexander," or, "This is that Domitian;" and truly, for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more honorable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship, than he the empire.

I love and commend a true good fame, because it is the shadow of virtue; not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow, and, like that of St. Peter, cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives; what it is to him after his death, I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbors that know him, and is truly irreproachable by any body; and so, after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes more silently out of it than he came in (for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit): this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this "muta persona," I take to have been more happy in his part, than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise, nay, even than Augustus himself, who asked with his last breath, whether he had not played his farce very well.—*Essays.*

COWPER, WILLIAM, an English poet, born November 26, 1731, died April 25, 1800. His father was Rector of Berkhamstead, in Hampshire, sprung from an ancient family, which could trace its descent in an uninterrupted line to the time of Edward IV. (1450). His mother, Ann Donne, was daughter of the Dean of St. Pauls, who was descended from Henry III. (1250), through four distinct lines. She died when William, her eldest living boy was six years old, leaving besides him an infant son.

A few months after his mother's death Cowper was placed at a private school, where for two years he was cruelly bullied by the elder pupils. At the age of fourteen he was placed in Westminster School, where he became an excellent scholar. At seventeen he was articled to a London solicitor; but he paid no attention to legal studies. His uncle, Ashley Cowper, a man of considerable fortune, resided in London, and it was arranged that the youth should pass his Sundays at his uncle's residence. Mr. Ashley Cowper had two daughters, Theodora and Harriet, just growing up into womanhood. A warm attachment sprang up between William Cowper and his cousin Theodora. Harriet became in time the wife of Mr. Hesketh, afterwards made a baronet: she is the Lady Hesketh who came many years after to be a warm friend of William Cowper. When he came of age he received, through the influence of an uncle a small government appointment, and took chambers in the Inner Temple, ostensibly to study law, and at the age of twenty-four was formally called to the bar, but with no purpose of practising the profession. There were two or three government positions, to which the right of nomination was vested in one of his uncles; and he looked forward to obtaining one of these.

Mr. Ashley Cowper began to look unfavorably upon a marriage between his daughter and nephew. "If you marry William Cowper," he said to her, "what will you do!"—

"Do, Sir?" replied Theodora, "wash all day, and ride out on the great dog at night." He at length positively forbade the union, and prohibited his nephew from visiting at his house, alleging for his reason his decided objection to the marriage of cousins. The final parting took place about 1752, and the lovers never met again. Theodora never forgot him, and in after years found occasion for doing him great service. She died in 1824, at the age of about eighty, having survived Cowper nearly a quarter of a century. When near her end she sealed up all the letters and verses which he had addressed to her, and placed them in the hands of a female friend. This friend died in the same year with Theodora; and the papers fell into the hands of a relative, by whom a portion of them was published in 1825, under the title of *Early Poems*.

The first symptoms of the mental malady with which Cowper was afflicted during the greater part of his life manifested themselves when he was about twenty-four. Of this he wrote long after in one of his letters, "I was struck with such a dejection of spirits as none but they who have felt the same can have the least conception of. Day and night I was upon the back, lying down in horror and rising up in despair." This period of gloom passed away in a few months; but to reappear after a few years in a more aggravated form. His father who had married again, died suddenly in 1756, leaving very little to his sons; and Cowper was before long reduced to pecuniary straits. A couple of government offices—that of Reading Clerk and Clerk of the Journals to the House of Lords—to which his uncle, Major Cowper had the right of presentation—fell vacant, and Cowper was offered his choice between them. He chose the latter, the less lucrative but more private one. But it was necessary that he should pass an examination as to his fitness to perform the quite formal duties required of him. "A thunderbolt," he says, "would have been as welcome to me as this intelligence." For six months he tried in vain to prepare himself for the examination. Then his reason quite gave way. Three times he attempted suicide. In the autumn of 1763 he sent for Major Cowper, and, in spite of all remonstrances, threw up the nomination. At this time he wrote those wild and whirling verses which show something of the nature of the great cloud of darkness which enveloped him:

LINES WRITTEN DURING A PERIOD OF INSANITY.

Hatred and vengeance—my eternal portion,
Scarce can endure delay of execution—
Wait with impatient readiness to seize my
Soul in a moment.

Damned below Judas, more abhorred than he was,
Who for a few pence sold his holy Master!
Twice betrayed. Jesus me, the last delinquent,
Deems the profanest.

Man disavows, and Deity disowns me;
Hell might afford my miseries a shelter;
Therefore Hell keeps her ever-hungry mouths all
Bolted against me.

Hard lot. encompassed with a thousand dangers,
Weary, faint, trembling with a thousand terrors,
I'm called, if vanquished, to receive a sentence
Worse than Abiram's.

Him the vindictive rod of angry Justice
Sent quick and howling to the centre headlong;
I, fed with judgment, in a fleshly tomb, am
Buried above ground.

In December, 1763, Cowper was placed by his friends in the private asylum for lunatics, at St. Albans, kept by Dr. Nathaniel Cotton, a physician of rare worth and capacity, the author of several poems of no inconsiderable merit. Here he remained for two years, and by slow degrees regained his sanity. His younger brother was now a Fellow of a Cambridge College, and Cowper, in order to be near him, took up his residence at Huntingdon, the nearest place where suitable accommodations could be obtained.

Almost by accident he made the acquaintance of Mr. Unwin, a clergyman who occupied a large house, and received pupils to be prepared for the University. The Unwins were persuaded to receive Cowper as a boarder, and a warm attachment sprung up between them which was only broken by death. But two years after, Mr. Unwin was killed by being thrown from his horse. He had expressed the wish that in case of his death, Cowper should still have a home with his widow.

Mary Unwin was left with quite limited means, and the great house was given up. She with Cowper took up their residence in the neighboring parish of Olney, of which John Newton was curate. Cowper became a kind of informal lay assistant to the energetic Newton. He visited the parishioners, read prayers with the sick, and even conducted extempore prayers. But the strong meat which was nourishment to the robust-minded Newton, proved deleterious to Cowper. In the doctrine of Predestination Newton saw an assured guarantee that final salvation was sure to all the elect; Cowper saw in it equal assurance of final reprobation to the non-elect—of whom he believed himself to be one. His insanity returned in the most aggravated form. He himself, writing years after, records the characteristics of his mental condition at this time:

COWPER'S THIRD PERIOD OF INSANITY.

I was suddenly reduced from my wonted rate of understanding to an almost childish imbecility. I did not lose my senses, but I lost the power to exercise them. I could return a rational answer even to a difficult question; but a question was necessary, or I never spoke at all. This state of mind was accompanied, as I suppose it to be in most cases of the kind, with misapprehension of things and persons, that made me a very intractable patient. I believed that every body hated me, and that Mrs. Unwin hated me most of all; was convinced that all my food was poisoned, together with ten thousand megrims of the same sort."

The conviction of his own certain reprobation settled itself more and more deeply in his mind. He believed that God required him to sacrifice his own life, and attempted over and over again to commit suicide. He refused to pray or to attend divine service; nor would he for a time visit Newton at the Rectory; then, having one day been persuaded to go there, he refused to leave; and begged to be allowed to remain. This mental alienation lasted many months, during which Mrs. Unwin devoted herself wholly to his care. No mother or sister, or wife could have done more for him than she did, and when he was induced to leave the Rectory she took him to her home. Some time before this attack Cowper, at the suggestion of Newton, and with his co-operation, projected the *Olney Hymns*. Of these Cowper wrote nearly eighty, some of which hold a high place in English Hymnology. The one last written, composed in June, 1773, is the best known of all:

LIGHT SHINING IN DARKNESS.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform :
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour :
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain :
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

The dozen years following this recovery—up to 1791—were probably the happiest, certainly by far the most active, in the life of Cowper. His abode was still with Mrs. Unwin. He occupied himself with gardening and carpentering, and found his amusement in petting animals: hares, rabbits, guinea-pigs, dogs, and several kinds of birds. His cousin, Lady Hesketh, now took up her residence not far from him; and in time he became acquainted with Lady Austen, a widow, rich, beautiful, and clever, in whose society and friendship he found great delight. He was now about fifty, and up to this time he had written only a few hundred lines of poetry worthy of remembrance. In 1781 he printed anonymously a very poor poem, upon a very unpleasant subject, entitled *Antithelyphthora*. Mrs. Unwin urged him to choose a worthier theme, suggesting as a subject *The Progress of Error*. He began at once, and in a few weeks wrote not only that, but *Truth*, *Table Talk*, *Expostulation*, *Hope*, *Charity*, *Retirement*, and *Conversation*—all of them being moral satires. These were published in a volume in 1782. One evening Lady Austen diverted him by telling the story of the adventurous ride of John Gilpin. Before morning Cowper had put the story into verse. It was printed in a newspaper, and soon became the most popular ballad of the day. Lady Austen not long afterwards urged Cowper to try his powers at writing blank verse, giving him as a subject the Sofa on which she happened to be sitting. The result was the poem entitled *The Task*, which extended far beyond what had been thought of by either the poet or his friend. It was published in 1785, and at once secured for Cowper the undisputed rank of the foremost poet of his time. But before *The Task* was completed, the fair friendship between Cowper and Lady Austen came to an end. Mrs. Unwin, now past three-score, became strangely jealous of the fascinating Lady Austen, and told Cowper that he must forego one of the two. The claims of gratitude were paramount in the estimation of Cowper, and he wrote a sorrowful farewell letter to Lady Austen, setting forth the circumstances which rendered it necessary that their innocent intimacy should cease.

When *The Task* was published, the bookseller urged Cowper to undertake a translation of Homer. This was published in 1791, and for it Cowper received £1,000. He was then urged to edit an edition of Milton, to be magnificently illustrated by Fuseli. Cowper translated the Latin and Italian poems of Milton; but did no more. For the end of his mental soundness was close at hand. But one last gleam of earthly happiness had been reserved for him. Early in 1790 he received a visit from John Johnson, a Cambridge undergraduate, a grandson of a brother of Cowper's mother—dead now for three-and-fifty years, but still held in loving remembrance. Returning to his home Johnson told his aunt, Mrs. Bodham, who had been a playfellow of Cowper's childhood, that she was still held in kindly remembrance by the poet, whereupon she sent to him that portrait of his mother which occasioned the writing of the touching poem, one of the best of all which Cowper wrote.

In the next year Mary Unwin had an attack of paralysis, which left her feeble in body, impaired in mind, and querulous in temper. Cowper failed too. He had had another attack of insanity, during which he again attempted suicide. He partially recovered; but strange fancies haunted him. He imagined, when he awoke in the morning, that he heard mysterious voices speaking to him; Mrs. Unwin shared in the delusion; the two fell under the influence of a knavish schoolmaster, who professed to interpret these voices, and managed to get much money for his services. Cowper's grand-nephew, Johnson, being informed of his deplorable condition came to him, but found him in a state of brooding melancholy. Mrs. Unwin died in 1796. Cowper lived four years longer, for the greater part of the time nearly bereft of understanding; but with now and then a return to reason. The last of these returns took place about a year before he passed into his rest. In March, 1799, he was able to undertake the revision of his Homer; wrote several short poems in Latin and English. The last of these was *The Castaway*, composed March 20, founded on a story told by Anson, of a sailor drowning at sea. This poem, comprising a dozen stanzas, thus concludes:

THE TWO CASTAWAYS.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date:
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allayed,
No light propitious shone,
When snatched from all effectual aid,
We perished, each alone.
But I beneath a rougher sea.
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

A year and a month more of almost unconscious earthly existence was alotted to Cowper, and then he entered into his rest, lacking a few months of the term of three-score years and ten. "From the moment of his death," wrote his kinsman, "until the coffin was closed, the expression into which his countenance had settled was that of calmness and composure, mingled, as it were, with a holy surprise."

All the poems by which Cowper will be held in remembrance were produced within the space of a dozen years, and after he had passed the age of half a century. Not a few of these are characterized by a keen sense of humor, hardly to be looked for from one the greater part of whose life was passed upon the very verge of insanity. In our citations we follow very nearly the chronological order of their composition.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

All the muses weep for thee,
But every tear shall scald thy memory;
The Graces too, while virtue at their shrine
Lay bleeding under that soft hand of thine,
Felt each a mortal stab in her own breast,
Abhorred the sacrifice and cursed the priest.
Thou polished and high-finished foe to truth,
Graybeard corrupter of our listening youth,
To purge and skim away the filth of vice,
That, so refined, it might the more entice,
Then pour it on the morals of thy son,
To taint his heart, was worthy of thine own!
Now, while the poison all high life prevades,
Write, if thou canst, one Letter from the Shades,
One, and only one, charged with deep regret,
That thy worst part—thy principles—live yet;
One sad epistle thence may cure mankind
Of the plague spread by bundles left behind.
—*The Progress of Error.*

THE PIOUS COTTAGER AND VOLTAIRE.

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door—
Pillow and bobbins all her little store—
Content, though mean, and cheerful if not gay
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Had little understanding and no wit:
Receives no praise, but though her lot be such—
Toilsome and indigent—she renders much;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the witty Frenchman never knew:
And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
Oh happy peasant! Oh unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
He, praised perhaps for ages yet to come,

She, never heard of half a mile from home;
He, lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She, safe in the simplicity of hers.
—*Truth.*

WHITEFIELD.

Leuconomus[*] (beneath well-sounding Greek
I slur a name a poet must not speak)
Stood pilloried on infamy's high stage,
And bore the pelting scorn of half an age;
The very butt of slander and the blot
For every dart that malice ever shot.
The man that mentioned *him* at once dismissed
All mercy from his lips, and sneered and hissed:
His crimes were such as Sodom never knew,
And perjury stood up to swear all true;
His aim was mischief, and his zeal pretence,
His speech rebellion against common sense;
A knave, when tried on Honesty's just rule,
And when by that of Reason, a mere fool;
The world's best comfort was, his doom was passed:
Die when he might, he must be damned at last!
Now, Truth, perform *thine* office: waft aside
The curtain drawn by Prejudice and Pride;
Reveal (the man is dead) to wondering eyes
The more than monster in his proper guise:
He loved the world that hated him; the tear
That dropped upon the Bible was sincere:
Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life;
And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
Paul's love of Christ, and steadiness unbribed,
Were copied close in him, and well transcribed.
He followed Paul: his zeal a kindred flame,
His apostolic charity the same:
Like him crossèd cheerfully tempestuous seas,
Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease;
Like him he labored, and, like him, content
To bear it, suffered shame where'er he went.—
Blush, Calumny! and write upon his tomb
(If honest eulogy can spare thee room),

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[*] *Leukos*, "white" and *nomos*, "field."

Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies
Which, aimed at him, have pierced the offended
skies;
And say: Blot out my sin, confessed, deplored,
Against Thine image in thy saint, O Lord!
—*Hope.*

JOHN HOWARD.

Patron of else the most despised of men,
Accept the tribute of a stranger's pen:
Verse, like the laurel, its immortal meed,
Should be the guerdon of a noble deed.
I may alarm thee, but I fear the shame
(Charity chosen as my field and aim)
I must incur, forgetting Howard's name.
Blest with all wealth can give thee, to resign
Joys doubly sweet to feelings quick as thine,
To quit the bliss thy rural scenes bestow,
To seek a nobler amidst scenes of woe:
To traverse seas, range kingdoms, and bring home,
Not the proud monuments of Greece and Rome,
But knowledge such as dungeons only teach,
And only sympathy like thine could reach;
That grief sequestered from the public stage,
Might smooth her feathers and enjoy her cage,
Speaks a divine ambition, and a zeal,
The boldest patriot might be proud to feel.—
Oh that the voice of clamor and debate,
That pleads for peace till it disturbs the State,
Were hushed in favor of thy generous plea—
The poor thy clients, and Heaven's smile thy fee!
—*Charity.*

The Task was begun in 1781, and finished in about four years, having been published in 1785.

GENESIS OF THE SOFA.

I sing *The Sofa.* I who lately sang
Truth, *Hope*, and *Charity*, and touched with awe
The solemn chords, and with a trembling hand
Escaped with pain from that adventurous flight,
Now seek repose upon an humbler theme:
The theme though humble, yet august, and proud
The occasion—for the Fair commands the song.

Time was, when clothing sumptuous or for use,
Save their old painted skins, our sires had none.
As yet black breeches were not; satin smooth,
Or velvet soft, or plush with shaggy pile.
The hardy chief upon the rugged rock
Washed by the sea, or on the gravelly bank
Thrown up by wintry torrents roaring loud,
Fearless of wrong, reposed his weary strength.
Those barbarous ages past, succeeded next
The birthday of Invention, weak at first,
Dull in design, and clumsy to perform.
Joint-stools were then created: on three legs
Upborne they stood:—three legs upholding firm
A massy slab, in fashion square or round.
On such a stool immortal Alfred sat,
And swayed the sceptre of his infant realms;
And such in ancient halls and mansions drear
May still be seen, but perforated sore
And drilled in holes the solid oak is found,
By worms voracious eating through and through.
At length a generation more refined
Improved the simple plan; made three legs four,
Gave them a twisted form vermicular.
And o'er the seat with plenteous wadding stuffed
Induced a splendid cover, green and blue,
Yellow and red, of tapestry richly wrought
And woven close, or needlework sublime.
There might ye see the piony spread wide,
The full-blown rose, the shepherd and his lass,
Lap-dog and lambkin with black staring eyes,
And parrots with twin cherries in their beak.
Now came the cane from India, smooth and bright
With Nature's varnish, severed into stripes
That interlaced each other: these supplied
Of texture firm a lattice-work, that braced
The new machine, and it became a chair.
But restless was the chair; the back erect
Distressed the weary loins, that felt no ease;
The slippery seat betrayed the sliding part
That pressed it, and the feet hung dangling down,
Anxious in vain to find the distant floor.
These for the rich; the rest, whom fate had placed

In modest mediocrity, content
With base materials, sat on well-tanned hides
Obdurate and unyielding, glassy smooth,
With here and there a tuft of crimson yarn,
Or scarlet crewel in the cushion fixed:
If cushion might be called, what harder seemed
Than the firm oak of which the frame was formed.
No want of timber then was felt or feared
In Albion's happy isle. The lumber stood
Ponderous, and fixed by its own massy weight.
But elbows still were wanting; these, some say,
An alderman of Cripplegate contrived,
And some ascribe the invention to a priest,
Burly and big, and studious of his ease.
But rude at first, and not with easy slope
Receding wide, they pressed against the ribs,
And bruised the side and elevated high
Taught the raised shoulders to invade the ears.
Long time elapsed or e'er our rugged sires
Complained, though incommodiously pent in,
And ill at ease behind. The Ladies first
'Gan murmur, as became the softer sex.
Ingenious Fancy, never better pleased
Than when employed to accommodate the fair,
Heard the sweet moan with pity, and devised
The soft settee; one elbow at each end,
And in the midst an elbow, it received,
United yet divided, twain at once.
So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne;
And so two citizens who take the air
Close packed and smiling, in a chaise and one.
But relaxation of the languid frame
By soft recumbency of outstretched limbs,
Was bliss reserved for happier days;—so slow
The growth of what is excellent, so hard
To attain perfection in this nether world
Thus first Necessity invented stools,
Convenience next suggested elbow-chairs,
And Luxury the accomplished *Sofa* last
—*The Task*, Book I.

ON SLAVERY.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,

Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war
Might never reach me more! My ear is pained.
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart—
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colored like his own, and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed,
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys.
And worse than all, and most to be deplored
As human Nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep.
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
—*The Task*, Book II.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpaired and pure,
Or tasting long enjoy thee! too infirm,
Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
Unmixed with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup;

Thou art the nurse of Virtue, in thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.
Thou art not known where Pleasure is adored,
That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist
And wandering eyes, still leaning on the arm
Of Novelty, her fickle, frail support:
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
And finding in the calm of truth-tried love
Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.
—*The Task*, Book III.

TO WINTER.

O Winter! ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled.
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee King of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know.
—*The Task*, Book IV.

THE GAMES OF KINGS.

Great princes have great playthings. Some have play
At hewing mountains into men, and some
At building human wonders mountain high.

Some have amused the dull sad years of life,
Life spent in indolence, and therefore sad,
With schemes of monumental fame; and sought
By pyramids and mausolean pomp,
Short-lived themselves, to immortalize their bones.
Some seek diversion in the tented field,
And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.
But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at. Nations would do well
To extort their truncheons from the puny hands
Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds
Are gratified with mischief, and who spoil,
Because men suffer it, their toy the world.
—*The Task,* Book V.

TRUE LIBERTY.

There is yet a liberty unsung
By poets, and by senators unpraised,
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers
Of earth and hell confederate take away;
A liberty which persecution, fraud,
Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind;
Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more;
'Tis liberty of heart, derived from Heaven,
Bought with His blood who gave it to mankind,
And sealed with the same token. It is held
By charter, and that charter sanctioned sure
By the unimpeachable and awful oath
And promise of a God. His other gifts
All bear the royal stamp that speaks them His,
And are august, but this transcends them all.
—*The Task*, Book V.

THE FUTURE GOLDEN AGE.

The groans of nature in this nether world,
Which Heaven has heard for ages, have an end.
Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
Whose fire was kindled at the prophet's lamp.
The time of rest, the promised sabbath, comes.
Six thousand years of sorrow have well-nigh
Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world; and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things,
Is merely as the working of the sea

Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest:
For He whose car the winds are, and the clouds
The dust that waits upon His sultry march,
When sin hath moved Him, and His wrath is hot,
Shall visit earth in mercy; shall descend
Propitious, in His chariot paved with love,
And what His storms have blasted and defaced
For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair. . . .
  Oh scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
Scenes of accomplished bliss! which who can see,
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
His soul refreshed with fortaste of the joy?
Rivers of gladness water all the earth,
And clothe all climes with beauty; the reproach
Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field
Laughs with abundance: and the land once lean,
Or fertile only in its own disgrace,
Exults to see its thistly curse repealed.
The various seasons woven into one,
And that one season an eternal spring,
The garden feels no blight, and needs no fence,
For there is none to covet, all are full.
The lion, and the libbard, and the bear
Graze with the fearless flocks: all bask at noon
Together, or all gambol in the shade
Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.
Antipathies are none. No foe to man
Lurks in the serpent now: the mother sees,
And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
Stretched forth to dally with the crested worm,
To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.
All creatures worship man, and all mankind
One Lord, one Father. Error has no place:
That creeping pestilence is driven away:
The breath of Heaven has chased it. In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string,
But all is harmony and love. Disease
Is not: the pure and uncontaminate blood
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.
One song employs all nations, and all cry,
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain for us!"
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain-tops

From distant mountains catch the flying joy,
Till, nation after nation, taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round.
—*The Task*, Book VI.

CONCLUSION OF "THE TASK."

So life glides smoothly and by stealth away,
More golden than that age of fabled gold
Renowned in ancient song; not vexed with care
Or stained with guilt, beneficent, approved
Of God and man, and peaceful in its end.
So glide my life away! and so at last,
My share of duties decently fulfilled,
May some disease, not tardy to perform
Its destined office, yet with gentle stroke,
Dismiss me weary to a safe retreat,
Beneath the turf that I have often trod.
It shall not grieve me, then, that once, when called
To dress a Sofa with the flowers of verse,
I played awhile, obedient to the fair,
With that light task; but soon, to please her more,
Whom flowers alone I knew would little please,
Let fall the unfinished wreath, and roved for fruit;
Roved far, and gathered much: some harsh, 'tis true,
Picked from the thorns and briars of reproof,
But wholesome, well-digested; grateful some
To palates that can taste immortal truth,
Insipid else, and sure to be despised.
But all is in His hand whose praise I seek.
In vain the Poet sings and the World hears,
If He regard not, though divine the theme.
'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
To charm His ear, whose eye is on the heart,
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
Whose approbation prosper—even mine.
—*The Task*, Book VI.

Before the commencement of *The Task*, and after its completion, Cowper wrote many short poems, some gay and sportive, some keen and satirical, some solemn and pathetic.

These, in the best collective editions of his Works are grouped together under the title, "Miscellaneous Poems,—1779 to 1799."

NOSE *vs.* EYES: *in re* SPECTACLES.

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The Spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said Spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;
While Chief-Baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had Spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind."

Then holding the Spectacles up to the court—
"Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

"Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happened, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear Spectacles then?

"On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the Spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one if or but—
"That, whenever the Nose put his Spectacles on,
By daylight or candlelight—Eyes should be shut!"

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A Nightingale, that all day long
Hath cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
So stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:—
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same power Divine
Taught you to sing and me to shine,
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night."
The songster heard his short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.
Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real interest to discern:
That brother should not war with brother
And worry and devour each other;
But sing and shine with sweet consent,
Till life's poor transient night is spent,
Respecting in each other's case
The gifts of nature and of grace.
Those Christians best deserve the name,
Who studiously make peace their aim;
Peace both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

YARDLEY OAK.

Survivor sole, and hardly such, of all
That once lived here, thy brethren ! at my birth,
(Since which I number three-score winters past),
A shattered veteran, hollow-trunked perhaps,
As now, and with excoriate forks deform,
Relics of ages ! could a mind, imbued
With truth from heaven, created thing adore,
I might with reverence kneel, and worship thee. . .
  Thou wast a bauble once ; a cup and ball
Which babes might play with ; and the thievish jay,
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloined
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs
And all thine embryo vastness at a gulp.
But Fate thy growth decreed ; autumnal rains
Beneath thy parent tree mellowed the soil
Designed thy cradle ; and a skipping deer,
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepared
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through. . .
  Thou fell'st mature ; and, in the loamy clod
Swelling with vegetative force instinct
Didst burst thine egg, as theirs the fabled Twins,
Now stars ; two lobes protruding, paired exact ;
A leaf succeeded, and another leaf,
And, all the elements thy puny growth
Fostering propitious, thou becamest a twig. . . .
  Time made thee what thou wast, king of the woods ;
And time hath made thee what thou art—a cave
For owls to roost in. Once thy spreading boughs
O'erhung the champaign ; and the numerous flocks
That grazed it, stood beneath that ample cope
Uncrowded, yet safe sheltered from the storm.
No flock frequents thee now. Thou hast outlived
Thy popularity, and art become
(Unless verse rescue thee awhile) a thing
Forgotten, as the foliage of thy youth. . . .
  Thought cannot spend itself, comparing still
The great and little of thy lot, thy growth
From almost nullity into a state
Of matchless grandeur, and declension thence,

Slow, into such magnificent decay.
Time was when, settling on thy leaf, a fly
Could shake thee to the root—and time has been
When tempests could not. At thy firmest age
Thou hadst within thy bole solid contents.
That might have ribbed the sides and planked the deck
Of some flagged admiral; and tortuous arms,
The shipwright's darling treasure, didst present
To the four-quartered winds, robust and bold,
Warped into tough knee-timber, many a load!
But the axe spared thee; and therefore to Time
The task was left to whittle thee away
With his sly scythe, whose ever-nibbling edge,
Noiseless, an atom and an atom more,
Disjoining from the rest, has, unobserved,
Achieved a labor, which had, far and wide,
By man performed, made all the forest ring.
Embowelled now, and of thy ancient self
Possessing naught but the scooped rind, that seems
A huge throat calling to the clouds for drink,
Which it would give in rivulets to thy foot,
Thou temptest none, but rather much forbid'st
The feller's toil, which thou could ill requite.
Yet is thy root sincere, sound as the rock,
A quarry of stout spurs, and knotted fangs,
Which, crook'd into a thousand whimsies, clasp
The stubborn soil, and hold thee still erect.
So stands a kingdom, whose foundation yet
Fails not in virtue, and in wisdom laid,
Though all the superstructure, by the tooth
Pulverized of venality, a shell
Stands now, and semblance only of itself!

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine: thine own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails—else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child; chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize—
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim

To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidst me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief—
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.
My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son—
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile!—it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown:
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting words shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived;
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,

'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! But the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced:
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home—
The biscuit, or confectionery plum:
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed:
All this, and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humor interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in Memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
  Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart:—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
  Thou, as a gallant bark, from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,

There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore.
Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet, oh, the thought that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell!—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course; yet what I wished is done.
By Contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again:
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

COX, CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIAN, an American physician and poet, born at Baltimore in 1816. He graduated at Yale College in 1835; entered upon medical practice in 1838; was appointed Brigade Surgeon of the U. S. in 1860, and Surgeon-General of Maryland in 1863. He was elected Lieutenant-governor of Maryland in 1865; and was President of the Board of Health at Washington, in 1871. In 1879 he went as Commissioner to the World's

Fair in Australia. His poems appeared mainly in periodicals.

ONE YEAR AGO.

What stars have faded from our sky?
What hopes unfolded but to die!
What dreams so fondly pondered o'er,
Forever lost the hue they wore:
How like a death-knell, sad and slow,
Rolls through the soul, "One Year Ago!"

Where is the face we loved to greet?
The form that graced the fireside seat?
The gentle smile, the winning way,
That blessed our life-path day by day?
Where fled those accents soft and low,
That thrilled our hearts "One Year Ago?"

Ah! vacant is the fireside chair,
The smile that won no longer there:
From door and hall, from porch and lawn,
The echo of that voice is gone;
And we who linger only know
How much was lost "One Year Ago!"

Beside her grave the marble white
Keeps silent guard by day and night;
Serene she sleeps, nor heeds the tread
Of footsteps near her lowly bed:
Her pulseless breast no more may know
The pangs of life "One Year Ago."

But why repine? A few more years,
A few more broken sighs and tears,
And we, enlisted with the dead,
Shall follow where her steps have led;
To that far world rejoicing go
To which she passed "One Year Ago."

COX, SIR GEORGE WILLIAM, an English clergyman and author, born in 1827. He was educated at Rugby, and at Trinity College, Oxford; and entered Holy Orders in 1850. On the death of an uncle, Sir Edmund Cox, in 1877, he succeeded to the baronetcy. He is the author of *Poems, Legendary and Historical* (1850); *Life of St. Boniface* (1853); *Tales from Greek Mythology*, and *The Great Persian War* (1861); *Tales of the Gods and Heroes* (1862); *Tales of Thebes and Argos* (1863); *A Manual of Mythology* (1867); *Latin and Teutonic Christendom* and *The Mythology of the Aryan Nations* (1870); *A History of Greece* and *The Crusades* (1874); *A General History of Greece to the death of Alexander the Great* (1877); *History of British Rule in India* (1881); *Introduction to the Science of Comparative Mythology and Folk-lore* (1881); *Lives of Greek Statesmen* (1885). He also assisted in editing *The Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art*, and has contributed articles to the *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

CHARACTERISTICS OF GREEK MYTHOLOGY.

Living in a land of ice-bound fjords and desolate fells, hearing the mournful wail of the waving pine-branches, looking on the stern strife of frost and fire, witnessing year by year the death of the short-lived summer, the Northman was inured to sombre if not gloomy thought, to the rugged independence of the country as opposed to the artificial society of a town. His own sternness was but the reflection of the land in which he lived; and it was reflected, in its turn, in the tales which he told, whether of the heroes or the gods. The Greek, dwelling in sunnier regions, where the interchange of summer and winter brought with it no feelings of overpowering gloom, exhibited in his words and songs the happiness which he experienced in himself. Caring less, perhaps, to hold communion with the silent mountains and the heaving sea, he was drawn to the life of cities, where he could share his joys and sorrows with his kinsmen. The earth was his mother: the gods who dwelt on Olympus had the likeness of men, without their pains, or their doom of death. There Zeus sat on his golden throne, and beside him was the glorious Apollôn, not the deified man, but the sun-god invested with a human personality. But (with whatever modifications caused by climate and circumstances) both were inheritors of a common mythology, which with much that was beautiful and good united also much that was repulsive and immoral. Both, from the ordinary speech of their common forefathers, had framed a number of legends which had their gross and impure aspects, but for the grossness of which they were not (as we have seen), and they could not be, responsible.

But if the mythology of the Greeks is in substance and in development the same as that of the North, they differed widely in their later history. That of the Greeks passed through the stages of growth, maturity, and decay, without any violent external repression. The mythical language of the earliest age had supplied them with an inexhaustible fountain of legendary narrative; and the tales so framed had received an implicit belief, which, though intense and unquestioning, could scarcely be called religious, and in no sense could be regarded as moral. And just because the belief accorded to it was not moral, the time came gradually when thoughtful men rose through earnest effort (rather, we would say, through Divine guidance) to the conviction of higher and clearer truth. If even the Greek of the Heroic age found in his mythology neither a rule of life nor the ideal of that Deity whom in his heart he really worshipped, still less would this be the case with the poets and philosophers of later times. To Æschylus, Zeus was the mere name of a god whose actions were not those of the sons of Kronos; to Sophocles it made no difference whether he were called Zeus or by any other name, as long as he might retain the conviction of His eternity and His righteousness. . . . Socrates might teach the strictest responsibility of man to a perfectly impartial judge, even while he spoke of the mystical tribunal of Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Aiakos. He was accused indeed of introducing new gods. This charge he denied, and with truth: but in no sense whatever was he a worshipper of the Olympian Zeus, or of the Phœbos who smote the Pythian dragon.—*Mythology of the Aryan Nations.*

COX, SAMUEL HANSON, an American clergyman and author, born at Leesville, New Jersey, in 1793, died in 1880. He was brought up in the Society of Friends; studied law, but abandoned it for the ministry, and was pastor of Presbyterian churches in New York and Brooklyn. He was for a time Professor of Sacred Rhetoric in Auburn Theological Seminary, and of Ecclesiastical History in Union Theological Seminary, New York; and afterwards President of Ingham University. Among his works are: *Quakerism not Christianity: Theopneuston, or Select Scriptures considered,* and *Interviews Memorable and Useful, from Memory reproduced.*

CHALMERS IN THE PULPIT.

As Chalmers entered from the vestry and ascended the pulpit, there was something at once simple and unaffected, on the one hand, and solemn, and engaged, and absorbed, on the other, in his manner and expression. His stature appeared shorter than I expected; but his countenance, with no glare or ostentation, seemed gathered to a point, in tranquil but fixed concentration: as if he had a message to deliver and a work to do, and as if he would do that, and care for nothing else, on the present occasion. When he began to speak, though I had heard of his Fifeshire accent, or rather broad Scotch brogue, the sonorous quaintness and earnestness of his voice surprised me. . . . Some of his expressions were simple, filial, and beautiful, as well as touching, in an eminent degree. One I will quote, as I well remember it, in the main: "May our luve fcr tha, our Master and Lard, ba true and pramative; may it ba like that of apowstles and the Kraschuns of the martyr ages; may wa sarve tha bakous wa luve tha, and luve tha bakous wa delight to do tha honor." I give these as the best approximate specimens of his enunciation and his utterance that I can recollect or command—certainly from no thought or allowance of caricature, and with a tender demur lest I should seem to disparage him with any reader. His peculiarities soon lost their quality as strange or ungrateful, and became easy and musical alike to the ear and the mind. The strength and wealth of his thoughts soon carried us in the wake of his prosperous mental navigation, and we all felt the pleasure and the safety of such a helmsman, as we sailed with him, unanimous and happy, with the port of the celestial city almost peering to our view. Indeed, as I became wonted to his voice and his way, they lost all their momentary offence, and seemed rather transmuted by association, into attractions, and beauties, and harmonies of masterly oratory. — *Interviews Memorable and Useful.*

COX, SAMUEL SULLIVAN, an American politician and author, born at Zanesville, Ohio, Sept. 30, 1824. He was educated at Brown University, became a lawyer in Ohio and editor of the *Columbus Statesman.* In 1855 he was appointed Secretary of Legation to Peru. He was first elected to Congress from Ohio in 1856, and served for eight years. In 1866 he took up his residence in New York; and was elected to Congress from that city in 1868; and with the exception of a single term, was re-elected until 1884 In 1885 he was appointed Minister to Turkey. He has published *The Buckeye Abroad* (1852); *Eight Years in Congress* (1865); *Search for Winter Sunbeams* (1870); *Why We Laugh* (1876); *Free Land and Free Trade* (1880); *Arctic Sunbeams* (1882); *Orient Sunbeams* (1882); and *Three Decades of Federal Legislation* (1885).

THE CITY OF MILIANAH.

I wish that I could give you a photograph of Milianah, warmed somewhat by the colors of the flowers which make it so fragrant. Make to your mind the imagery of a plain, out of which, rising through several miles of gardens, there winds as it rises, the road, up to the gate in the rear of the city; and before you get there, picture the limestone rocks grottoed, honeycombed, and irregular at places, but all decorated with vine and leaf and cascade, and surrounded by a staunch wall, within whose fortified escarpments a luxuriance of vegetation seems to surround a city of elegant proportions, with tower of church and dome of mosque, and all flashing white and clean as one of its own cascades under the African sun—then you have Milianah! It is the glory of Algiers! Enter within its gates! Walk around its plaza! Here we find embowered in foliage, in the centre of the large square, a Venetian Campanella. It stands alone and sounds the hour for Moslem and Christian. Go down the wide avenue to the south side of the city, and you find yourself looking from the precipitous walls upon the grand views beneath and afar! You see no frowning beetled brow of rocky fort, fortified by art and nature. That is here, but it is visible only from below. You gaze down amidst the wild bryony, creeping about the rocky sides, making hanging gardens of these walls, creeping about where the cactus, the rocks, the pomegranates and the fountains, the figs and the waterfalls in promiscuous luxuriance form a foreground. While at the end of the long plain, more than twenty miles distant, the mountains stand, one range above the other, and the second above the third, long intervals between, for seventy miles and more, until the eye from Milianah seizes, as upon its last outpost of the vision, the mountain range from which the beginnings of the Desert appear.—*A Search for Winter Sunbeams.*

COXE, Arthur Cleveland, an American clergyman and poet, born at Mendham, N. J., May 10, 1818. He is the son of the Rev. Samuel Hanson Cox. He was educated at the University of New York, and at the General Theological Seminary, from which he graduated in 1841. In 1865 he was consecrated Bishop of Western New York. Among his numerous publications are: *Advent, a Mystery* (1837); *Athwold, a Romaunt* (1838); *Christian Ballads* (1840); *Athanasion and other Poems* (1843); *Hallowe'en* (1844); *Saul, a Mystery* (1845); *Sermons on Doctrine and Duty* (1854); *Impressions of England* (1856); *Criterion* (1866); *Moral Reforms* (1869); *Signs of the Times* (1870); *The Bible Rhyme* (1873); *Apollos, or the Way of God* (1873); *Covenant Prayers* (1875), and *The Penitential* (1882).

WATCHWORDS.

We are living—we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time;
In an age, on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.

Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray:
Hark! what soundeth is Creation's
Groaning for its latter day.

Will ye play, then? will ye dally
With your music, with your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
God's own arm hath need of thine.

Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, oh up, thou drowsy soldier!
Worlds are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging—heaven beholding!
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now, the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward, for the right!

What! still hug thy dreamy slumbers?
'Tis no time for idling play:
Wreaths and dance, and poet-numbers
Flout them! We must work to-day.

Fear not! spurn the worldling's laughter;
Thine ambition trample thou!
Thou shalt find a long Hereafter
To be more than tempts thee now.

On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

THE HEART'S SONG.

In the silent midnight watches,
List—thy bosom-door!
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating;
'Tis thy heart of sin
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth
Rise, and let me in!

Death comes down with reckless footstep
To the hall and hut:
Think you Death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut!
Jesus waiteth—waiteth—waiteth;
But thy door is fast!
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth;
Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand—entreating
Christ to let thee in:
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot,
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But he knows thee not!

MARCHING ONWARD.

March—march—march!
Making sounds as they tread,

Ho—ho! how they step,
  Going down to the dead!
Every stride, every tramp,
  Every footfall is nearer:
And dimmer each lamp
  As darkness grows drearer;
But ho! how they march,
  Making sounds as they tread;
Ho—ho! how they step,
  Going down to the dead!

March—march—march!
  Making sounds as they tread,
Ho—ho, how they laugh,
  Going down to the dead!
How they whirl—how they trip,
  How they smile, how they dally,
How blithesome they skip,
  Going down to the valley;
Oh—ho, how they march,
  Making sounds as they tread;
Ho—ho, how they skip,
  Going down to the dead!

March—march—march!
  Earth groans as they tread!
Each carries a skull;
  Going down to the dead!
Every stride—every stamp,
  Every footfall is bolder;
'Tis a skeleton's tramp,
  With a skull on his shoulder!
But ho, how he steps
  With a high-tossing head,
That clay-cover'd bone,
  Going down to the dead!

SAUL ON CARMEL.

What, here in Carmel! I 've forgot myself,
And strayed too far! What fiend hath led me thus,
To seat me in the shadow of my sins,
And bawl accusing memories in mine ear
Oh, our good deeds are frail of life as we,
But follies are immortal; and this Conscience,
Haunts, like the voice of God, our every turn;

Or, in the soundings of a guilty soul,
Lies, like the water in a dismal well,
A mirror to the sleepless eye of heaven.
Where shall the Earth afford a rest for Saul!
Or, do I wander with the brand of Cain
Burned on my soul, that thus I find no peace!
Good grave why waitest thou? I meet my sin,
Turn where I may; and worst of all, Oh Lord,
There hangs that cursed trophy over me,
Like thine impending judgment! It brings back
In this sad hour, old Samuel's curse at Gilgal,
And re-affirms that sentence. Oh, the lips
May not recall, that said it. Can it be,
There now is no appeal! God's oracle,
Those dear old lips that bade me first be king,
In all the artless greenness of my youth,
Are cold, cold clay—but this sad pomp survives,
Prolonging echoes of his awful words,
That ring in memory's ear. They weigh me down!
Oh, that my pride e'er reared that Babel-pile!
Twine o'er it ye rank vines: eat into it,
Thou strong-toothed Time: wind, storm, come crumble it,
Nay, let compassionating thunderbolts
Blast it and me together: lest hereafter,
Our children's children stand and point at it,
Yea, and cast stones, and say—Behold Saul's Folly.
Where shall I turn! I have let water out,
And here 's an ocean breaking through the breach:
Dam and embankment tottering under me,
While I stand trembling, and do gnaw my tongue,
Like a lost spirit conning life's misdeeds.
Go down, old sun—thou seest my decline
As I see thine: but Oh, for me, to-morrow
Comes never more, or only comes in clouds,
And, like a star burnt out, I set forever.
—*Saul. A Mystery.*

COXE, WILLIAM, an English clergyman and author, born in 1747, died in 1828. As tutor to young noblemen, he spent many years in travel, and published two volumes, *Travels in Switzerland* (1778–1801); and *Travels in Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark*

(1778–84). He also published *Memoirs of the Life and Administration of Sir Robert Walpole* (1798); *Memoirs of Lord Walpole* (1802); *History of the House of Austria* (1807); *Memoirs of the Kings of Spain of the House of Bourbon* (1813); *Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough* (1816–19). His last work, *Memoirs of the Pelham Administration*, was published after his death, in 1829.

WALDSTEIN, OR WALLENSTEIN.

Waldstein, though deeply affected by his dismission, had retired from his command with the full confidence that his ruling star had not yet attained its zenith, and his fertile genius had devised the means to render his restoration to power almost inevitable. He was followed into his retreat by the principal officers of his army, whom his immense riches enabled him to attach to his person, and who looked up to him for present support, as well as future advancement. He took up his principal residence at Prague, where he built a magnificent palace, and lived in a style of splendor more resembling a king than a subject in disgrace. . . . Six barons, and as many knights attended his person; four gentlemen-ushers presented those who were admitted to the honor of an audience; sixty pages, belonging to the most illustrious families, were entertained at his expense, and instructed by the ablest masters in the whole circle of the arts and sciences. His steward of the household was a baron of the highest rank, and even the chamberlain of the emperor quitted the court to exercise that office in his establishment. . . .

His recent disgrace and increasing anxiety to recover his former authority, had totally changed the disposition of his mind, and robbed him of that freedom, openness, and affability which distinguished his early career. In the midst of splendor and magnificence Waldstein lived in a state of gloom, solitude, and impenetrable taciturnity, absorbed in dreams of past grandeur, or projects of future ambition and vengeance, maintaining with his own hand an extensive and regular correspondence with every part of Europe, and with all the great actors on the scene of affairs.

To complete the portrait of so singular a character, in person he was tall and thin, his complexion sallow, his hair red and short, his eyes small and sparkling, his gait and manner indicative of sullenness and distrust, and the few words which broke his habitual silence were uttered in a harsh and disagreeable tone of voice. He was sudden, fierce, and ungovernable in his anger, implacable in his resentment, capricious and fanciful in his commands, extravagant equally in rewards and punishments. He was an enemy to flattery, and insensible to temptation; quick in discovering merit, and ready to reward it. In his dependents he encouraged a spirit of rashness and enterprise; he termed high and magnificent resolutions the effects of a well qualified soul; a prompt action, a new thought, an unusual audacity, were the surest ways to secure his favor. He was grand and lofty in his ideas, impassioned for glory, and disdained dissimulation, or any vice which evinced baseness and timidity of character. Despising riches, except as the agent of his greatness, he was unbounded in his liberalities, and was accustomed to say, that no gold was equal to the weight of a valiant soldier, that great hopes followed great rewards, and the greatest recompenses produced both the best troops and most skillful officers.—*History of the House of Austria.*

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

Thus fell Gustavus Adolphus in the thirty-eighth year of his age, one of the greatest monarchs who ever adorned a throne. As an individual, he was religious without bigotry or affectation, temperate, and a pattern of conjugal fidelity and domestic affection. Though unable to conquer at all times a constitutional warmth of temper, he possessed all the social virtues, and the conciliation of courtesy, in so high a degree, that no individual was ever admitted to his converse without being charmed, or left his presence dissatisfied. To all these amiable qualities, he united the learning of a scholar, and the accomplishments of a gentleman. As a statesman he was firm, sagacious, and provident, embracing equally the grand features and minute details of the most extensive plans. As a general, he surpassed his contemporaries in his knowledge of all the branches of the military art, in a bold, inventive, and fertile genius. His intuitive sagacity, undisturbed presence of mind, and extensive foresight, were warmed and animated by an intrepidity more than heroic. No commander was ever more ready to expose his person to dangers, or more willing to share the fatigues and hardships of his troops; he was accustomed to say, "Cities are not taken by keeping in tents; as scholars, in the absence of the master, shut their books, so my troops, without my presence, would slacken their blows." Like many other great men, he was a predestinarian, from a pious submission to the decrees of an all-wise Providence. To those who urged him to spare his person, he replied, "My hour is written in heaven, and cannot be reversed on earth." Gustavus created a new system of tactics, and formed an army which was without a parallel for its excellent discipline and for its singular vigor, precision, and unity in action. He conquered, not by dint of numbers, or the impulse of a fortunate rashness, but by the wisdom and profoundness of his combinations, by his irresistible yet bridled spirit of enterprise, by that confidence and heroism which he infused into his troops. Since the days of Alexander, the progress of no conqueror has been equally rapid: since the time of Cæsar, no individual has united, in so consummate a degree, all the qualities of the gentleman, the statesman, and the soldier.—*History of the House of Austria.*

COZZENS, Frederick Swartwout, an American humorous writer, born in 1818, died in 1869. He is the author of *Prismatics* (1853); *The Sparrowgrass Papers* (1856); *Acadia, a Sojourn among the Blue Noses*

(1858); *Sayings of Dr. Bushwhacker* (1867); and *Fitz-Greene Halleck, a Memorial* (1868).

MR. SPARROWGRASS CHIRPS A LITTLE.

"The first flurry of snow," said I, making a show of shaking off a few starry flakes from my hat, "the first sky-signals of winter. It is a good thing to have winter in the country. There is something cheery in the prospect of roaring fires; and Christmas trees, glittering with tapers—and golden eggs—and sugar-hearts—and wheels—and harps of sparry sweets; and pipes and tabors; and mince pies; and ringing sleighbells; and robes of fur, and reeking horses; and ponds with glassy floors, alive with, and rattling under the mercurial heels of skaters. . . . All the poets love winter, why should not everybody?

> 'Winter 's the time to which the poet looks
> For hiving his sweet thoughts, and making honey-books.'

"I feel as if I would like to chirp a little this evening, Mrs. Sparrow G. What shall we have? Lamb? Let me read you *Dream Children*, or, perhaps, Fuller would be newer—old Fuller! Here he is: the ancient and venerable D.D. Now, my dear, *The Good Wife*." Mrs. Sparrowgrass bridled up, and was all smiles. Then I read:

"St. Paul to the Colossians (iii. 18), first adviseth women to submit themselves to their husbands, and then counselleth men to love their wives. And sure it was fitting that women should have their lesson given them, because it was hardest to be learned, and, therefore, they need have the more time to con it."

"H'm!" said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "St. Paul! He was a wise man [ironically]. Read on."

"She keeps house if she have not her husband's company (*that* you always have), or leave, for her patent, to go abroad."

Mrs. Sparrowgrass wished to know what "patent" meant, in that sense. "My dear," said I, "'patent' is a writ or privilege, given or granted." Then I continued: "For the house is the woman's centre. It is written: 'The sun ariseth; man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening' (Psalm civ. 22): but it is said of the good woman: 'She riseth while it is yet night' (Prov. xxxi. 15). For man in the race of his work starts from the rising of the sun, because his business is without doors, and not to be done without the light of heaven; but the woman hath her work within the house, and, therefore, can make the sun rise by lighting of a candle."

"Was Dr. Fuller married?" quoth Mrs. S.

"Yes, my dear, probably two hundred years ago."

"H'm!" said Mrs. Sparrowgrass.—*The Sparrowgrass Papers.*

OH, A COUNTRY HOME FOR ME!

Oh, a country home for me! where the clove
blossoms blow:
And the robin builds his nest in the old cherry
bough;
Where the roses, and the honey-buds are clinging
to the wall,
Each a perfumed cup of jewels when the rain-
drops fall.
Where the leaves and lights are blending,
And the swallows soar and sing,
And the iron chain and bucket drips
Above the silver spring:
Oh, a country home for me!

When the sun is in the west, and the winds are
lulled to rest,
And the babe sleeps on its mother's arm, the robin
in her nest:
When the cottage taper twinkles through the
lattice, and the gloom
Of the dusky trellis roses, and the woodbine's
bloom:
When the moon is on the wave,
And the shadows in the grove,
How sweet to wander side by side
With those we dearly love:
Oh, a country home for me!

—*Sparrowgrass Papers.*

THEREFORE.

I 'd kind o' like to have a cot
Fixed on some sunny slope ; a spot
Five acres more or less ;
With maples, cedars, chestnut trees,
And poplars whitening in the breeze.

'Twould suit my taste, I guess,
To have the porch with vines o'erhung,
With pendant bells of woodbine swung,
In every bell a bee ;
And round my latticed window spread
A clump of roses white and red.

To solace mine and me,
I kind o' think I should desire
To hear about the lawn a choir
Of wood-birds singing sweet ;
And in a dell, I 'd have a brook
Where I might sit and read my book.

Such should be my retreat :
Far from the city's crowds and noise
Where I could rear my girls and boys—
I 'd have some two or three,
And if kind Heaven should bless my store
With five, or six, or seven more,
How happy I would be.
—*Sparrowgrass Papers.*

CRABBE, GEORGE, an English poet, born December 24, 1754, died Feb. 8, 1832. He was the son of a collector of customs living at Aldborough, Suffolk. He early displayed a love of books, and while a schoolboy began to make verses. He was apprenticed to a surgeon, but disliked the profession, and in 1780 went to London, intending to apply himself to literature. His first efforts were unsuccessful. A poem, *The Candidate*, brought him nothing, owing to the failure of the publisher. In his distress he applied to Edmund Burke, who befriended him, introduced him to Dodsley, the publisher, and to

Reynolds, Johnson, and Fox. Crabbe now published *The Library*, which was well received. At Burke's suggestion, he entered the Church, and in 1782 was appointed curate in Aldborough. The next year he published *The Village*, and in 1785, *The Newspaper*. He wrote no more for twenty-four years. Through the influence of Burke, he became chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, and later obtained the rectorship of a church in Dorsetshire. Six years afterwards he was presented to two other rectories, and in 1818, to that of Trowbridge, where he spent his last tranquil years. In 1809 he published *The Parish Register*, the success of which encouraged him to further efforts. *The Borough* appeared in 1810, *Tales in Verse*, in 1812, and *Tales of the Hall* in 1819. Crabbe depicted life as he saw it among the rural poor. His characters are not porcelain; but common clay, and many of them stained and marred by poverty and sin. Tramps, gipsies, vagabonds and paupers are often the subjects of his verse, and he spares no detail in depicting their temptations, vices, and woes. His power lies in his absolute truthfulness. His descriptions are often painful, but here and there is some exquisite picture of constancy and nobility, like that of the mourning girl at her lover's grave, or the portrait of Isaac Ashford, "the wise good man, contented to be poor."

ISAAC ASHFORD.

Next to these ladies, but in nought allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned and his soul serene:
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed:
Shame knew him not; he dreaded no disgrace:
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face:
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,

Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved,
To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
And with the firmest had the fondest mind:
Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none;
Good he refused with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distressed;
(Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind,
To miss one favor which their neighbors find):
Yet far was he from stoic pride removed;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved.
I marked his action, when his infant died,
And his old neighbor for offence was tried;
The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,
Spoke pity, plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride;
Nor pride in learning: though my Clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew,
None his superior, and his equals few:—
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labors trained:
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied—
In fact a noble passion, misnamed Pride.
He had no party's rage, no sectary's whim,
Christian and countryman was all with him:
True to his church he came; no Sunday-shower
Kept him at home in that important hour:
Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect,
By the strong glare of their new light direct;
"On hope, in mine own sober light I gaze,
But should be blind, and lose it, in your blaze."
In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
Felt it his pride, his comfort, to complain;
Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,

And feel in *that* his comfort and his pride. . . .
I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there :
I see no more those white locks thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honored head ;
No more that awful glance on playful wight,
Compell'd to kneel and tremble at the sight,
To fold his fingers, all in dread the while,
Till Mister Ashford softened to a smile :
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith (to give it force), are there ;—
But he is blest, and I lament no more
A wise good man contented to be poor.
—*The Parish Register.*

THE GIPSIES.

On either side
Is level fen, a prospect wild and wide,
With dikes on either hand by ocean's self supplied :
Far on the right the distant sea is seen,
And salt the springs that feed the marsh between:
Beneath an ancient bridge the straitened flood
Rolls through its sloping banks of slimy mud ;
Near it a sunken boat resists the tide,
That frets and hurries to the opposing side ;
The rushes sharp that on the borders grow,
Bend their brown flowerets to the stream below,
Impure in all its course, in all its progress slow :
Here a grave Flora scarcely deigns to bloom,
Nor wears a rosy blush, nor sheds perfume :
The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread,
Partake the nature of their fenny bed.
Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom
Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume :
Here the dwarf sallows creep, the septfoil harsh,
And the soft slimy mallow of the marsh.
Low on the ear the distant billows sound,
And just in view appears their stony bound ;
No hedge nor tree conceals the glowing sun,
Birds, save a watery tribe, the district shun
Nor chirp among the reeds where bitter waters run.
Again the country was enclosed, a wide
And sandy road has banks on either side ;
When lo? a hollow on the left appeared,

And there a Gipsy-tent their tribe had reared:
'Twas open spread to catch the morning sun,
And they had now their early meal begun,
When two brown boys just left their grassy seat,
The early traveller with their prayers to greet:
While yet Orlando held his pence in hand,
He saw their sister on her duty stand;
Some twelve years old, demure, affected, sly
Prepared the force of early powers to try;
Sudden a look of languor he descries,
And well-feigned apprehension in her eyes;
Trained but yet savage, in her speaking face
He marked the features of her vagrant race;
When a light laugh and roguish leer expressed
The vice implanted in her youthful breast:
Forth from the tent her elder brother came,
Who seemed offended, yet forbore to blame
The young designer, but could only trace
The looks of pity in the traveller's face:
Within, the father, who from fences nigh
Had brought the fuel for the fire's supply,
Watched now the feeble blaze, and stood dejected by.
On ragged rug, just borrowed from the bed,
And by the hand of coarse indulgence fed,
In dirty patchwork negligently dressed,
Reclined the wife—an infant at her breast;
In her wild face some touch of grace remained
Of vigor palsied and of beauty stained;
Her blood-shot eyes on her unheeding mate
Were wrathful turned, and seemed her wants to state,
Cursing his tardy aid; her mother there
With Gipsy-state engrossed the only chair;
Solemn and dull her look; with such she stands,
And reads the milk-maid's fortune in her hands,
Tracing the lines of life; assumed through years,
Each feature now the steady falsehood wears:
With hard and savage eye she views the food,
And grudging pinches their intruding brood;
Last in the group, the worn-out grandsire sits,
Neglected, lost, and living but by fits;
Useless, despised, his worthless labors done,
And half protected by the vicious son,
Who half supports him; he with heavy glance

Views the young ruffians who around him dance;
And, by the sadness in his face, appears
To trace the progress of their future years:
Through what strange course of misery, vice, deceit,
Must wildly wander each unpractised cheat!
What shame and grief, what punishment and pain,
Sport of fierce passions, must each child sustain—
Ere they like him, approach their latter end,
Without a hope, a comfort, or a friend!
—*Tales in Verse.*

A MOTHER'S BURIAL.

Then died lamented, in the strength of life,
A valued Mother and a faithful Wife;
Called not away, when time had loosed each hold
On the fond heart, and each desire grew cold;
But when, to all that knits us to our kind,
She felt fast-bound, as charity can bind;—
Not when the ills of age, its pain, its care,
The drooping spirit for its fate prepare:
And each affection failing, leaves the heart
Loosed from life's charm, and willing to depart:
But all her ties the strong invader broke,
In all their strength, by one tremendous stroke!
Sudden and swift the eager pest came on,
And terror grew, till every hope was gone:
Still those around appeared for hope to seek!
But viewed the sick and were afraid to speak.—
Slowly they bore, with solemn step, the dead:
When grief grew loud, and bitter tears were shed,
My part began; a crowd drew near the place,
Awe in each eye, alarm in every face.
So swift the ill, and of so fierce a kind,
That fear with pity mingled in each mind;
Friends with the husband came their grief to blend.
For good-man Frankford was to all a friend.
The last-born boy they held above the bier,
He knew not grief, but cries expressed his fears;
Each different age and sex revealed its pain,
In now a louder, now a lower strain;
While the meek father, listening to their tones,
Swelled the full cadence of the grief by groans.

The elder sister strove her pangs to hide.
And soothing words to younger minds applied
"Be still, be patient;" oft she strove to say;
But failed as oft, and weeping turned away.
Curious and sad, upon the fresh-dug hill,
The village lads stood melancholy still;
And idle children, wandering to and fro
As Nature guided, took the tone of woe.
Arrived at home, how then they gazed around,
In every place—where she no more was found;
The seat at table she was wont to fill:
The fireside chair, still set, but vacant still:
The garden-walks, a labor all her own;
The latticed bower, with trailing shrubs o'ergrown
The Sunday-pew she filled with all her race—
Each place of hers was now a sacred place,
That, while it called up sorrows in the eyes,
Pierced the full heart and forced them still to rise
—*The Parish Register.*

AN AUTUMN SKETCH.

It was a fair and mild autumnal sky,
And earth's ripe treasures met the admiring eye,
As a rich beauty when the bloom is lost,
Appears with more magnificence and cost:
The wet and heavy grass, where feet had strayed,
Not yet erect, the wanderer's way betrayed;
Showers of the night had swelled the deepening rill,
The morning breeze had urged the quickening mill;
Assembled rooks had winged their seaward flight,
By the same passage to return at night,
While proudly o'er them hung the steady kite,
Then turned them back, and left the noisy throng,
Nor deigned to know them as he sailed along.
Long yellow leaves, from osiers, strewed around,
Choked the dull stream, and hushed its feeble sound,
While the dead foliage dropt from loftier trees,
Our squire beheld not with his wonted ease;
But to his own reflections made reply,
And said aloud: "Yes; doubtless we must die."
"We must," said Richard; "and we could not live
To feel what dotage and decay will give;

But we yet taste whatever we behold;
The morn is lovely, though the air is cold:
There is delicious quiet in this scene,
At once so rich, so varied, so serene;
Sounds, too, delight us—each discordant tone
Thus mingled please, that fail to please alone;
This hollow wind, this rustling of the brook,
The farm-yard noise, the woodman at yon oak—
See, the axe falls!—now listen to the stroke:
That gun itself, that murders all this peace,
Adds to the charm, because it soon must cease."
—*Tales of the Hall.*

GRADUAL APPROACHES OF AGE.

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,
When time began to play his usual tricks;
The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching white:
The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
I rode or walked as I was wont before,
But now the bounding spirit was no more;
A moderate pace would now my body heat;
A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
I shewed my stranger guest those hills sublime,
But said: "The view is poor; we need not climb."
At a friend's mansion I began to dread
The cold neat parlor and the gay glazed bed:
At home I felt a more decided taste,
And must have all things in my order placed.
I ceased to hunt; my horses pleased me less—
My dinner more; I learned to play at chess.
I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
Was disappointed that I did not shoot.
My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
And blessed the shower that gave me not to choose.
In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone;
Small daily actions into habits grew,
And new dislike to forms and fashions new.
I loved my trees in order to dispose;
I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose;
Told the same story oft:—in short, began to prose.
—*Tales of the Hall.*

THE BETROTHED LOVERS.

Yes! there are real Mourners—I have seen
A fair sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene;
Attention, through the day, her duties claimed,
And to be useful as resigned she aimed:
Neatly she dressed, nor vainly seemed t' expect
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect,
But when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,
She sought her place to meditate and weep;
Then to her mind was all the past displayed
That faithful Memory brings to Sorrow's aid:
For then she thought on one regretted Youth
Her tender trust, and his unquestioned truth;
In every place she wandered where they 'd been,
And sadly sacred held the parting scene;
Where last for sea he took his leave—that place
With double interest would she nightly trace;
For long the courtship was, and he would say,
Each time he sailed—"This once, and then the day:"
Yet prudence tarried, but when last he went,
He drew from pitying love a full consent.
Happy he sailed, and great the care she took,
That he should softly sleep, and smartly look:
White was his better linen, and his check
Was made more trim than any on the deck;
And every comfort men at sea can know
Was hers to buy, to make, and to bestow;
For he to Greenland sailed, and much she told
How he should guard against the climate's cold;
Yet saw not danger: dangers he 'd withstood,
Nor could she trace the fever in his blood:
His mess-mates smiled at flushings in his cheek,
And he too smiled, but seldom would he speak;
For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
With grievous symptoms he could not explain;
Hope was awakened as for home he sailed,
But quickly sank, and never more prevailed.
He called his friend, and prefaced with a sigh
A lover's message—"Thomas I must die:
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing go!—if not, this trifle take,
And say till death I wore it for her sake;

Yes! I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
Give me one look, before my life be gone,
Oh! give me that, and let me not despair,
One last fond look—and now repeat the prayer.'
He had his wish, had more. I will not paint '
The lovers' meeting: she beheld him faint—
With tender fears she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
He tried to smile, and, half succeeding, said,
"Yes! I must die:" and hope forever fled.
Still long she nursed him: tender thoughts meantime
Were interchanged and hopes and views sublime,
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away;
With him she prayed, to him his Bible read.
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head:
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer;
Apart she sighed; alone, she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.
One day he lighter seemed, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seemed to think,
Yet said not so—"Perhaps he will not sink:"
A sudden brightness in his look appeared,
A sudden vigor in his voice was heard;—
She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair;
Lively he seemed and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many and the favorite few;
Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
But she has treasured, and she loves them all;
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people—death has made them dear;
He named his Friend, but then his hand she pressed
And fondly whispered, "Thou must go to rest;"
"I go," he said; but as he spoke, she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound!
Then gazed affrightened; but she caught a last,
A dying look of love—and all was past!
She placed a decent stone his grave above,

Neatly engraved—an offering of her love;
For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
Awake alike to duty and the dead:
She would have grieved, had friends presumed to
spare
The least assistance—'twas her proper care.
Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
Folding her arms in long abstracted fit;
But if observer pass, will take her round,
And careless seem, for she would not be found;
Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
While visions please her, and while woes destroy.
—*The Borough.*

CRAIG [-KNOX], ISABELLA, a Scottish writer, born at Edinburgh, in 1831. While working as a seamstress she wrote, over the signature of "Isa," several essays and poems for *The Scotsman* newspaper, which led to her engagement upon the editorial staff of that journal. In 1857 she went to London, and was engaged in the organization of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science; and was subsequently married to her countryman, Mr. John Knox. She published a volume of *Poems* in 1856; in 1859 she was the successful competitor, out of more than six hundred, for the prize Ode at the Burns Centenary Festival; and in 1865 published *The Duchess Agnes, and Other Poems.*

THE BRIDES OF QUAIR.

A stillness crept about the house,
At evenfall, in noontide glare;
Upon the silent hills looked forth
The many-windowed house of Quair.

The peacock on the terrace screamed;
Browsed on the lawn the timid hare;
The great trees grew i' the avenue,
Calm by the sheltered house of Quair.

The pool was still ; around its brim
  The alders sickened all the air :
There came no murmurs from the streams,
  Though nigh flowed Leithen, Tweed, and Quair.

The days hold on their wonted pace,
  And men to court and camp repair,
Their part to fill of good or ill,
  While women keep the house of Quair.

And one is clad in widow's weeds,
  And one is maiden-like and fair,
And day by day they seek the paths
  About the lonely fields of Quair.

To see the trout leap in the streams,
  The summer clouds reflected there,
The maiden loves in maiden dreams
  To hang o'er silver Tweed and Quair.

Within, in pall-black velvet clad,
  Sits stately in her oaken chair,
A stately dame of ancient name—
  The mother of the house of Quair.

Her daughter 'broiders by her side,
  With heavy, drooping golden hair,
And listens to her frequent plaint :
  "Ill fare the brides that come to Quair ;

"For more than one hath lived in pine,
  And more than one hath died of care,
And more than one hath sorely sinned,
  Left lonely in the house of Quair ;

"Alas ! and ere thy father died,
  I had not in his heart a share :
And now—may God forefend her ill—
  Thy brother brings his bride to Quair !"

She came ; they kissed her in the hall,
  They kissed her on the winding stair ;
They led her to the chamber high—
  The fairest in the house of Quair.

"'Tis fair," she said, on looking forth ;
  "But what although 'twere bleak and bare ?"

She looked the love she did not speak,
  And broke the ancient curse of Quair.

"Where'er he dwells, where'er he goes,
  His dangers and his toils I share."—
What need be said? She was not one
  Of the ill-fated brides of Quair.

GOING OUT AND COMING IN.

In that home was joy and sorrow
  Where an infant first drew breath,
While an aged sire was drawing
  Near unto the gate of death.
His feeble pulse was failing,
  And his eye was growing dim:
He was standing on the threshold
  When they brought the babe to him.

While to murmur forth a blessing
  On the little one he tried,
In his trembling arms he raised it,
  Pressed it to his lips and died.
An awful darkness resteth
  On the path they both begin,
Who thus met upon the threshold,
  Going out and coming in.

Going out unto the triumph,
  Coming in unto the fight—
Coming in unto the darkness,
  Going out unto the light;
Although the shadow deepened
  In the moment of eclipse.
When he passed through the dread portal,
  With the blessing on his lips.

And to him who bravely conquers
  As he conqured in the strife,
Life is but the way of dying—
  Death is but the gate of life:
Yet, awful darkness resteth
  On the path we all begin,
Where we meet upon the threshold,
  Going out and coming in.

CRAIK, DINAH MARIA (MULOCK), an English novelist and poet, born at Stoke-upon-Trent, in 1826. Her first novel, *The Ogilvies*, was published in 1849, and was followed the same year by *Cola Monti: the Story of a Genius*. In 1865 Miss Mulock married Mr. George Lillie Craik the younger. She has written about thirty novels, besides sketches of life and scenery, poems, books for children, and magazine articles. Among her works are: *Olive* (1850); *Alice Learmont*, and *The Head of the Family* (1852); *Avillion and Other Tales*, *Agatha's Husband*, and *A Hero* (1853); *Little Lychetts* (1855); *John Halifax, Gentleman* (1856); *Nothing New* (1857); *A Woman's Thoughts about Women* (1858); *A Life for a Life*, *Poems*, *Romantic Tales*, and *Bread upon the Waters* (1859); *Domestic Stories*, and *Our Year*, a child's book (1860); *Stories from Life* (1861); *The Fairy-Book*, and *Mistress and Maid* (1863); *Christian's Mistake*, *A New Year's Gift to Sick Children*, and *Home Thoughts and Home Scenes*, a book of poems (1865); *How to Win Love; or Rhoda's Lesson*, and *A Noble Life* (1866); *Two Marriages* (1867); *The Woman's Kingdom* (1869); *A Brave Lady*, and *The Unkind Word* (1870); *Fair France*, *Little Sunshine's Holiday*, and *Twenty Years Ago* (1871); *Adventures of a Brownie*, *Is it True?* and *My Mother and I* (1874); *The Little Lame Prince*, and *Sermons out of Church* (1875); *The Laurel Bush*, and *Will Denbeigh, Nobleman* (1877); *A Legacy: the Life and Remains of J. Martin* (1878); *Young Mrs. Jardine* (1879); *Poems of Thirty Years* (1880); *His Little Mother*, *Children's Poetry*, and *Plain Speaking* (1882); and *King Arthur* (1886).

DEATH OF MURIEL, THE BLIND CHILD.

John opened the large Book—the Book he had taught all his children to long for and to love—and read out of it their favorite history of Joseph and his brethren. The mother sat by him at the fireside, rocking Maud softly on her knees. Edwin and Walter settled themselves on the hearth-rug, with great eyes intently fixed on their father. From behind him the candle-light fell softly down on the motionless figure in the bed, whose hand he held, and whose face he ever now and then turned to look at—then, satisfied, continued to read. In the reading his voice had a fatherly, flowing calm—as Jacob's might have had, when "the children were tender," and he gathered them all around him under the palm-trees of Succoth—years before he cried unto the Lord that bitter cry (which John hurried over as he read): "*If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.*"

For an hour, nearly, we all sat thus, with the wind coming up the valley, howling in the beech-wood, and shaking the casement as it passed outside. Within, the only sound was the father's voice. This ceased at last: he shut the Bible, and put it aside. The group—that last perfect household picture—was broken up. It melted away into things of the past, and became only a picture for evermore.

"Now, boys, it is full time to say good-night. There, go and kiss your sister." "Which?" said Edwin, in his funny way. "We've got two now; and I don't know which is the biggest baby." "I'll thrash you if you say that again," cried Guy. "Which, indeed! Maud is but the baby. Muriel will be always sister." "Sister," faintly laughed as she answered his fond kiss—Guy was often thought to be her favorite brother. "Now, off with you, boys: and go downstairs quietly—mind, I say, quietly."

They obeyed—that is, as literally as boy-nature can obey such an admonition. But an hour after, I heard Guy and Edwin arguing vociferously in the dark, on the respective merits and future treatment of their two sisters, Muriel and Maud.

John and I sat up late together that night. He could not rest, even though he told me he had left the mother and her two daughters as cosy as a nest of wood-pigeons. We listened to the wild night, till it had almost howled itself away; then our fire went out, and we came and sat over the last fagot in Mrs. Tod's kitchen, the old Debateable Land. We began talking of the long-ago time, and not of this time at all. The vivid present—never out of either mind for an instant—we in our conversation did not touch upon, by at least ten years. Nor did we give expression to a thought which strongly oppressed me, and which I once or twice fancied I could detect in John likewise: how very like this night seemed to the night when Mr. March died: the same silentness in the house, the same windy whirl without, the same blaze of the wood-fire on the same kitchen ceiling. More than once I could almost have deluded myself that I heard the faint moans and footsteps overhead; that the staircase door would open and we should see there Miss March, in her white gown, and her pale, steadfast look.

"I think the mother seemed very well and calm to-night," I said, hesitatingly, as we were retiring. "She is, God help her—and us all!" "He will." That was all we said.

He went up stairs the last thing, and brought down word that mother and children were sound asleep.

"I think I may leave them until daylight tomorrow. And now, Uncle Phineas, go you to bed, for you look as tired as tired can be."

I went to bed; but all night long I had disturbed dreams, in which I pictured over and over again, first the night when Mr. March died, then the night at Longfield, when the little white ghost had crossed by my bed's foot, into the room where Mary Baines' dead boy lay. And continually, towards morning, I fancied I heard through my window, which faced the church, the faint, distant sound of the organ, as when Muriel used to play it.

Long before it was daylight I rose. As I passed the boy's room, Guy called out to me; "Halloa! Uncle Phineas, is it a fine morning? for I want to go down into the wood and get a lot of beechnuts and fir-cones for sister. It's her birthday today, you know." It *was* for her. But for us—O Muriel, our darling, darling child!

Let me hasten over the story of that morning, for my old heart quails before it still. John went early to the room upstairs. It was very still. Ursula lay calmly asleep, with baby Maud on her bosom; on her other side, with eyes wide open to the daylight, lay—that which for more than ten years we had been used to call "blind Muriel." She saw now. . . .

Just the same homely room—half bed-chamber, half a nursery—the same little curtainless bed where, for a week past, we had been accustomed to see the wasted figure and small pale face lying in smiling quietude all day long.

It lay there still. In it, and in the room, was hardly any change. One of Walter's playthings was in a corner of the window-sill, and on the chest of drawers stood the nosegay of Christmas roses which Guy had brought for his sister yesterday morning. Nay, her shawl—a white, soft, furry shawl that she was fond of wearing—remained still hanging up behind the door. One could almost fancy the little maid had just been said "good night" to, and left to dream the childish dreams on her nursery pillow, where the small head rested so peacefully, with that pretty babyish nightcap tied over the pretty curls. There she was, the child who had gone out of the number of our children—our earthly children—for ever.—*John Halifax.*

THE WIFE'S CONFESSION.

A great dread, like a great joy, always lies in ambush, ready to leap upon us the instant we open our eyes. Had Miss Gascoigne known what a horrible monster it was, like a tiger at her throat, which sprang upon Christian when she waked that morning, she, even she, might have felt remorseful for the pain she had caused. Ye. perhaps she would not. In this weary life ot ours, "With darkness and the death-hour rounding it,"

it is strange how many people seem actually to enjoy making other people miserable.

Christian rose and dressed; for her household ways must go on as usual; she must take her place at the breakfast-table, and make it cheerful and pleasant, so that the children might not find out anything wrong with mother. She did so, and sent them away to their morning play—happy little souls! Then she sat down to think for a little all alone. Not what to do—that was already decided; but how to do it—how to tell Dr. Grey in the least painful way that his love had not been the first love she had received—and given; that she had had this secret, and kept it from him, though he was her husband, for six long months. . . Love bought by a deception she knew to be absolutely worthless. Knowing now what love was, she knew this truth also. Had no discovery been made, she knew that she must have told all to Dr. Grey. She hated, despised herself for having already suffered day after day to pass by without telling him, though she had continually intended to do it. All this was a just punishment for her cowardice: for she saw now, as she had never seen before, that every husband, every wife, before entering into the solemn bond of marriage, has a right to be made acquainted with every secret of the other's heart, every event of the other's life: that such confidence, then and afterward, should know no reservations, save and except trusts reposed in both before marriage by other people, which marriage itself is not justified in considering annulled. But the final moment being come, when a day—half a day—would decide it all—decide the whole future of herself and her husband, Christian's courage seemed to return. . .

Aunt Henrietta had spent the whole night, except a brief space for sleeping, in thinking over and talking over her duties and her wrongs, the two being mixed up together in inextinguishable confusion. Almost any subject, after being churned up in such a nature as hers for twelve mortal hours, would at the end look quite different from what it did at first, or what it really was. And so, with all honesty of purpose, and with the firmest conviction that it was the only means of saving her brother-in-law and his family from irretrievable misery and disgrace, poor Miss Gascoigne had broken through all her habits, risen, dressed, and breakfasted at an unearthly hour, and there she stood at the Lodge door at nine in the morning, determined to "do her duty," as she expressed it, but looking miserably pale, and vainly restraining her agitation so as to keep up a good appearence "before the servants."

"That will do, Barker. You need not disturb the master: I came at this early hour just for a little chat with your mistress and the children." And then entering the parlor, she sat down opposite to Christian to take breath.

Miss Gascoigne was really to be pitied. Mere gossip she enjoyed; it was her native element, and she had plunged into this matter of Sir Edwin Uniacke with undeniable eagerness. But now, when it might be not gossip, but disgrace, her terror overpowered her. . . .

"You see, Mrs. Grey, I am come again," said she very earnestly. "In spite of everything, I have come back to advise with you. I am ready to overlook everything, to try and conceal everything. Maria and I have been turning over in our minds all sorts of plans to get you away till this has blown over—call it going to the sea-side, to the country with Arthur—anything, in short, just that you may leave Avonsbridge."

"I leave Avonsbridge! Why?"

"You know why. When you had a lover before your marriage, of whom you did not tell your husband or his friends—when this gentleman afterwards meets you, writes to you—I saw the letter——"

"You saw the letter!"

There was no hope. She was hunted down, as many an innocent person has been before now, by a combination of evidence, half truths, half lies, or truths so twisted that they assume the aspect of lies, and lies so exceedingly probable that they are by even keen observers mistaken for truth. Passive and powerless Christian sat. Miss Gascoigne might say what she would—all Avonsbridge might say what it would—she would never open her lips more. At that moment, to preserve her from going mad—(she felt as if she were—as if the whole world were whirling round, and God had forgotten her)—Dr. Grey walked in.

"Oh, husband! save me from her—save me—save me!" she shrieked, again and again. And without one thought except that he was there—her one protector, defender, and stay—she sprang to him, and clung desperately to his breast. And so, in this unforeseen and unpremeditated manner, told—how or by whom, herself, Miss Gascoigne, or both together, Christian never clearly remembered—her one secret, the one error of her sad girlhood was communicated to her husband.

He took the revelation calmly enough, as he did everything; Dr. Grey was not the man for tragic scenes. The utmost he seemed to think of in this one was calming and soothing his wife as much as possible, carrying her to the sofa, making her lie down, and leaning over her with a sort of pitying tenderness, of which the only audible expression was, "Poor child! poor child!"

Christian tried to see his face, but could not. She sought feebly for his hand—his warm, firm, protecting hand—and felt him take hers in it. Then she knew that she was safe. No, he never would forsake her. He had loved her—once and for always—with the love that has strength to hold its own through everything and in spite of everything. . . .

The very instant Miss Gascoigne was gone, Christian, throwing herself on her husband's neck, clasping him, clinging to him, ready almost to fling herself at his knees in her passion of humility and love, told him without reserve, without one pang of hesitation or shame—perhaps, indeed, there was little or nothing to be ashamed of—everything concerning herself and Edwin Uniacke. He listened, not making any answer, but only holding her fast in his arms, till at length she took courage to look up in his face. "What! you are not angry or grieved? Nay, I could fancy you were almost smiling."

"Yes, my child! Because, to tell you the plain truth, I knew all this before."—*Christian's Mistake.*

EDNA AND HER BOYS.

She resigned her little fur-slippered foot for the twins to cuddle—the rosy, fat, good-tempered twins, rolling about like Newfoundland puppies on the hearth-rug—laid one hand on Bob's light curls, suffered Will to sieze the other, and leaned her head against the tall shoulder of her eldest son, who petted his mother just as if she had been a beautiful young lady. Thus "subdivided," as she called it, Edna stood among her five sons: and any stranger observing her might have thought she had never had a care. But such a perfect life is impossible; and the long gap of years that there was between Robert and the twins, together with one little curl—that, wrapped in silver paper, lay always at the bottom of the mother's housekeeping purse—could have told a different tale.

However, this was her own secret, hidden in her heart. When with her children, she was as merry as any one of them all. "Come now," said she, "you are such good boys, and give up cheerfully your pleasures, not because mother wishes it, but because it is right"—

"And also because mother wishes it," lovingly remarked Julius.

"Well, well, I accept it as such: and in return I'll make you all a handsome present—of my whole afternoon." Here uprose a shout of delight, for every one knew that the most valuable gift their mother could bestow on them was her time, always so well filled up, and her bright, blithe, pleasant company.

"It is settled then, boys. Now decide. Where will you take me to? Only it should be some nice warm place. Mother cannot stand the cold quite as you boys do. You must remember she is not so young as she used to be."

"She is—she is!" cried the sons in indignant love; and the eldest pressed her to his warm young breast almost with the tears in his eyes. That deep affection—almost a passion—which sometimes exists between an eldest son and his mother, was evidently very strong here.

"I know what place mamma would like best—next best to a run into the country, where, of course, we can't go now—I propose the National Gallery." Which was rather good of Bob, who, of himself, did not care two-pence for pictures; and when the others seconded the motion, and it was carried unanimously, his mother smiled a special "Thank you" to him, which raised the lad's spirits exceedingly.

It was a lively walk through the Christmas streets, bright with holly and evergreens, and resplendent with every luxury that the shops could offer to Christmas purchasers. But Edna's boys bought nothing, and asked for nothing. They and she looked at all these treasures with delighted but unenvious eyes. They had been brought up as a poor man's children, even as she was a poor man's wife—educated from boyhood in that noble self-denial which scorns to crave for any thing which it can not justly have. There was less need for carefulness now, and every time the mother looked at them—the five jewels of her matron crown—she thanked God that they would never be dropped into the dust of poverty; that, humanly speaking, there would be enough forthcoming, both money and influence, all of their father's own righteous earning, to set them fairly afloat in the world, before William and she laid down their heads together in the quiet sleep after toil—of which she began to think perhaps a little more than she used to do, years ago. Yet when the boys would stop her before tempting jeweler's or linen-draper's shops, making her say what she liked best, Edna would answer to each boy's question as to what he should give her "when he got rich ——"

"Nothing, my darling, nothing. I think your father and I are the richest people in all this world."—*The Woman's Kingdom.*

A MOTHER'S YEARNING.

Next morning Mr. and Mrs. Trevena sat over their early *café* by their bedroom fire—welcome even in June at Andermatt—a comfortable couple, placid and loving, for, before returning to his book, he stooped and kissed her affectionately.

"You 'll be busy over your packing, my dear, for we really will start to-morrow, if I get the letters and some money to-day. Dr. Franklin will share our carriage to Fluelen: he can surely leave his patient now. By-the-bye, did you see the baby last night?"

"Yes;" and coming closer, she laid her hand on her husband's arm, and her head on his shoulder. "Can you give me a few minutes, Austin, my dear?"

"A hundred, if you like, my darling. Is it to speak about the journey? Well, we shall soon be safe at home; and oh, how glad we shall be!"

"Very glad. But—it is an empty home to come back to."

"How do you mean? O yes—I see! My poor Susannah! You should not have gone and looked at that baby."

He spoke very tenderly—more so than might have been expected from his usual formal and absent manner. She gave one little sob, then choked it down, put her arms round his neck, and kissed him several times. An outsider might have smiled at the caresses of these two elderly people, but love never grows old, and they had loved one another all their lives.

"Don't mind my crying, Austin. Indeed, I am happy, quite happy. Yesterday, when I sat uner the wall of snow, and looked at the beautiful sights all round me, I thought how thankful I ought to be, how contented with my lot, how blessed in my home and my husband. And I ceased to be angry with God for having taken away my baby."

"Poor Susannah—poor Susannah!"

"No, rich Susannah! And so I determined to grieve no more; to try and be happy without a child. But now——"

"Well, my darling."

"Austin, I think God sometimes teaches us to renounce a thing, and when we have quite renounced it, gives it back to us in some other way."

"What do you mean?"

She tried to speak, failed more than once, and then said, softly and solemnly: "I believe God has sent that child, whom its mother does not care for, to me—to us. Will you let me have it."

Intense astonishment and bewilderment were written on every line of Mr. Trevena's grave countenance. "God bless my soul! Susannah, what can you be thinking of?"

"I have been thinking of this and nothing else ever since you told me what Dr. Franklin told you. From that minute I felt the child was meant for me. Its mother throws it away: she does not care a straw for it; whilst I—oh, Austin, you don't know!—you don't know!" She pressed her hands upon her childless breast as if to smother down something that was almost agony.

"No, my dear," Mr. Trevena answered dryly; "I can't be expectad to know. And if you were not such a very sensible woman, I should say that you don't know either. How can respectable old folk like us encumber ourselves with a baby—a waif and a stray—a poor little creature that we know nothing on earth about?"

"But God does," she answered.—*King Arthur.*

TOO LATE.

Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I'd smile on ye, sweet as the angels do:
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Oh! to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were few:
Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
Not half worthy the like of you;
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew,
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

TO A WINTER WIND.

Loud wind, strong wind, sweeping o'er the mountains,
Fresh wind, free wind, blowing from the sea,
Pour forth thy vials like streams from airy fountains,
Draughts of life to me!

Clear wind, cold wind, like a Northern giant,
Stars brightly threading thy cloud-driven hair,
Thrilling the blank night with a voice defiant,
Lo! I meet thee there!

Wild wind, bold wind, like a strong-armed angel,
Clasp me round—kiss me with thy kisses divine,
Breathe in my dull heart thy secret sweet evangel—
Mine, and only mine!

Fierce wind, mad wind, howling through the nations,
Knew'st thou how leapeth that heart as thou goest by,
Ah! thou wouldst pause awhile in a sudden patience,
Like a human sigh.

Sharp wind, keen wind, cutting as word arrows,
Empty thy quiverful! pass on! what is't to thee
Though in some mortal's eyes life's whole bright circle narrows
To one misery?

Loud wind, strong wind, stay thou in the mountains!
  Fresh wind, free wind, trouble not the sea!
Or lay thy deathly hand upon my heart's warm fountains,
    That I hear not thee!

PHILIP, MY KING.

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
    Philip, my King!
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's regal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,
  With love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther to command,
  Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,
    Philip, my King!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
    Philip, my King!
When those beautiful lips are suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
  Sittest all glorified!—Rule kindly,
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
    Philip, my King.

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
    Philip, my King:
Ay, there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,
That may rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one God—throned amidst his peers.
  My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,
Let me behold thee in coming years!
  Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
    Philip, my King!

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,
    Philip, my King,
Thou too must tread, as we tread, a way
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray:
Rebels within thee, and foes without
  Will snatch at thy crown. But go on, glorious,

Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
As thou sittest at the feet of God victorious.
"Philip, the King!"

CRAIK, GEORGE LILLIE, a British author, born in Fifeshire, Scotland, in 1799, died in 1866. He was educated at St. Andrew's University. About 1824 he went to London to engage in literary work. In 1831 he published *Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*, and in 1839 became editor of the *Pictorial History of England*, and wrote some of its best chapters. He was also one of the leading contributors to the *Penny Cyclopædia*. In 1849 he became Professor of History and English Literature at Queen's College, Belfast. Among his works are *A History of Literature and Learning in England from the Norman Conquest up to the Present Time*, and *History of British Commerce from the Earliest Times* (1844); *Spenser and his Poetry* (1845); *Bacon, his Writings and his Philosophy* (1846); *Romance of the Peerage* (1848-50); *Outlines of the History of the English Language* (1855); *The English of Shakespeare* (1857); *Evils of Popular Tumults*, and *Paris and its Historical Scenes*. In 1861, Mr. Craik published a *Compendious History of English Literature and the English Language*, comprehending and incorporating all of his former work, the *History of Literature and Learning*, which he thought it desirable to preserve.

EDUCATION OF THE EARLY ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

It is worthy of remark, that all these founders and first builders-up of the regular drama in England were, nearly if not absolutely without an exception, classical scholars and men who had received a university education. . . . To the training received by these writers the drama that arose among us after the middle of the sixteenth century may be considered to owe not only its form, but in part also its spirit, which had a learned and classical tinge from the first, that never entirely wore out. The diction of the works of all these dramatists betrays their scholarship; and they have left upon the language of our higher drama, and indeed of our blank verse in general, of which they were the main creators, an impress of Latinity, which, it can scarcely be doubted, our vigorous but still homely and unsonorous Gothic speech needed to fit it for the requirements of that species of composition. Fortunately, however, the greatest and most influential of them were not mere men of books and readers of Greek and Latin. Greene and Peele and Marlowe all spent the noon of their days (none of them saw any afternoon) in the busiest haunts of social life, sounding in their reckless course all the depths of human experience, and drinking the cup of passion, and also of suffering to the dregs. And of their great successors, those who carried the drama to its height among us in the next age, while some were also accomplished scholars, all were men of the world—men who knew their brother-men by an actual and intimate intercourse with them in their most natural and open-hearted moods, and over a remarkably extended range of conditions. We know, from even the scanty fragments of their history that have come down to us, that Shakespeare and Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher all lived much in the open air of society, and mingled with all ranks from the highest to the lowest: some of them, indeed, having known what it was actually to belong to classes very far removed from each other at different periods of their lives. But we should have gathered, though no other record or tradition had told us, that they must have been men of this genuine and manifold experience from the drama alone which they have bequeathed to us—various, rich, and glowing as that is, even as life itself.—*History of the English Literature and Language.*

ENGLISH PROSE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Generally it may be observed, with regard to the English prose of the earlier part of the sixteenth century, that it is both more simple in its construction, and of a more purely native character in other respects, than the style which came into fashion in the latter years of the Elizabethan period. When first made use of in prose composition, the mother-tongue was written as it was spoken; even such artifices and embellishments as are always prompted by the nature of verse were here scarcely aspired after or thought of; that which was addressed to and specially intended for the instruction of the people was set down as far as possible in the familiar forms and fashions of the popular speech, in genuine native words, and direct unincumbered sentences; no painful imitation of any learned or foreign model was attempted, nor any species of elaboration whatever, except what was necessary for mere perspicuity, in a kind of writing which was scarcely regarded as partaking of the character of literary composition at all. The delicacy of a scholarly taste no doubt influenced even the English style of such writers as More and his eminent contemporaries or immediate followers; but whatever eloquence or dignity their compositions thus acquired was not the effect of any professed or conscious endeavor to write in English as they would have written in what were called the learned tongues.—*History of the English Literature and Language.*

CRAIK, GEORGIANA MARION, an English novelist, daughter of George Lillie Craik, born in London, April, 1831. She began to write stories when very young. Her first novel, *Riverston*, was published in 1857. Since that time she has published, *Lost and Won* (1859); *My First Journal* (1860); *Winnifred's Wooing* (1862); *Play-Room Stories* (1863); *Faith Unwin's Ordeal* (1865); *Leslie Tyrrell* (1867); *Mildred*, and *Cousin Trix*

(1868); *Esther Hill's Secret* (1870); *Hero Trevelyan*, and *The Cousin from India* (1871); *Without Kith or Kin* (1872); *Only a Butterfly*, and *Miss Moore* (1873); *Sylvia's Choice* (1874); *Theresa* (1875); *Anne Warwick*, *Janet Mason's Troubles*, and *Two Tales of Married Life* (1877); *Dorcas*, and *Two Women* (1879); *Hilary's Love Story* (1880); *Mark Dennison's Charge*, and *Sydney* (1881); and *Fortune's Marriage* (1882).

AN ABSENT FATHER.

Sylvia used to talk a good deal about him at first; but she was only six years old when the last news from him reached them, and at six years old one easily forgets. In after days she never could recall clearly how the first knowledge or impression came to her that her father was dead. She recollected his going away distinctly, but after that there was a break in her memory—a blank that she could not fill up. She must have heard about his letters; she must have had some parts of them read to her; she must have asked questions about him; but she had forgotten all that. Her memory could lay hold on nothing from the time he went away until a time came when his death seemed to be regarded as an accepted fact. That was when she was a girl of eleven or twelve. At that time every body spoke of him, when they spoke of him at all, as of some one dead, and Sylvia grew up almost or wholly without any knowledge that there was a possibility of his being in the world still. It was not so much that any one purposely kept her in ignorance that he might be alive, as that, by general tacit consent, it came gradually, by every one in the house, to be regarded as so certain a thing that, in Sylvia's presence, the question of the possibility of his re-appearance was never raised. He had gone away, and never been heard of any more; the inevitable inference was that he was dead. This or that happened "while your poor father was alive;" or so and so took place, "after your father's death," Lady Falkland would not unfrequently say to her grandchild, assuming the fact of Richard Duncombe's death as something that had wholly passed beyond dispute. And then, by the time that Sylvia was a girl of fourteen or fifteen every one had pretty well ceased to talk about her father at all. For her own part, she used still to think of him: for he had loved her as her mother never loved her: and after the selfish years of childhood were past she came to look back half remorsefully upon her infancy, and to recall that old tenderness and goodness of his fondly and loyally: but though she thought of him she rarely spoke about him, for she had found out for herself a good while before she reached the age of fifteen, that her father was not a subject about which any one in the house cared to converse.

So she only thought of him, and looked at his picture, and talked to it sometimes when she was vexed, which happened on the whole, perhaps, not unfrequently; for Mrs. Duncombe and her daughter were women of two very different types, and in those days it was not Sylvia who most often got her own way, or who was permitted to do the things she wished to do, or who succeeded in arranging the little incidents of her life according to her own wish. Her mother, and not herself, arranged those little matters for her, and her mother's arrangement sometimes chanced to be wholly different from what her own would have been. . . . The girl grew up with more of her father's temperament in her than her mother's. If he had lived, they would have been companions; her brightness would have kept him young; her ardent nature would have kept energy and hope in him. But she grew up without that companionship that would have made both of them so happy, and her life—and perhaps his too (only she did not know that)—missed something out of it—some of the poetry that should have gilded and beautified it.—*Sylvia's Choice.*

CRANCH, CHRISTOPHER PEARSE, an American artist and poet, born at Alexandria, Va., in 1813. He graduated at Columbian College, Washington, in 1831; studied afterwards at the Harvard Divinity School, and was licensed to preach. In 1842 he became a landscape-painter at New York; in 1853 he went to Europe for the second time, and resided for ten years in France and Italy. In 1854 he put forth a volume of poems, and in 1856–57 *The Last of the Huggermuggers*, and *Kobboltzo*, two tales for children, illustrated by himself. He has also published a translation of the *Æneid* into blank verse, and has contributed not unfrequently to periodical literature.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

Where now, where,
O spirit pure, where walk those shining feet?
Whither in groves beyond the treacherous seas,
Beyond our sense of time, dimly fair,
Brighter than gardens of Hesperides—
Whither dost thou move on, complete
And beauteous, ringed around
In mystery profound
By gracious companies who share
That strange supernal air?
Or art thou sleeping dreamless, knowing naught
Of good or ill, of life or death?
Or art thou but a portion of Heaven's breath,
A portion of all life enwrought
In the eternal essence?—All in vain
Tangled in misty webs of time,
Out on the undiscovered clime
Our clouded eyes we strain
We cannot pierce the veil,
As the proud eagles fail
Upon their upward track
And flutter gasping back
From the thin empyrean, so, with wing
Baffled and humbled, we but guess
All we shall gain by all the soul's distress—
All we shall be, by our poor worthiness.
And so we write and sing

Our dreams of time and space, and call them
Heaven.
We only know that all is for the best;
To God we leave the rest.

So, reverent beneath the mystery
Of Life and Death we yield
Back to the great Unknown the spirit given
A few brief years to blossom in our field.
Nor shall time's all-devouring sea
Despoil this brightest century
Of all thou hast been, and shalt ever be.
The age shall guard thy fame,
And reverence thy name.
There is no cloud on them. There is no death for
thee.

TWO SINGERS.

One touched his facile lyre to please the ear
And win the buzzing plaudits of the town,
And sang a song that caroled loud and clear;
And gained at once a blazing, brief renown.
Nor he, nor all the crowd behind them, saw
The ephemeral list of pleasant rhymers dead:
Their verse once deemed a title without flaw
To fame, whose phantom radiance long had fled.

Another sang his soul out to the stars,
And the deep hearts of men. The few who
passed
Heard a low, thoughtful strain behind his bars,
As of some captive in a prison cast.
And when that thrilling voice no more was heard,
Him from his cell in funeral pomp they bore;
Then all that he had sung and written stirred
The world's great heart with thoughts unknown
before.

KNOWING.

Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought,
Souls to souls can never teach,
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known,
Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart, though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of Love
Melts the scattered stars of thought;
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world has taught;

Only when our souls are fed
By the Fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
Which they never drew from earth,

We like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one.

CRASHAW, RICHARD, an English poet, born in London in 1613, died at Loretto, Italy, in 1650. He studied at Cambridge, and in 1637 was made a fellow of Peterhouse College. The publication of Herbert's *Temple*, in 1633, is said to have determined the bent of his mind towards religious poetry, his first book being *Epigrammatum Sacrorum Liber*. In this volume occurs the often imitated fanciful conceit upon the miracle of the water being converted into wine: "*Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit*—The modest water saw its God and blushed." During the civil war, Crashaw became obnoxious to the Parliamentary party, and was deprived of his Fellowship. He fled to France, where he became a Roman Catholic, and through the influence of Maria Henrietta, the queen of Charles I., was in 1646 made secretary to Cardinal Palotta at Rome. Three years later the Cardinal procured his appointment as canon of the church at Loretto; but within a fortnight he was attacked by a fever which proved fatal. While at Cambridge a warm attachment sprung up between Crashaw and Cowley, who wrote one of his finest poems "On the Death of Crashaw," which will be found in the article upon Cowley. The poems of Crashaw in Latin and English were published separately and at various periods during his lifetime. The first collected edition of them appeared in 1858; a second edition, appeared in 1872, prepared by the Rev. A. B. Grossart. Crashaw was a man of varied accomplishments; but a large portion of his poems are religious, with a strong mystical tone running through them.

LINES ON A PRAYER-BOOK SENT TO A LADY.

Lo! here a little volume, but large book
(Fear it not, sweet,
It is no hypocrite),
Much larger in itself than in its look.
It is, in one rich handful, heaven and all—
Heaven's royal hosts encamped thus small;
To prove that true, schools used to tell,
A thousand angels in one point can dwell.

It is Love's great artillery,
Which here contracts itself, and comes to lie
Close couched in your white bosom, and from thence,

As from a snowy fortress of defence.
Against the ghostly foe to take your part,
And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.
It is the armoury of light:
Let constant use but keep it bright,
You 'll find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts,
More swords and shields
Than sin hath snares or hell hath darts.

Only be sure
The hands be pure
That hold these weapons, and the eyes
Those of turtles, chaste and true,
Wakeful and wise,
Here is a friend shall fight for you.
Hold but this book before your heart,
Let Prayer alone to play his part.
But oh! the heart
That studies this high art
Must be a sure housekeeper,
And yet no sleeper.

Dear soul, be strong;
Mercy will come ere long,
And bring her bosom full of blessings—
Flowers of never-fading graces,
To make immortal dressings,
For worthy souls whose wise embraces
Store up themselves for Him who is alone
The spouse of virgins, and the Virgin's son.

TWO SIMILES.

I.

I 've seen, indeed, the hopeful bud
Of a ruddy rose, that stood,
Blushing to behold the ray
Of the new-saluted day;
His tender top not fully spread;
The sweet dash of a shower new shed,
Invited him no more to hide
Within himself the purple pride
Of his forward flower, when lo,
While he sweetly 'gan to shew

His swelling glories. Auster spied him;
Cruel Auster hither hied him,
And with the rush of one rude blast
Shamed not spitefully to waste
All his leaves so fresh and sweet,
And lay them trembling at his feet.

II.

I 've seen the morning's lovely ray
Hover o'er the new-born day,
With rosy wings, so richly bright,
As if he scorned to think of night,
When a ruddy storm whose scowl
Made heaven's radiant face look foul
Called for an untimely night
To blot the newly blossomed light.

TWO WENT UP TO THE TEMPLE TO PRAY.

Two went to pray? Oh, rather say,
One went to brag, the other to pray.

One stands up close, and treads on high,
Where the other dares not lend his eye.

One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God.

LIVING ACCORDING TO NATURE.

That which makes us have no need
Of physic, that 's physic indeed.—
  Hark, hither, reader! wouldst thou see
Nature her own physician be?
Wouldst thou see a man all his own wealth,
His own physic, his own health?
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well—
Her garments that upon her sit,
As garments should do, close and fit;
A well-clothed soul, that 's not oppressed,
Or choked with what she should be dressed;
A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine
Through which all her bright features shine;
As when a piece of wanton lawn,
A thin aërial veil, is drawn
O'er Beauty's face, seeming to hide,

More sweetly shows the blushing bride ;
A soul whose intellectual beams
No mists do mask, no lazy streams?—
A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day?—
Wouldst see a man whose well-warmed blood
Bathes him in a genuine flood?
A man whose tunèd numbers be
A seat of rarest harmony?
Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks beguile
Age? Wouldst see December smile?
Wouldst see a nest of roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow?
Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering
Winter's self into a Spring?
In sum, wouldst see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man?
Whose latest and most leaden hours
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers ;
And, when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends:—
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay ;
A kiss, a sigh, and so away?
This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see?
Hark, hither! and—thyself be he!

Crashaw made many translations from Latin and English. The longest of these is *Music's Duel*, from the Latin of Strada. Music and the Nightingale have entered into a trial of skill and power, which comes to this end:

DEATH OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

Thus do they vary,
Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
Their master's blest soul—snatched out at his ears
By a strong ecstacy—through all the spheres
Of Music's heaven ; and seat it there on high,
In the empyreum of pure harmony.
At length, after so long, so loud a strife
Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
Of blest variety, attending on
's fingers' fairest revolution.

In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall—
A full-mouthed diapason swallows all.
This done, he lists what she would say to this;
And she, although her breath's late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note.
Alas! in vain! for while—sweet soul—she tries
To measure all those wild diversities
Of chatt'ring strings by the small size of one
Poor simple voice, raised in a natural tone.
She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies:
She dies, and leaves her life the victor's prize,
Falling upon his lute. Oh, fit to have—
That lived so sweetly—dead, so sweet a grave!

The following translated from the *Sospetto d' Herode*, an Italian poem by Masino, had apparently been seen by Milton, suggesting to him certain passages in *Paradise Lost:*

THE ABODE OF SATAN.

Below the bottom of the great abyss,
There, where one centre reconciles all things,
The world's profound heart pants: there placed is
Mischief's old master; close about him clings
A curled knot of embracing snakes, that kiss
His correspondent cheeks: these loathsome strings
Hold the perverse prince in eternal ties
Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies. . .

Fain would he have forgot what fatal strings
Eternally bind each rebellious limb;
He shook himself, and spread his spacious wings,
Which like two bosomed sails, embrace the dim
Air with a dismal shade, but all in vain;
Of sturdy adamant is his strong chain.
While thus Heaven's highest counsels, by the low
Footsteps of their effects, he traced too well,
He tossed his troubled eyes—embers that glow
Now with new rage, and wax too hot for hell;
With his foul claws he fenced his furrowed brow,
And gave a ghastly shriek, whose horrid yell
Ran trembling through the hollow vault of night.

CRAWFORD, FRANCIS MARION, an American novelist, born in 1845. He is the son of Thomas Crawford the sculptor, and was born in Italy. His novels are *Mr. Isaacs* (1882); *Dr. Claudius* (1883); *A Roman Singer*, and *To Leeward* (1884); *An American Politician*, and *Zoroaster* (1885); *A Tale of a Lonely Parish* (1886).

IN THE PANTHEON AT NIGHT.

On the appointed night Nino, wrapped in that old cloak of mine (which is very warm, though it is threadbare), accompanied the party to the temple, or church, or whatever you like to call it. The party were simply the Count and his daughter, an Austrian gentleman of their acquaintance, and the dear Baroness—that sympathetic woman who broke so many hearts and cared not at all for the chatter of the people. Every one has seen her, with her slim, graceful ways, and her face that was like a mulatto peach for darkness and fineness, and her dark eyes and tiger-lily look. . . . . These four people Nino conducted to the little entrance at the back of the Pantheon, and the sacristan struck a light to show them the way to the door of the church. Then he put out his taper, and let them do as they pleased.

Conceive if you can the darkness of Egypt, the darkness that can be felt, impaled and stabbed through its whole thickness by one mighty moonbeam, clear and clean and cold, from the top to the bottom. All around, in the circle of the outer black, lie the great dead in their tombs, whispering to each other of deeds that shook the world: whispering in a language all their own as yet—the language of the life to come—the language of a stillness so dread and deep that the very silence clashes against it, and makes dull muffled beatings in ears that strain to catch the dead men's talk: the shadow of immortality falling through the shadow of death, and bursting back upon its heavenward course from the depth of the abyss; climbing again upon its silver self to the sky above, leaving behind the horror of the deep.

So in that lonely place at midnight falls the moon upon the floor, and through the mystic shaft of rays ascend and descend the souls of the dead. Hedwig stood out alone upon the white circle on the pavement beneath the dome, and looked up as though she could see the angels coming and going. And, as she looked, the heavy lace veil that covered her head fell back softly, as though a spirit wooed her and would fain look on something fairer than he, and purer. The whiteness clung to her face, and each separate wave of hair was like spun silver. And she looked steadfastly up. For a moment she stood, and the hushed air trembled about her. Then the silence caught the tremor, and quivered, and a thrill of sound hovered and spread its wings, and sailed forth from the night.

"Spirto gentil dei sogni miei"——

Ah, Signorina Edvigia, you know that voice now, but you did not know it then. How your heart stopped, and beat, and stopped again, when you first heard that man sing out his whole heartful—you in the light, and he in the dark! And his soul shot out to you upon the sounds, and died fitfully, as the magic notes dashed their soft wings against the vaulted roof above you, and took new life again and throbbed heavenward in broad, passionate waves, till your breath came thick and your blood ran fiercely—ay, even your cold northern blood—in very triumph that a voice could so move you. A voice in the dark. For a full minute after it ceased you stood there, and the others, wherever they might be in the shadow, scarcely breathed. That was how Hedwig first heard Nino sing.—*A Roman Singer.*

HORACE BELLINGHAM.

Ay, but he was a sight to do good to the souls of the hungry and thirsty, and of the poor and in misery! . . . .

There are some people who turn gray, but who do not grow hoary, whose faces are furrowed but not wrinkled, whose hearts are sore wounded in many places, but are not dead. There is a youth that bids defiance to age, and there is a kindness which laughs at the world's rough usage. These are they who have returned good for evil, not having learned it as a lesson of righteousness, but because they have no evil in them to return upon others. Whom the gods love die young because they never grow old. The poet, who at the verge of death said this, said it of and to this very man.—*Dr. Claudius.*

IN THE HIMALAYAS.

The lower Himalayas are at first extremely disappointing. The scenery is enormous but not grand, and at first hardly seems large. The lower parts are at first sight a series of gently undulating hills and wooded dells; in some places it looks as if one might almost hunt the country. It is long before you realize that it is all on a gigantic scale: that the quick-set hedges are belts of rhododendrons of full growth, the water-jumps rivers, and the stone walls mountain-ridges; that to hunt a country like that you would have to ride a horse at least two hundred feet high. You cannot see at first, or even for some time, that the gentle-looking hill is a mountain of five or six thousand feet above the level of the Rhigi Kulm in Switzerland. Persons who are familiar with the aspect of the Rocky Mountains are aware of the singular lack of dignity in those enormous elevations. They are merely big, without any superior beauty, until you come to the favored spots of nature's art, where some great contrast throws into appalling relief the gulf between the high and the low. It is so in the Himalayas. You may travel for hours and days amidst vast forests and hills without the slightest sensation of pleasure or sense of admiration for the scene, till suddenly your path leads you out on to the dizzy brink of an awful precipice—a sheer fall, so exaggerated in horror that your most stirring memories of Mont Blanc, the Jungfrau, and the hideous arête of the Pitz Bernina, sink into vague insignificance. The gulf that divides you from the distant mountain seems like a huge bite taken bodily out of the world by some voracious god: far away rise snow-peaks such as were not dreamt of in your Swiss tour; the bottomless valley at your feet is misty and gloomy with blackness, streaked with mist, while the peaks above shoot gladly to the sun and catch his broadside rays like majestic white standards. Between you, as you stand leaning cautiously against the hill behind you, and the wonderful background far away in front, floats a strange vision, scarcely moving, but yet not still. A great golden shield sails steadily in vast circles, sending back the sunlight in every tint of burnished glow. The golden eagle of the Himalayas hangs in mid-air, a sheet of polished metal to the eye, pausing sometimes in the full blaze of reflection, as ages ago the sun and the moon stood still in the valley of the Ajalon; too magnificent for description, as he is too dazzling to look at. The whole scene, if no greater name can be given to it, is on a scale so Titanic in its massive length and breadth and depth, that you stand utterly trembling and weak and foolish as you look for the first time. You have never seen such masses of the world before.—*Mr. Isaacs.*

CREASY, SIR EDWARD SHEPHERD, an English jurist and historian, born in 1812, died in 1878. He was educated at Eton and at King's College, Cambridge, and was called to the bar in 1837. In 1840 he became Professor of History in the University of London, and in 1860 was appointed Chief Justice of Ceylon. Besides many smaller works, one of which was an early volume of *Poems*, he wrote *The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World, from Marathon to Waterloo* (1851); *History of the Ottoman Turks* (1856); *Rise and Progress of the English Constitution* (1856); *Imperial and Colonial Constitutions of the Britannic Empire* (1872). He also began a *History of England*, which was to be in five volumes; but only two volumes were published (1869–70).

WHAT CONSTITUTES A DECISIVE BATTLE.

Hallam, speaking of the victory over the Saracens at the battle of Tours, gained by Charles Martel, in 732, A.D., says: "It may justly be reckoned among those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the history of the world in all its subsequent scenes: with Marathon, Arbela, the Metaurus, Chalons, and Leipsic." It was the perusal of this note of Hallam's that first led me to the consideration of my present subject. I certainly differ with that great historian as to the comparative importance of some of the battles which he thus enumerates, and also of some which he omits. It is probable, indeed, that no two historical inquirers would entirely agree in their lists of the Decisive Battles of the World. But our concurring in our catalogues is of little moment, provided we learn to look on these great historical events in the spirit which Hallam's observations indicate. . . .

I need hardly remark that it is not the number of killed and wounded in a battle that determines its general historical importance. It is not because only a few hundreds fell in the battle by which Joan of Arc captured the Tourelles and raised the siege of Orleans, that the effect of that crisis is to be judged: nor would a full belief in the largest number which Eastern historians state to have been slaughtered in any of the numerous conflicts between Asiatic rulers, make me regard the engagement in which they fell as one of paramount importance to mankind. But besides battles of this kind, there are many of great consequence, and attended by circumstances which powerfully excite our feelings and rivet our attention, and which yet appear to me of mere secondary rank, inasmuch as either their effects were limited in area, or they themselves merely confirmed some great tendency or bias which an earlier battle had originated. For example, the encounters between the Greeks and Persians which followed Marathon seem to me not to have been phenomena of primary impulse. Greek superiority had been already asserted, Asiatic ambition had already been checked, before Salamis and Platæa had confirmed the superiority of European free states over Oriental despotism. So Ægospotamos, which finally crushed the maritime power of Athens, seems to me inferior in interest to the defeat before Syracuse, where Athens received her first fatal check, and after which she only struggled to retard her downfall. I think similarly of Zama, with respect to Carthage, as compared to the Metaurus; and, on the same principle, the subsequent great battles of the Revolutionary War appear to me inferior in their importance to Valmy, which first determined the military character and career of the French Revolution.—*Preface to the Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World.*

THE BATTLE OF MARATHON, 490 B.C.

Two thousand three hundred and forty years ago, a council of Athenian officers was summoned on the slope of one of the mountains that look over the plain of Marathon, on the eastern coast of Attica. The immediate subject of their meeting was to consider whether they should give battle to an enemy, outnumbering them at least ten to one, that lay encamped on the shore beneath them. On the result of their deliberations depended not merely the fate of two armies, but the whole future progress of human civilization. There were eleven members of that council of war: ten were generals who were then annually elected at Athens, one for each of the local *tribes* into which the Athenians were divided. Each general led the men of his own tribe, and each was invested with equal military authority. But one of the *archons* was also associated with them in the general command of the army. This magistrate was termed the *Polemarch*, or "War-ruler:" he had the privilege of leading the right wing of the army in battle, and his vote in a council of war was equal to that of any of the generals. The Polemarch for that year was Callimachus. The vote of the generals was equally divided: five being in favor of giving battle, five against it; and Callimachus thus held the casting vote. Among the most earnest of those in favor of battle was Miltiades. He addressed himself to the Polemarch, and urged him to vote for battle. Callimachus was won over; and it was decided to fight. The ten generals waived their rights of taking chief command, each for a day when his turn came, and agreed to act under the orders of Miltiades. He, however waited until the day came when the command would have devolved upon him in regular course. . . .

The plain of Marathon, which is about twenty-two miles distant from Athens, lies along the bay of the same name on the northeastern coast of Attica. The plain is nearly in the form of a crescent, and about six miles in length. It is about two miles broad in the centre, where the space between the mountains and the sea is greatest, but it narrows toward either extremity, the mountains coming close down to the water at the horns of the bay. There is a valley trending inward from the middle of the plain, and a ravine comes down to it on the southward. Elsewhere it is closely girt round on the land side by rugged limestone mountains, which are thickly studded with pines, olive-trees, and cedars, and overgrown with the myrtle, arbutus, and the other low odoriferous shrubs that everywhere perfume the Attic air. The level of the ground is now varied by the mound raised over those who fell in the battle; but is was an unbroken plain when the Persians encamped on it. There are marshes at each end, which are dry in the Spring and Summer, and then offer no obstruction to the horseman; but are commonly flooded with rain, and so rendered impracticable for cavalry, in the Autumn—the time of year at which the action took place. The Greeks, lying encamped on the mountains, could watch every movement of the Persians on the plain below, while they were enabled completely to mask their own. Miltiades also had, from his position, the power of giving battle when he pleased, or of delaying it at his discretion, unless Datis, the Persian commander, were to attempt the perilous operation of storming the heights.

On the afternoon of a September day Miltiades gave the word for the Athenian army to prepare for battle. According to the old national custom, the warriors of each tribe were arrayed together; neighbor thus fighting by the side of neighbor, friend by friend, and the spirit of emulation and the consciousness of responsibility exerted to the very utmost. The Polemarch, Callimachus, had the leading of the right wing; the Platæans formed the extreme left; and Themistocles and Aristides commanded the centre. The line consisted of the heavy-armed spearmen only; for the Greeks (until the time of Iphicrates) took little or no account of light-armed soldiers in a pitched battle, using them only in skirmishes, or for the pursuit of a defeated enemy. The panoply of the regular infantry consisted of a long spear, of a shield, helmet, breastplate, greaves, and short sword. Thus equipped, they usually advanced slowly and steadily into action in a uniform phalanx of about eight spears deep. But the military genius of Miltiades led him to deviate on this occasion from the commonplace tactics of his countrymen. It was essential for him to extend his line so as to cover all the practicable ground, and to secure himself from being outflanked and charged in the rear by the Persian horse. This extension involved the weakening of his line. Instead of a uniform reduction of its strength, he determined on detaching principally from his centre, which, from the nature of the ground, would have the best opportunities for rallying if broken; and on strengthening his wings, so as to ensure advantage at these points; and he trusted to his own skill and to his soldiers' discipline for the improvement of that advantage into decisive victory.

In this order, and availing himself probably of the inequalities of the ground, so as to conceal his preparations from the enemy till the last possible moment, Miltiades drew up the eleven thousand infantry whose spears were to decide this crisis in the struggle between the European and Asiatic worlds. The sacrifices by which the favor of heaven was sought, and its will consulted, were announced to show propitious omens. The trumpet sounded for action, and, chanting the hymn of battle, the little army bore down upon the host of the foe. Then, too, along the mountain slopes of Marathon must have resounded the mutual exhortation which Æschylus, who fought in both battles, tells us was afterwards heard over the waves of Salamis: "On, sons of the Greeks! Strike for the freedom of your country! strike for the freedom of your children and of your wives—for the shrines of your fathers' gods, and for the sepulchres of your sires! All—all—are now staked upon the strife!"

Instead of advancing at the usual slow pace of the phalanx, Miltiades brought his men on at a run. They were all trained in the exercises of the palæstra, so that there was no fear of their ending the charge in breathless exhaustion; and it was of the deepest importance for him to traverse as rapidly as possible the mile or so of level ground that lay between the mountain-foot and the Persian outposts, and so to get his troops into close action before the Asiatic cavalry could mount, form, and manœuvre against him, or their archers keep him long under fire, and before the enemy's generals could fairly deploy their masses.

"When the Persians," says Herodotus, "saw the Athenians running down upon them, without horse or bowmen, and scanty in numbers, they thought them a set of madmen rushing upon certain destruction." They began, however, to prepare to receive them, and the Eastern chiefs arrayed, as quickly as time and place allowed, the various races who served in their motley ranks. Mountaineers from Hyrcania and Afghanistan, wild horsemen from the steppes of Khorassan, the black archers of Ethiopia, swordsmen from the banks of the Indus, the Oxus, the Euphrates, and the Nile, made ready against the enemies of the Great King. But no national cause inspired them except the division of native Persians: and in the large host there was no uniformity of language, creed, race, or military system. Still, among them there were many gallant men, under a veteran general. They were familiar with victory; and, in contemptuous confidence, their infantry, which alone had time to form, awaited the Athenian charge. On came the Greeks, with one unwavering line of leveled spears, against which the light targets, the short lances and scimetars of the Orientals offered a weak defence. The front rank of the Asiatics must have gone down to a man at the first shock. Still they recoiled not, but strove by individual gallantry and by the weight of numbers to make up for the disadvantages of weapons and tactics, and to bear back the shallow line of the Europeans. In the centre, where the native Persians and the Sacæ fought, they succeeded in breaking through the weakened part of the Athenian phalanx; and the tribes led by Aristides and Themistocles were, after a brave resistance, driven back over the plain, and chased by the Persians up the valley toward the inner country. There the nature of the ground gave the opportunity of rallying and renewing the struggle. Meantime the Greek wings, where Miltiades had concentrated his chief strength, had routed the Asiatics opposed to them, and the Athenian and Platæan officers, instead of pursuing the fugitives, kept their troops well in hand, and, wheeling round, they formed the two wings together. Miltiades instantly led them against the Persian centre, which had hitherto been triumphant, but which now fell back, and prepared to encounter these new and unexpected assailants. Aristides and Themistocles renewed the fight with their reorganized troops, and the full force of the Greeks was brought into close action with the Persian and Sacian divisions of the enemy. Datis's veterans strove hard to keep their ground, and evening was approaching before the stern encounter was decided.

But the Persians, with their light wicker shields, destitute of body-armor, and never taught by training to keep the even front and act with the regular movement of the Greek infantry, fought at heavy disadvantage, with their shorter and feebler weapons, against the compact array of well-armed Athenian and Platæan spearmen, all perfectly drilled to perform each necessary evolution in concert, and to preserve a uniform and unwavering line in battle. In personal courage and in bodily activity the Persians were not inferior to their adversaries. Their spirits were not yet cowed by the recollection of former defeats; and they lavished their lives freely, rather than forfeit the fame which they had won by so many victories. While their rear ranks poured an incessant shower of arrows over the heads of their comrades, the foremost Persians kept rushing forward, sometimes singly, sometimes in desperate groups of ten or twelve, upon the projecting spears of the Greeks, striving to force a lane into the spears of the phalanx, and to bring their scimetars and daggers into play. But the Greeks felt their superiority, and though the fatigue of the long-continued action told heavily on their inferior numbers, the sight of the carnage that they dealt upon their assailants nerved them to fight still more fiercely on.

At last the previously unvanquished lords of Asia turned their backs and fled; and the Greeks followed, striking them down to the water's edge, where the invaders were now hastily launching their galleys, and seeking to embark and fly. Flushed with success, the Athenians attacked and strove to fire the fleet. But here the Asiatics resisted desperately, and the principal loss sustained by the Greeks was in the assault on the ships. Here fell the brave Polemarch, Callimachus, the general Stesilaus, and other Athenians of note. Seven galleys were fired, but the Persians succeeded in saving the rest. They pushed off from the fatal shore: but even here the skill of Datis did not desert him, and he sailed round to the western coast of Attica, in hopes to find Athens unprotected, and to gain possession of it from some of the partisans of Hippias. Miltiades, however, saw and counteracted his manœuvre. Leaving Aristides and the troops of his tribe to guard the spoil and the slain, the Athenian commander led his conquering army by a rapid night-march back across the country to Athens. And when the Persian fleet had doubled the Cape of Sunium, and sailed up to the Athenian harbor in the morning, Datis saw arrayed on the heights above the city the troops before whom his men had fled on the preceding evening. All hope of further conquest in Europe for the time was abandoned, and the baffled armada returned to the Asiatic coasts.

The number of the Persian dead was 6,400; of the Athenians, 192. The number of the Platæans who fell is not mentioned; but as they fought in the part of the army which was not broken, it cannot have been very large. The apparent disproportion between the losses of the two armies is not surprising when we remember the armor of the Greek spearmen, and the impossibility of heavy slaughter being inflicted by sword or lance on troops so armed, as long as they kept firm in their ranks.

The Athenians slain were buried on the field of battle. This was contrary to the usual custom, according to which the bones of all who fell fighting for their country in each year were deposited in a public sepulchre in the suburb of Athens called the Cerameicus. But it was felt that a distinction ought to be made in the funeral honors paid to the men of Marathon, even as their merit had been distinguished over that of all other Athenians. A lofty mound was raised on the plain of Marathon, beneath which the remains of the men of Athens who fell in the battle were deposited. Ten columns were erected on the spot—one for each of the Athenian tribes; and on the monumental column of each tribe were graven the names of those of its members whose glory it was to have fallen in the great battle of liberation. The antiquarian Pausanias read those names there six hundred years after the time when they were first graven. The columns have long perished, but the mound still marks the spot where the noblest heroes of antiquity, "the Fighters at Marathon," repose.—*The Fifteen Decisive Battles.*

CONSEQUENCES OF THE AMERICAN VICTORY AT SARATOGA, 1777.

It would be impossible to describe the transports of joy which the news of this victory excited among Americans. No one any longer felt any doubt about their achieving their independence. All hoped, and with good reason, that a success of this importance would at length determine France, and the other European Powers that waited for her example, to declare themselves in favor of America. "There could no longer be any question respecting the future, since there was no longer the risk of espousing the cause of a people too feeble to defend themselves." The truth of this was soon displayed in the conduct of France. When the news arrived at Paris of the capture of Ticonderoga by Burgoyne, and of his victorious march towards Albany—events which seemed decisive in favor of the English—instructions had been immediately dispatched to Nantes and the other ports of the kingdom, that no American privateers should be suffered to enter them, except from indispensable necessity: as to repair their vessels, to obtain provisions, or to escape the perils of the sea. The American Commissioners at Paris, in their disgust and despair, had almost broken off all negotiations with the French Government, and they even attempted to open communications with the British Ministry. But the British Government, elated with the first successes of Burgoyne, refused to listen to any overtures for accommodation.

But when the news of Saratoga reached Paris, the whole scene was changed. Franklin and his brother Commissioners found all their difficulties with the French Government vanish. The time seemed to have arrived for the House of Bourbon to take a full revenge for all its humiliations and losses in previous wars. In December a treaty was arranged, and formally signed in the February following, by which France acknowledged the Independent United States of America. This was, of course, tantamount to a declaration of war with England. Spain soon followed France; and before long Holland took the same course. Largely aided by French fleets and troops, the Americans vigorously maintained the war against the armies which England, in spite of her European foes, continued to send across the Atlantic. But the struggle was too unequal to be maintained by Great Britain for many years; and when the treaties of 1783 restored peace to the world, the independence of the United States was reluctantly recognized by their ancient parent, and recent enemy—England.—*The Fifteen Decisive Battles.*

CROKER, JOHN WILSON, a British author, born in Ireland, in 1780, died at St. Alban's Bank, England, in 1857. He was educated at Dublin College, where he graduated in 1800, and was called to the Irish bar in 1802. In 1807 he entered Parliament as a member for Downpatrick. Two years afterwards he made an ingenious defence of the Duke of York, son of George III., who was charged with gross abuses in his position as commander-in-chief of the army; and for this service to the Government he was rewarded by being made Secretary to the Admiralty, a position which he held until 1830, when he retired upon a pension of £1500. He represented various Irish constituences in Parliament, the last being that of the University of Dublin. He declared that he would never sit in a Reformed Parliament; and when the Reform Bill of 1830 was passed, he threw up his seat. Previous to entering Parliament, he published a number of clever satires in prose and verse. In 1807 he put forth a pamphlet on *The State of Ireland*, in which he advocated Catholic emancipation. In this pamphlet he pronounced a warm eulogy upon Swift:

EULOGY UPON SWIFT.

On this gloom one luminary rose, and Ireland worshipped it with Persian idolatry; her true patriot—her first—almost her last. Sagacious and intrepid, he saw—he dared; above suspicion, he was trusted; above envy, he was beloved; above rivalry, he was obeyed. His wisdom was practical and prophetic—remedial for the present, warning for the future. He first taught Ireland that she might become a nation, and England that she must cease to be a despot. But he was a Churchman; his gown impeded his course, and entangled his efforts. Guiding a senate, or heading an army, he had been more than Cromwell, and Ireland not less than England. As it was, he saved her by his courage, improved her by his authority, adorned her by his talents, and exalted her by his fame. His mission was but of ten years, and for ten years only did his personal power mitigate the government; but though no longer feared by the great, he was not forgotten by the wise; his influence, like his writings, has survived a century; and the foundations of whatever prosperity we have since erected are laid in the disinterested and magnanimous patriotism of Swift.

Croker wrote a series of *Stories from the History of England* which were very popular, and which suggested to Scott the *Tales of a Grandfather*, dealing in a similar manner with the history of Scotland. The *Quarterly Review* was started in 1809, by Gifford, Scott, Croker, Southey, and others. Croker was for many years one of its principal contributors, writing mainly upon political and historical subjects: but not unfrequently upon purely literary topics. One of his most noted critiques is that upon Keats's *Endymion* (sometimes, however, attributed to Gifford, the Editor of the *Review*), published in April, 1818, which is foolishly averred to have caused the death of Keats, nearly three years later. The poet and his work are thus contemptuously treated:

KEATS'S ENDYMION.

With the fullest stretch of our perseverance, we are forced to confess that we have not been able to struggle beyond the first of the four books of which this Poetic Romance consists. We should extremely lament this want of energy—or whatever it may be—on our part, were it not for one consolation—namely, that we are no better acquainted with the meaning of the book through which we have so painfully toiled than we are with that of the three which we have not looked into. It is not that Mr. Keats (if that is his real name—for we almost doubt whether any man in his senses would put his real name to such a rhapsody)—it is not, we say, that the author has not powers of language, rays of fancy, and gleams of genius: he has all of these, but he is unhappily a disciple of what has been somewhere called Cockney poetry, which may be defined to consist of the most incongruous ideas in the most uncouth language. . . . This author is a copyist of Mr. Hunt; but he is more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype.

Croker wrote several small works in prose and verse; edited *The Suffolk Papers*, *Hervey's Memoirs of the Court of George III.*, and *Walpole's Letters to Lord Hertford.* His most noted work is an annotated edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (1831); which was savagely reviewed by Macaulay. Eighteen years later Macaulay put forth the first installment of his History of England. Croker seized the opportunity of returning, through the *Quarterly Review*, the blows which Macaulay had given him in the *Edinburgh Review*. He writes:

MACAULAY AS A HISTORIAN.

It may seem too epigrammatic—but it is, in our judgment, strictly true—to say that his History seems to be a kind of combination and exaggeration of the peculiarities of all his former efforts. It is as full of political prejudice and partisan advocacy as any of his parliamentary speeches. It makes the facts of English History as fabulous as his *Lays* do that of Roman tradition; and it is written with as captious, as dogmatical, and as cynical a spirit as the bitterest of his reviews. . . His historical narration is poisoned with a rancor more violent than even the passions of the time. There is hardly a page that does not contain something objectionable either in substance or in color; and the whole of the brilliant, and at first captivating narrative, is perceived, on examination, to be impregnated to a marvelous degree with bad taste, bad feeling, and—we are under the painful necessity of adding—bad faith. His pages, whatever may be their other characteristics, are as copious a repertorium of vituperative eloquence as, we believe, our language can produce; and especially against everything in which he chooses (whether right or wrong), to recognize the shibboleth of Toryism. . . .

But, we are sorry to say, we have a heavier complaint against Mr. Macaulay. We accuse him of a habitual and really injurious perversion of his authorities. This unfortunate indulgence—in whatever juvenile levity it may have originated—and through whatever steps it may have grown into an unconscious habit—seems to pervade his whole work, from Alpha to Omega, from Procopius to Mackintosh. One strong mark of his historical impartiality is to call anything bigoted, intolerant, shameless, cruel, by the comprehensive title of Tory. . . . We are ready to admit, a hundred times over, Mr. Macaulay's literary powers—brilliant even under the affectation with which he too frequently disguises them. He is a great painter, but a suspicious narrator; a grand proficient in the picturesque, but a very poor professor of the historic. These volumes have been —and his future volumes as they appear will be—devoured with the same eagerness that *Oliver Twist* or *Vanity Fair* excite; with the same quality of zest, though perhaps with a higher degree of it. But his pages will seldom, we think, receive a second perusal; and the work, we apprehend, will hardly find a permanent place on the historical shelf; nor ever, assuredly—if continued in the spirit of the first two volumes—be quoted as authority on any question or point of the history of England.

CROKER, THOMAS CROFTON, an Irish legendist and humorist, born in 1798, died in 1854. He was apprenticed to a trader in Cork, but at the age of twenty-one he was, through the interest of John Wilson Croker, appointed to a clerkship in the Admiralty, at London. He put forth from time to time various works upon the legends, lore, and antiquities of Ireland. The principal of these are: *Researches in the South of Ireland* (1825); *Fairy Legends and Traditions of Ireland* (1825–1827); *Legends of the Lakes of Killarney* (1828); *Popular Songs of Ireland* (1839); *Historical Songs of Ireland* (1841). He was a member of the Camden, Percy, Hakluyt, and other archæological Societies, for which he edited various old manuscripts. His only strictly original works were the humorous novels *Barney Mahony* and *My Village versus Our Village* (1832).

THE LAST OF THE IRISH SERPENTS.

"Sure," said Barney, "everybody has heard tell of the blessed St. Patrick, and how he druve the sarpints and all manner of venomous things out of Ireland; how he 'bothered all the varmint' entirely. But for all that, there was one ould sarpint left who was too cunning to be talked out of the country, or made to drown himself. St. Patrick didn't well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc; till at long last he bethought himself and got a strong iron chest made with nine boults upon it. So one fine morning he takes a walk to where the sarpint used to keep; and the sarpint, who didn't like the saint in the least, and small blame to him for that, began to hiss and shew his teeth at him like anything. 'Oh,' says St. Patrick, says he, 'where's the use of making such a piece of work about a gentleman life myself coming to see you? 'Tis a nice house I have got made for you agin the winter: for I 'm going to civilize the whole country, man and beast,' says he, 'and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and 'tis myself will be glad to see you.' The sarpint, hearing such smooth words, thought that though St. Patrick had druve all the rest of the sarpints into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the sarpint walks fair and easy up to see him and the house he was speaking about. But when the sarpint saw the nine boults upon the chest he thought he was sould [betrayed], and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could. 'Tis a nice warm house, you see,' says St. Patrick, 'and 'tis a good friend I am to you.' 'I thank you kindly, St. Patrick, for your civility,' says the sarpint; 'but I think it 's too small it is for me'—meaning it for an excuse, and away he was going. 'Too small!' says St. Patrick: 'stop, if you please,' says he; 'you 're out in that, my boy, anyhow—I am sure 'twill fit you completely; and I 'll tell you what,' says he, 'I 'll bet you a gallon of porter,' says he, 'that if you 'll only try and get in they 'll be plenty of room for you.' The sarpint was as thirsty as could be with his walk; and 'twas great joy to him the thoughts of doing St. Patrick out of the gallon of porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got to the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. 'There, now,' says he; 'I 've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in my tail.' When what does St. Patrick do, but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and, putting his two hands to it, down he slaps it with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a sarpint saw the lid coming down, in went his tail like a shot, for fear of being whipped off him, and St. Patrick began at once to boult the nine iron boults. 'Oh, murder! won't you let me out, St. Patrick?' says the sarpint;

'I've lost the bet fairly, and I'll pay you the gallon like a man.' 'Let you out, my darling?' says St. Patrick: 'to be sure I will, by all manner of means: but you see I haven't time now, so you must wait till to-morrow.' And so he took the iron chest, with the sarpint in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour for certain; and 'tis the sarpint struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man (continued Picket) besides myself has heard the sarpint, crying out from within the chest under the water: 'Is it to-morrow yet?—is it to-morrow yet?' which, to be sure, it never can be. And that's the way St. Patrick settled the last of the sarpints, sir."

CROLY, GEORGE, a British clergyman and author, born in Dublin in 1780, died in London in 1860. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; went to London, where he became noted as an eloquent preacher, and about 1833 was presented by Brougham, then Lord Chancellor, to the valuable rectorship of St. Stephens, Walbrook, London. Croly's literary activity was very great for many years, up nearly to the close of his active life. Besides *Sermons* and other writings of a strictly professional character, he wrote numerous brilliant Poems; *Pride shall have a Fall*, a comedy which was successfully produced in 1824; *Catiline*, a tragedy (1825); *Personal History of George IV.* (1830); *Political Life of Burke* (1840); *Historical Sketches* (1842). He also edited the works of Pope, and of Jeremy Taylor. He wrote three novels: *Salathiel* (1827); *Tales of the Great St. Bernard*, and *Marston, or the Soldier and Statesman* (1846). The last of these is a story of very considerable power; but *Salathiel*—the hero and narrator of which is no other than the "Wandering Jew"—is a master-piece of its class. No other novelist who has made this legend his theme, has at all equaled Croly.

"TARRY THOU, TILL I COME."

"Tarry thou, till I come!"—The words shot through me; I felt them like an arrow in my heart: my brain whirled, my eyes grew dim; the troops, the priests, the populace, the world, passed away from before my senses like a dream. But my mind had a horrible clearness. As if the veil that separates the visible and invisible worlds had been rent in sunder, I saw shapes and signs for which mortal language has no name. The whole expanse of the future spread under my mental gaze in dreadful vision. A preternatural light, a new power of mind, seemed to have been poured into my being. I saw at once the full guilt of my crime—the fierce folly—the mad ingratitude—the desperate profanation. I lived over again in frightful distinctness every act and instant of the night of my unspeakable sacrilege. I saw, as if written with a sunbeam, the countless injuries, that in the rage of bigotry I had accumulated upon the victim; the bitter mockeries that I had devised: the cruel tauntings that my lips had taught the rabble; the pitiless malignity that had forbidden them to discover a trace of virtue where all virtue was. The blows of the scourge still sounded in my ears. Every drop of innocent blood rose up in judgment before me.

Accursed be the night in which I fell before the tempter! Blotted out from Time and Eternity be the hour in which I took part with the torturers! Every fibre of my frame quivers, every drop of my blood curdles, as I hear the echo of the anathema that on the night of woe sprang first from my furious lips, the self-pronounced ruin, the words of desolation: "*His blood be upon us, and upon our children!*"

I had headed the multitude. Where others shrank, I urged; where others pitied, I reviled and inflamed. I scoffed at the feeble malice of the priesthood; I scoffed at the tardy cruelty of the Roman: I swept away by menace and by scorn the human reluctance of the few who dreaded to dip their hands in blood. Thinking to do God service, and substituting my passions for my God, I threw firebrands on the hearts of a rash, jealous, and bigoted people. I triumphed!

In a deed which ought to have covered earth with lamentation, which was to make angels weep, which might have shaken the universe into dust, I triumphed! The decree was passed; but my frenzy was not so to be satiated. I loathed the light while the victim lived. Under the penalty of treason to Cæsar, I demanded instant execution of the sentence.—"Not a day of life must be given," I exclained: "not an hour:—death, on the instant; death!" My clamor was echoed by the roar of millions. But in the moment of my exultation, I was stricken. In the acclamation of the multitude came forth the command. He who had refused an hour of life to the victim, was in terrible retribution condemned to know the misery of life interminable. I heard through all the voices of Jerusalem—I should have heard through all the thunders of heaven—the calm low voice, "Tarry thou, till I come!"

I felt my fate at once. I sprang away through the shouting hosts as if the avenging angel waved his sword above my head. Wild songs, furious execrations, the rude uproar of myriads stirred to the heights of popular passion, filled the air. Still through all I heard the pursuing sentence, "Tarry thou, till I come," and felt it to be the sentence of incurable agony! I was never to know the shelter of the grave!

Immortality on earth!—The perpetual compulsion of existence in a world made for change: to feel the weariness of thousands of years bowing down my wretched head: alienated from all the hopes, enjoyments, and pursuits of man, to bear the heaviness of that existence, which palls even with all the stimulants of the most vivid career of man; life passionless, exhausted, melancholy, old: I would rather have been blown about on the storms of the universe. I was to be a wild beast compelled to pace the same eternal cage! a criminal bound to the floor of his dungeon forever!

Immortality on earth!—I was now in the vigor of life; but must it be always so? Must not pain, feebleness, the loss of mind, the sad decay of all the resources of the human being, be the natural result of time? Might I not be cast into the perpetual sick-bed, hopeless decrepitude, pain without cure or relaxation, the extremities of famine, of disease, of madness?—Yet this was to be borne for ages of ages!

Immortality on earth!—Separation from all that cheers and ennobles life! I was to survive my country; to see the soil dear to my heart violated by the feet of barbarians yet unborn; her sacred monuments, her trophies, her tombs, a scoff and a spoil. Without a resting-spot to the sole of my feet, I was to witness the slave, the man of blood, the savage of the desert, the furious infidel, rioting in my inheritance, digging up the bones of my fathers, trampling on the holy ruins of Jerusalem! I was to feel the still keener misery of surviving all that I loved. Wife, child, friend—even to the last being with whom my heart could imagine a human bond, all that bore a drop of my blood in their veins—were to perish in my sight; and I was to stand on the verge of the perpetual grave, without the power to seek its refuge. If new affections could ever wind their way into my closed-up and frozen bosom, it must be only to fill it with new sorrows: for those I loved must still be torn from me. In the world I must remain, and remain alone!

Immortality on earth!—The grave that closes on the sinner closes on his sin. His weight of offense is fixed; no new guilt can gather on him there. But I was to know no limit to the weight that was already crushing me. The guilt of life upon life, the surges of an unfathomable ocean of crime, were to roll in eternal progress over my head. If the judgment of the Great Day was terrible to him who had passed but through the common measure of existence, what must be its terrors to the wretch who was to appear loaded with the accumulated guilt of a thousand lives!—*Salathiel*, Chap. I.

THE COMBAT IN THE ARENA.

The Emperor's arrival commenced the grand display. He took his place under the curtains of the royal pavilion. The dead were removed, perfumes were scattered through the air; rose-water was sprinkled from silver tubes upon the exhausted multitude; music resounded; incense burned; and, in the midst of these preparations of luxury, the terrors of the lion-combat began.

A portal of the arena opened, and the combatant, with a mantle thrown over his face and figure, was led in, surrounded by soldiery. The lion roared, and ramped against the bars of its den at the sight. The guard put a sword and buckler into the hands of the Christian, and he was left alone. He drew the mantle from his face, and bent a slow and firm look round the amphitheatre. His fine countenance and lofty bearing raised an universal sound of admiration. He might have stood for an Apollo encountering the Python. His eye at last turned on mine. Could I believe my senses? Constantius was before me!

All my rancor vanished. An hour past, I could have struck the betrayer to the heart. I could have called on the severest vengeance of man and heaven to smite the destroyer of my child. But to see him hopelessly doomed: the man whom I had honored for his noble qualities—whom I had even loved—whose crime was at worst but the crime of giving way to the strongest temptation that can bewilder the heart of man; to see this noble creature flung to the savage beast, dying in tortures, torn piecemeal before my eyes—and this misery wrought by me!—I would have obtested earth and heaven to save him. But my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth; my limbs refused to stir. I would have thrown myself at the feet of Nero; but I sat like a man of stone, pale, paralyzed; the beating of my pulses stopped—my eyes alone alive.

The gate of the den was thrown back, and the lion rushed in with a roar, and a bound that bore him half across the arena. I saw the sword glitter in the air; when it waved again, it was covered with blood. A howl told that the blow had been driven home. The lion, one of the largest from Numidia, and made furious by thirst and hunger—an animal of prodigious power—couched for an instant as if to make sure of his prey, crept a few paces onward, and sprang at the victim's throat. He was met by a second wound; but his impulse was irresistible, and Constantius was flung upon the ground. A cry of natural horror rang round the amphitheatre. The struggle was now for instant life or death. They rolled over each other; the lion reared on its hind feet, and with gnashing teeth, and, distended talons, plunged on the man; again they rose together. Anxiety was now at its wildest height. The sword swung round the champion's head in bloody circles. They fell again, covered with gore and dust. The hand of Constantius had grasped the lion's mane, and the furious bounds of the monster could not loose the hold; but his strength was evidently giving way. He still struck terrible blows, but each was weaker than the one before; till, collecting his whole force for a last effort, he darted one mighty blow into the lion's throat, and sank. The savage yelled, and spouting out blood, fled howling round the arena. But the hand still grasped the mane—and his conqueror was dragged whirling through the dust at his heels. A universal outcry now arose to save him, if he were not already dead. But the lion, though bleeding from every vein, was still too terrible, and all shrank from the hazard. At length the grasp gave way, and the body lay motionless upon the ground.

What happened for some moments after, I know not. There was a struggle at the portal; a female forced her way through the guards, rushed in alone, and flung herself upon the victim. The sight of a new prey roused the lion; he tore the ground with his talons; he lashed his streaming sides with his tail; he lifted up his mane, and bared his fangs. But his approach was no longer with a bound; he dreaded the sword, and came snuffing the blood on the sand, and stealing round the body in circles still diminishing.

The confusion in the vast assemblage was now extreme. Voices innumerable called for aid. Women screamed and fainted; men burst out into indignant clamors at this prolonged cruelty. Even the hard hearts of the populace, accustomed as they were to the sacrifice of life, were roused to honest curses. The guards grasped their arms, and waited but for a sign from the Emperor. But Nero gave no sign.

I looked upon the woman's face. It was that of Salome! I sprang upon my feet; I called on her name; I implored her by every feeling of nature to fly from that place of death; to come to my arms; to think of the agonies of all that loved her. She had raised the head of Constantius on her knee, and was wiping the pale visage with her hair. At the sound of my voice she looked up, and calmly casting back the locks from her forehead, fixed her gaze upon me. She still knelt; one hand supported the head, with the other she pointed to it, as her only answer. I again adjured her. There was the silence of death among the thousands around me. A fire flashed into her eye; her cheek burned. She waived her hand with an air of superb sorrow.

"I am come to die," she uttered in a lofty tone. "This bleeding body was my husband. I have no father. The world contains to me but this clay in my arms. Yet," and she kissed the ashy lips before her, "yet, my Constantius, it was to save that father, that your generous heart defied the peril of this hour. It was to redeem him from the hand of evil, that you abandoned our quiet home! Yes, cruel father, here lies the noble being that threw open your dungeon; that led you safe through conflagration; that to the last moment of his liberty only thought how he might preserve and protect you." Tears at length fell in floods from her eyes. "But," said she, in a tone of wild power, "he was betrayed; and may the power whose thunders avenge the cause of his people pour down just retribution upon the head that dared—— "

I heard my own condemnation about to be pronounced by the lips of my child. Wound up to the last degree of suffering, I tore my hair, leapt on the bars before me, and plunged into the arena by her side. The height stunned me; I tottered forward a few paces and fell. The lion gave a roar, and sprang upon me. I lay helpless under him; I felt his fiery breath; I saw his lurid eye glaring; I heard the gnashing of his white fangs above me.—An exulting shout arose. I saw him reel as if struck; gore filled his jaws. Another mighty blow was driven to his heart. He sprang high in the air with a howl: he dropped; he was dead. The amphitheatre thundered with acclamation.

With Salome clinging to my bosom, Constantius raised me from the ground. The roar of the lion had roused him from his swoon, and two blows saved me. The falchion was broken in the heart of the monster.

The whole multitude stood up, supplicating for our lives in the name of filial piety and heroism. Nero, devil as he was, dared not resist the strength of the popular feeling. He waved a signal to the guards: the portal was opened: and my children, sustaining my feeble steps, and showered with garlands and ornaments from innumerable hands, slowly led me from the arena.—*Salathiel*, Chap. XX.

THE BANISHMENT OF CATILINE.

[*The Senators assembled in the Temple of Jupiter Stator at Rome.*]

Cicero.—Fathers of Rome! If man can be convinced
By proof, as clear as daylight, there it stands.—
These men have been arrested at the gates,
Bearing despatches to raise war in Gaul.
Look on these letters! Here 's a deep-laid plot
To wreck the provinces: a solemn league,
Made with all form and circumstance. The time
Is desperate; all the slaves are up: Rome shakes!

The Heavens alone can tell how near our graves
We stand even here!—The name of Catiline
Is foremost in the league. He was their king.—
Tried and convicted traitor, go from Rome!
Catiline.—Come, consecrated lictors! Senators,
Fling down your sceptres; take the rod and axe,
And make the murder, as you make the law!
Cic.—Give up the record of his banishment.
Cat.—Banished from Rome! What 's banished, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
Who 'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banished!—I thank you for 't. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
But *now* my sword 's my own. Smile on, my lords:
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you; here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face.
Your consul 's merciful. For this all thanks!
He *dares* not touch a hair of Catiline.
Consul.—Lictors, drive the traitor from the temple!
Cat.—"Traitor!" I go, but I *return.* This *trial!*—
Here I devote your Senate! I 've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make an infant's sinew strong as steel.
This day 's the birth of sorrows! This hour's work
Will breed proscription. Look to your hearths, my lords!
For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes:
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning the brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like Night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave!

Senators.—Go, enemy and parricide, from Rome!
Cat.—It shall be so!—When Catiline comes again,
Your grandeur shall be base, and clowns shall sit
In scorn upon those chairs. Your palaces
Shall see the soldier's revels, and your wealth
Shall go to deck his harlot and his horse.
Then Cicero and his tools shall pay me blood—
Vengeance for every drop of my boy's veins!
And such of you as cannot find the grace
To die with swords in your right hands, shall feel
The life—life worse than death—of trampled slaves!
Senators.—Go, enemy and parricide, from Rome!
Cic.—Expel him, lictors! Clear the Senate-house!
Cat.—I go—but not to leap the gulf alone:
I go: but when I come 'twill be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake—rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!—
You build my funeral pile; but your best blood
Shall quench its flame!—Back, slaves! I will *return.*
—*Catiline*, Act III.

TO SPAIN.

Thou land of love and loveliness! What dreams
Of pomp, and beauty, and old chivalry
Haunt the green borders of thy mighty streams,
Imperial Spain! Years and long ages fly,
Leaving the palace and the mountain tower
Buried beneath their purple bed of rose;
But still thy morn in dewy brightness glows;
Still falls thy eve the same enchanted hour,
The same pure splendor lightens from thy moon,
Rolling along that boundless upper flood,
Whose waves are clouds, her solemn-moving throne
And prouder still, the heart is unsubdued
That made thee from the cuirassed Roman wring
With naked hands his jewelled coronal;
And tore the sceptre from the Moslem King,
Sending him from Granada's ivory hall,

To make with fox and wolf his rocky lair,
And perish in the Alpaxarras bare.
  Spain! thou hast had thy day of toils and woes,
And, for the sword, thy hand has felt the chain;
  But when the giant from his slumber rose,
The Frank was swept, like mist, from mount and plain—
  Now to my tale, a tale of long past years,
Of pains, and joys, strong faith, and love's bewitching tears.
  —*Sebastian: a Spanish Tale.*

THERMOPYLÆ.

Shout for the mighty men
    Who died along this shore,
Who died within this mountain glen:
For never nobler chieftain's head
Was laid on Valor's crimson bed,
    Nor ever prouder gore
Sprang forth, then theirs who won the day
Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ!

Shout for the mighty men,
    Who on the Persian tents,
Like lions from their midnight den,
Bounding on the slumbering deer
Rushed—a storm of sword and spear;—
    Like the roused elements,
Let loose from an immortal hand,
To chasten or to crush a land!

But there are none to hear;
    Greece is a hopeless slave.
Leonidas! no hand is near
To lift thy fiery falchion now;
No warrior makes the warrior's vow
    Upon thy sea-washed grave.
The voice that should be raised by men,
Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given!—The surge,
    The tree, the rock, the sand,
On Freedom's kneeling spirits urge,
In sounds that speak but to the free,
The memory of thine and thee!

The vision of thy band
Still gleams within the glorious dell,
Where their gore hallowed as it fell.

And is thy grandeur done?
Mother of men like these!
Has not thy outcry gone
Where Justice has an ear to hear?—
Be holy! God shall guide thy spear
Till in thy crimsoned seas
Are plunged the chain and scimitar:
Greece shall be a new-born star!

THE GENIUS OF DEATH.

[*Upon an Antique Gem.*]

What is death? 'Tis to be free!
No more to love, or hope, or fear;
To join the great Equality:
All alike are humbled there!
The mighty grave
Wraps lord and slave;
Nor Pride nor Poverty dares come
Within that refuge-house—the tomb!

Spirit with the drooping wing,
And the ever-weeping eye.
Thou of all earth's kings art King!
Empires at thy footstool lie!
Beneath thee strewed
Their multitude
Sink like waves upon the shore;
Storms shall never rouse them more!

What 's the grandeur of the earth
To the grandeur round thy throne?
Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
To thy kingdom all have gone.
Before thee stand
The wondrous band:
Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
Who darkened nations when they died.

JACOB'S DREAM.

[*A Painting by Washington Allston.*]

The sun was sinking on the mountain zone
That guards thy vales of beauty, Palestine!

And lovely from the desert rose the moon,
  Yet lingering on the horizon's purple line,
  Like a pure spirit o'er its earthly shrine.
Up Padan-aram's height abrupt and bare
  A pilgrim-toiled, and oft on day's decline
Looked pale, then paused for eve's delicious air :—
The summit gained, he knelt and breathed his
    evening prayer.

He spread his cloak and slumbered. Darkness fell
  Upon the twilight hills : a sudden sound
Of silver trumpets o'er him seemed to swell ;
  Clouds heavy with the tempests gathered round ;
  Yet was the whirlwind in its caverns bound ;
Still deeper rolled the darkness from on high,
  Gigantic volume upon volume wound :
Above, a pillar shooting to the sky ;
Below, a mighty sea, that spread incessantly.

Voices are heard—a choir of golden strings,
  Low winds whose breath is loaded with the rose;
Then chariot wheels—the nearer rush of wings ;
  Pale lightning round the dark pavilion glows ;
  It thunders :—the resplendent gates unclose.
Far as the eye can glance, on height o'er height,
  Rise fiery waving wings, and star-crowned
    brows,
Millions on millions, brighter and more bright,
Till all is lost in one supreme, unmingled light.

But, two beside the sleeping Pilgrim stand,
  Like Cherub Kings, with lifted, mighty plume,
Fixed, sun-bright eyes, and looks of high
    command.
  They tell the Patriarch of his glorious doom;
  Father of countless myriads that shall come,
Sweeping the land like billows of the sea ;
  Bright as the stars of heaven from twilight's
    gloom,
Till He is given, whom angels long to see ;
And Israel's splendid line is crowned with Deity.

CROSBY, HOWARD, an American clergyman and author, born in 1826. A graduate of the University of New York, he became Professor of Greek in that institution in 1851, and in 1859 was appointed to the same chair in Rutgers College. Four years later he became pastor of a Presbyterian church in New York, and in 1870 was chosen Chancellor of the University of that city. Besides many sermons and addresses, and numerous papers contributed to theological periodicals, he has published, *Lands of the Moslem* (1850); *Notes on the New Testament* (1861); *Social Hints for Young Christians* (1866); *Bible Manual* (1869); *Jesus, his Life and Works as narrated by the Four Evangelists* (1870); *The Healthy Christian* (1872); *Thoughts on the Decalogue* (1873); *The Christian Preacher* (1880); *True Humanity of Christ* (1881).

THE PREACHER OF THE DESERT.

At length the time has arrived for the Nazarite to begin his public work. His old parents were, it is likely, dead; and without immediate relatives or social ties to bind him, he is led by the Spirit of God to summon the people to the limestone wastes that incline, full of fissures, crags, and ravines, from the cultivated highlands of Judea to the Dead Sea, and there to proclaim to them the speedy coming of the Messiah. It was this preaching of John which excited the whole nation. The people, weary of the Roman yoke, were ready to listen to the story of a deliverer; and a strange mingling of religious and patriotic interests led them out in multitudes to the wilderness to hear the eloquent Nazarite. John's very appearance would suggest Elijah to the crowds of Israel. As we have an ideal figure of Napoleon or of Washington, so there was a conventional figure of Elijah among the Jews. The garment of coarse hair and the girdle of leather were the distinctive features of this ideal. The rugged appearance of the unshorn prophet was appropriate to the bleak rocks of conies and wild goats, among which he lifted up his voice of promise and warning, and his mode of life was conformed to the general wilderness model. The locusts, which are now a favorite food of the poorer classes in the East, and the wild honey found amid the crags of the desert, formed the staple of his daily sustenance.

His manner of life and his personal appearance combined to impress the minds of the people, and to deepen the effect of his preaching. This preaching had two sides: the one to announce the near coming of the long-expected Messiah, the other to demand of the people a new personal life of godliness as the only due preparation for his coming, by which they could alone appreciate his character, and receive the benefits of his appearance. It was no ceremonial cleanness that John inculcated, nor was it any mere betterment of the outward life. His preaching sought the inmost citadel of the heart, and demanded a change there radical and eternal. A change of the soul's purpose was insisted on as necessary in order to see the glory of the kingdom of God. This was the burden of those energetic harangues which shook all Judea, and which are condensed into the formula, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." In this preaching, John was conscious of his authoritative position. He pointed to Isaiah's prophecy, and declared himself to be the voice in the wilderness that was there predicted. Conviction fastened upon the Jewish mind; and as the multitudes publicly confessed their sins under the arousing words of John, he led them down to the Jordan valley, and there, in an eddy of that swift stream, he applied to them an outward emblem of purification, with which the nation was perfectly familiar in the many washings from ceremonial defilement which marked the Jewish ritual. It was an outward sign of the purity they professed to lay hold of in turning to God, and would, in the Oriental mind, serve to deepen the impression of the truth illustrated, as well as strengthen the life by an act of open committal. John was careful to insist, before his disciples and the multitude, upon the merely symbolic character of his baptism. "I indeed," he said, "baptize you with water with regard to your renewed life: but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear, and the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." . . . Such a preaching and baptism from so remarkable a man agitated the whole land. The work of John was accomplished. He turned many of the children of Israel to the Lord their God, and with the spirit and power of Elijah he turned the hearts of the people from selfishness to domestic and social virtues, and thus made ready the way for the Messiah.—*Jesus: his Life and Work.*

CROSWELL, WILLIAM, an American clergyman, born at Hudson, N. Y., in 1801, died in Boston in 1851. He graduated at Yale in 1822, and was successively rector of Christ Church, Boston, St. Peter's, Auburn, N. Y., and of the Church of the Advent, Boston. He was for a time associated with Bishop George W. Doane in conducting *The Episcopal Watchman*, a periodical in which most of the poems of Mr. Croswell were first published. These have been collected and published under the title, *Poems, Sacred and Secular.*

DE PROFUNDIS.

My soul was dark
But for the golden light and rainbow hue,
That sweeping heaven with their triumphal arc
Break on the view.

Enough to feel
That God indeed is good. Enough to know
Without the gloomy cloud he could reveal
No beauteous bow.

CLOUDS.

I cannot look above and see
You high-piled pillowy mass
Of evening clouds, so swimmingly
In gold and purple pass.

And think not, Lord, how Thou wast seen
  On Israel's desert way
Before them, in thy shadowy screen,
  Pavilioned all the day!

Or, of those robes of gorgeous hue,
  Which the Redeemer wore,
When ravished from his followers' view,
  Aloft his flight he bore,
When lifted, as on mighty wing,
  He curtained his ascent,
And wrapt in clouds, went triumphing
  Above the firmament.

Is it a trail of that same pall
  Of many colored dyes,
That high above, o'er-mantling all,
  Hangs midway down the skies—
Or borders of those sweeping folds
  Which shall be all unfurled
About the Saviour, when he holds
  His judgment on the world?

For in like manner as he went—
  My soul, hast thou forgot?—
Shall be his terrible descent,
  When man expecteth not!
Strength, Son of man, against that hour,
  Be to our spirits given,
When thou shalt come again with power,
  Upon the clouds of heaven!

CROWE, CATHERINE (STEVENS), an English author, born about 1800, died in 1876. Her first publication was *Aristodemus*, a tragedy, published in 1838. *Manorial Rights*, a novel, was her next work, which was followed by *The Adventures of Susan Hopley*. *Lilly Dawson*, a story showing the power of the affections to develop the intellect, appeared in 1847, and the next year, *The Night Side of Nature: or Ghosts and Ghost-Seers*, and a translation of Kerner's *Seeress of Prevorst*. Mrs. Crowe's later works are *Pippie's Warn-*

ing (1850); *Light and Darkness: or the Mysteries of Life* (1850): *Adventures of a Beauty*, and *Linny Lockwood* (1857).

AN OPPORTUNE ESCAPE.

We will not attempt to depict poor Lilly's terror and amazement, whilst crouching beneath the hedge within three yards of the speakers, afraid to breathe lest they should discover her, she listened to this conversation. She was actually paralyzed with fear; and for some time after they had passed on, she remained as motionless as if she had been turned into stone. It was not till the echo of their voices had long died away, that she ventured to creep out of her hiding-place, and take a side-peep at the gate, where she almost feared she should still see them standing. But the faint beams of the waning moon showing her that there was no one there, she ventured, with as little noise as possible, to rise to her feet: and, after cautiously listening, for the purpose of making sure that her enemies were not returning, she climbed over the wicket again into the road. All she thought of was immediate escape: and, without considering where she was to go, or reflecting on the probable consequences of setting out alone, in the middle of the night, on a journey which might conduct her to greater perils than those she was flying from, she took to her heels and ran along the road in an opposite direction to the town, till she was fairly out of breath, and obliged to relax her speed for the want of it.

The night was very fine, and it was not long before the forlorn traveler was cheered by the dawn of the morning, and then she could venture to sit down by the wayside to take a little rest. But the voices of some men approaching started her to her feet; for she could not divest herself of the apprehension of being pursued, and she fled forwards again with somewhat of her former speed, till she reached a village; and as she was very hungry and had plenty of money in her pocket, she would have very gladly purchased some food; but the shops were not yet opened: and, afraid to linger, she walked through. And now the early travelers and the laborers in the fields began to be afoot, and ever and anon she was saluted by the observation that it was a fine morning, or with a rustic compliment upon her early rising; and thus she proceeded without any particular adventure, till, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, she seated herself on a low stone post, which stood at the gate of a neat little villa, enclosed in a garden. She had sat there about half an hour, with somewhat of the feelings of a hunted hare, alarmed at every foot she heard approaching from the west, and so confused and perplexed with the strangeness of her situation, that she was entirely incapable of determining on any step that might diminish her difficulties, when she heard, first, the door of the house, and next, the gate unlocked behind her; and presently a man came out, bearing in his hands a small trunk and a large blue bandbox, which he set down on the pathway, and then retreated into the house leaving the gate ajar. On the trunk were the letters A. T. in brass nails, and on the bandbox was inscribed "Mrs. Treadgold, passenger." Presently the man came out again and looked down the road, as if expecting something. Then he looked at Lilly, and seemed about to address her; when a voice within, calling "James," caused him suddenly to re-enter the gate. A third time he made his appearance; and now, after listening for a moment, Lilly heard him say, "I think she's coming now!" and then, turning towards her, where she was still sitting on the post, he added, "You're waiting for her too, I suppose."

"Sir," said Lilly, not understanding what he meant.

"James," cried a voice from within, "isn't that the coach?"

"Yes, ma'am, she's coming up now," answered James, re-entering the gate; out of which he presently issued again, accompanied by a lady; upon whose appearance Lilly rose from her seat, and at the same moment the coach swept round a curve in the road, and dashed up to the gate. In a moment, the coachman was off his box, arranging the luggage in the boot, whilst James opened the coach-door, and handed in the lady.

"Now, my dear," said the coachman, taking hold of Lilly's arm, and drawing her to the coach. "Come, come, don't be frightened—put your foot there—the other there—that's right!" and, before she knew where she was, Lilly found herself at the top of the London coach, spanking away at the rate of ten miles an hour.—*Lilly Dawson.*

PROPHETIC DREAMS.

A farmer in Worcestershire dreamt that his little boy of twelve years old had fallen from the wagon and was killed. The dream recurred three times in one night; but, unwilling to yield to superstitious fears, he allowed the child to accompany the wagoner to Kidderminster fair. The driver was very fond of the boy, and he felt assured would take care of him; but having occasion to go a little out of the road to leave a parcel, the man bade the child walk on with the wagon, and he would meet him at a certain spot. On arriving there, the horses were coming quietly forward, but the boy was not with them; and on retracing the road, he was found dead, having, apparently, fallen from the shafts and been crushed by the wheels.

A gentleman, who resided near one of the Scottish lakes, dreamt that he saw a number of persons surrounding a body, which had just been drawn out of the water. On approaching the spot, he perceives that it is himself, and the assistants are his own friends and retainers. Alarmed at the life-like reality of the vision, he resolved to elude the threatened destiny by never venturing on the lake again. On one occasion, however, it became quite indispensable that he should do so; and as the day was quite calm, he yielded to the necessity, on condition that he should be put ashore at once on the opposite side, whilst the rest of the party proceeded to their destination where he would meet them. This was accordingly done: the boat skimmed gaily over the smooth waters, and arrived safely at the rendezvous, the gentlemen laughing at the superstition of their companion, whilst he stood smiling on the bank to receive them. But alas! the fates were inexorable; the little promontory that supported him had been undermined by the water; it gave way beneath his feet, and life was extinct before he could be rescued from the waves.—*The Night Side of Nature.*

CUDLIP, ANNIE HALL (THOMAS), an English novelist, born at Aldborough in 1838. In 1867 she was married to the Rev. Pender Cudlip. Her first novel, *The Cross of Honor*, was published in 1863. She has since published *Sir Victor's Choice*, *Dennis Donne*, *A Dangerous Secret*, *The House in Piccadilly*, and *Philip Morton* (1864); *Barry O'Byrne*, *Theo. Leigh*, and *On Guard* (1865); *Played Out*, and *Walter Goring* (1866); *Called to Account* (1867); *A Noble Aim*, *High Stakes*, and *The Dower House*, (1868); *Only Herself* and *False Colors* (1869); *The Dream and the Waking* (1870); *A Passion in Tatters* (1872); *The Two Widows*, and "*He cometh not, she said*" (1873); *No Alternative* (1874); *A Narrow Escape* and *The Maskelynes* (1875); *Blotted Out* (1876); *A Laggard in Love* (1877); *Mrs. Cardigan*, *A London Season*, and *Stray Sheep* (1879); *Fashion's Gay Mart*, *County People*, and *Society's Verdict* (1880); *Eyre of Blendon* and *Our Set* (1881); *Allerton Towers* (1882); *Maud Mohan*, and *Playing for High Stakes.*

CLEVER MISS CONWAY.

A cleverer woman than Miss Smith was required to defeat Fanny Conway, a sharper one than Mrs. Pridham to detect her discomfiture. She was kneeling down before a large black box full of clothes when the boarding-house mistress came into her room after knocking and being told to enter. Her dress was off, but the fine linen, and insertion, and lace edging, and delicate embroidery of the bodice rather staggered Mrs. Pridham in the resolutions she had formed of talking to Miss Conway as if the latter were a reprehensible pauper. A young lady whose "fine linning," as she termed it, was so exquisitely fine and correct could not be desperately, dangerously poor yet.

"You 'll excuse my intruding upon you again, Miss Conway, but I have something unpleasant to say."

Fanny rose, and seated herself on the side of her bed.

"What is the matter?" she asked: "has the Count bolted with the spoons, or the Baron with Miss Smith?"

"Neither, Miss Conway. I trust at least that they are not adventurers; but, to my horror, *this* has been found on my virtuous hearth, and it can only belong to you." And as she wound up her peroration she handed the tell-tale ticket to Fanny, who took it with the faintest surprise and without the faintest confusion.

"A *little* pawn ticket, funny little thing; well? what else?"

"Miss Smith picked it up, and at once concluded, as every one else in this house would, that you have pawned your bracelet. Oh! Miss Conway, this is shocking, and you have always led me to believe that you are well off."

Fanny Conway looked at her for a moment, and then threw her head back and laughed merrily and long; presently she checked her mirth and said:

"Dear old amiable lady! so it was the thought that she had found me out in pawning and penury that made her want to compare the emeralds? Well, I 'll trust her with the bracelet unguarded by my presence, though she has tried to commit one larceny to-night, and filch my good name. "Here," she continued, going to a drawer and taking out a bracelet, a broad gold band studded with emeralds, "take this down, Mrs. Pridham, and show them that I wasn't the 'Miss Jones' (that was the name on the ticket, wasn't it?) who pledged a jewel that happens to read something like the one she 's seen me wear. Let me look at the ticket again, will you?"

Mrs. Pridham, completely abashed by the production of the bracelet, could only apologize vehemently for her suspicions. "But you have the ticket. I think,' she said.

"No. I have n't," Fanny answered; "I gave it back to you."

Mrs. Pridham looked about a little, but not finding it, she said it was of no consequence, it would be found when Miss Conway's room was "done" in the morning, and Fanny said, "Oh! yes, or if it wasn't it would be no matter, for it was evidently an old ticket." She took good care that it should not be found in the morning, for as soon as Mrs. Pridham had descended to triumphantly refute the aspersions on her pet boarder's character, Fanny locked the little ticket carefully away in a drawer.

"Stupid old woman!" she cried performing a *pas* of joy about the room. "*I* saw her pick it up, I knew it would be no use to ask her for it; but I didn't think I'd have got it into my hands again. I'd have lost the bracelet rather than have been found out. Ah! the malicious old cat, she little thought I had a pair of them."—*Denis Donne.*

CUDWORTH, **Ralph**, an English divine, born in 1617, died in 1688. He was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in which he came to be Fellow and Tutor. In 1645 he was appointed Regius Professor of Hebrew, a position which he held for thirty years; and in 1654 he was elected Master of Christ's College. He also received from time to time several valuable preferments in the Church. In consequence of his knowledge of Hebrew literature and antiquities, he was consulted by a committee of Parliament concerning a new translation of the Bible. Cudworth's writings are voluminous. His principal work is *The True Intellectual System of the Universe*, in which, as the author claims, "all the reason and philosophy of atheism is refuted, and its impossibility demonstrated." This work which first appeared in 1678, was republished in 1743, 1820, and 1845. Several editions of his *Complete Works* have been published in the United States.

GOD, THOUGH INCOMPREHENSIBLE, NOT INCONCEIVABLE.

It doth not at all follow, because God is incomprehensible to our finite and narrow understandings, that he is utterly inconceivable by them, so that they cannot frame any idea of him at all, and he may therefore be concluded to be a nonentity. For it is certain that we cannot comprehend ourselves, and that we have not such an adequate and comprehensive knowledge of the essence of any substantial thing as that we can perfectly master and conquer it. . . . For even body itself, which the atheists think themselves so well acquainted with, because they can feel it with their fingers, and which is the only substance that they acknowledge either in themselves or in the universe, hath such puzzling difficulties and entanglements in the speculation of it, that they can never be able to extricate themselves from. We might instance, also, in some accidental things—as time and motion. Truth is bigger than our minds, and we are not the same with it, but have a lower participation only of the intellectual nature, and are rather apprehenders than comprehenders thereof. This is indeed one badge of our creaturely state, that we have not a perfectly comprehensive knowledge, or such as is adequate and commensurate to the essences of things; from whence we ought to be led to this acknowledgment, that there is another Perfect Mind or Understanding Being above us in the universe, from which our imperfect minds were derived, and upon which they do depend.

Wherefore, if we can have no idea or conception of anything whereof we have not a full and perfect comprehension, then can we not have an idea or conception of the nature of any substance. But though we do not comprehend all truth, as if our mind were above it, or master of it, and cannot penetrate into and look quite through the nature of everything, yet may rational souls frame certain ideas and conceptions of whatsoever is in the orb of being proportionate to their own nature, and sufficient for their purpose. And though we cannot fully comprehend the Deity, nor exhaust the infiniteness of its perfection, yet may we have an idea of a Being absolutely perfect; such a one as is *nostro modulo conformis*, agreeable and proportionate to our measure and scantling; as we may approach near to a mountain, and touch it with our hands, though we cannot encompass it all round, and enclasp it within our arms. Whatsoever is in its own nature absolutely unconceivable, is nothing; but not whatsoever is not fully comprehensible by our imperfect understandings.

It is true, indeed, that the Deity is more incomprehensible to us than anything else whatsoever, which proceeds from the fulness of its being and perfection, and from the transcendency of its brightness; but for the very same reason may it be said also in some sense that it is more knowable and conceivable than anything. As the sun, though by reason of its excessive splendor it dazzle our weak sight, yet is it, notwithstanding, far more visible also than any of the *nebulosæ stellæ* —the small misty stars. Where there is more of light there is more visibility; so, where there is more of entity, reality, and perfection, there is more of conceptibility and cognoscibility; such a thing filling up the mind more, and acting more strongly upon it. Nevertheless, because our weak and imperfect minds are lost in the vast immensity and redundancy of the Deity, and overcome with its transcendent light and dazzling brightness, therefore hath it to us an appearance of darkness and incomprehensibility; as the unbounded expansion of light, in the clear transparent ether, hath to us the apparition of an azure obscurity; which yet is not an absolute thing in itself, but only relative to our sense, and a mere fancy in us.

The incomprehensibility of the Deity is so far from being an argument against the reality of its existence, as that it is most certain, on the contrary, that were there nothing incomprehensible to us, who are but contemptible pieces, and small atoms of the universe; were there no other being in the world but what our finite understandings could span or fathom, and encompass round about, look through and through, have a commanding view of, and perfectly conquer and subdue under them, then could there be nothing absolutely and infinitely perfect—that is, no God. . .

And nature itself plainly intimates to us that there is some such absolutely perfect Being, which, though not inconceivable, yet is incomprehensible to our finite understandings, by certain passions, which it hath implanted in us, that otherwise would want an object to display themselves upon; namely, those of devout veneration, adoration, and admiration, together with a kind of ecstacy and pleasing horror; which, in the silent language of nature, seem to speak thus much to us, that there is some object in the world so much bigger and vaster than our mind and thoughts, that it is the very same to them that the ocean is to narrow vessels; so that, when they have taken into themselves as much as they can thereof by contemplation, and filled up all their capacity, there is still an immensity of it left without, which cannot enter in for want of room to receive it, and therefore must be apprehended after some other strange and more mysterious manner—namely, by their being plunged into it, and swallowed up or lost in it. To conclude, the Deity is indeed incomprehensible to our finite and imperfect understandings, but not inconceivable; and therefore there is no ground at all for this atheistic pretence to make it a nonentity.

CREATION.

Because it is undeniably certain, concerning ourselves and all imperfect beings, that none of these can create any new substance, men are apt to measure all things by their own scantling, and to suppose it universally impossible for any power whatever thus to create. But since it is certain that imperfect beings can themselves produce some things out of nothing pre-existing, as new cogitations, new local motion, and new modifications of things corporeal, it is surely reasonable to think that an absolutely perfect Being can do something more; that is, create new substances, or give them their whole being. And it may well be thought as easy for God, or an Omnipotent Being, to make a whole world, matter and all, as it is for us to create a thought or to move a finger, or for the sun to send out rays, or a candle, light; or, lastly, for an opaque body to produce an image of itself in a glass of water, or to project a shadow; all these imperfect things being but the energies, rays, images, or shadows of the Deity. For a substance to be made out of nothing by God, or a Being infinitely perfect, is not for it to be made out of nothing in the impossible sense, because it comes from Him who is all. Nor can it be said to be impossible for anything whatever to be made by that which hath not only infinitely greater perfection, but also infinite active power. It is indeed true that infinite power itself cannot do things in their own nature impossible; and, therefore, those who deny creation ought to prove that it is absolutely impossible for a substance, though not for an accident or modification to be brought from non-existence into being. But nothing is in itself impossible which does not imply contradiction; and though it be a contradiction to be and not to be at the same time, there is surely no contradiction in conceiving an imperfect being, which before was not, afterwards to be.

CUMBERLAND, Richard, an English dramatist and essayist, born in 1732, died in 1811. He was a great-grandson of Richard Cumberland, the author of *De Legibus Naturæ*, and other learned works, and the grandson of Richard Bentley. He was educated at Westminster, and at Trinity College. About 1750 he became private secretary to the Earl of Halifax, whom he accompanied to Ireland, and who afterwards obtained for him an appointment as crown-agent for Nova Scotia. In 1775 he was made Secretary of the Board of Trade. Five years afterwards he was sent on a secret mission to Spain, to negotiate a treaty of peace with that kingdom; but at the end of a year he was recalled, and was refused repayment of his drafts. This so impoverished him that he was obliged to sell his estate, and retire to private life. He was already the author of several successful comedies. He now betook himself to writing as a means of support, and produced numerous dramas, poems, essays, three novels, and his own *Memoirs*, published in 1806. Cumberland wrote forty dramatic pieces, the best of which are *The West Indian* (1771); *The Jew* (1794); and *The Wheel of Fortune* (1795). Among his other plays are *The Brothers* (1769); *The Fashionable Lover* (1772); *The Choleric Man* (1775); *The Battle of Hastings* (1778); *The Carmelite* (1784); *The Natural Son* (1785); *The Walloons* (1782); *Confession* (1796); and *False Impressions* (1797). Among his other works are *The Observer*, a collection of essays published in 1785; *Anecdotes of Eminent Painters in Spain* (1782); *Arundel*, a novel (1789); *Calvary, or the Death of Christ*, an epic poem, (1792); another novel, *Henry* (1795), and his last poem, *Retrospection* (1811).

FROM THE WEST INDIAN.

Stockwell.—[*Reading a letter.*] "Sir—I write to you under the hands of the hair-dresser. As soon as I have made myself decent, and slipped on some fresh clothes, I will have the honor of paying you my devoirs. Yours, Belcour." He writes at his ease; for he's unconscious to whom his letter is addressed; but what a palpitation does it throw my heart into—a father's heart! 'Tis an affecting interview. When my eyes meet a son, whom yet they never saw, where shall I find constancy to support it? Should he resemble his mother, I am overthrown. All the letters I have had from him (for I industriously drew him into a correspondence with me) bespeak him of quick and ready understanding. All the reports I ever received give me a favorable impression of his character; wild, perhaps, as the manner of his country is; but, I trust, not frantic nor unprincipled.

[*Enter Servant.*]

Serv.—Sir, the foreign gentleman is come.

[*Enter Belcour.*]

Stock.—Mr. Belcour, I am rejoiced to see you; you are welcome to England!

Bel.— I thank you heartily, good Mr. Stockwell. You and I have long conversed at a distance; now we are met; and the pleasure this meeting gives me amply compensates for the perils I have run through in accomplishing it.

Stock.—What perils, Mr. Belcour? I could not have thought you would have made a bad passage at this time o' year.

Bel.—Nor did we: courier-like, we came posting to your shores upon the pinions of the swiftest gales that ever blew; 'tis upon English ground all my difficulties have arisen; 'tis the passage from the river-side I complain of.

Stock.—Ay, indeed! What obstructions can you have met between this and the river side?

Bel.—Innumerable! Your town is as full of defiles as the island of Corsica; and, I believe, they are as obstinately defended: so much hurry, bustle and confusion on your quays: so many sugar-casks, porter-butts, and common-councilmen in your streets, that unless a man marched with artillery in his front, 'tis more than the labor of Hercules can effect to make any tolerable way through your town.

Stock.—I am sorry you have been so incommoded.

Bel.—Why, 'faith, 'twas all my own fault. Accustomed to a land of slaves, and out of patience with the whole tribe of custom-house extortioners, boat-men, tide-waiters, and water-bailiffs, that beset me on all sides, worse than a swarm of musquitoes, I proceeded a little too roughly to brush them away with my rattan. The sturdy rogues took this in dudgeon, and beginning to rebel, the mob chose different sides, and a furious scuffle ensued; in the course of which, my person and apparel suffered so much, that I was obliged to step into the first tavern to refit, before I could make my approaches in any decent trim.

Stock.—All without is as I wish: dear Nature add the rest, and I am happy (*Aside*). Well, Mr. Belcour, 'tis a rough sample you have had of my countrymen's spirit; but, I trust, you'll not think the worse of them for it.

Bel—Not at all, not at all: I like them the better. Were I only a visitor, I might, perhaps, wish them a little more tractable; but as a fellow-subject, and a sharer in their freedom, I applaud their spirit, though I feel the effects of it in every bone of my skin.

Stock—That 's well; I like that well. How gladly I could fall upon his neck, and own myself his father! (*Aside.*)

—*Act I.*

[*Enter Lady Rusport, Leaning on* MAJOR O'FLAHERTY'S *arm*].

O'Fla.—Rest yourself upon my arm; never spare it! 'tis strong enough; it has stood harder service than you can put it to.

Lucy.—Mercy upon me, what is the matter? I am frightened out of my wits. Has your ladyship had an accident?

Lady R.—O Lucy, the most untoward one in nature: I know not how I shall repair it.

O'Fla.—Never go about to repair it, my lady; even build a new one, 't was but a crazy piece of business at best.

Lucy.—Bless me! is the old chariot broke down with you again?

Lady R.—Broke, child! I don't know what might have been broke, if, by great good fortune, this obliging gentleman had not been at hand to assist me.

Lucy.—Dear madam, let me run and fetch you a cup of the cordial drops.

Lady R.—Do, Lucy. [*Exit Lucy*]. Alas, sir, ever since I lost my husband, my poor nerves have been shook to pieces:—There hangs his beloved picture: that precious relic, and a plentiful jointure, is all that remains to console me for the best of men.

O'Fla.—Let me see. I' faith, a comely personage! By his fur cloak, I suppose he was in the Russian service: and by the gold chain round his neck, I should guess he had been honored with the order of St. Catharine.

Lady R.—No, no; he meddled with no St. Catharines—that 's the habit he wore in his mayoralty; Sir Stephen was Lord Mayor of London—but he is gone, and has left me a poor, weak, solitary widow behind him. [*She affects to cry; then throws out her hand to the Major, which he kisses*].

O'Fla.—By all means, then, take a strong, able, hearty man to repair his loss:—If such a plain fellow as one Dennis O'Flaherty can please you, I think I may venture to say, without any disparagement to the gentleman in the fur gown there—

Lady R.—What are you going to say? Don't shock my ears with any comparisons, I desire.

O'Fla.—Not I, by my soul; I don't believe there's any comparison in the case. [*Enter Lucy*].

Lady R.—Oh, are you come? Give me the drops—I 'm all in a flutter.

O'Fla.—Hark ye, sweetheart; what are those same drops? Have you any more left in the bottle? I didn't care if I took a little sip of them myself.

Lucy.—Oh, sir, they are called the cordial restorative elixir, or the nervous golden drops; they are only for ladies' cases.

O'Fla.—Yes, yes, my dear, there are gentlemen as well as ladies, that stand in need of those same golden drops; they 'd suit my case to a tittle.

[*Overtakes Lucy, and prevails on her to give him a glass. Returns to Lady R.*]

Lady R.—Well, Major, did you give old Dudley my letter, and will the silly man do as I bid him, and be gone?

O'Fla.—You are obeyed—he 's on his march.

Lady R.—That 's well; you have managed this matter to perfection. I didn't think he would have been so easily prevailed upon.

O'Fla.—At the first word; no difficulty in life; 't was the very thing he was determined to do before I came. I never met a more obliging gentleman.

Lady R.—Well, 'tis no matter; so I am but rid of him, and his distresses. Would you believe it, Major O'Flaherty, it was but this morning he sent a-begging to me for money to fit him out upon some wild-goose expedition to the coast of Africa, I know not where?

O'Fla.—Well, you sent him what he wanted?

Lady R.—I sent him what he deserved—a flat refusal.

O'Fla.—You refused him?

Lady R.—Most undoubtedly.

O'Fla.—You sent him nothing?

Lady R.—Not a shilling.

O'Fla.—Good morning to you—your servant—

Lady R.—Hey-day! what ails the man? Where are you going?

O'Fla.—Out of your house before the roof falls on my head—to poor Dudley, to share the little modicum that thirty years' hard service has left me: I wish it was more, for his sake.

Lady R.—Very well, sir; take your course; I shan't attempt to stop you; I shall survive it; it will not break my heart, if I never see you more.

O'Fla.—Break your heart! No, o' my conscience, will it not. You preach, and you pray, and you turn up your eyes, and all the while you are as hard-hearted as a hyena—A hyena, truly! by my soul, there isn't in the whole creation so savage an animal as a human creature without pity! [*Exit*].

Lady R.—A hyena, truly! [*Exit*].

—*Act IV.*

AN ACT OF CHARITY.

Splendida, in one of her morning airings was solicited for charity by a poor woman with an infant in her arms.—"It is not for myself, Madam," said the wretched creature, "it is for my husband, who lies under that hedge tormented with a fever, and dying for want of relief."—Splendida directed her eyes towards the spot, and saw a sickly object stretched upon the ground, clad in the tattered regimental of a foot soldier. Her heart was touched, and she drew out her purse, which was full of guineas: the blood rushed into the beggar's meagre visage at the sight: Splendida turned over the gold; her hand delayed for a moment, and the impulse was lost; unhappily for the suppliant, Splendida was alone, and without a witness: she put her hand once more into her pocket, and, taking out a solitary shilling, dropped it into the shrivelled hand that was stretched out to receive it, and drove on.

Splendida returned home, dressed herself, and went to a certain great lady's assembly; a subscription was put about for the benefit of a celebrated actress; the lady condescended to receive subscriptions in person, and delivered a ticket to each contributor. Splendida drew forth the same purse, and, wrapping twenty guineas in a paper, put them into the hand of the noble beggar: the room rang with applauses of her charity.—"I give it," says she, "to her virtues rather than to her talents: I bestow it on the wife and mother, not upon the actress."

Splendida on her return home took out her account book, and set down twenty-one pounds one shilling to the article of charity; the shilling indeed Heaven audited on the score of alms, the pounds were posted to the account of vanity.—*The Observer.*

CUMMING, JOHN, a British clergyman and author, born in 1810, died in 1881. He was of Scottish birth, was educated at King's College, Aberdeen, and in 1833 became minister in the Scotch Church, Covent Garden, London. He opposed the separation of the Free Church in 1843, and was a vigorous adversary of Roman Catholicism. His sermons, many of which were upon the Prophecies, attracted a large congregation. Among his numerous publications are *Apocalyptic Sketches*, *Lectures on Christ's Miracles*, *Lectures on the Parables*, *Lectures on Daniel*, *Christ our Passover*, *The Comforter*, *Voices of the Night*, *Voices of the Day*, *Voices of the Dead*, *The Great Consummation*, *The Great Tribulation*, *Benedictions*, *Lectures for the Times*, *Christian Patriotism*, *The Great Sacrifice*, *The Seventh Vial*, and *God in History*.

WHERE DWELLETH RIGHTEOUSNESS.

In that blessed state wherein dwelleth righteousness there shall be no more misunderstanding and misinterpretation of each other. The worst wars that have convulsed the earth, and scourged the nations, have arisen from misunderstanding. There shall be there no uncharitableness to desire to misinterpret; there will be no shadow of ill-will upon a single brow; there shall be no ripple of ill-feeling rushing through the channels of a single heart; they shall all be righteous, saith the Lord. There shall be no ignorance in that day to lead to misapprehensions. We now see through a glass darkly. I believe if two people that heartily hate each other—and such phenomena do occur—were to see each other as they are, they would shake hands and embrace each other, and marvel at the misunderstanding that has led to their discords, their divisions and disputes. It is by seeing bits of each other that we misinterpret each other; and it is by putting hasty constructions upon each other's words, and deeds, and features and manner, that we come often to uncharitable and unrighteous inferences respecting each other. In that blessed state there shall be no crime to stain the calendars of the world, or to vex the souls of the people of God. Each heart shall be the holy chancel in which God dwells; each spirit shall be the seat of the very Shechinah, and be consecrated as the Holy of Holies itself. . . Every word shall be true, every feeling shall be just, every affection love, every act shall be righteous, as measured by the standard of heaven; every thought shall be pure, as weighed in the sanctuary of the Eternal: righteousness shall dwell in every heart, its illumination; in every affection, its warmth; in every imagination, its inspiration; in every word, its music; in every deed, its coloring, its fragrance, and its glory; the whole soul, body, and spirit shall be inlaid with the exquisite and imperishable mosaic of righteousness, and love, and peace, and joy; and no tides of change or streams of trouble shall pass one ripple or cast one shadow over that brilliant and beautiful economy in which dwelleth righteousness.—*The Great Consummation.*

CUMMING, ROUALEYN GORDON, a Scottish sportsman and author, born in 1820, died in 1866. After some years of military service in India and the Cape of Good Hope, he left the army in 1843, and during the next five years made several hunting expeditions into South Africa, of which he has left a record in his *Hunter's Life in South Africa*, published in 1850. He was about the earliest describer of lion and elephant-hunting in Africa; and many believe that for his almost innumerable adventures he is more indebted to fancy than to fact.

THE VOICE OF THE LION.

One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand and peculiarly striking. It consists at times of a low, deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low, muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three or four more regularly taking up their parts, like persons singing a catch. They roar loudest in cold, frosty nights; but on no occasions are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice. The power and grandeur of these nocturnal forest concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear. . . . As a general rule, lions roar during the night; their sighing moans commencing as the shades of evening envelop the forest, and continuing at intervals throughout the night. In distant and secluded regions, however, I have constantly heard them roaring loudly as late as nine and ten o'clock on a bright sunny morning. In hazy and rainy weather they are to be heard at every hour of the day, but their roar is subdued.—*A Hunter's Life in South Africa.*

CUMMINS, Maria S., an American novelist, born in 1827, died in 1866. Her first work, *The Lamplighter*, published in 1853, was very successful. Among her other novels are *Mabel Vaughan* (1857), *El Fureidis*, an Eastern story (1860), and *Haunted Hearts* (1863).

GERTY REASSURED.

When Gerty awoke, she found herself the subject of conversation. Of course she soon became deeply interested. "Where," said Mr. Cooper, "did you say you picked her up?"

"At Nan Grant's," said True. "Don't you remember her? She's the same woman whose son you were called up to witness against, at the time the church-windows were broken, the night afore the 4th of July. You can't have forgotten her at the trial, Cooper; for she blew you up with a vengeance, and didn't spare his Honor the Judge either. Well, 'twas just such a rage she was in with this 'ere child, the first time I saw her; and the second time she'd just turned her out o' doors."

"Ah, yes, I remember the she-bear. I shouldn't suppose she'd be any too gentle to her own child, much less a stranger's; but what are you going to do with the foundling, Flint?"

"Do with her?—Keep her, to be sure, and take care on her."

Cooper laughed rather sarcastically.

"Well, now, I s'pose, neighbor, you think it's rather freakish in me to be adoptin' a child at my time o' life; and p'raps it is; but I'll explain to you just how 'twas. She'd a-died that night I tell ye on, if I hadn't brought her home with me; and a good many times since, what's more, if I, with the help o' your darter, hadn't took mighty good care on her. Well, she took on so in her sleep, the first night ever she came, and cried out to me all as if she never had a friend before (and I doubt me she never had), that I made up my mind then she should stay, at any rate, and I'd take care on her, and share my last crust with the wee thing, come what might. The Lord's been very marciful to me, Mr. Cooper, very marciful. He's raised me up friends in my deep distress. I knew, when I was a little shaver, what a lonesome thing it was to be fatherless and motherless; and when I see this little sufferin' human bein', I felt as if, all friendless as she seemed, she was more partickerly the Lord's, and as if I could not sarve him more, and ought not to sarve him less, than to share with her the blessins he has bestowed on me. You look round, neighbor, as if you thought 'twant much to share with any one; and 'tant much there is here, to be sure; but it's a *home*—yes, a *home;* and that's a great thing to her that never had one. I've got my hands yet, and a stout heart, and a willin' mind. With God's help, I'll be a father to that child; and the time may come when she'll be God's embodied blessin' to me."

Mr. Cooper shook his head doubtfully, and muttered something about children—even one's own—not being apt to prove blessings. But he had not power to shake Trueman's high faith in the wisdom, as well as righteousness, of his own proceedings. He had risen in the earnestness with which he had spoken, and, after pacing the room hastily and with excitement, he returned to his seat, and said,

"Besides, neighbor Cooper, if I had not made up my mind the night Gerty came here, I wouldn't have sent her away after the next day; for the Lord, I think spoke to me by the mouth of one of his holy angels, and bade me persevere in my resolution. You've seen Miss Graham. . . . Well may I bless her angel face, poor thing!—if the world is dark to her, she makes it light to other folks. She cannot see Heaven's sunshine outside; but she's better off than most people, for she's got it in her, I do believe, and when she smiles it lets the glory out, and looks like God's rainbow in the clouds. . . . I told her all about little Gerty; and I tell you she and I both cried 'fore I'd done. She put some money into my hand, and told me to get Miss Sullivan to make some clothes for Gerty; more than that, she promised to help me if I got into trouble with the care of her; and when I was going away, she said, 'I'm sure you've done quite right, True; the Lord will bless and reward your kindness to that poor child.'"

True was so excited and animated by his subject, that he did not notice what the sexton had observed, but did not choose to interrupt. Gerty had risen from her bed and was standing beside True, her eyes fixed upon his face, breathless with the interest she felt in his words. She touched his shoulder; he looked round, saw her, and stretched out his arms. She sprang into them, buried her face in his bosom, and, bursting into a paroxysm of joyful tears, gasped out the words, "Shall I stay with you always?"

"Yes, just as long as I live," said True, "you shall be my child."—*The Lamplighter.*

A FUNERAL TRAIN.

All nature drooped, for the sirocco was abroad, that blasting wind which brings with it a thick atmosphere, covers the sky with vapor, and saps the vitality alike of the animal and vegetable world. . . . The stillness, too, was oppressive. It would have been refreshing to catch some natural sound, something which might betoken a welcome. But all nature was silent. The Syrian peasant usually sings cheerily at his work: but not only was the ploughman's voice unheard, the plough itself seemed to be forsaken. Even when the travelers had gained the precincts of the village, and its cottages were glimmering through the haze, one might almost have believed that a deep sleep had fallen upon the place, the stillness was so unbroken.

But all do not sleep, for hark! surely there is the sound of the bell. Yes, the church-bell, and it is not the Sabbath. Is it the density of the atmosphere which makes the sound so muffled? is it faintness of heart which makes it seem to the listener so hollow, funereal, and cold? No, it is the tolling bell—and the convent bell tolls too: and across the opposite valley comes the toll of some other sympathetic chime. And what is that just glimmering through the fog, and gliding ghost-like around the tower of the church? How noiselessly it moves on, like some opaque mass, borne along by the mist! how like a long, dark wreath of smoke it winds up the curving pathway, and melts into the distance! It is difficult to distinguish any object in the dim procession, but now and then the fog lifts a little, and the floating body takes substance and form. What a contrast does it present to the bridal train, which, only a few months ago, made the village gay with its music, its shouts, and its decorations glistening in the sunshine!

Now one may see, darkly as through a cloud, figures that move slowly, keeping time to the tolling bell; here the hazy opening discloses a band of sturdy artisans, strong-limbed and firm, marching gravely in single file. A group of children follow, huddled together, clinging to each other's hands, and looking back over their shoulders; they watch the approach of an old man, who, with bare head and snowy locks, precedes a company of rustic youths, moving in double line, and bending as if in their midst they bore a burden. A strongly-built man and a frail girl come next: he totters, but she moves like one who treads the clouds beneath her feet; he leans heavily on her arm, but she bears him bravely up: it is the weak supporting the strong. Sweeping robes and white veils mingle with the fog, as the village matrons in their turn file past; the muslin folds that hang suspended from their tall tantours falling heavily, like the melancholy sails which in a calm at sea cling idly to the masts. Dark and sombre is the column that brings up the rear of this sad procession. It consists of the Maronite friars, whose withered faces, black robes, and monkish cowls, no less than their dejected air, make them worthy representatives of the mournful scene in which they bear a part.—*El Fureidis.*

CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN, a Scottish author, born in Dumfriesshire, in 1786, died in London in 1842. He was apprenticed to a stonemason; but early showed a decided literary capacity. He was engaged by Cromek to aid him in collecting the *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song.* The work was published in 1810; and it soon appeared that a considerable part—and by far the best—was composed by Cunningham himself. At the age of twenty-five he went to London, and for four years supported himself by manual and literary work. In 1814 he became connected with Sir Francis Chantrey, the sculptor, as confidential clerk and general manager of his artistic establishment. This connection remained unbroken until the death of Chantrey in 1841; and Cunningham lived only a few months longer.

During these years with Chantrey, Cunningham found time to write much, in various departments of literature. His principal works, with their dates, are: *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*, a dramatic Poem (1825); *Lives of Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects* (1829-1833); *Biographical and Critical History of the last Fifty Years* (1833); an edition, with a Memoir, of *The Works of Robert Burns;* and *The Life of Sir David Wilkie*, completed only two days before his own death. An edition of *The Poems and Songs* of Allan Cunningham was in 1847 prepared by his son, Peter Cunningham. These *Poems and Songs*, are mainly but not wholly, in the Scottish dialect.

IT 'S HAME, AND IT 'S HAME.

It 's hame, and it 's hame, hame, fain wad I be
An' it 's hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie!
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyalty 's beginning for to fa',
The bonny white rose it is withering an' a';
But I 'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

There 's naught frae ruin my country can save,
But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,

That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
It 's hame, and it 's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it 's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The great are now gane, a' wha ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave,
But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my ee,
"I 'll shine on you yet in yer ain countrie."
It 's hame, and it 's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies and leaves
Old England on the lee.

"Oh for a soft and gentle wind!"
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snorting breeze
And white waves heaving high:
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free:—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There 's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners:
The wind is piping loud!
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

THE SPRING OF THE YEAR.

Gone were but the Winter cold,
And gone were but the snow,
I could sleep in the wild woods
Where primroses blow.

Cold 's the snow at my head,
  And cold at my feet:
And the finger of Death 's at my een,
  Closing them to sleep.

Let none tell my father,
  Or my mother so dear:—
I 'll meet them both in heaven,
  At the Spring of the year.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AT HOME.

There was something singular in the style and economy of his table that contributed to pleasantry and good humor—a coarse, inelegant plenty, without any regard to order or arrangement. A table prepared for seven or eight often compelled to contain fifteen or sixteen. When this pressing difficulty was got over, a deficiency of knives and forks, plates and glasses, succeeded. The attendance was in the same style; and it was absolutely necessary to call instantly for beer, bread, or wine, that you might be supplied before the first course was over. He was once prevailed on to furnish the table with decanters and glasses for dinner, to save time and prevent the tardy manœuvres of two or three occasional, undisciplined domestics. As these accelerating utensils were demolished in the course of service, Sir Joshua could never be persuaded to replace them.

But these trifling embarrassments only served to enhance the hilarity and singular pleasure of the entertainment. The wine, cookery, and dishes were but little attended to, nor was the fish or venison ever talked of or recommended. Amid this convivial, animated bustle among his guests, our host sat perfectly composed, always attentive to what was said, never minding what was eat or drunk, but left every one at perfect liberty to scramble for himself. Temporal and spiritual peers, physicians, lawyers, actors, and musicians, composed the motley group, and played their parts without dissonance or discord. At five o'clock precisely, dinner was served, whether all the invited guests were present or not. Sir Joshua was never so fashionably ill-bred as to wait an hour, perhaps, for two or three persons of rank or title, and put the rest of the company out of humor by this invidious distinction.—*Lives of Painters and Sculptors.*

Four of the sons of Allan Cunningham acquired a respectable place in literature: ALEXANDER, born in 1814, entered the army, in which he rose to the rank of Major-general. He was educated at the Military College at Addiscombe; in 1834 became aide-de-camp to the Governor-general of India, and was subsequently employed in important diplomatic service. Besides numerous papers in periodicals, he has written, an *Essay on the Aryan Order of Architecture* (1846); *The Bhilsa Topes, or Buddhist Monuments of Central India* (1854); and *Ladak, Physical, Statistical, and Historical* (1854).—PETER (1816–1869), entered the civil service, from which he retired in 1860. While a mere boy he wrote a *Life of Drummond* of *Hawthornden* (1833); and subsequently produced many other works, among which are: *Songs of England and Scotland* (1835); *Hand-book of Westminster Abbey* (1842); *Life of Inigo Jones* (1848); *The Hand-book of London* (1849); *Modern London* (1851); *The Story of Nell Gwynne* (1852); and a *Memoir of J. M. W. Turner* (1852). He also edited the works of *Goldsmith;* a new edition, with additions, of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets;* and was a frequent contributor to literary periodicals.—JOSEPH DAVEY (1812–1851) was a Captain of Engineers in the Indian army, was appointed to draw up official Reports on various subjects, and wrote a valuable *History of the Sikhs* (1849).—FRANCIS (1820–1875), became a Lieutenant-colonel in the Indian army. He edited the dramatic works of Marlowe, Massinger, and Ben Jonson, and was a frequent contributor to literary periodicals.

CURRY, Otway, an American lawyer, journalist, and poet, born in 1804 at Greenfield, died in 1855 at Marysville, Ohio. He became locally known by poems contributed to Western newspapers, mainly while working on his farm. In 1836 he began the study of law, and commenced successful practice three years afterwards. He was elected to the Legislature of Ohio in 1836, 1837, and 1842. He first became connected with journalism in 1838, when, in connection with Mr. William D. Gallagher he started *The Hesperian*, the earliest literary periodical west of the Alleghanies. From 1842 to 1844, he edited and published *The Xenia Torchlight;* and in 1853, having abandoned the practice of law, he purchased *The Sciota Gazette*, at Chilicothe, Ohio. A volume of his *Poems* was published in 1854.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

Millions of ages gone.
Didst thou survive, in thy enthronèd place,
Amidst the assemblies of the starry race,
Still shining on, and on.

And even in earthly time
Thy parting beams their olden radiance wore,
And greeted, from thy dim cerulean shore,
The old Chaldæan clime.

Sages and poets, strong
To rise and walk the waveless firmament,
Gladly to thee their richest offerings sent,
Of eloquence and song.

But thy far-flowing light,
By Time's mysterious shadow overcast,
Strangely and dimly faded, at the last,
Into a nameless night

Along the expanse serene,
Of clustering arch and castellated zone,
With orbèd sands of tremulous gold o'erstrown,
No more couldst thou be seen.

Say, whither wanderest thou?
Do unseen heavens thy distant path illume?—
Or press the shades of everlasting gloom
Darkly upon thee now?

Around thee, far away.
The hazy ranks of multitudinous spheres,
Perchance, are gathering to prolong the years
Of thy unwilling stay.

Sadly our thoughts rehearse
The story of thy wild and wondrous flight
Through the deep deserts of the ancient night,
And far-off universe.

We call—we call thee back,
And suns of many a constellation bright
Shall weave the waves of their alluring light
O'er thy returning track.

·KINGDOM COME.

I do not believe the sad story
Of ages of sleep in the tomb ;
I shall pass far away to the glory
And grandeur of Kingdom Come.
The paleness of death, and its stillness,
May rest on my brow for awhile ;
And my spirit may lose in its chillness
The splendor of Hope's happy smile.

But the gloom of the grave will be transient,
And light as the slumbers of worth ;
And then I shall blend with the ancient
And beautiful forms of the earth.
Through the climes of the sky and the bowers
Of bliss evermore I shall roam,
Wearing crowns of the stars and the flowers
That glitter in Kingdom Come.

The friends who have parted before me
From life's shadowy passion and pain,
When the shadow of death passes o'er me
Will smile on me fondly again.
Their voices were lost in the soundless
Retreats of their endless home :
But we soon shall meet in the boundless
Effulgence of Kingdom Come.

CURTIS, George Ticknor, an American jurist and author, born at Watertown, Mass., November 28, 1812. He graduated at Harvard in 1832, and was admitted to the bar in 1836. He commenced the practice of his profession at Northfield, Mass., but soon removed to Boston, where he remained until 1862, when he took up his residence at New York. While residing in Boston, he held for a time the office of United States Commissioner; acting in that capacity, in 1851, he ordered the return to his master of Thomas Sims, who was claimed as a fugitive slave. For this official act he was bitterly censured by the opponents of slavery.

Mr. Curtis has published many strictly professional works, several of which are held in high esteem. Besides these he has written a *Life of Daniel Webster* (1855–1858); *Last Years of Daniel Webster* (1878); *Memoirs of his Father* (1879); and *The Life of James Buchanan* (1883). His most important work is *The History of the Origin, Formation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States* (1855–1858).

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

The history of this Constitution is not like the history of monarchy, in which some things are obsolete, while some are of present importance. The Constitution of the United States is a living code for the perpetuation of a system of free government, which the people of each succeeding generation must administer for themselves. Every line of it is as operative and binding to-day as it was when the government was first set in motion by its provisions; and no part of it can fall into neglect or decay while that government continues to exist.

The Constitution of the United States was the means by which republican liberty was saved from the consequences of impending anarchy; it secured that liberty to posterity, and it left it to depend on their fidelity to the Union. It is morally certain that the formation of some General Government, stronger and more efficient than any which existed since the independence of the States had been declared, had become necessary to the continued existence of the Confederacy. It is equally certain that, without the preservation of the Union, a condition of things must at once have ensued out of which wars between the various provinces of America must have grown. The alternatives, therefore, that presented themselves to the generation by whom the Constitution was established, were either to devise a system of Republican Government that would answer the great purposes of a lasting union, or to resort to something in the nature of Monarchy. With the latter, the institutions of the States must have been sooner or later crushed :—for they must either have crumbled away in the new combinations and fearful convulsions that would have preceded the establishment of such a power, or they must have fallen speedily after its triumph had been settled. With the former alternative, the preservation of the States, and of all the needful institutions which marked their separate existence, though a difficult, was yet a possible result.

To this preservation of the separate States we owe that power of minute local administration which is so prominent and important a feature of our American liberty. To this we are indebted for those principles of self-government which place their own interests in the hands of the people of every distinct community, and which enable them, by means of their own laws, to defend their own particular institutions against encroachments from without.

Finally, the Constitution of the United States made the people of these several provinces one Nation, and gave them a standing among the nations of the world. Let any man compare the condition of this country at the peace of 1783, and during the four years which followed that event, with its present position, and he will see that he must look to some other cause than its merely natural and material resources to account for the proud elevation which it has now reached. . . . . Looking back to the period which is removed from him only by the span of one mortal life, and looking around and before him, he will see that among the causes of our unequaled growth stands prominent and decisive, far over all other human agencies, the great code of civil government which the fathers of our republic wrought out from the very perils by which they were surrounded.

It is for the purpose of tracing the history of the period in which these perils were encountered and overcome, that I have written this work. But in doing it, I have sought to write as an American. For it is, I trust, impossible to study the history of the Constitution which has made us what we are, by making us one nation, without feeling how unworthy of the subject—how unworthy of the dignity of History—would be any attempt to claim more than their just share of merit and renown for names or places endeared to us by local feeling or traditionary attachment. Historical writing that is not just, that is not impartial, that is not fearless—looking beyond the interests of neighborhood, the claims of party, or the solicitations of pride—is worse than useless to mankind.—*Preface to History of the Constitution.*

ATTITUDE IN WHICH MR. BUCHANAN LEFT THE GOVERNMENT.

During the time of the formation of the Provisional Confederacy of the Cotton States not only was Congress in session, and not only did it neglect to do anything to strengthen the hands of the Executive, but if the President had, without the authority of law issued a call for volunteers, it would not have been responded to. It is true that some Northern Legislatures passed resolutions tendering men and money to the United States. But how could such offers have been accepted and acted upon by the Executive without the authority of law? How could a regiment, or an army of regiments, have been marched by the President into Georgia or Mississippi, to prevent the adoption of a secession ordinance? . . . War upon a State or a People, must have a legal basis, if those who wage it are to be entitled to the privileges and immunities of soldiers. On the other hand to enforce the laws of the United States against the obstructions put in the way of their execution by individuals or unlawful combinations, was not to make war. But for this purpose Mr. Buchanan could not obtain from Congress the necessary means. . . . It required all the excitement which followed the bombardment of Fort Sumter, all the monstrous uprising of the North produced by that event, to secure a response to President Lincoln's irregular call for 75,000 men, in April, 1861.

But it was in the power of President Buchanan to hold the Border States back from the secession movement until his successor could take the reins of Government; and this duty he successfully performed. Notwithstanding the failure of Congress to second his efforts to preserve the Union unbroken by anything but the secession of South Carolina; notwithstanding the failure of the Peace Convention to propose anything that Congress would accept, Virginia, North Carolina, Maryland, Kentucky—and even Tennessee and Missouri—had not seceded or taken any steps to secede, on the 4th of March, 1861. The same conservative sentiment which still animated the best portion of the people of those States kept them from the vortex of secession. They did not yet regard the election of Mr. Lincoln, by a purely sectional vote of the non-slaveholding States, as a sufficient cause for breaking up the Union. They still looked to his administration for measures that would prevent a civil war; still looked to the Federal Government for a redress of all the grievances of which any of the States could complain. So that when Mr. Buchanan laid down, and Mr. Lincoln took up, the powers of the Executive, the problem which remained for the latter, and which

Mr. Buchanan left for him in the best attitude that it could be made to assume, was how to keep those Border States from joining the Southern Confederacy, as they had been kept from it hitherto.

This was largely—almost exclusively—a matter for the Executive, unless indeed, he should think it best to call the new Congress—then legally existing—together immediately, and insist on its doing what the preceding Congress had neglected. This course was not at once adopted, and consequently everything depended upon the dealing of the Executive with the Confederate Commissioners, who were then in Washington, respecting the evacuation of Fort Sumter. Mr. Buchanan had in no way trammelled his successor by negotiations with those Commissioners. He had, in fact, declined all intercourse with them; and it was entirely optional with Mr. Lincoln to do the same thing; as it was entirely open to him to determine whether he would or would not order the evacuation of that fort, and to shape his measures accordingly. Thus far, an attack upon Major Anderson's position had been prevented by the efforts of Virginia, and by the prudent course pursued by Mr. Buchanan. It was to be expected that the Southern Commissioners would be most persistent in their demands. But by no act, or word, or omission of the outgoing President, had his successor been placed under any obligations to yield to those demands, or even to consider them. . . . Mr. Lincoln, therefore, assumed the Government without a single admission, by his predecessor of the right of secession, or of any claim founded upon it; without any obligation, other than the duty of preventing civil war, to hold even an informal negotiation with the Confederate Commissioners: with thirteen millions of people in the Border States still in the Union, and not likely to leave it unless blood should be shed.—*Life of Buchanan,* Vol. II., Chap. XXV.

CURTIS, GEORGE WILLIAM, an American journalist and publicist, born at Providence,

R. I., February 24, 1824. His father, a man of considerable estate, removed to New York in 1839. and placed his son as clerk in a mercantile house. In 1842, he went with an elder brother to the Brook Farm Institution at Roxbury, Mass., where they remained a year and a half, after which the brothers went upon a farm at Concord, Mass., where they took part in ordinary agricultural labor for another year and a half, and then, for one season cultivated a small piece of land for themselves.

In 1846, Mr. Curtis, then being twenty-two years old, started upon a foreign tour. About three years were passed in Italy and Germany, when he set out for the East, going up the Nile as far as the Cataracts; then visited Syria, the entire absence being about four years. The impressions of this Eastern journey were given in two works, *Nile Notes of a Howadji* (1850), and *The Howadji in Syria* (1852). Shortly after his return from the East, he joined the editorial staff of the *New York Tribune;* among his contributions were a series of graceful letters from various watering-places, which were subsequently issued in a volume entitled *Lotus-Eating.* Upon the establishment of *Putnam's Monthly*, in 1852, Mr. Curtis became one of its editors and a frequent contributor. Afterwards the proprietorship of the Magazine fell into the hands of a Company, in which Mr. Curtis was a partner, though not taking part in the business management. This Company became insolvent in 1857; and Mr. Curtis lost his whole moderate fortune. Moreover, a near kinsman had put a considerable sum of money into the concern, as a "special partner," but owing to some technical error, he was legally liable as a "general partner" for the large indebtedness of the Company. Mr.

Curtis held himself morally responsible for the reimbursement of this; and set himself at work to earn the money by his pen and as a public lecturer. It was not until 1873—fully sixteen years—that this task was fully accomplished. Many of the contributions of Mr. Curtis to *Putnam's Monthly* have been published in volumes, under the titles, *The Potiphar Papers* and *Prue and I.*

Soon after the failure of *Putnam's Monthly* Mr. Curtis formed the special connection with the Publishing House of Harper and Brothers, which has continued to the present time. In 1858 he began the publication in *Harper's Magazine* of the series of papers entitled "The Editor's Easy Chair," which have appeared monthly ever since. *Harper's Weekly* was established in 1857; and he was a regular contributor from an early period. For it he wrote (1858–59) *Trumps*, his only regular novel. *Harper's Bazar* was established in 1867, and to it Mr. Curtis furnished weekly a series of papers entitled "Manners upon the Road," which were continued until 1873, when, having accomplished his self-imposed task of paying off the old indebtedness, he retired from the regular lecturing field.

Harper's Weekly began to assume a political aspect early in the Civil War. Of this journal Mr. Curtis became Editor-in-Chief, about 1875. Though taking an active part in politics he has never held any strictly public office, other than that of Chairman of the Civil Service Commission (1871–1873); and since 1864 he has been one of the Regents of the University of the State of New York. At the Presidential election of 1884, Mr. Curtis was one of the Republicans who refused to accept the nomination of Mr. Blaine. Their defection from the regular party nomination was sufficient to give the electoral vote of the

State of New York to Mr. Cleveland, and thus to secure his election as President.

The "Easy Chair," papers—now numbering more than three hundred—constitute probably a full half of all the writings of Mr. Curtis. Apart from these, and several literary addresses and other pamphlets, all of his works hitherto published have been already indicated.

THE DRAGOMAN.

The Dragoman is of four species: The *Maltese*, or the able knave; the *Greek*, or the cunning knave: the *Syrian*, or the active knave; and the *Egyptian*, or the stupid knave. They wear, generally, the Eastern costume. But the Greeks often sport bad hats and coats, and call themselves Christians. They are the most ignorant, vain, incapable, and unsatisfactory class of men that the wandering Howadji meets. They travel constantly the same route, yet have no eyes to see nor ears to hear. If on the Nile, they smoke and sleep in the boat. If on the desert, they smoke and sleep on the camel. If in Syria, they smoke and sleep, if they can, on the horse. It is their own comfort, their own convenience and profit, which they constantly pursue. The Howadji is a bag of treasure thrown by a kind fate upon their shores; and they are the wreckers who squeeze, tear, and pull him—top, bottom, and sideways—to bleed him of his burden.

They should be able to give you every information about your boat, and what is necessary, and what useless. Much talk you do indeed get, and assurance that everything will be accurately arranged; but you are fairly afloat upon the Nile before you discover how lost upon the dragoman have been all his previous voyages. With miserable weakness they seek to smooth the moment, and perpetually baffle your plans by telling you, not the truth, but what they suppose you wish the truth to be. Nothing is ever more than an hour or two distant. They involve you in absurd arrangements because "it is the custom," and he is a hardy Howadji who struggles against the *vis intertiæ* of ignorant incapacity and miserable cheating through the whole tour.

Active intelligence on the Howadji's part is very disgusting to them. If he scrutinizes his expenses, if he pretends to know his own will or way—much more to have it executed—the end of things clearly approaches to the dragomatic mind. The small knaveries of cheating in the price of every thing purchased, and in the amount of *bucksheesh*, or gratuity, on all occasions, are not to be seriously heeded, because they are universal. The real evils are the taking you out of your way for their own comfort; the favoring of a poor resting-place or hotel, because they are well paid there; and the universally unreliable information that they afford. Were they good servants, it were some consolation; but a servile Eastern cannot satisfy the Western idea of good service. Perhaps it was a bad year for dragomen, as it was for potatoes. But such was the result of universal testimony.—*Nile Notes of a Howadji.*

JERUSALEM.

Within the walls, Jerusalem is among the most picturesque of cities. It is very small. You can walk quite round it in less than half an hour. There are only some 17,000 inhabitants, of whom nearly half are Jews. The material of the city is a cheerful stone, and so massively are the lofty blind house-walls laid, that in pacing the more solitary streets, you seem to be threading the mazes of a huge fortress. Often the houses extend over the street, which winds under them in dark archways; and where there are no over-hanging buildings, there are often supports of masonry thrown across from house to house. There are no windows upon the street, except a few picturesque projecting lattices.

Jerusalem is an utter ruin. The houses so fair in seeming, are often all crumbled away upon the interior. The arches are shattered, and vines and flowers wave and bloom down all the vistas. The streets are never straight for fifty rods; but climb and wind with broken steps, and the bold buildings thrust out buttressed corners, graced with luxuriant growths, and arched with niches for statue and fountain. It is a mass of "beautiful bits," as artists say. And you will see no fairer sight in the world than the groups of brilliantly-draped Orientals emerging into the sun, from the vine-fringed darkness of the arched doorways. . .

The Mosque of Omar occupies the site of Solomon's Temple—about an eighth of the area of the whole city. It is the most beautiful object in Jerusalem, and the most graceful building in the East. It is not massive nor magnificent; but the dome—bulbous, like all Oriental domes—is so aërial and elegant that the eye lingers to see it float away, or dissolve in the ardent noon. . . . The beautiful building stands within a spacious inclosure of green lawn and arcades. Olive, orange, and cypress-trees grow around the court, which, in good sooth, is a "little heaven below" for the Muslim, who lie dreaming in the soft shade, from morning to night. It is a foretaste of Paradise, in kind—excepting the Houries: for, although the mosques are not forbidden to women, Mohammed said it would be better for them to have prayers read by eunuchs in their own apartments.

In the picturesque gloom and brightness of the city, the mosque is a dream of heaven also even to the Unbelievers. There are many entrances; and, as you saunter under the dark archways of the streets, and look suddenly up a long dim arcade upon the side, you perceive, closing the vista, the sunny green of the mosque grounds, and feel the warm air stealing outward from its silence, and see the men and women and children praying under the trees. Or, at sunset, groups of reverend Muslim pass down the narrow street, returning from prayer, looking like those Jewish Doctors who, in the old pictures, haunt the temple on this very site. It is an "amiable tabernacle" that you behold. You feel how kindly, how cognate to the affections of piety, are the silence and freedom of this temple—its unaffected sobriety;

the sunny spaces upon marble terraces, and the rich gloom of orange darkness in which the young children play, and the fountains sing: so that no place on earth is so lovely to those children, or so much desired. . . .

The beautiful mosque is the centre of picturesque and poetic interest in this city, and we were pleasantly lodged not far from it. At night the moonlight slept along the still, steep *Via Dolorosa*, which we saw from our window, and the Mount of Olives rose dark against the east. At morning the song of birds, mingling with the muezzin's cry, awakened us; and Jerusalem lay so silent in the Syrian day that Marianna in the Moated Grange was not awakened to more slumberous stillness.

We step into the streets, half wondering if there is any population there. Blear-eyed, melancholy spectres swarm along the narrow ways, trailing filthy garments, but with intense scorn of the clean Unbelievers. Lepers sit by the sunny walls, and your soul cries, "Unclean! unclean!" while you loosen your purse-strings. Pilgrims of all kinds and faiths pass, wondering, and the trade of Jerusalem is in religious relics. In this metropolis of three religions—Islam, Christianity, and Judaism—only the first and last have each a single external feature that is beautiful in remembrance: The Mosque of Omar, and the Wailing at the Stones of the Temple. The Christianity peculiar to Jerusalem is unmitigatedly repulsive.—*The Howadji in Syria.*

NIAGARA.

Disappointment in Niagara seems to be affected or childish. Your fancies may be very different, but the regal reality sweeps them away like weeds and dreams. You may have nourished some impossible idea of one ocean pouring itself over a precipice into another. But it was a wild whim of inexperience, and is in a moment forgotten. If standing upon the bridge as you cross to Goat Island, you can watch the wild sweep and swirl of the waters around the wooded point above, dashing, swelling, and raging, but awful from the inevitable and resistless rush, and not feel that your fancy of a sea is paled by the chaos of wild water that tumbles towards you, then you are a child, and the forms of your thoughts are not precise enough for the profoundest satisfaction in great natural spectacles. . . . .

And yet you have not seen the Fall. You are coming with its waters, and are at its level. But groups of persons, sitting upon yonder point, which we see through the trees, are looking at the Cataract. We do not pause for them, we run now, down the path, along the bridges, into the Tower, and lean far over where the spray cools our faces. The living water of the rapids moves to its fall, as if torpid with terror; and the river that we saw, in one vast volume now pours over the parapet, and makes Niagara. It is not all stricken into foam as it falls, but the densest mass is smooth, and almost of livid green. Yet even as it plunges, see how curls of spray exude from the very substance of the mass, airy, sparkling, and wreathing into mist—emblems of the water's resurrection into summer clouds. Looking over into the abyss, we behold nothing below: we hear only a slow constant thunder; and, bewildered in the mist, dream that the Cataract has cloven the earth to its centre; and that, pouring its waters into the fervent inner heat, they hiss into spray, and overhang the fated Fall, the sweat of its agony.—*Lotus-Eating.*

"OUR BEST SOCIETY."

If gilt were only gold, or sugar-candy common sense, what a fine thing "Our Society" would be! If to lavish money upon *objets de vertu*, to wear the most costly dresses, and always to have them cut in the height of fashion; to build houses thirty feet broad as if they were palaces; to furnish them with all the luxurious devices of Parisian genius; to give superb banquets at which your guests laugh, and which make you miserable; to drive a fine carriage, and ape European liveries and crests, and coats-of-arms; to resent the friendly advances of your baker's wife, and the lady of your butcher (you being yourself a cobbler's daughter); to talk much of "the old families," and of your aristocratic foreign friends; to despise labor; to prate of "good society:" to travesty and parody, in every conceivable way, a society which we know only in books, and by the superficial observation of foreign travel, which arises out of a social organization entirely unknown to us, and which is opposed to our fundamental and essential principles:—if all this were fine, what a prodigiously fine "Society" would ours be!—*The Potiphar Papers.*

THE POTIPHARS IN PARIS.

The other evening we went to the ball at the Tuileries, and oh! it was splendid. There were one Duke, and three Marquises, and a great many Counts presented to me. They all said, "It's charming this evening;" and I said, "Very charming indeed." Wasn't it nice?

But you should have seen Mrs. Potiphar when the Emperor Napoleon III. spoke to her. You know what a great man he is, and what a benefactor to his country; and how pure and noble and upright his private character and career have been; and how, as Kurz Pacha says, he is radiant with royalty, and honors everybody to whom he speaks. Well, Mrs. P. was presented, and sank almost to the ground in her reverence. But she actually trembled with delight when the Emperor said, "Madame, I remember with the greatest pleasure the beautiful city of New York."

I am sure the Empress Eugénie would have been jealous, could she have heard the tone in which it was said. Wasn't it affable in such a great monarch towards a mere republican? I wonder how people can slander him so, and tell such stories about him. I never saw a nicer man: only he looks so sleepy. I suppose the cares of State oppress him, poor man! But one thing you may be sure of: if people at home laugh at the Emperor and condemn him, just find out *if they have ever been invited to the Tuileries.* If not, you will understand the reason of their hatred. Mrs. Potiphar says to the Americans here that she can't hear the Emperor spoken against, for they are on the best of terms. . . .

I think Mr. Potiphar is rather disconsolate. He whistles and looks out of the window down into the garden of the Tuileries, where the children play under the trees; and as he looks he stops whistling, and gazes, sometimes for half an hour. And whenever he goes out afterward, he is sure to buy something for Freddy. When the shopkeeper asks where it shall be sent, Mr. P. says, in a loud, slow voice, "Hotel Mureece, Katteryvang-sanktrorsyaim."—It is astonishing, as Kurz Pacha said, that we are not more respected abroad. "Foreigners will never know what you really are," said he to Mr. P., "until they come to you. Your going to them has failed."—*The Potiphar Papers.*

MY CASTLES IN SPAIN.

It is not easy for me to say how I know so much as I certainly do about my Castles in Spain. The sun always shines upon them. They stand lofty and fair in a luminous golden atmosphere, a little hazy and dreamy, perhaps, like the Indian Summer, but in which no gales blow, and there are no tempests. All the sublime mountains, and beautiful valleys, and soft landscape that I have not yet seen, are to be found in my grounds. They command a noble view of the Alps; so fine, indeed, that I should be quite content with the prospect of them from the highest tower of my castle, and not care to go to Switzerland. . . .

The Nile flows through my grounds. The Desert lies upon their edge, and Damascus stands in my garden. I am given to understand also that the Parthenon has been removed to my Spanish possessions. The Golden-Horn is my fish-preserve, my flocks of golden fleece are pastured on the plain of Marathon, and the honey of Hymettus is distilled from the flowers that grow in the vale of Enna—all in my Spanish domains.

From the windows of those castles look the beautiful women whom I have never seen, whose portraits the poets have painted. They wait for me there:—and chiefly the fair-haired child, lost to my eyes so long ago, now bloomed into an impossible beauty. The lights that never shone, glance at evening in the vaulted halls upon banquets that were never spread. The bands that I have never collected play all night long, and enchant into silence the beautiful company that was never assembled. In the long summer mornings the children that I never had play in the gardens that I never planted. I hear their sweet voices sounding low and far away, calling, "Father! father!" I see the lost fair-haired girl, now grown into a woman, now descending the stately stairs of my Castle in Spain, stepping out upon the lawn, and playing with those children. They bound away together down the garden; but those voices linger, this time airily calling, "Mother! mother!" . . . .

Plays are insufferable to me here. Prue and I never go; Prue, indeed, is not quite sure it is moral. But the theatres in my Spanish castles are of a prodigious splendor; and when I think of going there, Prue sits in a front box with me—a kind of royal box—the good woman attired in such wise as I have never seen her here; while I wear my white waistcoat, which in Spain has no appearance of mending, but dazzles with an immortal newness, and is a miraculous fit.

Yes, and in these Castles in Spain, Prue is not the placid breeches-patching helpmate, with whom you are acquainted but her face has a bloom which we both remember, and her movements a grace which my Spanish swans emulate; and her voice a music sweeter than those which orchestras discourse. She is always there what she seemed to me when I fell in love with her, many and many years ago. The neighbors called her then a nice, capable girl; and certainly she did knit and darn with a zeal and success to which my feet and legs have testified for nearly half a century. But she could spin a finer web than ever came from cotton, and in its subtle meshes my heart was entangled, and there has reposed softly and happily ever since. The neighbors declared that she could make a pudding and cake better than any girl of her age; but stale bread from Prue's hand was ambrosia to my palate. "She who makes everything well—even to making her neighbors speak well of her—will surely make a good wife," said I to myself, when I knew her; and the echo of half a century answers, "A good wife."

So, when I meditate my Spanish Castles, I see Prue in them, as my heart saw her standing by her father's door. "Age cannot wither her." There is a magic in the Spanish air that paralyzes Time. He glides by, unnoticed and unnoticing.

I greatly admire the Alps, which I see so distinctly from my Spanish windows; I delight in the taste of the southern fruit that ripens upon my terraces; I enjoy the pensive shade of the Italian ruins in my gardens; I like to shoot crocodiles, and talk with the Sphinx upon the shores of the Nile, flowing through my domain; I am glad to drink sherbet in Damascus, and fleece my flocks on the plains of Marathon:—but I would resign all these forever rather than part with that Spanish portrait of Prue for a day. Nay, have I not resigned them all forever, to live with that portrait's changing original?—*Prue and I.*

CHARLES SUMNER.

This is the great victory, the great lesson, the great legacy of his life, that the fidelity of a public man to conscience—not to party—is rewarded with the sincerest popular love and confidence. What an inspiration to every youth longing with generous ambition to enter the great arena of the State, that he must heed first and always the divine voice in his own soul, if he would be sure of the sweet voices of good fame! Living, how Sumner served us! and dying, at this moment how he serves us still! In a time when politics seem peculiarly mean and selfish and corrupt, when there is a general vague apprehension that the very moral foundations of the national character are loosened, when good men are painfully anxious to know whether the heart of the people is hardened. Charles Sumner dies; and the universality and sincerity of sorrow, such as the death of no man left living among us could awaken, show how true, how sound, how generous, is still the heart of the American people. This is the dying service of Charles Sumner, a revelation which inspires every American to bind his shining example as a frontlet between the eyes, and never again to despair of the higher and more glorious destiny of his country.

And of that destiny what a foreshadowing was he! In that beautiful home at the sunny and leafy corner of the National City, where he lived among books and pictures, and noble friendships, and lofty thoughts—the home to which he returned at the close of each day in the Senate, and to which the wise and good from every land naturally came—how the stately, and gracious, and all-accomplished man seemed the very personification of that new union for which he had so manfully striven, and whose coming his dying eyes beheld —the union of ever wider liberty and juster law, the America of comprehensive intelligence, and of moral power! For that he stands; up to that, his imperishable memory, like the words of his living lips forever lifts us—lifts us to his own great faith in America and in man. Suddenly from his strong hand—"My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!"—the banner falls. Be it ours to grasp it, and carry it still forward, still higher!

Our work is not his work, but it can be well done only in his spirit. And as in the heroic legend of your western valley, the men of Hadley, faltering in the fierce shock of Indian battle, suddenly saw at their head the lofty form of an unknown captain, with white hair streaming on the wind, by his triumphant mien strengthening their hearts and leading them to victory, so, men and women of Massachusetts—of America—if in that national conflict already begun, as vast and vital as the struggle of his life—the contest which is beyond that of any party, or policy, or measure—

the contest for conscience, intelligence, and morality as the supreme power in our politics, and the sole salvation of America—you should falter or fail, suddenly your hearts shall see once more the towering form, shall hear again the inspiring voice, shall be exalted anew with the moral energy and faith of Charles Sumner ; and the victories of his immortal example shall transcend the triumphs of his life.—*Eulogy, in the State House, Boston, March* 16, 1874.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

This memorial night is not a tribute to official service, to literary genius, to scientific distinction; it is homage to personal character. It is the solemn public declaration that a life of transcendent purity of purpose, blended with commanding powers, devoted with absolute unselfishness, and with amazing results, to the welfare of the country and of humanity, is, in the American republic, an example so inspiring, a patriotism so lofty, and a public service so beneficent, that, in contemplating them, discordant opinions, differing judgments, and the sharp sting of controversial speech, vanish like frost in a flood of sunshine. It is not the Samuel Adams who was impatient of Washington, and who doubted the Constitution, but the Samuel Adams of Faneuil Hall, of the Committee of Correspondence, of Concord and Lexington—Samuel Adams the father of the Revolution, whom Massachusetts and America remember and revere. . . .

But his judgment, always profoundly sincere, was it not profoundly sometimes mistaken ? No nobler friend of freedom and of man than Wendell Phillips ever breathed upon this Continent, and no man's service to freedom surpasses his. But before the war he demanded peaceful disunion : yet it was the Union in arms that saved Liberty. During the war he would have superseded Lincoln : but it was Lincoln who freed the slaves. He pleaded for Ireland, tortured by centuries of misrule, and while every generous heart followed with sympathy the pathos and the power of his appeal, the just-minded recoiled from the sharp arraignment of the truest friends in England that Ireland ever had. I know it all; but I know also, and history will remember, that the slave Union which he denounced is dissolved; that it was the heart and conscience of the nation, exalted by his moral appeal of agitation, as well as by the enthusiasm of patriotic war, which held up the hands of Lincoln, and upon which Lincoln leaned in emancipating the slaves; and that only by indignant and aggressive appeals like his has the heart of England ever opened to Irish wrong.

No man, I say, can take a pre-eminent and effective part in contentions that shake nations, or in the discussion of great national policies, of foreign relations, of domestic economy and finance, without keen reproach and fierce misconception. "But death," says Bacon, "bringeth good fame." Then, if moral integrity remain unsoiled, the purpose pure, blameless the life, and patriotism as shining as the sun, conflicting views and differing counsels disappear, and firmly fixed upon character and actual achievement, good fame rests secure.

Eighty years ago, in this city of Boston, how unsparing was the denunciation of John Adams for betraying and ruining his party, for his dogmatism, his vanity, and ambition, for his exasperating impracticability;—he, the Colossus of the Revolution!—And Thomas Jefferson: I may truly say what the historian says of the Saracen mothers and Richard Cœur de Lion, that the mothers of Boston hushed their children with fear of the political devil incarnate of Virginia. But when the drapery of mourning shrouded the columns and overhung the arches of Faneuil Hall, Daniel Webster did not remember that sometimes John Adams was imprudent, and Thomas Jefferson sometimes unwise. He remembered only that John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were two of the greatest of American patriots; and their fellow-citizens of every party bowed their heads and said Amen!

I am not here to declare that the judgment of

Wendell Phillips was always sound, nor his estimate of men always just, nor his policy always approved by the event. He would have scorned such praise. I am not here to eulogize the mortal, but the immortal. He, too, was a great American Patriot; and no American life—no, not one—offers to future generations of his countrymen a more priceless example of inflexible fidelity to conscience and to public duty; and no American more truly than he purged the national name of its shame, and made the American flag the flag of hope for mankind.—*Eulogy, in the Tremont Temple, Boston, April* 18, 1884.

Mr. Curtis has written verse only at intervals. His longest poem, *A Rime of Rhode Island*, was pronounced at a meeting of the Sons of Rhode Island, held in New York, May 29, 1863, that being the anniversary of the settlement at Providence of Roger Williams in 1636, and also of the ratification by Rhode Island of the Constitution of the United States, in 1790. The following are the closing stanzas of this poem:

THE SUMMER OF 1863.

At last, at last, each glowing star
In that pure field of heavenly blue,
On every people shining far,
Burns to its utmost promise true.

Hopes in our fathers' hearts that stirred,
Justice, the seal of peace long scorned,
O perfect peace! too long deferred,
At last, at last, your day has dawned.

Your day has dawned: but many an hour
Of storm and cloud, of doubts and tears,
Across the eternal sky must lower,
Before the glorious noon appears.

And not for us that noontide glow:
For us the strife and toil shall be;
But welcome toil, for now we know,
Our children shall that glory see.

At last, at last! O Stars and Stripes!
Touched in your birth by Freedom's flame,
Your purifying lightning wipes
Out from our history its shame.

Stand to your faith, America!
Sad Europe, listen to our call!
Up to your manhood, Africa!
That glorious flag floats over all!

And when the hour seems dark with doom,
Our sacred banner, lifted higher,
Shall flash away the gathering gloom
With unextinguishable fire.

Pure as its white the future see!
Bright as its red is now the sky!
Fixed as its Stars the faith shall be,
That nerves our hands to do or die.
—*A Rime of Rhode Island.*

EBB AND FLOW.

I walked beside the evening sea,
And dreamed a dream that could not be.

The waves that plunged along the shore,
Said only—"Dreamer, dream no more!"

But still the legions charged the beach—
Loud rang their battle-cry, like speech;

But changed was the imperial strain:
It murmured—"Dreamer, dream again!"

I homeward turned from out the gloom—
That sound I heard not in my room:

But suddenly a sound, that stirred
Within my very breast I heard:—

It was my heart, that like a sea
Within my breast beat ceaselessly:

But like the waves along the shore,
It said—"Dream on!" and "Dream no more!"

MAJOR AND MINOR.

A bird sang sweet and strong
In the top of the highest tree:

He sang—"I pour out my soul in song
For the Summer that soon shall be."

But deep in the shady wood
Another bird sang—"I pour
My soul on the solemn solitude
For the Springs that return no more."

CURTIUS, Ernst, a German archæologist and historian, born at Lübeck in 1814. He received his early education in the schools of his native city, studied at Bonn, Göttingen, and Berlin, and in 1837 went to Greece to prosecute his archæological studies. At the end of three years he returned to Germany, and after graduating at Halle, was appointed tutor to the Crown Prince of Germany. In 1850 he became a Professor in the University of Berlin, and in 1856 was called to Göttingen to take the chair of classical philology and archæology there. This position he resigned in 1865 for a professorship at Berlin. He was at the same time made permanent Secretary of the Academy of Sciences. In 1874 he was sent by the German government to Greece to obtain permission for making the excavations begun at Olympia in the following year. The principal works of Curtius are: *Peloponnesus* (1851–2); *Die Ionier vor der ionischen Wanderung* (1855); *History of Greece* (1857–67); *Attic Studies* (1863–4); and *History and Topography of Asia Minor* (1872).

THE PLATÆANS BREAK THROUGH THE INVESTMENT.

Hereupon Archidamus, who, like an ancient Spartan, had only with great repugnance consented to build a wall and employ siege-machines, was obliged to relinquish finally the idea of overcoming the little band of Platæan citizens by force; he was obliged to adopt the tedious method of surrounding the entire city with a wall, so as to wear it out by famine. The precipitous situation of the city made this task extremely difficult of accomplishment. But no labor was deemed excessive; for the conflict had become more desperate as it proceeded; and the Thebans exerted themselves in every way to prevent the work from coming to a stand-still. A double wall was now built round the entire city, with a trench facing both towards the latter and towards the outer side of the walls, which, at regular intervals, were furnished with turrets; the passage between the walls, sixteen feet in breadth, was covered, and formed, as it were, a large guard-house surrounding the hostile city. Towards the middle of September the immense work was finished; it was possible to dismiss the majority of the troops; the watch on the wall was divided between Peloponnesian and Theban soldiers, each body having its appointed place; and a band of 300 was kept in reserve for unforseen cases.

For one whole year the Platæans had held out in their prison, cut off from all intercourse, without hope of relief, surrounded by foes athirst for their blood. Provisions began to fall short. Accordingly, the bravest among the besieged determined to hazard an attempt to break the blockade. After they had furnished themselves with scaling-ladders of the height of the enemy's walls, they took advantage of a rough and stormy December night, when the sentinels might be supposed to have retired into the towers which served them as sentry boxes. Two hundred and twenty men left the city; they were lightly armed, and shod only on the left foot, so as to have a firmer support in the case of a fight; the right foot was bare, in order to facilitate the march through the mud. Each man holding himself at a moderate distance from his neighbor, in order to avoid any clash of arms, they cross the trench, climb the wall, man after man reaching up his shield to his predecessor; the sentries in the nearest towers on the right and left are put to death; everything proceeds successfully and without noise: the Platæans are masters of a piece of the wall surmounted by two towers, which they occupy; and most of them have mounted the wall. Suddenly the fall of a tile from the top gives the alarm to the garrison. Seven Platæans begin to retrace their steps, thinking everything is lost. But while the enemy remains wholly in doubt as to what is taking place, and no man dares to quit his post, one after another of the brave band descends from the outer wall; and at last even those who had kept watch in the towers quit their post, and succeed in reaching the outer trench. This they find full of water, and overlaid with a thin coating of ice. Hence arises a delay in crossing, and before all have passed over, they see troops with torches approaching;—it is the reserve of 300, which comes up to them at the trench. But the torches, by dazzling the eyes of the pursuers, hinder their movements, and are of assistance in the struggle to the Platæans. A single archer is taken prisoner. The others make good their escape, and take the road to Thebes, presuming that the pursuit will be made on the road to Attica. On reaching Erythræ, and not before, they turn to the right into the mountains, and in the morning arrive at Athens, at the same hour in which their comrades are sending heralds to the besieging force, to ask for the bodies of their brethren, all of whom they deemed lost. Never have bravery and determined skill met with a more glorious reward. Even those remaining behind were gainers, having now a chance of holding out longer with their provisions.—*History of Greece.*

THE YOUTHFUL PERICLES.

Nature had richly endowed him and eminently adapted him for endurance in mental and physical exertions; he was as vivacious, active, and full of ideas as Themistocles; but his whole character was from the time of his youth incomparably more collected and better regulated. The feature which distinguished his mind before all others was an unwearying desire of culture; nor was any one more vitally affected than the youthful Pericles by the longing after a new and fuller knowledge which characterized his times. Thus it came to pass that he in no instance rested satisfied with what had been handed down from former times, and that while the people timidly and suspiciously refused to admit the Ionic culture, he welcomed the new light with joyous admiration.

He studied music under Pythoclides, a Pythagorean from Ceos, and then under Damon the flute-player, a man of a most influential personality and a most inventive mind, who in a yet higher degree than Pythoclides availed himself of musical instruction to pass from metres and rhythms to the characters of men and their treatment, to ethical and political teaching—in other words, a Sophist of the best class. Thus, at a time of life when other Athenian youths were wont to conclude their studies, Pericles was really beginning his; he eagerly sought to hold intercourse with the most eminent artists and philosophers, and became the most zealous auditor of Zeno and Anaxagoras, and in his later years also of Protagoras. But Pericles learned not only for the sake of learning; he had no intention, like Anaxagoras, of forgetting the world and mankind in the midst of his studies; the task of his life was not to solve rising doubts and contradictions in the domain of pure thought. Pericles always kept the commonwealth in view, and in public acts he sought the reconciliation of the opposing forces with which he had become acquainted. For as he felt himself elevated and fortified by means of the culture acquired by him, so he recognized in it a power which ought to be employed for the good of the state. Even as a philosopher he remained a statesman; and the whole ambition of his fiery character was directed towards ruling his fellow-citizens and guiding the state by the resources of mental superiority offered by his philosophy.

Pericles's bearing was sufficient to show that his principles of action rested on a totally different basis from that of the ordinary civilization of the times. The features of his countenance announced that he was habitually occupied with lofty thoughts; an involuntary feeling of awe was inspired by the solemn seriousness pervading his whole manner, and by the immovable firmness and decisiveness of his personality. Among his friends the philosophers he had learned to despise a multitude of those petty interests which more than anything else move the ordinary world, and to cast off a series of prejudices; and had thus gained both in freedom of soul and in power over other men. When, on the occasion of an eclipse, all the sailors were seized with fear, he held his cloak before the eyes of a steersman, asking him why he was more frightened when a remoter and larger object hid the light of the sun from him. Internally the most vivacious of men, he was externally calm, cold, and unchanging, without at the same time giving offence by severity or roughness of manner. The fullness of his superiority manifested itself in speech. For in the school of Zeno he had accustomed himself to look at the same things from different points of view, and to surprise his opponents by raising unexpected objections. To exercises in dialectics, he owed the versatility of his reasoning powers and his power of speech, to which no man was able to oppose a weapon of equal force. His eloquence was the ripe fruit of a thorough philosophical culture, the direct expression of a mind superior to the multitude; hence he was able, better than any other man, to terrify, to encourage, to persuade; striking similes, from whose binding force none could escape, were at his service, and he was finally rendered irresistible by the calm confidence with which he spoke.—*History of Greece.*

CUVIER, GEORGES, a French naturalist, born at Montbelliard (then belonging to Würtemberg) in 1769, died in Paris in 1832. He was christened Léopold-Chrétien-Frédéric-Dagobert; but afterwards assumed the name of Georges, which had been borne by a deceased elder brother. He entered the gymnasium at the age of ten; and was originally destined for the Church, but at a very early age he manifested a strong predilection for Natural History. In 1784 he was sent by the Duke of Würtemberg to the academy at Stuttgart; in 1788 he became private tutor in the family of Count d' Héricy, retaining the position for six years, during which he prosecuted his researches in Natural History with great zeal, and under very favorable circumstances. In 1795 he was invited to Paris by several of the most eminent French savants, and was appointed Professor in the Central School of the Pantheon. From the first Cuvier took the foremost position in science, and was honored by all the successive rulers of France, from Napoleon to Louis Philippe. In 1819 he was made a Baron by Louis XVIII. In 1832 he was created a Peer of France by Louis Philippe, and his appointment as President of the entire Council of State only waited the royal signature, when Cuvier died after a brief illness. Cuvier was accompanied to Paris by his younger brother, FRÉDÉRIC CUVIER, who acquired a high reputation as a naturalist and educational director. He died in 1838, his last words being, "Let my son place upon my tomb this inscription: Frédéric Cuvier, brother of Georges Cuvier."

A history of Georges Cuvier's labors in the domain of Natural History would be the history of that science for the first third of the present century. He formed a system of classification based on the invariable characters of anatomical structure, instead of mere external resemblances. With him comparative anatomy and zoölogy went hand in hand, and from their united facts he deduced the laws of a new science—that of fossil animal life. With him a bone, or even a portion of one, was sufficient for the restoration of a fossil animal which he had never seen, simply from the principle of the unchangeable relations of organs. His great work, *The Animal Kingdom*, was published in 1817. His last important work, *The Natural History of Fishes*, undertaken with the collaboration of Valenciennes, was designed to form some forty volumes. Eight volumes appeared (1828–1831) before the death of Cuvier, the remainder being written by his coadjutor. In 1812 appeared his work, *Researches upon Fossil Bones* (4 vols. 4to; 2d ed. 1817, 3d ed. 1825), to which was prefixed an Introductory Essay upon *The Revolutions of the Surface of the Globe*, in which are embodied the great principles of his entire system.

CORRELATIONS IN ANIMAL STRUCTURE.

Every organized individual forms an entire system of its own, all the parts of which mutually correspond, and concur to produce a certain definite purpose, by reciprocal reaction, or by combining towards the same end. Hence none of these separate parts can change their forms without a corresponding change on the other parts of the same animal, and consequently each of these parts, taken separately, indicates all the other parts to which it has belonged. Thus, if the viscera of an animal are so organized as only to be fitted for the digestion of recent flesh, it is also requisite that the jaws should be so constructed as to fit them for devouring prey; the claws must be constructed for seizing and tearing it to pieces; the teeth for cutting and dividing its flesh; the entire system of the limbs, or organs of motion, for pursuing and overtaking it; and the organs of sense, for discovering it at a distance. Nature also must have endowed the brain of the animal with instincts sufficient for concealing itself, and for laying plans to catch its necessary victims.

Such are the universal conditions that are indespensable in the structure of carnivorous animals; and every individual of that description must necessarily possess them combined together, as the species could not otherwise subsist. Under this general rule, however, there are several particular modifications, depending upon the size, the manners, and the haunts of the prey for which each species of carnivorous animal is destined or fitted by nature; and from each of these particular modifications there result certain differences in the more minute conformations of particular parts—all, however, conformable to the general principles of structure already mentioned. Hence it follows that in every one of their parts we discover distinct indications, not only of the classes and orders of the animals; but also of their genera, and even of their species.

In order that the jaw may be well adapted for laying hold of objects, it is necessary that its condyle should have a certain form; that the resistance, the moving power, and the fulcrum should have a certain relative position with respect to each other; and that the temporal muscles should be of a certain size. The hollow or depression, too, in which these muscles are lodged, must have a certain depth; and the zygomatic arch under which they pass must not only have a certain degree of convexity, but it must be sufficiently strong to support the action of the masseter. To enable the animal to carry off its prey when seized, a corresponding force is requisite in the muscles which elevate the head; and this necessarily gives rise to a determinate form of the vertebræ to which these muscles are attached, and of the occiput into which they are inserted.

In order that the teeth of a carnivorous animal may be able to cut the flesh, they require to be sharp—more or less so in proportion to the greater or less quantity of flesh that they have to cut. It is requisite that their roots should be solid and strong, in proportion to the quantity and size of the bones which they have to break in pieces. The whole of these circumstances must necessarily influence the development and form of all the parts which contribute to move the jaws.

To enable the claws of a carnivorous animal to seize its prey, a considerable degree of mobility is necessary in their paws and toes, and a considerable strength in the claws themselves. From these circumstances there necessarily result certain determinate forms in all the bones of their paws, and in the distribution of the muscles and tendons by which they are moved. The fore-arm must possess a certain facility of moving in various directions, and consequently requires certain determinate forms in the bones of which it is composed. As the bones of the fore-arm are articulated with the arm-bone or humerus, no change can take place in the form or structure of the former without producing correspondent changes in the form of the latter. The shoulder-blade also, or scapula, requires a correspondent degree of strength in all animals destined for catching prey, by which likewise it must necessarily have an appropriate form. The play and action of all these parts require certain proportions in the muscles which set them in motion; and the impressions formed by these muscles must still farther determine the forms of all these bones.

After these observations, it will be easily seen that similar conclusions may be drawn with respect to the hinder limbs of carnivorous animals, which require particular conformations to fit them for rapidity of motion in general: and that similar considerations must influence the forms and connections of the vertebræ and other bones constituting the trunk of the body, to fit them for flexibility and readiness of motion in all directions. The bones also of the nose, of the orbit, and of the ears, require certain forms and structures to fit them for giving perfection to the senses of smell, sight, and hearing so necessary to animals of prey.

In short, the shape and structure of the teeth regulate the forms of the condyle, of the shoulder-blade, and of the claws, in the same manner as the equation of a curve regulates all its other properties: and as in regard to any particular curve, all its properties may be ascertained by assuming each separate property as the foundation of a particular equation, in the same manner, a claw, a shoulder-blade, a condyle, a leg or arm bone, or any other bone separately considered, enables us to discover the description of teeth to which they have belonged; and so also reciprocally we may determine the forms of the other bones from the teeth. Thus commencing our investigation by a careful survey of any one bone by itself, a person who is sufficiently master of the laws of organic structure, may, as it were, reconstruct the whole animal to which that bone had belonged.

This principle is sufficiently evident in its general acceptation, not to require any more minute demonstration; but when it comes to be applied in practice, there is a great number of cases in which our theoretical knowledge of these relations of forms is not sufficient to guide us, unless assisted by observation and experience.

For example, we are well aware that all hoofed animals must necessarily be herbivorous, because they are possessed of no sufficient means of seizing upon prey. It is also evident, having no other use for their fore-legs than to support their bodies, that they have no occasion for a shoulder so vigorously organized as that of carnivorous animals; owing to which they have no clavicles, or acromion processes, and their shoulder-blades are proportionally narrow. Having also no occasion to turn their fore-arms, their radius is joined by an ossification to the ulna, or is at least articulated by gynglymus with the humerus. Their food, being entirely herbaceous, requires teeth with flat surfaces, on purpose to bruise the seeds and plants on which they feed. For this purpose also, these surfaces require to be unequal, and are consequently composed of alternate perpendicular layers of hard enamel and softer bone. Teeth of this structure necessarily require horizontal motions, to enable them to triturate or grind down the herbaceous food: and, accordingly, the condyles of the jaw could not be formed into such confined joints as in the carnivorous animals, but must have a flattened form, correspondent to sockets in the temporal bones, which are also more or less flat for their reception. The hollows likewise of the temporal bones, having smaller muscles to contain, are narrower, and not so deep, etc. . . .

Hence any one who observes merely the print of a cloven hoof may conclude that it has been left by a ruminant animal, and regard the conclusion as equally certain with any other in physics or in morals. Consequently, this single foot-mark clearly indicates to the observer the forms of the teeth, of the jaws, of the vertebræ, of all the leg-bones, thighs, shoulders, and of the trunk of the body of the animal which left the mark. Observation alone, independent entirely of general principles of philosophy, is sufficient to show that there certainly are secret reasons for all these relations of which I have been speaking. —*Revolutions of the Surface of the Globe.*

CUYLER, THEODORE LEDYARD, an American clergyman and author, born in Central New York, in 1822. He graduated at Princeton in 1843; studied theology there; became pastor of a Presbyterian church in Burlington, N. J., afterwards of a "Dutch Reformed Church" in New York, and subsequently pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian church of Brooklyn. He is the author of the following works: *Stray Arrows* (1851); *Cedar Christian* (1864); *The Empty Crib* (1868); *Heart Life* (1871); *Thought Hives* (1872); *Pointed Papers for the Christian Life* (1879); *Burying the Channel* and *From the Nile to Norway and Homeward* (1881); *God's Light on Dark Clouds* (1882); and *Wayside Springs from the Fountain of Life* (1883).

ELOQUENCE IN THE PULPIT.

And where should we look for the highest realizations of true eloquence, but in the pulpit? Where is there less excuse for tameness, for affectation, for heartlessness, for stupidity? Where can the strongest intellect find fuller play? For the embassador of truth has not only the loftiest of themes, but his text-book is the most perfect of models. In it may be found everything that is most sublime in imagery, most melting in pathos, most irresistible in argument. The minister of Christ need not betake himself to the drama of Greece, the forum of Rome, or to the mystic retreats of German philosophy; he need not study Chatham in the senate chamber, or Erskine at the bar. He may ever be nurturing his soul amid those pages where John Milton fed, before those eyes, which had "failed with long watching for liberty and law," beheld the gorgeous visions of Paradise. He may be ever amid the scenes which inspired Bunyan to his matchless dream, and taught Jeremy Taylor his hearse-like melodies. The harp of Israel's minstrel is ever in his ear; before his eye moves the magnificent panorama of the Apocalypse. He need but open his soul to that "oldest choral melody," the book of Job; if it used to inspire Charles James Fox for the Parliament-house, why not himself for the pulpit? Paul is ever at his elbow to teach him trenchant argument; John, to teach persuasion; and a heart of steel must he have who is not moved to pathos in the chamber of heart-stricken David, or under the olive-trees of Gethsemane.

The Bible is the best of models, too, for it is always true to life. It reaches up to the loftiest, down to the lowliest affairs of existence. The same divine pencil that portrayed the scenic splendors of the Revelation and the awful tragedy of Golgotha condescends to etch for us a Hebrew mother bending over her cradle of rushes, a village maiden bringing home the gleanings of the barley-field, and a penitent woman weeping on the Saviour's feet. What God has ennobled, who shall dare to call common? What true orator of nature will fear to introduce into the pulpit a homely scene or a homespun character; a fireside incident or a death-bed agony; the familiar episodes of the field and the shop, the school-room and the nursery? He does not lower the dignity of the pulpit: he rather imparts to it the higher dignity of human nature.—*Thought Hives.*

CYPRIAN, (THASIUS CÆCILIUS CYPRIANUS), a Father of the Christian Church, born at Carthage about 200, died in 258, A.D. He was of a noble family, and previous to his conversion to Christianity (about 246) had acquired great repute as a "rhetorician," or, as we should say, a legal advocate. Upon becoming a Christian, he gave up his large fortune to the poor, and devoted himself to the study of the Scriptures, writing two treatises on *Contempt of the World* and on *The Vanity of Idols*. Having been raised to the priesthood, he was induced, against his own desire, to take upon himself the bishopric of Carthage, then one of the most important sees in the still persecuted Church. Controversies raged within and without the Church, in all of which Cyprian bore a prominent part. At last, in 257, the Emperor Valerius issued his edict for the legal prosecution of the Christians. Cyprian was summoned to appear before the proconsul, and offer sacrifice to the gods. He refused to comply, and was sentenced to death for contumacy. The *Works* of Cyprian have been several times reprinted. The standard edition is that of Paris (1726), which contains a *Life of Cyprian*, by the Benedictine, Dom Moran. Among the Lives of Cyprian are those of *Gervaise* (1717), *Rottberg* (1831), *Poole* (1840), *Böhringer* (1842), and *Colombet* (1843).

THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH.

The Lord saith unto Peter, "I say unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven." To him again, after His resurrection, He says, "Feed My Sheep." Upon him, being one, He builds His Church; and though He gives to all the Apostles an equal power, and says, "As My Father sent Me, even so send I you; receive ye the Holy Ghost, whosesoever sins ye remit, they shall be remitted to him, and whosesoever sins ye retain, they shall be retained;" —yet in order to manifest unity, He has by His own authority so placed the source of the same unity, as to begin from one. Certainly the other Apostles also were what Peter was, endued with an equal fellowship both of honor and power; but a commencement is made from unity, that the Church may be set before us as one; which one Church, in the Song of Songs, doth the Holy Spirit design and name in the Person of our Lord: "My dove, My spotless one, is but one; she is the only one of her mother, elect of her that bare her."

He who holds not this unity of the Church, does he think that he holds the faith? He who strives against and resists the Church, is he assured that he is in the Church? For the blessed Apostle Paul teaches this same thing, and manifests the sacrament of unity, thus speaking: "There is One Body and One Spirit, even as ye are called in One Hope of your calling; One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism, One God." This unity firmly should we hold and maintain, especially we Bishops, presiding in the Church, in order that we may approve the Episcopate itself to be one and undivided. Let no one deceive the Brotherhood by falsehood; no one corrupt the truth of our faith, by a faithless treachery. The Episcopate is one; it is a whole, in which each enjoys full possession. The Church is likewise one, though she be spread abroad, and multiplies with the increase of her progeny: even as the sun has rays many, yet one light; and the tree boughs many, yet its strength is one, seated in the deep-lodged root; and as when many streams flow down from one source, though a multiplicity of waters seems to be diffused from the bountifulness of the overflowing abundance, unity is preserved in the source itself. Part a ray of the Sun from its orb, and its unity forbids this division of light; break a branch from a tree, once broken it can bud no more; cut the stream from its fountain, the remnant will be dried up. Thus the Church, flooded with the light of the Lord, puts forth her rays through the whole world, with yet one light, which is spread upon all places; while its unity of body is not infringed. She stretches forth her branches over the universal earth, in the riches of plenty, and pours abroad her bountiful and onward streams; yet is there one head, one source, one Mother, abundant in the results of her fruitfulness.

It is of her womb that we are born; our nourishing is from her milk, our quickening from her breath. The spouse of Christ cannot become adulterate, she is undefiled and chaste; owning but one home, and guarding with virtuous modesty the sanctity of one chamber. She it is who keeps us for God, and appoints unto the kingdom the sons she has borne. Whosoever parts company with the Church, and joins himself to an adulteress, is estranged from the promises of the Church. He who leaves the Church of Christ attains not to Christ's rewards. He is an alien, an outcast, an enemy. He can no longer have God for a Father, who has not the Church for a Mother. If any man was able to escape, who remained without the ark of Noah, then will that man escape who is out of doors beyond the Church. The Lord warns us, and says, "He who is not with Me is against Me, and he who gathereth not with Me, scattereth." He who breaks the peace and concord of Christ, sets himself against Christ. He who gathers elsewhere but in the Church, scatters the Church of Christ. The Lord saith, "I and the Father are one:" and again of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, it is written, "And these three are one:" and does any one think that oneness, thus proceeding from the divine immutability, and cohering in heavenly sacraments, admits of being sundered in the Church, and split by the divorce of antagonist wills? He who holds not this unity, holds not the law of God, holds not the faith of Father and Son, holds not the truth unto salvation.

This sacrament of unity, this bond of concord inseparably cohering, is signified in the place in the Gospel, where the coat of our Lord Jesus Christ is in nowise parted nor cut, but is received a whole garment, by them who cast lots who should rather wear it, and is posessed as an inviolate and individual robe. The divine Scripture thus speaks, " But for the coat, because it was not sewed, but woven from the top throughout, they said one to another, Let us not rend it, but cast lots whose it shall be." It has with it a unity descending from above, as coming, that is, from heaven and from the Father; which it was not for the receiver and owner in anywise to sunder, but which he received, once for all and individually as one unbroken whole. He cannot own Christ's garment, who splits and divides Christ's Church. On the other hand, when, on Solomon's death, his kingdom and people were split in parts, Ahijah the prophet, meeting Jeroboam in the field, rent his garment into twelve pieces, saying, "Take thee ten pieces: for thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will rend the kingdom out of the hand of Solomon, and will give ten tribes to thee; and two tribes shall be to him, for My servant David's sake, and for Jerusalem, the city which I have chosen, to place My Name there." When the twelve tribes of Israel were torn asunder the Prophet Ahijah rent his garment. But because Christ's people cannot be rent, His coat, woven and conjoined throughout, was not divided by those it fell to. Individual, conjoined, co-entwined, it shows the coherent concord of our people who put on Christ. In the sacrament and sign of His garment, He has declared the unity of His Church.

Who then is the criminal and traitor, who so inflamed by the madness of discord, as to think aught can rend, or to venture on rending God's unity, the Lord's garment, Christ's Church? He Himself warns us in His Gospel, and teaches saying, " And there shall be one flock, and one Shepherd." And does any think that there can in one place be either many shepherds, or many flocks? The Apostle Paul likewise, intimating the same unity, solemnly exhorts, "I beseech you, brethren, by the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no schisms among you; but that ye be joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment." And again he says, "Forbearing one another in love; endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." Think you that any can stand and live, who withdraws from the Church, and forms himself a new home, and a different dwelling? Whereas it was said to Rahab, in whom was prefigured the Church, "Thy father, and thy mother, and thy brethren, and all the house of thy father, thou shalt gather unto thee into thine house; and it shall come to pass; whosoever shall go abroad beyond the door of thine house, his blood shall be on his own head." And likewise the sacrament of the Passover doth require just this in the law of Exodus, that the lamb which is slain for a figure of Christ, should be eaten in one house. God speaks and says, "In one house shall ye eat it; ye shall not send the flesh abroad from the house. The Flesh of Christ, and the Holy Thing of the Lord, cannot be sent abroad: and believers have not any dwelling but the Church only. This dwelling, this hostelry of unanimity, the Holy Spirit designs and betokens in the Psalms, thus saying, "God who maketh men to dwell with one mind in one house." In the house of God, in the Church of Christ, men dwell with one mind, in concord and singleness enduring. . . .

Let no one think that they can be good men, who leave the Church. Wind does not take the wheat, nor do storms overthrow the tree that has a solid root to rest on. It is the light straw that the tempest tosses, it is the trees emptied of their strength that the blow of the whirlwind strikes down. These the Apostle John curses and smites, saying, "They went forth from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us, surely they would have remained with us." Thus is it that heresies both often have been caused and still continue; while the perverted mind is estranged from peace, and unity is lost amongst faithless discord. Nevertheless, the Lord permits and suffers these things to be, preserving the power of choice to individual free-will, in order that while the discrimination of truth is a test of our own hearts and minds, the perfect faith of them that are approved may shine forth in the manifest light. The Holy Spirit admonishes us by the Apostle, and says, "It is needful also that heresies should be, that they which are approved may be made manifest among you." Thus are the faithful approved, thus the false detected; thus even here, before the day of judgment, the souls of the righteous and unrighteous are divided, the chaff separated from the wheat.—*Treatise V.; on the Unity of the Church.*

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