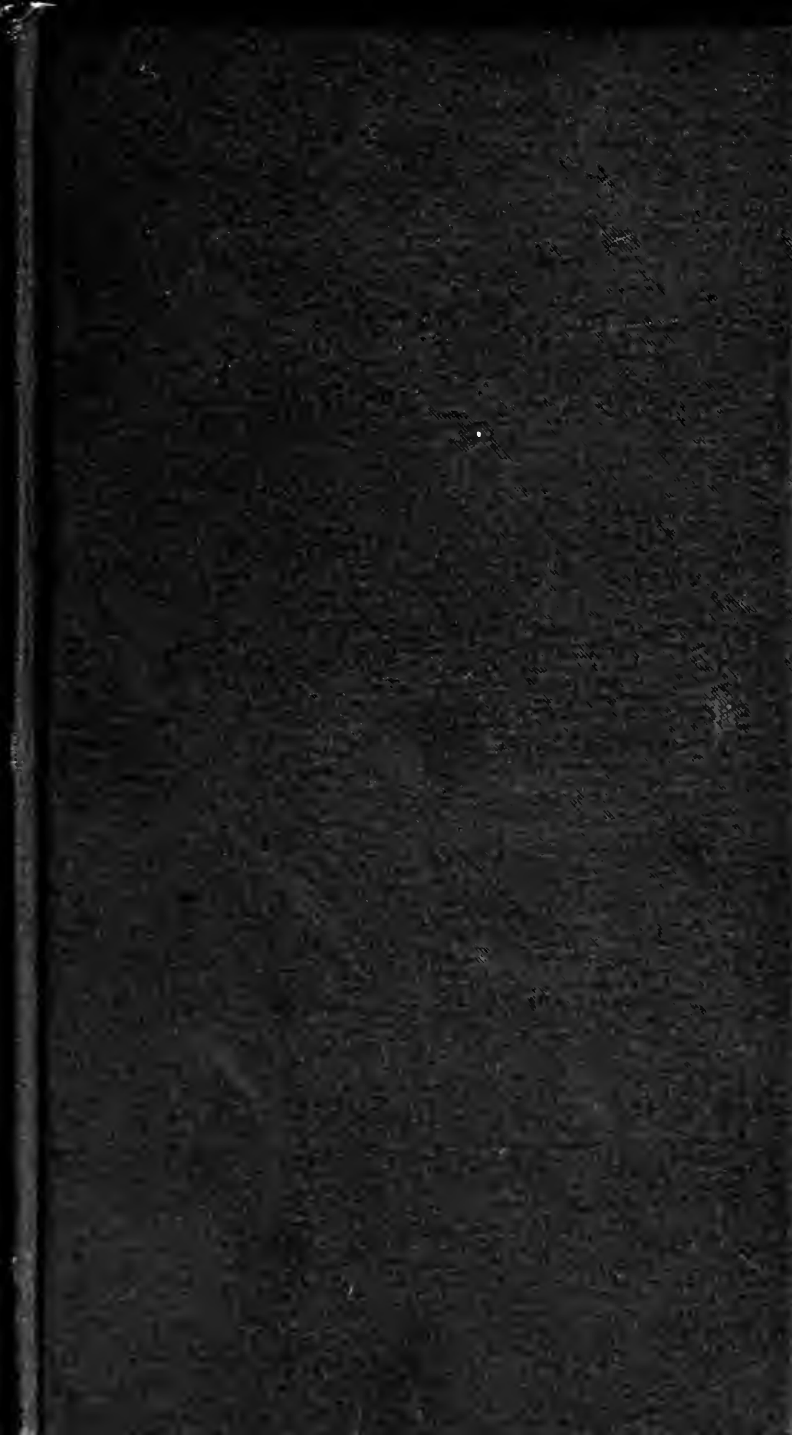

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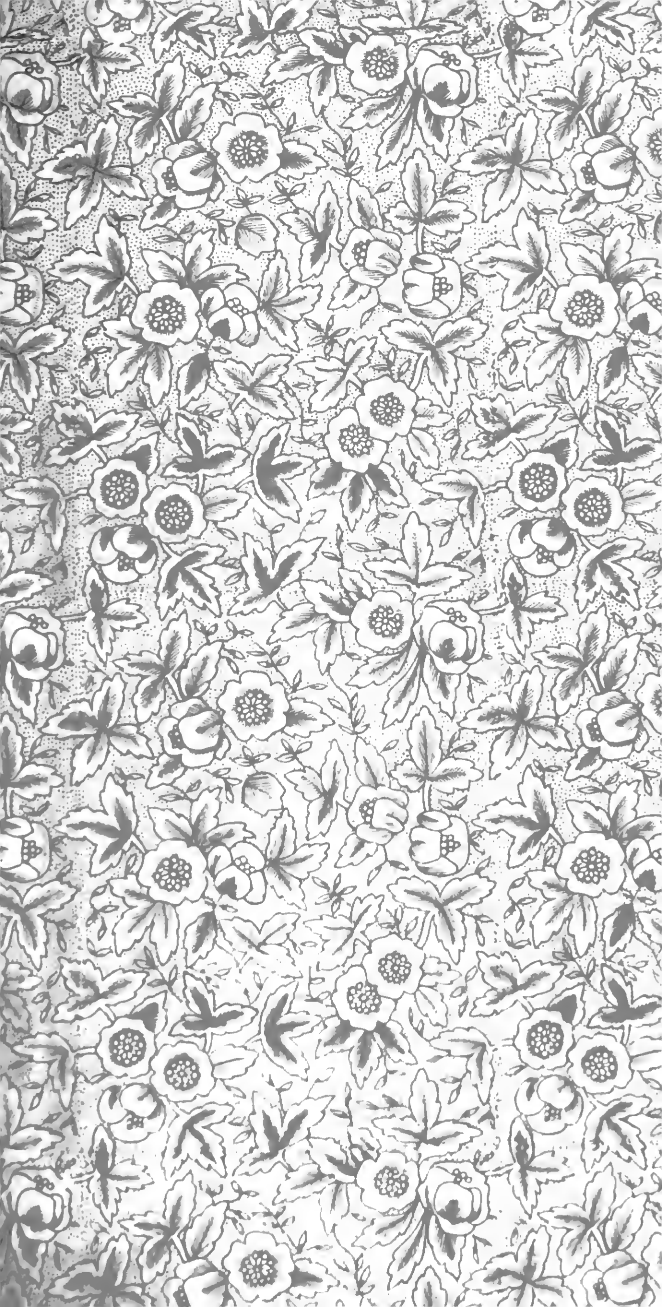

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ALDEN'S CYCLOPEDIA

OF

UNIVERSAL LITERATURE

PRESENTING

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

VOL. VII

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OF

UNIVERSAL LITERATURE.

DOWDEN, Edward, an English poet, born about 1848. He has published *Shakespeare's Mind and Art* (1875), and a volume of *Poems* (1877). Many of his poems are in the form of sonnets.

TWO INFINITIES.

A lonely way; and as I went, my eyes
Could not unfasten from the Spring's sweet things:
Last-sprouted grass, and all that climbs and clings
In loose, deep hedges where the primrose lies
In her own fairness; buried blooms surprise
The plunderer bee, and stop his murmurings;
And the glad flutter of a finch's wings
Out startles small blue-speckled butterflies.
Blissfully did one speedwell plot beguile
My whole heart long; I loved each separate flower,
Kneeling. I looked up suddenly—Dear God!
There stretched the shining plain for many a mile
The mountains rose with what invincible power!
And how the sky was fathomless and broad!

OASIS.

Let them go by—the heats, the doubts, the strife;
I can sit here and care not for them now,
Dreaming beside the glittering wave of life
Once more—I know not how.

There is a murmur in my heart, I hear
Faint—O so faint—some air I used to sing;
It stirs my sense; and odors dim and dear
The meadow-breezes bring.

Just this way did the quiet twilights fade
Over the fields and happy homes of men,
While one bird sang as now, piercing the shade,
Long since—I know not when.

WISE PASSIVENESS.

Think you I choose or that or this to sing?
I lie as patient as yon wealthy stream,
Dreaming among green fields its summer dream,
Which takes whate'er the gracious hours will bring
Into its quiet bosom; not a thing
Too common, since perhaps you see it there
Who else had never seen it, though as fair
As on the world's first morn; a fluttering
Of idle butterflies, or the deft seeds
Blown from a thistle-head: a silver dove
As faultlessly: or the large yearning eyes
Of pale Narcissus; or beside the reeds
A shepherd seeking lilies for his love,
And evermore the all-encircling skies.

DOWNING, ANDREW JACKSON, an American landscape gardener and author, born at Newburgh, N. Y., in 1815, died in 1852. When he was seven years old his father died. He was sent to school, but was recalled home at the age of sixteen. He had already shown a taste for botany and mineralogy, and after his return from school, he began a course of self-education which he continued throughout his life. When scarcely twenty years old, he determined to become a rural architect. In 1841 he published *A Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening*, which was very popular both in England and America. *Cottage Residences* (1842), was equally successful. In 1845 he published *Fruits and Fruit-Trees of America*, and in

1846 became editor of *The Horticulturist*, published in Albany. *Hints to Persons about Building in the Country*, an addition to George Wightwick's *Hints to Young Architects* appeared in 1849, and *Architecture for Country Houses* in 1850. Mr. Downing was drowned during the burning of the steamer *Henry Clay* on the Hudson, in 1852. A collection of his articles in the *Horticulturist* was published in 1854 under the title of *Rural Essays.*

A HINT ON LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

The great mistake made by most novices is that they study *gardens* too much, and *nature* too little. Now gardens, in general, are stiff and graceless, except just so far as nature, ever free and flowing, re-asserts her rights, in spite of man's want of taste, or helps him when he has endeavored to work in her own spirit. But the fields and woods are full of instruction, and in such features of our richest and most smiling and diversified country must the best hints for the embellishment of rural homes always be derived. And yet it is not any portion of the woods and fields that we wish our finest pleasure-grounds precisely to resemble. We rather wish to *select* from the finest sylvan features of nature, and to recompose the materials in a choicer manner—by rejecting anything foreign to the spirit of elegance and refinement which should characterize the landscape of the most tasteful country residence—a landscape in which all that is graceful and beautiful in nature is preserved—all her most perfect forms and most harmonious lines—but with that added refinement which high keeping and continual care confer on natural beauty, without impairing its innate spirit of freedom, or the truth and freshness of its intrinsic character. A planted elm of fifty years, which stands in the midst of a smooth lawn before yonder mansion—its long graceful branches towering upwards like an antique classical vase, and then sweeping to the

ground with a curve as beautiful as the falling spray of a fountain, has all the freedom of character of its best prototypes in the wild woods, with a refinement and a perfection of symmetry which it would be next to impossible to find in a wild tree. Let us take it then as the type of all true art in landscape gardening—which selects from natural materials that abound in any country, its best sylvan features, and by giving them a better opportunity than they could otherwise obtain, brings about a higher beauty of development and a more perfect expression than nature herself offers. Study landscape in nature more, and the gardens and their catalogues less—is our advice to the rising generation of planters, who wish to embellish their places in the best and purest taste. —*Rural Essays.*

DRAKE, JOSEPH RODMAN, an American poet, born at New York in 1795, died there in 1820. He studied medicine; but in his twenty-first year he married the daughter of a wealthy ship-builder, which obviated the necessity of practicing his profession. He early formed an intimate personal and literary friendship with Fitz-Greene Halleck and James Fenimore Cooper. In 1818 he traveled in Europe; and upon his return in the following year, he began in conjunction with Halleck the writing of the poetical "Croaker" papers, which appeared in the newspapers. He died of consumption at the age of twenty-five. His longest poem, *The Culprit Fay*, was written—it is said in three days—before he had reached the age of twenty-one; and his stirring lines on *The American Flag*, written in 1819, was one of the "Croaker" papers.

THE GATHERING OF THE FAIRIES.

'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night;
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
Naught is seen in the vault on high
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,

And the flood which rolls its milky hue—
A river of light on the welkin blue.
The moon looks down on old Cro'nest ;
She mellows the shades on his craggy breast ;
And seems his huge gray form to throw,
In a silver cone on the waves below.
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut-bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark,
Like starry twinkles that momently break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempests rack.

The stars are on the moving stream,
 And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnished length of wavy beam
 In an eel-like, spiral line below ;
The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
 The bat in the shelvy rock is hid,
And nought is heard on the lonely hill
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
 Of the gauze-winged katydid,
And the plaint of the wailing whippoorwill,
 Who mourns unseen, and ceaseless sings
Ever a note of wail and woe,
 Till the morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell :—
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well :
He has counted them all with click and stroke,
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak ;
And he has awakened the sentry Elve
 Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
 And call the Fays to their revelry :—
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell—
'Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell—
" Midnight comes, and all is well !
Hither, hither wing your way !
'Tis the dawn of the fairy day ! "

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullein's velvet screen ;

Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum-birds downy nest—
They had driven him out by elfin power—
And pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charmèd hour;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
And some had opened the four-o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above—below—on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed
In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride.

They come not now to print the lea
In freak and dance around the tree,
Or at the mushroom board to sup,
And drink the dew from the buttercup:—
A scene of sorrow waits them now,
For an Ouphe has broken his vestal vow;
He has loved an earthly maid,
And left for her his woodland shade;
He has lain upon her lip of dew,
And sunned him in her eyes of blue,
Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
Played in the ringlets of her hair,
And nestling on her snowy breast,
Forgot the Lily-King's behest.—
For this the shadowy tribes of air
To the Elfin Court must haste away!—
And now they stand expectant there,
To hear the doom of the Culprit Fay.

The throne was reared upon the grass,
Of spice-wood and of sassafras;
On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
Hung the burnished canopy,
And o'er it gorgeous curtains fell
Of the tulip's crimson drapery.
The Monarch sat on his judgment-seat,

On his brow the crown imperial shone
The prisoner Fay was at his feet.
And his Peers were ranged around the throne.
—*The Culprit Fay.*

ODE TO FORTUNE.

Fair lady with the bandaged eye!
I'll pardon all thy scurvy tricks;
So thou wilt *cut* me, and deny
Alike thy kisses and thy kicks.
I'm quite contented as I am;
Have cash to keep my duns at bay,
Can choose between beefsteaks and ham,
And drink Madeira every day.

My station is the middle rank;
My fortune just a competence—
Ten thousand in the Franklin Bank,
And twenty in the six-per-cents.
No amorous chains my heart enthrall;
I neither borrow, lend, nor sell;
Fearless I roam the City Hall,
And bite my thumbs at Sheriff Bell.

The horse that twice a year I ride,
At Mother Dawson's eats his fill;
My books at Goodrich's abide.
My country-seat is Weehawk Hill;
My morning lounge is Eastburn's shop,
At Poppleton's I take my lunch;
Niblo prepares my mutton-chop,
And Jennings makes my whiskey-punch.

When merry, I the hours amuse
By squibbing Bucktails, Bucks and Balls:
And when I'm troubled with the blues,
Damn Clinton and abuse canals.—
Then, Fortune, since I ask no prize,
At least preserve me from thy frown;
The man who don't attempt to rise
'Twere cruelty to tumble down.
—*The Croakers.*

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom from her mountain height
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the Stars of glory there.
She mingled with it gorgeous dyes
  The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her Eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic Monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven,
  When stride the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven;—
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given
  To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
  The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on—
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet—
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall—
There shall thy meteor-glances glow,
  And cowering foes shall shrink beneath

Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy Stars shall glitter o'er the brave:
When Death careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy Stars have lit the welkin dome.
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard-sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

DRAKE, Samuel Adams, a son of S. G. Drake, born in Massachusetts, in 1833, is the author of various interesting works; among them *Old Landmarks and Historic Fields of Middlesex* (1874), *Bunker Hill*, the story told in letters by British officers engaged in the battle (1875), *Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston* (1876), *Captain Nelson: a Romance of Colonial Days* (1879), *Around the Hub*, a book for boys, and *The Heart of the White Mountains* (1881), *New England Legends and Folk Lore* (1883), *Indian History for Young Folks* (1884), and *The Making of New England* (1886).

Drake, Francis Samuel, also a son of S. G. Drake, born in 1828, died in 1885, was the author of a *Dictionary of American Biography* (1872).

A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

There is a fine cataract on the Ellis, known as Goodrich Falls. This is a mile and a half out of the village, where the Conway road passes the Ellis by a bridge; and being directly upon the high-road, is one of the best known. The river here suddenly pours its whole volume over a precipice eighty feet high, making the earth tremble with the shock. I made my way down the steep bank to the bed of the river below the fall, from which I saw, first, the curling wave—large, regular, and glassy—of the dam, then three wild and foaming pitches of broken water, with detached cascades, gushing out from the rocks at the right—all falling heavily into the eddying pool below. Where the water was not white, or filliped into fine spray, it was the color of pale sherry, and opaque, gradually changing to amber gold as the light penetrated it and the descending sheet of the fall grew thinner. The full tide of the river showed the fall to the best possible advantage. But Spring is the season of cascades—the only season when one is sure of seeing them at all. One gets strongly attached to such a stream as the Ellis. If it has been his only comrade for weeks, as it has been mine, the liking grows stronger every day—the sense of companionship is full and complete: the river is so voluble, so vivacious, so full of noisy chatter. If you are dull, it rouses and lifts you out of yourself: if gay, it is as gay as you. Besides, there is the paradox that, notwithstanding you may be going in different directions, it never leaves you for a single moment. One talks as it runs. One listens as he walks. A secret, an indefinable sympathy springs up. You are no longer alone.

Among other stories that the river told me was the following: Once, while on their way to Canada through these mountains, a war-party of Indians, fresh from a successful foray on the seacoast, halted with their prisoners on the banks of a stream whose waters stopped their way. For weeks these miserable captives had toiled through trackless forests, through swollen and angry tor-

rents, sometimes climbing mountains on their hands and knees—they were so steep—and at night stretching their aching limbs on the cold ground, with no other roof than the heavens. The captives were a mother, with her new-born babe, scarcely fourteen days old, her boy of six, her two daughters of fourteen and sixteen years, and her maid. Two of her little flock were missing. One little prattler was playing at her knee, and another in the orchard, when thirteen red devils burst in the door of their happy home. Two cruel strokes of the axe stretched them lifeless in their blood before her frenzied eyes. One was killed to intimidate, the other was dispatched because he was afraid, and cried out to his mother. There was no time for tears—none even for a parting kiss. Think of that, mothers of the nineteenth century! The tragedy finished, the hapless survivors were hurried from the house into the woods. There was no resistanee. The blow fell like a stroke of lightning from a clear sky.

This mother, whose eyes never left the embroidered belt of the chief where the scalps of her murdered babes hung; this mother, who had tasted the agony of death from hour to hour, and whose incomparable courage not only supported her own weak frame, but had so far miraculously preserved the lives of her little ones, now stood shivering on the shores of the swollen torrent with her babe in her arms, and holding her little boy by the hand. In rags, bleeding, and almost famished, her misery should have melted a heart of stone. But she well knew the mercy of her masters. When fainting, they had goaded her on with blows, or, making a gesture as if to snatch her little one from her arms, significantly grasped their tomahawks. Hope was gone; but the mother's instinct was not yet extinguished in that heroic breast. But at that moment of sorrow and despair, what was her amazement to hear the Indians accost her daughter Sarah, and command her to sing them a song. What mysterious chord had the wild flowing river touched in those savage breasts? The girl prepared to obey, and the

Indians to listen. In the heart of these vast solitudes, which never before echoed to a human voice, the heroic English maiden chanted to the plaintive refrain of the river the sublime words of the Psalmist:

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.
We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.
For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth."

As she sung, the poor girl's voice trembled and her eyes filled, but she never once looked toward her mother. When the last notes of the singer's voice died away, the bloodiest devil, he who had murdered the children, took the babe gently from the mother without a word, another lifted her burden to his own shoulder; another, the little boy; when the whole company entered the river. Gentlemen, metaphysicians, explain that scene, if you please: it is no romance.—*The Heart of the White Mountains.*

DRAKE, SAMUEL GARDNER, an American author born at Pittsfield, N. H., in 1798, died in 1875. He was educated in the common schools of Pittsfield, and was for some years a teacher. Becoming interested in antiquarian research, he removed to Boston and established the first antiquarian book-store in the United States. In 1832 he published *Indian Biography*, and in 1833 the *Book of the Indians; or History and Biography of the Indians of North America*, an important work. Among his other works are *Old Indian Chronicles* (1836), *Indian Captivities* (1839), *Tragedies of the Wilderness* (1841), *Memoir of Sir Walter Raleigh* (1862), a new series of *Old Indian Chronicles* (1867), *Annals of Witchcraft in the United States* (1869), and a *History of the Five Years' French and Indian War* (1870). Mr. Drake was one of the founders of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, and for many years editor of its *Register*.

THE FRONTIERS IN WAR.

Always when war existed between England and France, nothing was expected by the North American colonists but that their frontiers were to be a scene of blood, and those who contemplate the circumstances of the settlers at this distance of time, will, without much reflection, wonder that people could be found who would thrust themselves several miles into the wilderness, and take up an abode, knowing the perils to which a war exposed them. To understand this state of things we have only to reflect that almost the whole population were poor, and, as families increased, the young men must provide for themselves and their families. Their means would not allow them to purchase land already taken up, and thus settle down with those previously located, and of course in more security. Hence, young men from old families, and others from abroad, in times of peace located themselves often far in advance of earlier settlers. In such situations these found themselves on the breaking out of war. . . . It must be borne in mind that in those days this people was nearly cut off from a knowledge of the politics of their time ; that their means of knowing what was passing in European courts, and even but a few miles distant, and in their own country, were not only extremely scanty, but such as they did receive was very dubious and uncertain ; and hence they often knew nothing of war until a deadly blow was struck in their very midst. . . . The war which began in 1744 took the frontiers by surprise, although such an event had not only been feared by the officers of the colonial governments, but was anticipated, yet with a faint hope it might be averted by the negotiations then going on between the agents of George II., and those of Louis XV., the occupants of the respective thrones of England and France. The French monarch was encouraged by that of Spain, Philip V., who had been feebly fighting England for about five years. The Spanish war did not, however, immediately affect New England, and General Oglethorpe was successfully

opposing the aggressions of Spain at the south. Thus stood the political atmosphere, when suddenly proceeded from Versailles the formal declaration of war by France against England. This was done on March 15, 1744, and on the 29th of the same month England accepted the challenge, declaring war against France in return.

It was about two months before the news of the declaration of war reached New England, while the French and Indians of Canada had the intelligence nearly a month earlier, and immediately commenced the work of destruction. Governor Shirley was alive to the condition of things, and at once raised five hundred men to be stationed at points where attacks were expected; three hundred of them were for the service on the eastern border, and the other two hundred for the upper valley of the Connecticut river. There had arrived in Boston harbor, some time before the news of the declaration of war, most opportunely it is certain, twenty cannon of forty-two pound caliber, and two thirteen-inch mortars, which had been forwarded by the home government for Castle William. All necessary equipments came with them, as mortar-beds, carriages, shells, shot, etc. The ships in which they came arrived on the last day of the year 1743 and the war materials were landed on Long Wharf, and thence in sloops taken to the castle, the last on Jan. 21, 1744. Soon after the news that war had been declared was received, the General Court of Massachusetts ordered a line of forts to be constructed, to extend from the Connecticut River to the boundary of New York, and ninety-six barrels of powder were sent to supply the inhabitants. This was not a gift, but was dealt out to them at cost.

Few of the people of New England knew anything about the frontier of Canada, while every point of the border of New England was well known to the Indians. Many of these had constantly traded with the English at their houses, and consequently knew minutely their situation, and hence became sure guides to the French in their expeditions. Indeed, some of the Indians

had lived in the immediate vicinity of many of the towns, and the people had become so accustomed to them, that they looked upon them as friends, and flattered themselves with the hope that in the event of another war, they would be friends, and side with them rather than with their enemies. But no sooner was it known to them that war had been resolved upon, than all these Indians withdrew to Canada, and at all times acted as guides to the French soldiers. . . . It is easy to discern how deplorable was the condition of the scattered settlers thus circumstanced. It was likewise easy to discern that so long as the French were masters of Canada, a liability of war between France and England would always exist. To live in a continual state of suspense in times of peace, and fear of the tomahawk and scalping-knife in times of war, could only be endured in the hope that the time would come when they could triumph over their enemies. This could only be expected by the reduction of Canada.

The conquest of Canada had long been contemplated, and several times attempted, but hitherto those attempts had all proved abortive; another war had commenced, and with prospects not at all improved. Nothing remained for New England but to make the best defence it could, and this under the certain prospect of a bloody conflict.—*History of the French and Indian War.*

DRAPER, HENRY, son of John William, born in 1837, died in 1882. He was educated in the public schools and the University of New York, from the medical department of which he graduated in 1858. Having served for a year on the medical staff of Bellevue Hospital, he became Professor of Physiology in the University of the City of New York, and in 1866 in the medical department of that institution. While young he turned his attention to microscopical photography. He was the first to obtain a photograph of the lines in the spectra of fixed stars. In

1874 he was superintendent of the commission created to observe the transit of Venus. In 1878 he again went to the Rocky Mountains, to photograph an eclipse of the sun. He published in a paper entitled *Discovery of Oxygen in the Sun*, *A New Theory of the Solar Spectrum*, and *Delusions in Medicine*.

OXYGEN IN THE SUN.

If it be conceded that there are bright lines in the spectrum of the solar disk, which seems to be the opinion of several physicists, and especially Lockyer, Cornu, and Hennessy, the question of their origin naturally attracts attention. It seems that there is a great probability, from general chemical reasons, that a number of the non-metals may exist in the Sun. The obvious continuation of this research is in that direction. But the subject is surrounded by exceedingly great obstacles, arising principally from the difficulty of matching the conditions as to temperature, pressure, etc., found in the Sun. Any one who has studied nitrogen, sulphur, or carbon, and has observed the manner in which the spectrum changes by variations of heat and pressure, will realize that it is well-nigh impossible to hit upon the exact conditions under which such bodies exist at the level of the photosphere. The fact that oxygen, within a certain range of variation, suffers less change than others of the non-metals has been the secret of its detection in the Sun. It appears to have a great stability of constitution, though Schuster has shown that its spectrum may be made to vary. . . . On the whole, it does not seem improper for me to take the ground that, having shown by photographs that the bright lines of the oxygen-spark spectrum all fall opposite bright portions of the solar spectrum, I have established the probability of the existence of oxygen in the Sun. Causes that can modify in some measure the character of the bright bands of the solar spectrum obviously exist in the Sun, and these, it may be inferred, exert influence

enough to account for such minor differences as may be detected.—*The Solar Spectrum.*

TALISMANS, AMULETS, AND CHARMS.

Talismans were natural objects, generally imagined to be marked like the signs of the planets or zodiac, but sometimes they were precious stones. They are confounded to a certain extent with amulets, which Arabic word signifies anything suspended. Charms, on the other hand, from the Latin *carmen*, a song, refer to written spells, collections of words often without sense, like the famous "Abracadabra." In the time of the Crusades, as so interestingly narrated by Scott in the *Talisman*, faith in the virtue of precious stones was universal, and to each was attributed special properties. The heliotrope, or blood-stone, now worn in seal rings so much, "stancheth blood, driveth away poisons, preserveth health; yea, and some write that it provoketh raine and darkeneth the sunne, suffering not him that beareth it to be abused. A topaze healeth the lunaticke person of his passion of lunacie. The garnet assisteth sorrow, and recreates the heart; the chrysolite is the friend of wisdom and enemy of folly. The great quack, Dr. Dee, had a lump of cannel-coal that could predict." In the fancied resemblances found among talismans none are more extraordinary than those associated with color. Because Avicenna had said that red corpuscles moved the blood, red colors must be employed in diseases of that fluid: and even in 1765 the Emperor Francis I. was wrapped up in scarlet cloth to cure the small-pox, and so died. Flannel dyed nine times in blue was good for scrofula. Among amulets that of Pope Adrian was curious: it consisted of dried toad, arsenic, tormentil, pearl, coral, hyacinth, smaragd, and tragacanth, and was hung round the neck, and never removed. The arsenic amulets worn during the plague in London were active on the principle that one poison would prevent the entry of another. Ashmole's cure for ague was to take, early in the morning, a good dose of elixir, and hang

three spiders round his neck, "which drove it away, God be thanked." . . . Necklaces and bracelets were originally not articles of ornament, but real amulets; those found on Egyptian mummies are carved with characters relating to the future of the body, the scarabæus, or tumble-bug, typifying symbolically by his performances the resurrection.—*Delusions of Medicine.*

DRAPER, JOHN WILLIAM, an American author, born near Liverpool, England, in 1811, died near New York in 1882. He received his early education in a Wesleyan school, studied natural science and the higher mathematics under private teachers, and then went to the University of London to study chemistry and medicine. In 1833 he came to the United States—most of his family having preceded him—and entered the University of Pennsylvania, where he graduated in 1836. He was soon appointed to the chair of Chemistry and Physiology in Hampden Sidney College, Va., in 1839, to that of Chemistry and Natural History in the University of the City of New York, and in 1841 became Professor of Chemistry in the University Medical College. He was afterwards President of the scientific and medical department of the University. He was a contributor to the London and Edinburgh *Philosophical Journals*, and to the *American Journal of Science and Arts*. Among his works are a *Treatise on the Forces which produce the Organization of Plants* (1844), a *Text-Book on Chemistry* (1846), *Human Physiology, Statistical and Dynamic* (1856), *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe* (1862), *Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America* (1865), *History of the American Civil War* (1867–1870), and a *History of the Conflict between Religion and Science* (1874).

THE DECLINE OF THE GREEK MYTHOLOGY.

Whenever man reaches a certain point in his mental progress he will not be satisfied with less than an application of existing rules to ancient events. Experience has taught him that the course of the world to-day is the same as it was yesterday; he unhesitatingly believes that this will also hold good for to-morrow. He will not bear to contemplate any break in the mechanism of history; he will not be satisfied with a mere uninquiring faith, but insists upon having the same voucher for an old fact that he requires for one that is new. Before the face of History Mythology cannot stand. The operation of this principle is seen in all directions throughout Greek literature after 670 B.C., and this the more strikingly as the time is later. The national intellect became more and more ashamed of the fables it had believed in its infancy. Of the legends, some are allegorized, some are modified, some are repudiated. The great tragedians accept the myths in the aggregate, but decline them in particulars; some of the poets transform or allegorize them; some use them ornamentally, as graceful decorations. It is evident that between the educated and the vulgar classes a divergence is taking place, and that the best men of the times see the necessity of either totally abandoning these cherished fictions to the lower orders, or of gradually replacing them with something more suitable. Such a frittering away of sacred things was, however, very far from meeting with public approbation in Athens itself, although so many people in that city had reached that state of mental development in which it was impossible for them to continue to accept the national faith. They tried to force themselves to believe that there must be something true in that which had been believed by so many great and pious men of old, which had approved itself by lasting so many centuries, and of which it was by the common people asserted that absolute demonstration could be given. But it was in vain; intellect had outgrown faith. They had come into that condition to which all men are liable—aware

of the fallacy of their opinions, yet angry that another should remind them thereof. When the social state no longer permitted them to take the life of a philosophical offender, they found means to put upon him such an invisible pressure as to present him the choice of orthodoxy or beggary. Thus they disapproved of Euripides permitting his characters to indulge in any skeptical reflections, and discountenanced the impiety so obvious in the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus. It was by appealing to this sentiment that Aristophanes added no little to the excitement against Socrates. Those who are doubting themselves are often loudest in public denunciations of a similar state in others.

If thus the poets, submitting to common sense, had so rapidly fallen away from the national belief, the philosophers pursued the same course. It soon became the universal impression that there was an intrinsic opposition between philosophy and religion, and herein public opinion was not mistaken; the fact that polytheism furnished a religious explanation for every natural event made it essentially antagonistic to science. It was the uncontrollable advancement of knowledge that overthrew the Greek religion. Socrates himself never hesitated to denounce physics for that tendency, and the Athenians extended his principles to his own pursuits; their strong common sense telling them that the philosophical cultivation of ethics must be equally bad. He was not loyal to science, but sought to support his own views by exciting a theological odium against his competitors—a crime that educated men ought never to forgive. In the tragedy that ensued the Athenians only paid him in his own coin. The immoralities imputed to the gods were doubtless strongly calculated to draw the attention of reflecting men; but the essential nature of the pursuit in which the Ionian and Italian schools were engaged bore directly on the doctrine of a providential government of the world. It not only turned into a fiction the time-honored dogma of the omnipresence of the Olympian divinities—it even

struck at their very existence, by leaving them nothing to do. For those personifications it introduced impersonal Nature or the Elements. Instead of uniting scientific interpretations to ancient traditions, it modified and moulded the old traditions to suit the apparent requirements of science. We shall subsequently see what was the necessary issue of this, that the Divinity became excluded from the world he had made; the supernatural merged in natural agency; Zeus was superseded by the air, Poseidon by the water; and, while some of the philosophers received in silence the philosophical legends, as was the case with Socrates, or, like Plato, regarded it as a patriotic duty to accept the public faith, others, like Xenophanes, denounced the whole as an ancient blunder, converted by time into a national imposture. . . .

As it was with philosophers, so it was with historians; the rise of true history brought the same result as the rise of true philosophy. In this instance there was added a special circumstance which gave to the movement no little force. Whatever might be the feigned facts of the Grecian foretime, they were altogether outdone in antiquity and wonder by the actual history of Egypt. What was a pious man like Herodotus to think when he found that, at the very period he had supposed a superhuman state of things in his native country, the ordinary passage of affairs was taking place on the banks of the Nile? And so indeed it had been for untold ages. To every one engaged in recording recent events, it must have been obvious that a chronology applied where the actors are superhuman is altogether without basis, and that it is a delusion to transfer the motives and thoughts of men to those who are not men. Under such circumstances there is a strong inducement to decline traditions altogether; for no philosophical mind will ever be satisfied with different tests for the present and the past, but will insist that actions and their sequences were the same in the foretime as now.

Thus for many ages stood affairs. One after

another, historians, philosophers, critics, poets, had given up the national faith, and lived under a pressure perpetually laid upon them by the public; adopting generally, as their most convenient course, an outward compliance with the religious requirements of the state. Herodotus cannot reconcile the inconsistencies of the Trojan War with his knowledge of human actions; Thucydides does not dare to express his disbelief of it; Eratosthenes sees contradictions between the voyage of Odysseus and the truths of geography; Anaxagoras is condemned to death for impiety, and only through the exertions of the chief of state is his sentence mercifully commuted to banishment. Plato, seeing things from a very general point of view, thinks it expedient, upon the whole, to prohibit the cultivation of the higher branches of physics. Euripides tries to free himself from the imputation of heresy as best he may. Æschylus is condemned to be stoned to death for blasphemy, and is only saved by his brother Aminias raising his mutilated arm—he had lost his hand in the battle of Salamis. Socrates stands his trial, and has to drink hemlock. Even great statesmen like Pericles had become entangled in these obnoxious opinions. No one has anything to say in explanation of the marvelous disappearance of demigods and heroes; why miracles are ended, or why human actions alone are now to be seen in the world. An ignorant public demands the instant punishment of every suspected man. In their estimation, to distrust the traditions of the past is to be guilty of treason to the present.—*Intellectual Development of Europe.*

DRAYTON, MICHAEL, an English poet, born in 1563, died in 1631. Of his personal history little is recorded, except that he is said to have had a University training (according to some at Cambridge, according to others at Oxford); that he found powerful patrons, and that he was made Poet Laureat in 1626. His poetical works, as printed collectively in 1752, make four volumes. The

longest of these, *The Poly-Olbion*, containing some 30,000 lines, consists of thirty "songs," the first eighteen of them being first published in 1613, the remainder in 1632. It is, as he says, "A chorographical description of all the tracts, rivers, mountains, forests, and other parts of this renowned Isle of Great Britain; with intermixture of the most remarkable stories, antiquities, wonders, etc., of the same."

ROBIN HOOD IN SHERWOOD FOREST.

The merry pranks he played, would ask an age to
 tell,
And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befel,
When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath been
 laid, [betrayed ;
How he hath cozened them, that him would have
How often he hath come to Nottingham disguised,
And cunningly escaped, being set to be surprised.
In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one,
But he hath heard some talk of him and Little
 John ; [done,
And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be
Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the mil-
 ler's son,
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon
 made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their
 trade.
An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin
 Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right
 good,
All clad in Lincoln Green, with caps of red and
 blue,
His fellow's winded horn not one of them but
 knew,
When setting to their lips their little bugles shrill
The warbling echoes waked from every dale and
 hill :
Their baldricks set with studs, athwart their
 shoulders cast,
To which under their arms their sheafs were
 buckled fast,
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a
 span—
Who struck below the knee, not counted then a
 man :

All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong,
They not an arrow drew but was a cloth-yard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad-arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft,
At marks full forty score, they used to prick and rove,
Yet higher than the breast, for compass never strove ;
Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly win :
At long-butts, short, and hoyles, each one could cleave the pin,
Their arrows finely paired, for timber, and for feather,
With birch and brazil pieced, to fly in any weather:
And shot they with the round, the square, or forked pile,
The loose gave such a twang, as might be heard a mile.
And of these archers brave, there was not any one
But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,
Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood,
Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food.
Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree.
From wealthy abbots' chests, and churls' abundant store,
What oftentimes he took, he shared amongst the poor :
No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,
To him before he went, but for his pass must pay:
The widow in distress he graciously relieved,
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin grieved :
He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,
Was ever constant known, which wheresoe'er she came,
Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game :
Her clothes tucked to the knee, and dainty braided hair,
With bow and quiver armed, she wandered here and there
Amongst the forests wild : Diana never knew
Such pleasures, nor such harts as Mariana slew.
—*Poly-Olbion*, Song XXVIII.

The spirited ballad, *The Battle of Agincourt*, contains fifteen stanzas in all:

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

I.

Fair stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kause, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry;

II.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marched towards Agincourt
In happy hours;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
With all his powers,

III.

Which, in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the King sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet, with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

IV.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then.
"Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed;
Yet have we well begun;
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

V.

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be;

England, ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me;
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain:
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me."

VIII.

They now to fight are gone;
Armor on armor shone;
Drum now to drum did groan;
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

IX.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham!
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm, suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses.

X.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like serpents stung,
Piercing the weather:
None from his fellow starts,
But, playing manly parts,
Stuck close together.

XI.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilboes drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy:
Arms were from shoulder sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,
Our men were hardy.

XV.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,

Which fame did not delay
To England to carry.—
Oh, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen;
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

A PARTING.

Since there 's no help, come let us kiss and part:
Nay, I have done; you get no more of me;
And I am glad—yea, glad with all my heart—
That thus so clearly I myself can free.
Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows;
And, when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies;
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes.—
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou mightst him yet recover.

THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.

Her chariot ready straight is made;
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stayed,
For nought must be her letting;
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamer,
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colors did excell;
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning;
The seat the soft wood of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a pied butterflee;
I trow 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nonce;
For fear of rattling on the stones
  With thistle-down they shod it;
For all her maidens much did fear
If Oberon had chanced to hear
That Mab his queen should have been there,
  He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice
Until her maids, that were so nice,
  To wait on her were fitted;
But ran herself away alone;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
  As she had been diswitted.

Hop and Mop, and Drab so clear,
Pip and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their sovereign so dear,
  Her special maids of honor;
Fib and Tib, and Pink and Pin,
Tick and Quick, and Jill and Jin,
Tit and Nit, and Wap and Win,
  The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And, what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
  But after her they hie them:
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow;
Themselves they wisely could bestow
  Lest any should espy them.

DRENNAN, WILLIAM, an Irish physician and poet, born in 1754, died in 1820. He was a prominent writer among the United Irishmen." Among his political writings are a letter to Earl Fitzwilliam, and to William Pitt, published near the close of the last century. In 1815 he put forth *Glendalloch and other Poems.* In one of these the appel-

lation of "The Emerald Isle" was first given to Ireland.

ERIN.

When Erin fresh rose from the dark swelling flood
God blessed the dear Island, and said it was good;
The Emerald of Europe, it sparkled and shone
In the ring of the world the most precious stone
In her sun, in her soil, in her station, thrice blest
With her back towards Britain, her face to the West,
Erin stands proudly insular, on her steep shore,
And strikes her high harp 'mid the ocean's deep roar.

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to weep,
The dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the deep;
At the thoughts of the past, the tears gush from her eyes, [rise.
And the pulse of her heart makes her white bosom
O sons of green Erin! lament o'er the time
When Religion was war, and our Country a crime;
When man in God's image inverted his plan,
And moulded his God in the image of man;

When the interest of State wrought the general woe,
The Stranger a friend and the Native a foe;
While the mother rejoiced o'er her children oppressed,
And clasped the invader more close to her breast;
When with pale for the body, and pale for the soul, [whole;
Church and State joined in compact to conquer the
And as Shannon was stained with Milesian blood,
Eyed each other askance, and pronounced it was good.

By the groans that ascend from your forefathers' grave, [slave,
For their country thus left to the brute and the
Drive the Demon of Bigotry home to his den,

And where Britain made brutes now let Erin
make men. [unite—
Let my sons like the leaves of the shamrock
A partition of sects from one footstalk of right;
Give each his full share of the earth and the sky,
Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would die.

Alas for poor Erin! that some are still seen
Who would dye the grass red from their hatred to
green; [them live,
Yet oh! when you 're up and they 're down, let
Then yield them that mercy which they would
not give.
Arm of Erin, be strong! but be gentle as brave!
And uplifted to strike, be still ready to save?
Let no feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause of, or men of, The Emerald Isle.

The cause it is good, and the men they are true,
And the Green shall outlive both the Orange and
Blue! [skare,
And the triumph of Erin her daughters shall
With the full swelling-chest and the fair-flowing
hair. [brave,
Their bosom heaves high for the worthy and
But no coward shall rest in that soft-flowing
wave.
Men of Erin! arise and make haste to be blest;
Rise—Arch of the Ocean, and Queen of the West!

DRUMMOND, HENRY, an English philosopher born about 1840. "For several years," he says, "it has been my privilege to address regularly two very different audiences on two very different themes. On week days I have lectured to a class of students on the Natural Sciences, and on Sundays to an audience, consisting for the most part of workingmen, on subjects of a moral and religious character. For a time I succeeded in keeping the Science and the Religion shut off from one another in two separate compartments of my mind. But gradually the wall of separation showed symptoms of giving way. The

two fountains of knowledge also slowly began to overflow, and finally their waters met and mingled ; and I found the truth running out to my audience on Sundays by the weekday outlets. In other words, the subject-matter Religion had taken on the method of expression of Science, and I discovered myself enunciating Spiritual Law in the exact terms of Biology and Physics." The result of these studies is summed up in *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* (1883).

NATURAL LAW.

Natural Law is a new word. It is the last and the most magnificent discovery of science. No more telling proof is open to the modern world of science of the greatness of the idea than the grandness of the attempts which have always been made to justify it. In the earlier centuries, before the birth of science, Phenomena were studied alone. The world was then a chaos, a collection of single, isolated, and independent facts. Deeper thinkers saw, indeed, that relations must exist between these facts, but the Reign of Law was never more to the ancients than a far-off vision. With Copernicus, Galileo, and Kepler the first regular lines of the universe began to be discovered. When Nature yielded to Newton her great secret, Gravitation was felt to be not greater as a fact in itself than as a revelation that Law was fact. And thenceforth the search for individual Phenomena gave way before the larger study of their relations. The pursuit of Law became the passion of science. . . . The fundamental conception of Law is an ascertained working sequence, or constant order among the Phenomena of Nature. In its true sense Natural Law predicates nothing of its causes. The Laws of Nature are simply statements of the orderly condition of things in Nature—what is found in Nature by a sufficient number of competent observers. . . .

The Natural Laws, then, are great lines running

not only through the world, but, as we now know, through the universe, reducing it, like parallels of latitude, to intelligent order. In themselves they may have no more absolute existence than parallels of latitude. But they exist for us. They are drawn for us to understand the part by some Hand that drew the whole; so drawn, perhaps, that, understanding the part, we too in time may learn to understand the whole. Now the inquiry which we propose to ourselves resolves itself into the simple question: Do these lines stop with what we call the Natural sphere? Is it not possible that they may lead further? Is it probable that the Hand which ruled them gave up the work where most of all they were required? Did that Hand divide the world into two, a cosmos and a chaos—the higher being the chaos? With Nature as the symbol of all harmony and beauty that is known to man, must we still talk of the supernatural, not as a convenient word, but as a different order of world—an unintelligible world, where the Reign of Mystery supersedes the Reign of Law?—*Natural Law*, Introduction.

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

Let us place vividly in our imagination the picture of the two great Kingdoms of Nature—the Inorganic and the Organic—as these now stand in the light of the Law of Biogenesis. What essentially is involved in saying that there is no Spontaneous Generation of Life? It is meant that the passage from the Mineral world to the Plant or Animal world is hermetically sealed on the mineral side. This Inorganic world is staked off from the Living world by barriers which have never yet been crossed from within. No change of substance, no modification of environment, no chemistry, no electricity, nor any form of energy, nor any evolution, can endow any single atom of the mineral world with the attribute of Life. Only by the bending down into this dead world of some living form can these dead atoms be gifted with the properties of vitality; without this prelimi-

nary contact with Life they remain fixed in the inorganic sphere forever.

It is a very mysterious Law which guards in this way the portals of the living world. And if there is one thing in Nature more worth pondering for its strangeness, it is the spectacle of this vast helpless world of the dead cut off from the living by the Law of Biogenesis, and denied forever the possibility of resurrection within itself. The physicial Laws may explain the inorganic world: the biological Laws may account for the development of the organic. But of the point where they meet—of that strange border-land between the dead and the living—Science is silent. It is as if God had placed everything in earth and heaven in the hands of Nature, but reserved a point at the genesis of Life for His direct appearing.—*Natural Law*, Chap. I.

ANALOGY BETWEEN THE NATURAL AND THE SPIRITUAL.

Where now in the Spiritual spheres shall we meet a companion phenomena to this? What in the Unseen shall be likened to this deep dividing-line? or where in human experience is another barrier which never can be crossed? There is such a barrier. In the dim but not inadequate vision of the Spiritual World presented in the Word of God, the first thing that strikes the eye is a great gulf fixed. The passage from the Natural World to the Spiritual World is hermetically sealed on the natural side. The door from the inorganic to the organic is shut: no mineral can open it. So the door from the natural to the spiritual is shut: and no man can open it. This world of natural men is staked off from the Spiritual World by barriers which have never been crossed from within. No organic change, no modification of environment, no mental energy, no moral effort, no evolution of character, no progress of civilization can endow any single human soul with the attribute of Spiritual Life. The Spiritual World is guarded from the world next in order beneath it by a law of Biogenesis: "Except a

man be born again. . . . except a man be born of the water and of the Spirit, he can not enter the Kingdom of God." . . . .

What is the evidence for this great gulf fixed at the portals of the Spiritual World? Does Science close this gate, or Reason, or Experience, or Revelation? We reply, All four. The initial statement, it is not to be denied, reaches us from Revelation. But is not this evidence here in court? Or shall it be said that any argument deduced from this is a transparent circle—that, after all, we simply come back to the unsubstantiality of the *ipse dixit?* Not altogether; for the analogy lends an altogether new authority to the *ipse dixit.* How substantial that argument really is, is seldom realized. We yield the point here much too easily. The right of the Spiritual World to speak of its own phenomena is as secure as the right of the Natural World to speak of itself. What is Science but what the Natural World has said to natural men? What is Revelation but what the Spiritual World has said to spiritual men?

The words of Scripture which preface this inquiry contain an explicit and original statement of the Law of Biogenesis for the Spiritual Life: "He that hath the Son hath Life, and he that hath not the Son hath not Life." Life, that is to say, depends upon contact with Life. It cannot spring up of itself. It cannot develop out of anything that is not Life. There is no Spontaneous Generation in Religion any more than in Nature. Christ is the source of Life in the Spiritual World; and he that hath the Son hath Life, and he that hath not the Son—whatever else he may have—hath not Life. Here, in short, is the categorical denial of *Abiogenesis*, and the establishment in this high field of the classical formula, *Omne vivum ex vivo* —no Life without antecedent Life. In this mystical theory of the Origin of Life the whole of the New Testament writers are agreed. And, as we have already seen, Christ himself founds Christianity upon Biogenesis, stated in its most literal form: "Except a man be born of water and the

Spirit he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit. Marvel not that I said unto you ye must be born again." Why did he add "Marvel not?" Did he seek to allay the fear in the bewildered ruler's mind that there was more in this novel doctrine than a simple analogy from the first to the second birth?—*Natural Law*, Chap. I.

CONFORMITY TO TYPE.

If the botanist be asked the difference between an oak, a palm-tree, and a lichen, he will declare that they are separated from one another by the broadest line known to classification. Without taking into account the outward differences of size and form, the variety of flower and fruit, the peculiarities of leaf and branch, he sees even in their general architecture types of structure as distinct as Norman, Gothic, and Egyptian. But if the first young germs of these three plants are placed before him, and he is called upon to define the difference, he finds it impossible. He cannot even say which is which. Examined under the highest powers of the microscope, they yield no clue. Analyzed by the chemist, with all the appliances of his laboratory, they keep their secret. The same experiment can be tried with the embryos of animals. Take the *ovule* of the worm, the eagle, the elephant, and of man himself. Let the most skilled observer apply the most searching tests to distinguish the one from the other, and he will fail. But there is something more surprising still. Compare the next two sets of germs—the vegetable and the animal—and there is no shade of difference. Oak and palm, worm and man, all start in life together. No matter into what strangely different forms they may afterwards develop—no matter whether they are to live on sea or land, creep or fly, swim or walk, think or vegetate—in the embryo, as it first meets the eye of Science, they are indistinguishable. The apple which fell in Newton's garden, New-

ton's dog Diamond, and Newton himself, began life at the same point.

If we analyze this material point at which all life starts, we shall find it to consist of a clear, structureless, jelly-like substance resembling albumen, or white of egg. It is made of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen : its name is *Protoplasm.* And it is not only the structural unit with which all living bodies start in life but with which they are subsequently built up. "Protoplasm," says Huxley, "simple or nucleated, is the formal basis of all life : it is the clay of the potter. . . . Beast and fowl, reptile and fish, mollusk, worm, and polype, are all composed of structural units of the same character—namely, masses of protoplasm with a nucleus."

What, then, determines the difference between different animals? What makes one little speck of protoplasm grow into Newton's dog Diamond, and another—exactly the same—into Newton himself? It is a mysterious Something which has entered into this protoplasm. No eye can see it; no science can define it. There is a different Something for Newton's dog, and a different Something for Newton ; so that though both use the same matter, they build up in these widely different ways. Protoplasm being the clay, this Something is the potter. And as there is only one clay, and yet all these curious forms are developed out of it, it follows that the difference lies in the potters. There must, in short, be as many potters as there are forms. There is the potter who segments the worm, and the potter who builds up the form of the dog, and the potter who moulds the man. To understand unmistakably that it is really the potter who does the work, let us follow for a moment a description of the process by a trained eye-witness. The observer is Mr. Huxley; through the tube of his microscope he is watching the development, out of a speck of protoplasm, of one of the commonest animals :

"Strange possibilities," he says in one of his *Lay Sermons*, "lie dormant in that semi-fluid globule. Let a moderate supply of warmth reach

its watery cradle, and the plastic matter undergoes changes so rapid, and yet so steady and purposelike in their succession, that one can only compare them to those operated by a skilled modeler upon a formless lump of clay. As with an invisible trowel the mass is divided and subdivided into smaller and smaller portions, until it is reduced to an aggregation of granules not too large to build withal the finest fragments of the nascent organism. And, then, it is as if a delicate finger traced out the line to be occupied by the spinal column, and moulded the contour of the body; pinching up the head at one end, the tail at the other, and fashioning flank and limb into due proportions in so artistic a way, that, after watching the process hour by hour, one is almost involuntarily possessed by the notion that some more subtle aid to vision than an achromatic would show the hidden artist, with his plan before him, striving with skilful manipulation to perfect his work."

Besides the fact, so luminously brought out here, that the artist is distinct from the semi-fluid globule of protoplasm in which he works, there is this other essential point to notice, that in all his "skilful manipulation" the artist is not working at random, but according to law. He has "his plan before him." In the zoölogical laboratory of Nature it is not as in a workshop where a skilled artisan can turn his hand to anything; where the same potter one day moulds a dog, the next a bird, and the next a man. In Nature one potter is set apart to make each. It is a more complete system of division of labor. One artist makes all the dogs, another makes all the birds, a third makes all the men. Moreover, each artist confines himself exclusively to working out his own plan. He appears to have his own plan somehow stamped upon himself, and his work is rigidly to reproduce himself.

The Scientific Law by which this takes place is the law of "Conformity to Type." It is contained, to a large extent, in the ordinary "Law of Inheritance;" or it may be considered as simply

another way of stating what Darwin calls "the Law of the Unity of Types." Darwin defines it thus: "By Unity of Type is meant that fundamental agreement in structure which we see in organic beings of the same class, and which is quite independent of their habits of life." According to this law every living thing which comes into this world is compelled to stamp upon its offspring the image of itself: The dog, according to its type, produces a dog; the bird, a bird. The artist who operates upon matter in this subtle way, and carries out this law, is *Life*. There are a great many different kinds of Life. If one might give the broader meaning to the words of the Apostle —"All life is not the same life. There is one kind of life of men, another life of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds"—there is the Life of the Artist, or the potter who segments the worm, the potter who forms the dog, the potter who moulds the man.

What goes on, then, in the animal kingdom is this: The Bird-life seizes upon the bird-germ, and builds it up into a bird, the image of itself. The Reptile-life siezes upon another germinal speck, assimilates surrounding matter, and fashions it into a reptile. The Reptile-life thus simply makes an incarnation of itself; the visible bird is simply an incarnation of the invisible Bird-life.

Now we are nearing the point where the spiritual analogy appears. It is a very wonderful analogy—so wonderful that one almost hesitates to put it into words. Yet Nature is reverent; and it is her voice to which we listen. These lower phenomena of life, she says, are but an allegory. There is another kind of Life of which Science as yet has taken little cognizance. It obeys the same laws. It builds up an organism into its own form. It is the Christ-life. As the Bird-life builds up a bird, the image of itself, so the Christ-life builds up a Christ, the image of Himself. When a man becomes a Christian, the natural process is this: The Living Christ enters into his soul. Development begins. The quickening Life seizes upon the soul, assimilates sur-

rounding elements, and begins to fashion it. According to the great Law of Conformity to Type this fashioning takes a specific form. It is that of the Artist who fashions. And all through Life this wonderful, mystical, glorious, yet perfectly definite process, goes on "until Christ be formed" in it.

The Christian Life is not a vague effort after righteousness—an ill-defined pointless struggle for an ill-defined pointless end. Religion is no disheveled mass of aspiration, prayer, and faith. There is no more mystery in Religion, as to its processes, than in Biology. There is much mystery in Biology. We know all but nothing of Life yet—nothing of Development. There is the same mystery in the Spiritual Life. But the great lines are the same—as decided, as luminous; and the laws of Natural and Spiritual are the same—as unerring, as simple. Will everything else in the natural world unfold its order, and yield to Science more and more a vision of harmony, and Religion—which should complement and perfect all—remain a chaos? From the standpoint of Revelation no truth is more obscure than Conformity to Type. If Science can furnish a companion phenomena from an every-day process of the natural life, it may at least throw this most mystical doctrine of Christianity into thinkable form. Is there any fallacy in speaking of the Embryology of the New Life? Is the analogy invalid? Are there not vital processes in the Spiritual as well as in the Natural world? The Bird being an incarnation of the Bird-life, may not the Christian be a spiritual incarnation of the Christ-life? And is there not a real justification in the processes of the New-Birth for such a parallel?—*Natural Law*, Chap. X.

DRUMMOND, WILLIAM, a Scottish poet, born in 1585, died in 1649. He is commonly designated as "Drummond of Hawthornden," from his ancestral estate near Edinburgh, where most of his life—except a resi-

dence of eight years on the Continent—was passed. He was a friend of Ben Jonson, and wrote *Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden, Jan.*, 1619. This work, though never intended for publication, has been sharply criticised. He wrote several historical works, but his fame rests mainly upon his poems. He was the earliest Scottish poet who wrote well in the English language. A good edition of his poems, with a Memoir by Peter Cunningham, appeared in 1833. His Life has also been written by David Mason (1873). Drummond's longest poem, *Forth Feasting*, is a panegyric upon King James I., upon occasion of his visiting his native Scotland in 1617.

THE FEASTING OF THE RIVER FORTH.

What blustering noise now interrupts my sleeps?
What echoing shouts thus cleave my crystal deeps,
And seem to call me from my watery court?
What melody, what sounds of joy and sport,
Are conveyed hither from each night-born spring?
With what loud murmurs do the mountains ring,
Which in unusual pomp on tiptoes stand,
And, full of wonder, overlook the land?
Whence come these glittering throngs, the meteors bright.
This golden people glancing in my sight?
Whence doth this praise, applause, and love arise?
What loadstar draweth us all eyes?
Am I awake, or have some dreams conspired
To mock my sense with what I most desired?
View I that living face, see I those looks,
Which with delight were wont t' amaze my brooks?
Do I behold that worth, that man divine,
This age's glory, by these banks of mine?
Then find I true what I long wished in vain;
My much beloved prince is come again. . . .
  Let mother-earth now decked with flowers be seen,

And sweet-breathed zephyrs curl the meadows green :
Let heaven weep rubies in a crimson shower,
Such as on India's shores they used to pour ;
Or with that golden storm the fields adorn
Which Jove rained when his blue-eyed maid was born.
May never hours the web of day outweave ;
May never Night rise from her sable cave !
Swell proud, my billows ; faint not to declare
Your joys as ample as their causes are :
For murmurs hoarse, sound like Arion's harp,
Now delicately flat, now sweetly sharp ;
And you, my nymphs, rise from your moist repair,
Strew all your springs and grots with lilies fair.
To virgins, flowers : to sun-burnt earth the rain ;
To mariners, fair winds amidst the main ;
Cool shades to pilgrims, which hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return,
That day, dear Prince.

THE UNIVERSE.

Of this fair volume which we World do name,
If we the leaves and sheets could turn with care—
Of Him who it corrects and did it frame
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare,
Find out His power, which wildest powers doth tame,
His providence extending everywhere
His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page and period of the same.
But silly we, like foolish children rest
Well pleased with colored vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best ;
On the great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold,
Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

MAN'S STRANGE ENDS.

A good that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April flowers,
A sweet with floods of gall that runs combined,

A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours
An honor that more fickle is than wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that lowers
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot decked with a pompous name—
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
Till wisest death makes us our errors know.

THE HUNT.

This world a hunting is :
The prey, poor man ; the Nimrod fierce is Death ;
His speedy greyhounds are
Lust, Sickness, Envy, Care,
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.
Now, if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chase,
Old Age, with stealing pace,
Casts on his nets, and there we, panting, lie.

IN PRAISE OF A PRIVATE LIFE.

Thrice happy he who, by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own :
Thou solitary, who is not alone
But doth converse with that eternal love.
Oh how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good makes doubtful, do the evil approve !
Oh how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath
And sighs embalmed which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honor doth bequeath !
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold !
This world is full of horrors, troubles, slights :
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

DRYDEN, JOHN, an English poet, born in 1631, died in 1700. He was of a good Northamptonshire family, possessing a moderate estate. His early training was received at Westminster School under the famous teacher Dr. Busby. Thence at the age of nineteen he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of B.A. in 1654 and of M.A. in 1657. His university life thus corresponded very nearly to the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell. When he left Cambridge, at the age of twenty-seven, he seems to have written nothing except a few quite commonplace verses. Cromwell died in September 1658, and within a few days Dryden produced a poem of thirty-seven stanzas in honor of him:

ON THE DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

VI.

His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone,
For he was great ere fortune made him so:
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

VII.

No borrowed bays his temples did adorn,
But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring:
Nor was his virtue poisoned soon as born,
With the too early thoughts of being king.

X.

And yet dominion was not his design;
We owe that blessing, not to him, but Heaven,
Which to fair acts unsought rewards did join;
Rewards that less to him than us were given.

XV.

His palms, though under weights they did not stand,
Still thrived; no Winter could his laurels fade;
Heaven, in his portrait, showed a workman's hand,
And drew it perfect, yet without a shade.

XXXIII.

Nor died he when his ebbing fame went less,
But when fresh laurels courted him to live:
He seemed but to prevent some new success,
As if above what triumphs earth could give.

XXXVI.

No civil broils have since his death arose,
But faction now by habit does obey;
And wars have that respect for his repose,
As winds for halcyons when they breed at sea.

XXXVII.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest;
His name a great example stands, to show
How strangely high example may be blest,
Where piety and valor justly grow.

But the great Lord Protector had hardly been laid in his tomb before it came to be clear to all men that his weak son, Richard, was in nowise capable of executing the functions of the Protectorate which had been devolved upon him. Charles II. was recalled from his long exile to assume the British crown. He landed upon the English shores in May 1660, twenty months after the death of Oliver Cromwell. Nine months afterwards the "peaceful" tomb in Westminster Abbey, in which the remains of Oliver had been placed, was broken open, and his bones were dragged to Tyburn, hanged, and then thrown into a deep pit, the skull being set up on a pole at the top of Westminster Hall. Dryden, who had by this time fairly established himself as a London litterateur, greeted the return of Charles II., in *Astræa Redux*, an adulatory poem composed upon the occasion of the landing of the monarch:

CHARLES II. WELCOMED TO ENGLAND.

And welcome now, great monarch, to your own!
Behold the approaching cliffs of Albion;
It is no longer motion cheats your view,
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.

The land returns, and, in the white it wears,
The marks of penitence and sorrow bears.
But you, whose goodness your descent doth show,
Your heavenly parentage and earthly too;
By that same mildness, which your father's crown
Before did ravish, shall secure your own.
Not tied to rules of policy, you find
Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus, when the Almighty would to Moses give
A sight of all he could behold and live,
A voice before his entry did proclaim
Long-suffering, goodness, mercy, in his name.
Your power to justice doth submit your cause,
Your goodness only is above the laws,
Whose rigid letter, while pronounced by you,
Is softer made. . . .
  And now Time's whiter series is begun,
Which in soft centuries shall smoothly run:
Those clouds which overcast your morn shall fly,
Dispelled to farthest corners of the sky.
Our nation, with united interest blest,
Not now content to poise, shall sway the rest.
Abroad, your empire shall no limits know,
But, like the sea, in boundless circles flow.
Your much-loved fleet shall, with a wide command,
Besiege the petty monarchs of the land:
And as old Time his offspring swallowed down
Our ocean in its depths all seas shall drown.
Their wealthy trade, from pirates' rapine free,
Our merchants shall no more adventurers be;
Nor in the furthest East those dangers fear
Which humble Holland must dissemble here.
Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes;
For what the powerful takes not, he bestows:
And France, that did an exile's presence fear,
May justly apprehend you still too near.
At home the hateful names of parties cease,
And factious souls are wearied into peace.
The discontented now are only they
Whose crimes before did your just cause betray:
Of those your edicts some reclaim from sin
But most your life and blest example win.
Oh, happy prince, whom heaven hath taught the
  way,

By paying vows, to have more vows to pay!
Oh happy age! Oh, times like these alone
By fate reserved for great Augustus's throne!
When the joint growth of arms and art foreshow
The world a monarch, and that monarch you!
—*Astræa Redux.*

The coronation of Charles II. took place some months after his return to England. For this occasion Dryden was ready with a *Panegyric on the Coronation*, quite as adulatory as was the *Astræa Redux:*

ON THE CORONATION OF CHARLES II.

In that wild deluge where the world was drowned,
When life and sin one common tomb had found,
The first small prospect of a rising hill
With various notes of joy the ark did fill:
Yet when that flood in its own depths was drowned,
It left behind it false and slippery ground;
And the more solemn point was still deferred,
Till new-born nature in fresh looks appeared.
Thus, Royal Sir, to see you landed here
Was cause of triumph for a year:
Nor would you care those glorious joys repeat
Till they at once might be secure and great;
Till your kind beams, by their continued stay,
Had warmed the ground, and called the damps away.
Such vapors, while your powerful influence dries,
The soonest vanish when they highest rise.
Had greater haste these sacred rites prepared,
Some guilty months had in your triumph shared:
But this untainted year is all your own:
Your glories may without our crimes be shown.
We had not yet exhausted all our store,
When you refreshed our joys by adding more:
As Heaven, of old, dispensed celestial dew,
You gave us manna, and still give us dew. . . .
Next to the sacred temple you are led,
Where waits a crown for your more sacred head.
How justly from the Church that crown is due,
Preserved from ruin, and restored by you!

The grateful choir their harmony employ,
Not to make greater, but more solemn joy;
Wrapt soft and warm your name is sent on high
As flames do on the wings of incense fly:
Music herself is lost, in vain she brings
Her choicest notes to praise the best of Kings;
Her melting strains in you a tomb have found,
And lie like bees in their own sweetness drowned.
He that brought peace, all discord could atone
His name is music of itself alone.
Now, while the sacred oil anoints your head,
And fragrant scents, begun by you, are spread
Through the large dome, the people's joyful sound,
Sent back, is still preserved in hallowed ground;
Which, in one blessing mixed, descends on you,
As heightened spirits fall in richer dew.
Not that our riches do increase your store;
Full of yourself, you can admit no more.
We add not to your glory, but employ
Our time, like angels, in expressing joy. . . .
From your loved Thames a blessing yet is due,
Second alone to that it brought to you:
A queen, near whose chaste womb, ordained by fate,
The souls of kings unborn for bodies wait.
It was your love before made discord cease;
Your love is destined to your country's peace.
Both Indies, rivals in your bed, provide
With gold or jewels to adorn your bride:
This to a mighty king presents rich ore,
While that with incense does a good implore,
Two kingdoms wait your doom, and, as you choose,
This must receive a crown, or that must lose.
Thus from your royal oak—like Jove's of old—
Are answers sought, and destinies foretold;
Propitious oracles are begged with vows,
And crowns that grow upon the sacred boughs.
Your subjects, while you weigh the nation's fate,
Suspend to both their doubtful love or hate,
Choose only, Sir, that so they may possess,
With their own peace their children's happiness.
—*Panegyric on the Coronation of Charles II.*

The princess whom Charles II. selected for his queen was Catherine of Braganza. No children were born of this marriage, though Charles had offspring enough by one mistress or another, upon whom peerages were unsparingly bestowed by their royal father. At the restoration of Charles II. Dryden was thirty years of age. Had he died at any time during the next seventeen years, he would have left nothing behind him which would have given him any permanent place in English literature. The only poem of any consequence written during those years is the *Annus Mirabilis*—"The Wonderful Year 1666"—not a very wonderful year after all; the main things being the beginning of the successful naval war with the Dutch and their allies, and the great fire in London. The poem consists of 305 quartrain verses, of which a few are here given.

THE WAR WITH THE DUTCH.

1.

In thriving arts long time had Holland grown,
  Crouching at home and cruel when abroad:
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own;
  Our king they courted and our merchants awed.

3.

For them alone the heavens had kindly heat,
  In eastern quarries ripening precious dew;
For them the Idumæan balm did sweat,
  And in hot Ceylon spicy forests grew.

4.

The sun but seemed the laborer of their year;
  Each waxing moon supplied her watery store,
To swell those tides which from the Line did bear
  Their brim-full vessels to the Belgian shore.

6.

What peace can be where one to both pretend?—
  But they more diligent, and we more strong—
Or, if a peace, it soon must have an end:
  For they would grow too powerful were it long.

7.

Behold two nations then, engaged so far
That each seven years the fit must shake each land;
Where France will side to weaken us by war,
Who only can his vast designs withstand.

9.

Such deep designs of empire does he lay
O'er them whose cause he seems to take in hand;
And prudently would make them lords at sea,
To whom with ease he can give laws by land.

10.

This saw our King; and long within his breast
His pensive counsels balanced to and fro;
He grieved the land he freed should be oppressed,
And he less for it than usurpers do.

12.

The loss and gain each fatally were great;
And still his subjects called aloud for war;
But peaceful kings, o'er martial people set,
Each other's poise and counterbalance are.

14.

At length resolved to assert the watery ball,
He in himself did whole armadas bring;
Him aged seamen might their master call,
And choose for general, were he not their king.

24.

And now approached their fleet from India, fraught
With all the riches of the rising sun;
And precious sand from southern climates brought—
The fatal regions where the war begun.

26.

By the rich scent we found one perfumed prey,
Which, flanked with rocks, did close in covert lie;
And round about their murdering cannon lay,
At once to threaten and invite the eye.

27.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,
The English undertake the unequal war:
Seven ships alone, by which the port is barred,
Besiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

29.

Amid whole heaps of spices lights a ball;
  And now their odors armed against them fly;
Some preciously by shattered porcelain fall,
  And some by aromatic splinters die.

30.

And though by tempests of the prize bereft,
  In Heaven's inclemency some ease we find:
Our foes we vanquished by our valor left,
  And only yielded to the seas and wind.

39.

Till now alone the mighty nations strove;
  The rest, at gaze, without the lists did stand
And threatening France, placed like a painted
      Jove,
  Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

41.

Offended that we fought without his leave,
  He takes this time his secret hate to show;
Which Charles does with a mind so calm receive,
  As one that neither seeks nor shuns his foe.

42.

With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite:
  France as their tyrant, Denmark as their slave;
But when with one three nations join to fight,
  They silently confess that one more brave.
—*Annus Mirabilis.*

LONDON AFTER THE GREAT FIRE.

295.

Already, laboring with a mighty fate,
  She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,
And seems to have renewed her charter's date
  Which Heaven will to the death of Time allow.

296.

More great than human now, and more august;
  Now deified, she from her fires doth rise;
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
  And, opening, into larger parts she flies.

299.

The silver Thames her own domestic flood,
  Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train;
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
  With longing eyes to meet her face again.

301.

The venturous merchant who designed more far
And touches on our hospitable shore,
Charmed with the splendor of this northern star
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

302.

Our powerful navy shall no longer meet
The wealth of France or Holland to invade:
The beauty of this town without a fleet
From all the world shall vindicate her trade.

303.

And while this famed emporium we prepare,
The British ocean shall such triumphs boast,
That those who now dislike our trade to spare,
Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coast.

304.

Already we have conquered half the war,
And the less dangerous part is left behind:
Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
And not so great to vanquish as to find.

305.

Thus to the Eastern wealth through storms we go;
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more:
A constant trade-wind will securely blow,
And gently lay us on the spicy shore.
—*Annus Mirabilis.*

Dryden had completed his thirty-fifth year when the *Annus Mirabilis* was written: but neither this poem nor anything else which he was to produce during the next dozen years gave any promise of that supreme excellence to which he was to attain in one department of poetry: that of satire—using the word in its proper and original signification as a keen delineation of phases of human weakness and error; and the two great argumentative theological poems, the *Religio Laici* and *The Hind and the Panther*, are satires in the strictest sense; as much so as are *Absalom and Achitophel* and *Mac Flecknoe*. During the period between his thirtieth and his forty-seventh year Dryden devoted himself almost

exclusively to writing for the stage. His numerous tragedies and comedies may be dismissed very briefly. Not one of them can be placed in even the third rank of the British drama. They are bad in every sense of the word—bad in conception, bad in execution, bad in morals. They certainly had a temporary success; and Dryden was regarded as the king of the dramatists of his time. But he came to feel that the kingdom was not worth ruling over, and, moreover, that the sceptre was passing into other hands. In 1694 William Congreve, a clever young fellow of twenty-five brought out the drama of *The Double Dealer*, which made a decided sensation. Dryden, who was then sixty-three, addressed to him the most pathetic of all his poems, hailing the young man as his successor on the dramatic throne:

DRYDEN TO CONGREVE.

Well, then, the promised hour is come at last,
The present age of wit obscures the past:
Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ,
Conquering with force of arms and dint of wit.
Theirs was the giant race before the flood;
And thus when Charles returned, our empire stood.
Like Janus he the stubborn soil manured,
With rules of husbandry the rankness cured;
Tamed us to manners when the stage was rude,
And boisterous English wit with art endued.
Our age was cultivated thus at length,
But what we gained in skill we lost in strength.
Our builders were with want of genius curst;
The second temple was not like the first:
Till you, the best Vitruvius, came at length;
Our beauties equal, but excel our strength.
Firm Doric pillars found your solid base:
Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.
Oh that your brows my laurel had sustained;
Well had I been deposed, if you had reigned:

The father had descended for the son ;
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus when the State one Edward did depose,
A greater Edward in his room arose.
But now not *I* but poetry is curst :
For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.
But let them not mistake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own desert.
Yet this I prophesy : thou shalt be seen
(Though with some short parenthesis between)
High on the throne of wit, and, seated there,
Not *mine*—that 's little—but *thy* laurel wear.
Thy first attempt an early promise made ;
That early promise this has more than paid.
So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
That your least praise is to be regular. [wrought ;
Time, place, and action may with pain be
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
This is your portion ; this your native store.
Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakespeare gave as much : she could not give
him more. [need ;
Maintain your post : that's all the fame you
For 'tis impossible you should proceed.
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning the ungrateful stage :
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a rent-charge on his providence.
But you, whom every Muse and Grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains ; and, oh, defend
Against your judgment your departed friend !
Let not the insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels that descend to you ;
And take for tribute what these lines express :
You merit more ; nor could my love do less.

When he wrote this magnificent eulogium —none the less magnificent from the fact that Congreve was not worthy of the hundredth part of the praise lavished upon him —Dryden had fallen into somewhat shattered pecuniary circumstances. For half a dozen years he had been working as a hack-writer

—especially as a translator—for Jacob Tonson, a bookseller who was to say the least, extremely close in his dealings with men of letters. Up to the revolution of 1688, by which James II. was deprived of his crown, Dryden had a large income from one source and another: from his own moderate patrimony; from the proceeds of his writings; and from grants and pensions from the Government. It has been calculated that for twenty years previous to 1688 he must have been in receipt of £700 a year—equivalent to some £3,000 (say $15,000) in our day. But he had married a daughter of the not over-wealthy Earl of Berkshire, had a considerable family, and lived close up to his income. The most brilliant period of his literary life lies between 1680 and 1686. In those six years were written *Absalom and Achitophel*, *The Medal*, *Mac Flecknoe*, the *Religio Laici*, *The Hind and the Panther*, and several of his best minor poems.

Absalom and Achitophel, a poem of about 1000 lines, is a political satire aimed at the party who were plotting to exclude the Duke of York (afterwards King James II.) from the succession to the throne, and to place the crown upon the head of the Duke of Monmouth, one of the illegitimate sons of Charles II. There are about fifty characters which can be clearly identified. Thus "David," is King Charles II.; "Absalom," the Duke of Monmouth; "Achitophel," the Earl of Shaftsbury; "Zimri," the Duke of Buckingham; "Shimei," Slingsby Bethel, the Puritanical Sheriff of London.

DAVID AND ABSALOM.

In pious times, ere priestcraft did begin;
Before polygamy was made a sin;
When man on many multiplied his kind,
Ere one to one was cursedly confined;

When nature prompted, and no law denied
Promiscuous use of concubine and bride;
Then Israel's monarch after Heaven's own heart
His vigorous warmth did variously impart
To wives and slaves; and, wide as his command,
Scattered his Maker's image through the land.
Of all this numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, so brave as Absalom:
Whether, inspired by some diviner lust,
His father got him with a greater gust;
Or that his conscious destiny made way
By manly beauty, to imperial sway.
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and states allied to Israel's crown.
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seemed as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did was done with so much ease.
In him alone 'twas natural to please:
His motions all accompanied with grace,
And paradise was opened in his face.
With secret joy the indulgent David viewed
His youthful image in his son renewed;
To all his wishes nothing he denied;
And made the lovely Annabel his bride.
If faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
His father could not, or he would not see.
Some warm excesses, which the law forebore,
Were construed youth, that purged by boiling o'er.
—*Absalom and Achitophel.*

ACHITOPHEL.

Of these the false Achitophel was first—
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfixed in principle, and place;
In power unpleased, impatient in disgrace:
A fiery soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay;
A daring pilot in extremity; [high
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.

Great wits to madness sure are near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honor blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, and prodigal of ease!
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son,
Got while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump—like anarchy?
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolved to ruin or to rule the State.
To compass this, the Triple Bond he broke;
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
Then seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves, in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
When none can sin against the people's will!
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
  Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
The Statesman we abhor, but praise the Judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean;
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown,
With virtues only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle that oppressed the noble seed,
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame and lazy happiness,
Disdained the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now, manifest of crimes contrived, long since
He stood at bold defiance with his prince;

Held up the buckler of the People's cause,
Against the Crown, and skulked behind the laws.
—*Absalom and Achitophel.*

ZIMRI.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the first ranks of these did Zimri stand:
A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong;
Was everything by turns, and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late;
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from Court, then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel.
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left no faction, but of that was left.
—*Absalom and Achitophel.*

SHIMEI.

Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place
Whom kings no titles give, and God no grace,
Not bull-faced Jonas, who could statutes draw,
To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
But he, though bad, is followed by a worse—
The wretch who God's anointed dared to curse
Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
Of zeal to God and hatred to his King;
Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
And never broke the Sabbath—but for gain:

Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
Or curse, unless against the government.
Thus heaping wealth, by the most ready way
Among the Jews—which was to cheat and pray;
The city to reward his pious hate
Against his master, chose him magistrate.
His hand a staff of justice did uphold;
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
During his office treason was no crime;
The sons of Belial had a glorious time:
For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
Yet loved his wicked neighbor as himself.
When two or three were gathered to declaim
Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
Shimei was always in the midst of them;
And if they cursed the king when he was by,
Would rather curse than break good company.
If any durst his factious friends accuse,
He packed a jury of dissenting Jews;
Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
Would free the suffering saint from human laws.
For laws were only made to punish those
Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
If any leisure time he had from power
(Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour),
His business was, by writing, to persuade
That kings were useless, and a clog to trade.
And that his noble style he might refine,
No Rechabite more shunned the fumes of wine;
Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board
The grossness of a city feast abhorred;
His cooks with long disuse their trade forgot;
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
Such frugal virtues malice may accuse,
But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews:
For towns once burned such magistrates require
As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
With spiritual food he served his servants well,
But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel;
And Moses's laws he held of more account
For forty days of fasting in the mount.

—*Absalom and Achitophel.*

Absalom and Achitophel was followed by a

second and longer part, written, however, by Nahum Tate, but revised by Dryden, who added some two hundred lines devoted mainly to an assault upon two poetasters, Thomas Shadwell and Elkanah Settle, who figure under the names of "Og" and "Doeg." Dryden now set himself to the composition of *Mac Flecknoe*, a formal satire upon these two writers. Richard Flecknoe was an Irishman, formerly a priest who had come to London and set himself up as a dramatist and poet. He had died not long before, leaving behind him a name which had come to be a synonym for supreme dullness. Dryden uses him merely as a rod for the castigation of Shadwell, whom he represents as his rightful successor to the royal throne of the Kingdom of Dullness.

FLECKNOE AND SHADWELL.

All human things are subject to decay,
And when Fate summons, monarchs must obey;
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus young
Was called to empire, and had governed long:
In prose and verse was owned, without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blessed with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business did at length debate
To settle the succession of the State;
And pondering which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
Cried, "'Tis resolved: for nature pleads that he
Should only rule, who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dullness from his tender years:
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretense,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray;

His rising fogs prevail upon the day." . .
Here stopped the good old sire, and wept for joy
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays persuade,
That for anointed dullness he was made.
—*Mac Flecknoe.*

THE CORONATION OF SHADWELL.

Now Empress Fame had published the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.
Roused by report of Fame the nations meet,
From near Bunhill and distant Watlin-street.
No Persian carpets spread the imperial way,
But scattered limbs of mangled poets lay;
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies and relics of the bum.
The hoary prince in majesty appeared,
High on a throne of his own labor reared.
At his right hand our young Ascanius sate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the State.
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dullness played around his face,
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his sire, a mortal foe to Rome,
So Shadwell swore—nor should his vow be vain—
That he till death true dullness would maintain;
And in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with Wit, nor truce with Sense. . . .
The admiring throng loud acclamations make.
And omens of his future empire take.
The sire then shook the honors of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dullness. Long he stood,
At length burst out in this prophetic mood:
"Heaven bless my son; from Ireland let him reign
To far Barbadoes on the Western main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's kingdom let him stretch his pen!"
He paused, and all the people cried, "Amen!"
Then thus continued he: "My Son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.

Success let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
Let Virtuosos in five years be writ,
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit. . . .
Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in Acrostic Land;
There thou may'st wings display and altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.
Or, if thou would'st thy different talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute."
He said: but his last words were scarcely heard;
For Bruce and Longville had a trap prepared,
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.
—*Mac Flecknoe.*

Dryden has nowhere more fully put forth his utmost strength than in the two didactic poems, the *Religio Laici*, and *The Hind and the Panther*. The former of these poems is a kind of Confession of Faith, when he was still nominally a Protestant of the Anglican type:

RELIGION, NATURAL AND REVEALED.

Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is Reason to the Soul: and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When Day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight:
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.
Some few, whose lamp shone brighter have been led,
From cause to cause, to Nature's secret head;
And found that one First Principle must be:

But what or who, that *Universal He*—
Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
Unmade, unmoved, yet making, moving all ;
Or various atoms' interfering dance,
Leaped into form, the noble work of Chance ;
Or this great All was from eternity,
Not even the Stagyrite himself could see ;
And Epicurus guessed as well as he.
As blindly groped they for a future state ;
As rashly judged of Providence and Fate.
But least of all could their endeavors find
What most concerned the good of human-kind ;
For happiness was never to be found,
But vanished from 'em like enchanted ground.
One thought Content the good to be enjoyed ;
This every little accident destroyed.
The wiser madmen did for Virtue toil—
A thorny, or at best a barren soil.
In Pleasure some their glutton souls would steep,
But found the line too short, the well too deep ;
And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the soul :
In this vain maze their vain endeavors end.
How can the Less the Greater comprehend?
Or finite Reason reach Infinity?
For what could fathom God were more than He.
The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground ;
Cries "Eureka! the mighty secret's found!
God is that spring of good, supreme and best ;
We made to serve, and in that service blest,"
If so, some rules of worship must be given,
Distributed alike to all by Heaven ;
Else God were partial, and to some denied
The means His justice should for all provide.
This general worship is to praise and pray :
One part to borrow blessings, one to pay ;
And when frail nature slides into offence,
The sacrifice for crimes is Penitence.
Yet since the effects of Providence, we find;
Are variously dispensed to human-kind,
That Vice triumphs, and Virtue suffers here—
A brand that sovereign Justice cannot bear—
Our Reason prompts us to a Future State—

The last appeal from Fortune and from Fate ;
Where God's all-righteous ways will be declared ;
The bad meet punishment, the good reward.
Thus man by his own strength to heaven would soar,
And would not be obliged to God for more.
Vain, wretched creature ! how art thou misled
To think thy wit these God-like notions bred !
Those truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropped from heaven and of a nobler kind.
Revealed Religion first informed thy sight,
And Reason saw not, till Faith sprung the light.
Hence all thy natural worship takes the source ;
'Tis Revelation that thou think'st discourse.
Else how comest thou to see these truths so clear,
Which so obscure to heathens did appear ? . . .
Those giant wits in happier ages born—
When arms and art did Greece and Rome adorn—
Knew no such system ; no such piles could raise
Of natural worship, built on prayer and praise,
To One Sole God.

—*Religio Laici.*

Soon after the accession of James II., Dryden went over to the Roman Catholic faith, from which he never swerved during the remaing fifteen years of his life.—*The Hind and the Panther*, written after his conversion, is the most labored of all Dryden's poems ; and the longest—extending to some 2,500 lines. It is a eulogy upon the Roman Church as opposed to the Anglican : the Hind representing the former, and the Panther the latter of these two forms of Faith. To this poem is prefixed a long Preface in prose :

TOLERATION TO DISSENTERS GRANTED BY JAMES II.

There are some of the Church, by law established, who envy not toleration to Dissenters ; as being well satisfied that, according to their own principles, they ought not to persecute them. Yet these, by reason of their fewness, I could not distinguish from the numbers of the rest, with whom they are embodied in one common name. On the

other side, there are many of our Sects—and more indeed than I could reasonably have hoped—who have withdrawn themselves from the communion of the Panther, and embraced this gracious indulgence of his Majesty in point of toleration. But to neither the one nor the other of these is this satire any way intended: it is aimed only to the refractory and disobedient on either side. . . .

Some of the Dissenters, in their addresses to his Majesty, have said: "That he has restored God to his empire over conscience." I confess that I dare not stretch the figure to so great a boldness; but I may safely say that conscience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man. He is absolute in his own breast, and accountable to no earthly power for that which passes only betwixt God and him. Those who are *driven* into the fold are, generally speaking, rather made hypocrites than converts.

The indulgence being granted to all the Sects, it ought in reason to be expected that they should both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For, at this time of the day, to refuse the benefit, and adhere to those whom they have esteemed their persecutors, what else is it but publicly to own that they suffered not before for conscience's sake, but only out of pride and obstinacy, to separate from a Church for those impositions which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have so long contended for their Classical ordination (not to speak of rites and ceremonies), will they at length submit to an Episcopal? If they can go so far, out of complaisance to their old enemies, methinks a little reason should persuade them to take another step, and see whither that would lead them.

Of the receiving this toleration thankfully I shall say no more than that they ought—and I doubt not they will—consider from what hands they received it. It is not from a Cyrus—a heathen prince and a foreigner—but from a Christian King, their native sovereign, who expects a return in specie from them, that the kindness which he has graciously shown to them may be retali-

ated on those of his own persuasion.—*Preface to the Hind and the Panther.*

THE HIND.

A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger; for she knew no sin.
Yet she had oft been chased with horns and
hounds,
And Scythian shafts and many winged wounds
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doomed to death, though fated not to die.
Not so her young: for their unequal line
Was hero's make—half human, half divine.
Their earthly mould obnoxious was to fate;
The immortal part assumed immortal state.
Of these a slaughtered army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood—
Their native walk—whose vocal blood arose,
And cried for pardon on their perjured foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
Endued with souls, increased the sacred breed
So captive Israel multiplied in chains,
A numerous exile, and enjoyed her pains.
With grief and gladness mixed the mother viewed
Her martyred offspring, and their race renewed:
Their corpse to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpassed.
Panting and pensive now she ranged alone,
And wandered in the kingdoms once her own.
The common hunt, though from their rage restrained
By sovereign power, her company disdained;
Grinned as they passed, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.
'Tis true she bounded by, and tripped so light,
They had not time to take a second sight;
For truth has such a face, and such a mien,
As to be loved needs only to be seen.
—*The Hind and the Panther.*

THE PANTHER.

The Panther, sure the noblest, since the Hind,
And fairest creature of the spotted kind:—

Oh, could her inborn stains be washed away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey!
How can I praise or blame, and not offend?
Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
Her faults and virtues lie so mixed, that she
Not wholly stands condemned, nor wholly free...
If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,
Who just dropped half-way down, nor lower fell;
So poised, so gently she descends from high
It seems a soft dismission from the sky.
Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence
Her clergy heralds make in her defence;
A second century not half-way run
Since the new honors of her blood begun. . . .
Her front erect with majesty she bore,
The crosier wielded, and the mitre wore.
Her upper part of decent discipline
Showed affectation of an ancient line;
And Fathers, Councils, Church, and Church's Head,
Were on her reverend phylacteries read.
But what disgraced and disavowed the rest,
Was Calvin's brand, that stigmatized the beast.
Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labyrinth she lives confined.
To foreign lands no sound of her has come,
Humbly content to be despised at home.
Such is her faith, where good cannot be had.
At least she leaves the refuse of the bad.
Nice in her choice of ill—though not of best—
And least deformed, because reformed the least.
In doubtful points betwixt her different friends,
Where one for Substance, or for Signs contends.
Their contradicting terms she strives to join:
Sign shall be Substance, Substance shall be Sign.
Her wild belief on every wave is tossed;
But sure no Church can better morals boast.
True to her King her principles are found;
Oh, that her practice were but half so sound!
Steadfast in various turns of state she stood,
And sealed her vowed affection with her blood.

Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,
That interest or obligement made the tie,
Bound to the fate of murdered Monarchy.
Before the sounding axe so falls the vine,
Whose tender branches round the poplar twine ;
She chose her ruin, and resigned her life,
In death undaunted as a Hebrew wife.
A rare example ! but some souls we see
Grow hard, and stiffen with adversity ;
Yet these by fortune's favors are undone ;
Resolved, into a baser form they run,
And bore tbe wind, but cannot bear the sun.
Let this be Nature's frailty or her fate,
Or the Wolf's counsel—her new chosen mate ;
Still she 's the fairest of the fallen crew,
No mother more indulgent but the true.
  Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
Because she wants innate authority ;
For how can she constrain them to obey,
Who has herself cast off the lawful sway?
Rebellion equals all, and those who toil
In common theft will share the common spoil.
Let her produce the title and the right
Against her old superiors first to fight ;
If she reform my text, even that 's as plain
For her own rebels to reform again.
As long as words a different sense will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter,
Our airy faith will no foundation find :
The word 's a weather-cock for every wind.
The Bear, the Fox, the Wolf, by turns prevail ;
The most in power supplies the present gale.
The wretched Panther cries aloud for aid
To Church and Councils, whom she first betrayed.
No help from Fathers or Tradition's train—
Those ancient guides she taught us to disdain ;
And by that Scripture, which she once abused
To reformation, stands herself accused.
What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,
Expounding which she owns herself may err ?
And, after all her winding ways are tried,
If doubts arise, she slips herself aside,
And leaves the private conscience for the guide.
  Thus is the Panther neither loved nor feared,
A mere mock-queen of a divided herd ;

Whom soon, by lawful power she might control,
Herself a part submitted to the whole.
Then, as the moon, who first receives the light
By which she makes our nether regions bright,
So might she shine, reflecting from afar
The rays she borrowed from a better star;
Big with the beams which from the mother flow
And reigning o'er the rising tides below.
Now, mixing with a savage crowd she goes,
And meanly flatters her inveterate foes:
Ruled while she rules, and losing every hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious power.
—*The Hind and the Panther.*

The apparent triumph of the Roman Catholic Church in the accession of James II. to the British throne was but brief. His reign lasted not quite four years, when he was driven from the throne, and the crown was conferred upon William and Mary. Dryden failed to take the oath of fealty to the new sovereigns, and consequently forfeited the positions and pensions which he had enjoyed, and which constituted the greater part of his income; and he was forced to live by his pen during the remaining twelve years of his life. His principal works during this time were half a dozen dramatic pieces, the translation of Virgil, of Juvenal, and the *Fables,* which are paraphrastic renderings from Chaucer, Boccaccio, and others. Besides these were three or four of the best of his minor poems. One of these is an "Ode to the pious Memory of the accomplished young Lady Mrs. Anne Killigrew, excellent in the two Sister Arts of Poetry and Painting," of which we give the opening and concluding strophes:

ON ANNE KILLIGREW.

I.

Thou youngest virgin daughter of the skies
Made in the last promotion of the blest,

Whose palms, new-plucked from Paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
  Rich with immortal green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neighboring star,
  Thou rollest above us, in thy wandering race,
Or, in procession fixed and regular,
  Mov'st with the heaven's majestic pace;
Or called to more superior bliss,
Thou tread'st with seraphims the vast abyss:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space.
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse
    In no ignoble verse;
But such as thy own voice did practice here,
  When thy first-fruits of poesy were given;
To make thyself a welcome inmate there:
    While yet a young probationer,
    And candidate of heaven.

X.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
    To raise the nations under ground:
    When in the valley of Jehosaphat
The judging God shall close the book of fate;
    And there the last assizes keep,
    For those who wake and those who sleep;
    When rattling bones together fly,
    From the four corners of the sky;
When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
Those clothed with flesh, and life inspires the dead,
The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
    And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are covered with the lightest ground;
And straight with inborn vigor on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing;
There thou, sweet saint, before the choir shalt go,
As harbinger of heaven, the way to show,
The way which thou so well hast learned below.

Dryden wrote two poems to be sung on St. Cecilia's Day. The last of these, *Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music*, is the most fre-

quently quoted of all of Dryden's poems; but the earlier one is not inferior to it:

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head
The tuneful voice was heard from high:
"Arise ye more than dead!"
Then cold and hot, and moist and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

II.

What passion can not Music raise and quell!
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around.
And wondering on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound. [dwell
Less than a God they thought there could not
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well
What passion can not Music raise and quell!

III.

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, "Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge! 'tis too late to retreat!"

IV.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair disdainful dame.
But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above?

VI.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given
Mistaking earth for heaven.

VII.

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above;
So, when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high;
The dead shall live, the living die;
And Music shall untune the sky.

Dryden's dramatic pieces number about thirty—tragedies, comedies, tragi-comedies and operas. The earliest was *The Wild Gallant*, a comedy (1662), the latest, *Love Triumphant*, a tragi-comedy (1694). The larger, and by far the best part of his prose writings are of a critical character.

ON SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them

not laboriously, but luckily; when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid—his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets, "*Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.*" The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ but he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem; and in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at its highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him. —*Essay on Dramatic Poesy.*

Dryden's death was somewhat sudden. Early in the Spring of 1700 he had a severe attack of the gout; one toe became much inflamed, and not being properly attended to, mortification set in. The surgeon advised an amputation, but Dryden objected on the ground of his advanced age, and the inutility of prolonging a maimed existence. The mortification spread, and it was clear that either the whole leg must be amputated, with a strong probability of a fatal result, or that speedy death was inevitable. On the last day of April the *Postboy* announced that "John Dryden, Esq., the famous poet, lies

a-dying;" and he died at three o'clock on the next morning. The body was embalmed, and lay in state for several days at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. The pompous public funeral took place in Westminster Abbey on May 13; the body was interred in the Poets' Corner, by the side of the graves of Chaucer and Cowley. It was not until twenty years afterwards that a modest monument was put up at the expense of Lord Mulgrave, afterwards Earl of Buckinghamshire. His wife survied him fourteen years, and died insane. The last of their three sons died in 1711.

DU CHAILLU, PAUL BELLONI, a Franco-American explorer, born at Paris, about 1830. His father had established himself as a trader on the West Coast of Africa, where Paul joined him at an early age. In 1852 he came to the United States, with a large cargo of ebony, and published several papers relating to the Gaboon country. In 1855 he returned to Africa, and spent three or four years in exploring the almost unknown region lying about two degrees on each side of the equator. He returned to America in 1859, bringing with him a large collection of curiosities, stuffed birds, and animals, among which were several skins and skeletons of the gorilla, a huge ape. He is probably the first white man who ever saw the animal alive. In 1861 he published an account of these expeditions under the title, *Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa.* The truthfulness of his narrative was sharply questioned by some English savans; and to vindicate himself Du Chaillu went again to Equatorial Africa, and traveled there for two years (1863-65). He returned to America, and in 1867 published *A Journey to Ashango-Land, and Further*

Penetration into Equatorial Africa. During the next twelve years he resided in America, having been naturalized as a citizen of the United States. He delivered lectures on his travels and prepared several small books, in which many of his experiences are related for juvenile readers: *Stories of the Gorilla Country* (1868), *Wild Life under the Equator* (1869), *Lost in the Jungle* (1869), *My Apingi Kingdom* (1870), *The Country of the Dwarfs* (1871). Subsequently he made several winter and summer tours in Sweden, Norway, Lapland, and Finland, an account of which he published in 1881, in two large volumes, entitled *The Land of the Midnight Sun.*

THE FIRST GORILLA.

We started early, and pushed for the most dense and impenetrable part of the forest, in hopes to find the very home of the beast I so much wished to shoot. Hour after hour we traveled, and yet no signs of gorilla: only the everlasting little chattering monkeys—and not many of these—and occasionally birds. Suddenly Miengai uttered a little *cluck* with his tongue, which is the native's way of showing that something is stirring, and that a sharp lookout is necessary. Presently I noticed, ahead of us seemingly, a noise as if of some one breaking down branches or twigs of trees. This was a gorilla, I knew at once by the eager and satisfied looks of the men. They looked once more carefully at their guns, to see if by any chance the powder had fallen out of the pans, I also examined mine, to make sure that all were right; and then we marched on cautiously. The singular noise of the breaking of tree-branches continued. We walked with the greatest care, making no noise at all. But we pushed on, until finally we saw through the thick woods the moving of the branches and small trees which the great beast was tearing down, probably to get from them the berries and fruits he lives upon.

Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along, in a

silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla. Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think never to forget. Nearly six feet high, with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely-glaring large deep gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like a nightmare vision: thus stood before us this king of the African forests. He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass-drum, which is their mode of offering defiance; meantime giving vent to roar after roar. So deep is this roar that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch. . . .

His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive; and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. He advanced a few steps; then stopped to utter that hideous roar again; advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, as he began another of his roars, and beating his breast in rage, we fired. With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet. Death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high; and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed.—*Equatorial Africa*, Chap. VII.

THE GORILLA AT HOME.

It has been my fortune to be the first white man who can speak of the gorilla from personal knowledge; and my experience and observation prove that many of the actions reported of it are false and vain imaginings of ignorant negroes and credulous travelers. The gorilla does not lurk in trees by the roadside, and drag up unsuspicious passers-by in its claws, and choke them to death; it does not attack the elephant and beat him to death with sticks: it does not carry off women from the native villages. It does not build itself a house of leaves and twigs in the forest-trees, and sit on the roof, as has been confidently reported. It is not gregarious even; and the numerous stories of its attacking in great numbers have not a grain of truth in them.

It lives in the loneliest and darkest portions of the dense African jungle, preferring deep wooded valleys, and also rugged heights. The high plains also, whose surface is strewn with immense boulders, seem to be its favorite haunts. Water is found everywhere in this part of Africa; but I have noticed that the gorilla is always found very near to a plentiful supply. It is a restless and nomadic beast, wandering from place to place, and scarcely ever found for two days together in the same neighborhood. In part, this restlessness is caused by the struggle it has to find its favorite food. The gorilla—though it has such immense canines, and though its vast strength doubtless fits it to capture and kill almost every animal which frequents the forest—is a strict vegetarian. I examined the stomachs of all which I was lucky enough to kill, and never found traces there of ought but berries, pine-apple leaves, and other vegetable matter. It is a huge feeder, and no doubt soon eats up the scant supply of its natural food which is found in any limited space, and is then forced to wander on in constant battle with famine. Its vast paunch, which swells before it when it stands upright, proves it to be a vast feeder; and, indeed, its great frame and enormous

muscular development could not be supported on little food. . . .

The gorilla is not gregarious. Of adults I found almost always one male with one female, though sometimes the old male wanders companionless. In such cases—as with the "rogue" elephant—he is particularly morose, malignant, and dangerous to approach. Young gorillas I found sometimes in companies of five; sometimes less, but never more. The young always run off, on all-fours, shrieking with fear. They are difficult to approach, as their hearing is acute, and they lose no time in making their escape, while the nature of the ground makes it hard for the hunter to follow after. The adult animal is also shy, and I have hunted all day without coming upon my quarry, when I felt sure that they were carefully avoiding me. When, however, at last fortune favors the hunter, and he comes accidentally or by good management upon his prey, he need not fear its running away. In all my hunts and encounters with this animal, I never knew a grown male to run off. When I surprised a pair of gorillas, the male was generally sitting down on a rock or against a tree, in some darkest corner of the jungle, where the brightest sun left its traces only in a dim and gloomy twilight. The female was mostly feeding near by; and it is singular that she almost always gave the alarm by running off, with loud and sudden cries or shrieks. Then the male, sitting for a moment with a savage frown upon his face, slowly rises to his feet, and, looking with glowing and malign eyes at the intruders, begins to beat his breast, and lifting up his round head, utters his frightful roar. This begins with several sharp barks like an enraged or mad dog, whereupon ensues a long, deeply guttural rolling roar, continued for over a minute, and which, doubled and multiplied by the resounding echoes of the forest, fills the hunter's ears like the deep rolling thunder of an approaching storm. I have reason to believe that I have heard this roar at a distance of three miles. . . .

The common walk of the gorilla is not on his

hind legs, but on all fours. In this posture the arms are so long that the head and breast are raised considerably, and as it runs the hind legs are brought far beneath the body. The leg and arm on the same side are moved together, which gives the breast a curious waddle. It can run at great speed. The young—parties of which I often pursued—never took to trees, but ran along the ground, and at a distance, with their bodies half erect, looked not unlike negroes making off from pursuit. I have never found the female to attack, though I have been told by the negroes that a mother with a young one in charge will sometimes make fight. It is a pretty thing to see such a mother with the baby gorilla sporting about her. I have watched them in the wood, till eager as I was to obtain specimens, I had not the heart to shoot. But in such cases my negro hunters exhibited no tenderness, but killed their quarry without loss of time. When the mother runs off from the hunter, the young one grasps her about the neck, and hangs beneath her breasts, with its little legs about her belly.

I think the adult gorilla perfectly untamable. In the course of this narrative the reader will find accounts of several young gorillas which my men captured alive, and which remained with me for short periods till their deaths. In no case could any treatment of mine—kind or harsh—subdue these little monsters from their first and lasting ferocity and malignity. The gorilla is entirely and constantly an enemy to man; resenting its captivity, young as my specimens were, refusing all food except the berries of its native woods, and attacking with teeth and claws even me, who was in most constant attendance upon them; and finally dying without any previous sickness, and without other ascertainable cause than the restless chafing of a spirit which could not suffer captivity nor the presence of man.—*Equatorial Africa*, Chap. XX.

OBONGOS, OR DWARF NEGROES.

I had heard that there was a village of the Obon-

gos, or dwarfed wild negroes, somewhere in the neighborhood, and one of my first inquiries was naturally whether there was any chance of my seeing this singular people, who, it appears, continually come to the villages but would not do so while I was there. Two guides were given me, and I took only three of my men. We reached the place after twenty minutes' walk. In a retired nook of the forest were twelve huts of this strange tribe, scattered without order. When we approached no sign of living creature was to be seen, and, in fact, we found them deserted. The abodes were very filthy, and whilst we were endeavoring to examine them, we were covered with fleas, and obliged to beat a retreat. The village had been abandoned by its inhabitants, no doubt on account of their huts being so much infested with these insects. Leaving the abandoned huts, we continued our way through the forest; and presently, within the distance of a quarter of a mile, we came upon another village, composed, like the last, of about a dozen ill-constructed huts. The dwellings had been newly made, for the branches of the trees of which they were formed had still their leaves on them, quite fresh. We approached with the greatest caution, in order not to alarm the wild inmates; but all our care was fruitless, for the men, at least, were gone when we came up. We hastened to the huts, and luckily found three old women, and one young man, who had not had time to run away, besides several children, the latter hidden in one of the huts.

Du Chaillu managed to re-assure the women, and in the course of several visits was allowed to take measurements of the height of half a dozen of them. They ranged from 4 ft. 4 in., to 5 ft., the latter being considered unusually tall; the height of the young man was 4 ft. 6 in. The description continues:

The color of these people was a dirty yellow, and their eyes had an untamable wildness about

them that struck me as very remarkable. In their whole appearance, physique, and color, and in their habitations, they are totally unlike the Ashangos among whom they live. The Ashangos, indeed, are quite anxious to disown kinship with them. They do not intermarry with them; but declare that the Obongos intermarry among themselves—sisters with brothers—doing this to keep their families together as much as they can. The smallness of their communities, and the isolation in which these wretched creatures live, must necessitate close inter-breeding, and I think it very possible that this circumstance may be the cause of the physical deterioration of their race.

Their foreheads are exceedingly low and narrow, and they have prominent cheek-bones, but I did not notice any peculiarity in their hands or feet, or in the position of the toes, or in the relative length of their arms or bodies; but their legs appeared to be rather short in proportion to their trunks; the palms of their hands seemed quite white. The hair of their heads grows in very short curly tufts; this is the more remarkable, as the Ashangos and neighboring tribes have rather long bushy hair on their heads, which enables them to dress it in various ways. With the Obongos the dressing of the hair in masses or plaits, as is done by the other tribes, is impossible. The young man had an unusual quantity of hair on his legs and breast, growing in short curly tufts similar to the hair on the head. The only dress they wear consists of pieces of grass-cloth which they buy of the Ashangos, or which these latter give them out of pure kindness, for I observed that it was quite a custom of the Ashangos to give their old worn *denguis* to these poor Obongos.

The Ashangos like the presence of this curious people near their villages, because the Obongo men are very expert and nimble in trapping wild animals and fish in the streams, the surplus of which, after supplying their own wants they sell to their neighbors in exchange for plantains, and also for iron implements, cooking utensils, water-jars, and all manufactured articles of which they

stand in need. The woods near their villages are so full of traps and pitfalls that it is dangerous for any but trained woodsmen to wander about in them.—*Ashango Land*, Chap. XVI.

SUMMER IN SCANDINAVIA.

From the last days of May to the end of July, in the northern part of this land, the sun shines day and night upon its mountains, fjords, rivers, lakes, forests, valleys, towns, villages, hamlets, fields, and farms; and thus Sweden and Norway may be called the "Land of the Midnight Sun." During this period of continuous daylight the stars are never seen, the moon appears pale, and sheds no light upon the earth. Summer is short, giving just time enough for the wild-flowers to grow, to bloom, and to fade away, and barely time for the husbandman to collect his harvest, which, however, is sometimes nipped by a Summer frost.

A few weeks after the midnight sun has passed, the hours of sunshine shorten rapidly, and by the middle of August the air becomes chilly and the nights colder, although during the day the sun is warm. Then the grass turns yellow, the leaves change their color, and wither, and fall; the swallows and other migrating birds fly towards the south; twilight comes once more; the stars, one by one, make their appearance, shining brightly in the pale blue sky; the moon shows itself again as queen of night, and lights and cheers the long and dark days of the Scandinavian Winter. The time comes at last when the sun disappears entirely from sight; the heavens appear in a blaze of light and glory, and the stars and the moon pale before the aurora borealis.—*The Land of the Midnight Sun*, Vol. I., Chap. I.

VEGETATION IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

There is no land, from the Arctic Circle northward, which presents such a mild climate and luxuriant vegetation as Norway and Sweden. The countries situated in the same latitudes in Asia or America present a cold and barren aspect compared with these. This climate is due to several

causes: the Gulf-stream, the Baltic, and the Gulf of Bothnia; the position of the mountains which shelter the valleys; the prevalence of southerly and south-westerly winds, which blow almost all the year round, especially in Norway; the long hours of sunshine, and the powerful sun. On the Norwegian side, along the coast and the fjords, owing to the genial influence of the Gulf-stream, the Spring begins earlier, and the Summer is longer than in Sweden; but the days of sunshine are less, as the climate is more rainy; consequently the vegetation does not increase so fast. Summer succeeds Winter more rapidly on the Gulf of Bothnia, and vegetation increases almost visibly, especially as the dew is very heavy. Owing to a less rigorous Winter on the Norwegian coast, and a longer period of medium or milder weather, several trees flourish to a higher latitude than in Sweden. Rye, which in the Arctic Circle is planted at the beginning or middle of June, attains a height of seven or eight feet early in August, having reached ninety-six inches in eight or nine weeks; and, when first planted, sometimes grows at the rate of three inches a day. The barley at Niava was ready for the harvest in the middle of August, six or seven weeks after being sown.—*The Land of the Midnight Sun*, Vol. I., Chap. XI.

WINTER IN SCANDINAVIA.

How great is the contrast between Summer and Winter in the beautiful peninsula of Scandinavia —"the Land of the Midnight Sun!" In December, in the far North, a sunless sky hangs over the country; for the days of continuous sunlight in Summer, there are as many without the sun appearing above the horizon in Winter. During that time, even at the end of December—which is the darkest period—when the weather is clear, one can read from eleven A.M. to one P.M. without artificial light; but if it is cloudy, or snow is falling, lamps must be used. The moon takes the place of the sun; the stars shine brightly, the atmosphere is pure and clear, and the sky very blue. The aurora borealis sends its flashes and streamers

of light high up towards the zenith; and there are days when the electric storm culminates in a corona of gorgeous color, presenting a spectacle never to be forgotten. I have traveled in many lands, and within the tropics, but I have never seen such glorious nights as those of Winter in "the Land of the Midnight Sun."

The long twilights which, farther south, make the evening and the morning blend into one, are here succeeded by long dark nights and short days. All nature seems to be in deep repose; the gurgling brook is silent; the turbulent streams are frozen; the waves of the lakes, upon which the rays of the Summer sun played, strike no more on the pebbled shores; long crystal icicles hang from the mountain sides and ravines; the rocks upon which the water dripped in Summer appear like sheets of glass. The land is clad in a mantle of snow, and the pines are the Winter jewels of the landscape. Day after day the atmosphere is so still that not a breath of wind seems to pass over the hills; but suddenly these periods of repose are succeeded by dark and threatening skies, and violent tempests. On the Norwegian coast fearful and terrific storms lash the sea with fury, breaking the waves into a thousand fragments on the ragged and rocky shores. Under the fierce winds the pines bend their heads, and the mountain snow is swept away and to immense heights, hiding everything from sight.—*The Land of the Midnight Sun,* Vol. II., Chap. I.

DUDEVANT, ARMANTINE LUCILE AURORE (DUPIN), a French novelist, best known under the pseudonym of "George Sand," born in 1804, died in 1876. On her father's death, when she was four years old, she was placed under the care of his mother, at Nohant. In her thirteenth year she was sent to a convent boarding school at Paris, where she became very devout and wished to take the veil. She was recalled to Nohant in 1820. She then became an enthusiastic student of Locke, Aristotle, Leibnitz, and Rousseau.

When her grandmother died she went to Paris, to live with her mother. At eighteen she married Casimir Dudevant, a retired officer. Husband and wife were unsuited to each other, and in 1831 an amicable separation took place, M. Dudevant having possession of the estate at Nohant, and Madame Dudevant going to Paris, hoping to support herself and her daughter by drawing, painting, and writing. After many rebuffs from literary men, she became a contributor to *Figaro*. Her first novel, *Rose et Blanche*, was written in conjunction with Jules Sandeau. Its publisher offered to take another novel. Sandeau had nothing ready, and Madame Dudevant offered *Indiana*, which she had just completed. It was published in 1832 under the name of George Sand. The novel was a brilliant success, which was heightened by the mystery attached to the author. *Valentine* followed in the same year. In 1833 she published *Lélia*, the outcome of her own bitter experience, apparently an arraignment of marriage and a defence of social disorder. The next year she set out for Italy, and for more than a year she remained in Venice, and wrote for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, *Metella* (1833), *Jacques* and *Leone Leoni* (1834), *Andrè*, *Mattea* (1835), the *Lettres d' un Voyageur*, and *Lettres d' un Oncle*. She returned to France in 1835, and the next year obtained a legal separation from her husband. The decree gave her again the control of her fortune, and the exclusive care of her children, and restored to her her father's estate at Nohant. The editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* refusing to publish her novel, *Horace*, on account of its socialistic tendency, she broke off her connection with that periodical, and in conjunction with Leroux and Viardot established *La Revue Contemporaine*, in which ap-

peared *Horace*, *Consuelo* (1844), and its sequel *La Comtesse de Rudolstadt* (1845). *Jeanne* (1844), was the first of a series of pastoral tales. *La Mare au Diable* (1846), *La petite Fadette* (1848), translated under the title of *Fanchon the Cricket*, and *François le Champi* (1849), are the finest of these productions. *L' Historie de ma Vie* was published in 1853–55. During the Franco-Prussian war, Mme. Dudevant went along the French lines as far as she was permitted to go, taking notes which were afterwards embodied in the *Journal d' un Voyageur pendant la Guerre* (1871). Madame Dudevant was the author of about sixty novels, twenty plays, and many minor works. At different times she contributed political articles to various newspapers. During the last years of her life, she wrote several delightful tales for her grandchildren. A volume of these, *Contes d' une Grand mère*, was published after her death.

CONSUELO'S TRIUMPH.

Consuelo made haste to the church Mendicanti, whither the crowd were already flocking, to listen to Porpora's admirable music. She went up to the organ-loft in which the choirs were already in air, with the professor at his desk. On entering she knelt down, buried her face in her hands, and prayed fervently and devoutly.

"Oh, my God," she cried with the voice of the heart, "thou knowest that I seek not advancement for the humiliation of my rivals. Thou knowest that I have no thought to surrender myself to the world and worldly acts, abandoning thy love, and straying into the paths of vice. Thou knowest that pride dwells not in me, and that I implore thee to support me, and to swell my voice, and to expand my thoughts as I sing thy praises, only that I may dwell with him whom my mother permitted me to love."

When the first sounds of the orchestra called Consuelo to her place, she rose slowly, her man-

tilla fell from her shoulders, and her face was at length visible to the impatient and restless spectators in the neighboring tribune. But what marvelous change is here in this young girl, just now so pale, so cast down, so overwhelmed by fatigue and fear! The ether of heaven seemed to bedew her lofty forehead, while a gentle languor was diffused over the noble and graceful outlines of her figure. Her tranquil countenance expressed none of those petty passions, which seek, as it were, to exact applause. There was something about her solemn, mysterious and elevated—at once lovely and affecting.

"Courage, my daughter," said the professor in a low voice. "You are about to sing the music of a great master, and he is here to listen to you."

"Who?—Marcello?" said Consuelo, seeing the professor lay the Hymns of Marcello open on the desk.

"Yes—Marcello," replied he. "Sing as usual—nothing more and nothing less—and all will be well."

Marcello, then in the last year of his life, had in fact come once again to revisit Venice, his birth-place, where he had gained renown as composer, as writer, and as magistrate. He had been full of courtesy towards Porpora, who had requested him to be present in his school, intending to surprise him with the performance of Consuelo, who knew his magnificent "*I cieli immensi narrano*" by heart. Nothing could be better adapted to the religious glow that now animated the heart of this noble girl. So soon as the first words of this lofty and brilliant production shone before her eyes, she felt as if wafted into another sphere. Forgetting Count Zustiniani—forgetting the spiteful glances of her rivals—forgetting even Anzoleto—she thought only of God and of Marcello, who seemed to interpret those wondrous regions whose glory she was about to celebrate. What subject so beautiful!—what conception so elevated!—

I cieli immensi narrano
Del grandi Iddio la gloria
Il firmamento lucido
All universo annunzia

Quanto sieno mirabili
Della sua destra le opere.

A divine glow overspread her features, and the sacred fire of genius darted from her large black eyes, as the vaulted roof rang with that unequalled voice, and with those lofty accents which could only proceed from an elevated intellect, joined to a good heart. After he had listened for a few instants, a torrent of delicious tears streamed from Marcello's eyes. The count, unable to restrain his emotion, exclaimed—"By the Holy Rood, this woman is beautiful! She is Santa Cecelia, Santa Teresa, Santa Consuelo! She is poetry, she is music, she is faith personified!" As for Anzoleto, who had risen, and whose trembling limbs barely sufficed to sustain him with the aid of his hands, which clung convulsively to the grating of the tribune, he fell back upon his seat ready to swoon, intoxicated with pride and joy. It required all the respect due to the locality, to prevent the numerous dilettanti in the crowd from bursting into applause, as if they had been in the theatre. The count would not wait until the close of the service to express his enthusiasm to Porpora and Consuelo. She was obliged to repair to the tribune of the Count to receive the thanks and gratitude of Marcello. She found him so much agitated as to be hardly able to speak.

"My daughter," said he, with a broken voice, "receive the blessing of a dying man. You have caused me to forget for an instant the mortal suffering of many years. A miracle seems exerted in my behalf, and the unrelenting frightful malady appears to have fled forever at the sound of your voice. If the angels above sing like you, I shall long to quit the world in order to enjoy that happiness which you have made known to me. Blessings then be on you, oh my child, and may your earthly happiness correspond to your deserts!" I have heard Faustina, Romanina, Cuzzoni, and the rest; but they are not to be named along with you. It is reserved for you to let the world hear what it has never yet heard, and to make it feel what no man has ever yet felt."

Consuelo, overwhelmed by this magnificent eulogium, bowed her head, and almost bending to the ground, kissed, without being able to utter a word, the livid fingers of the dying man.

During the remainder of the service, Consuelo displayed energy and resources which completely removed any hesitation Count Zustiniani might have felt respecting her. She led, she animated, she sustained the choir, displaying at each instant prodigious powers, and the varied qualities of her voice rather than the strength of her lungs. For those who know how to sing do not become tired, and Consuelo sang with as little effort and labor as others might have in merely breathing. She was heard above all the rest, not because she screamed like those performers, without soul and without breath, but because of the unimaginable purity and sweetness of her tones. Besides, she felt that she was understood in every minute particular. She alone, amidst the vulgar crowd, the shrill voices and imperfect trills of those around her, was a musician and a master. She filled, therefore, instinctively and without ostentation, her powerful part, and as long as the service lasted she took the prominent place which she felt was necessary. After all was over, the choristers imputed it to her as a grievance and a crime; and those very persons who, failing and sinking, had as it were implored her assistance with their looks, claimed for themselves all the eulogiums which are given to the school of Porpora at large.—*Consuelo.*

A PASTORAL SCENE.

I was walking on the border of a field which some peasants were in the act of preparing for the approaching seed-time. The arena was vast; the landscape was vast also, and enclosed with great lines of verdure, somewhat reddened by the approach of autumn, that broad field of a vigorous brown, where recent rains had left, in some furrows, lines of water which the sun made glitter like fine threads of silver. The day had been clear and warm, and the earth, freshly opened by

the cutting of the ploughshares, exhaled a light vapor. In the upper part of the field, an old man gravely held his plough of antique form, drawn by two quiet oxen, with pale yellow skins—real patriarchs of the meadow—large in stature, rather thin, with long turned down horns, old laborers whom long habit had made "brothers," as they are called by our country people, and who, when separated from each other, refuse to work with a new companion, and let themselves die of sorrow. The old husbandman worked slowly, in silence, without useless efforts; his docile team did not hurry any more than he; but, owing to the continuity of a labor without distraction, and the appliance of tried and well sustained strength, his furrow was as soon turned as that of his son, who was ploughing at a short distance from him, with four oxen not so stout, in a vein of stronger and more stony soil.

But that which afterwards attracted my attention was really a beautiful spectacle—a noble subject for a painter. At the other extremity of the arable field, a good-looking young man was driving a magnificent team: four pairs of young animals of a dark color, a mixture of black and bay with streaks of fire, with those short and frizzly heads which still savor of the wild bull, those large savage eyes, those sudden motions, that nervous and jerking labor which still is irritated by the yoke and the goad, and only obeys with a start of anger the recently imposed authority. They were what are called newly-yoked steers. The man who governed them had to clear a corner formerly devoted to pasturage, and filled with century-old stumps, the task of an athlete, for which his energy, his youth, and his eight almost unbroken animals were barely sufficient.

A child six or seven years old, beautiful as an angel, with his shoulders covered, over his blouse, by a lamb-skin, which made him resemble the little Saint John the Baptist of the painters of the restoration, walked in the furrow parallel to he plough, and touched the flank of the oxen with a long and light stick pointed with a slightly sharp-

ened goad. The proud animals quivered under the small hand of the child, and made their yokes and the thongs bound over their foreheads creak, while they gave violent shocks to the plough handles. When a root stopped the ploughshare, the husbandman shouted with a powerful voice, calling each beast by his name, but rather to calm than excite; for the oxen, irritated by this sudden resistance, leaped, dug up the ground with their broad forked feet, and would have cast themselves out of the track, carrying the plough across the field, if, with his voice and goad, the young man had not restrained the four nearest him, while the child governed the other four. He also shouted, the poor little fellow, with a voice which he wished to make terrible, but which remained as gentle as his angelic face. It was all beautiful in strength or in grace, the landscape, the man, the child, the bulls under the yoke; and in spite of this powerful struggle in which the earth was overcome, there was a feeling of gentleness and deep calm which rested upon all things. When the obstacle was surmounted, and the team had resumed its equal and solemn step, the husbandman, whose feigned violence was only an exercise of vigor, and an expenditure of activity, immediately recovered the serenity of simple souls, and cast a look of paternal satisfaction on his child, who turned to smile on him.

Then the manly voice of this young father of a family struck up the melancholy and solemn strain which the ancient tradition of the country transmits, not to all ploughmen indiscriminately, but to those most consummate in the art of exciting and sustaining the ardor of the oxen at work. This chant, the origin of which was perhaps considered sacred, and to which mysterious influences must formerly have been attributed, is still reputed, at this day, to possess the virtue of keeping up the courage of the animals, of appeasing their dissatisfaction, and of charming the ennui of their long task. It is not enough to know how to drive them well while tracing a perfectly straight furrow, to lighten their labor by raising or de-

pressing the point of the ploughshare opportunely in the soil: no one is a perfect ploughman if he does not know how to sing to the oxen, and this is a science apart, which requires taste and peculiar adaptation. This chant is, to say the truth, only a kind of recitative, interrupted and resumed at will. Its irregular form and its false intonations, speaking according to the rules of musical art, render it untranslatable. But it is none the less a beautiful chant, and so appropriate to the nature of the labor which it accompanies, to the gait of the ox, to the calmness of those rural scenes, to the simplicity of the men who sing it, that no genius, a stranger to the labors of the soil, could have invented it, and no singer other than a "finished ploughman" of that country could repeat it. At those epochs of the year when there is no other labor and no other movement in the country than that of ploughing, this chant, so simple and so powerful, rises like the voice of a breeze, to which its peculiar toning gives it a kind of resemblance. The final note of each phrase, continued and trilled with an incredible length and power of breath, ascends a quarter of a note with systematic dissonance. This is wild, but the charm of it is invincible, and when you become accustomed to hear it, you cannot conceive how any song could be sung at those hours and in those places without disturbing their harmony.

It was then that, on seeing this beautiful pair, the man and the child, accomplish under such poetical conditions, and with so much gracefulness united with strength, a labor full of grandeur and solemnity, I felt a deep pity mingled with an involuntary respect. "Happy the husbandman!" Yes, doubtless, I should be happy in his place, if my arm, suddenly become strong, and my chest, become powerful, could thus fertilize and sing nature, without my eyes ceasing to see and my brain to comprehend the harmony of colors and of sounds, the fineness of tones, and the gracefulness of outlines—in one word, the mysterious beauty of things! and especially without my heart ceasing to be in relation with the divine feel-

ing which presided over the immortal and sublime creation!

But, alas! that man has never understood the mystery of the beautiful, that child will never understand it. May God preserve me from believing that they are not superior to the animals they govern, and that they have not at moments a kind of ecstatic revelation which charms their fatigue and soothes their cares! I see upon their noble foreheads the seal of the Lord, for they are born kings of the soil, much more than those who own it because they have paid for it. And the proof that they feel this is, that they cannot be expatriated with impunity, that they love this soil watered with their sweat, that the true peasant dies of nostalgia under the harness of the soldier, far from the field that saw his birth. But this man wants a part of the delights that I possess, immaterial delights which are certainly his right, his, the workman of this vast temple which heaven alone is vast enough to enclose. He wants the knowledge of his feelings. Those who have condemned him to servitude from his mother's womb, not being able to deprive him of revery, have deprived him of reflection.

Well! such as he is, incomplete and condemned to an eternal childhood, he is much more beautiful than he in whom science has smothered feeling. Do not elevate yourselves above him, you who think yourselves invested with the legitimate and imprescriptive right to command him, for this frightful error under which you labor proves that your mind has killed your heart, and that you are the most incomplete and the blindest of men. . . . Next year that furrow will be filled up and covered by a new one. Thus also is impressed and disappears the trace of the greater portion of mankind in the field of humanity. A little earth effaces it. and the furrows we have opened follow each other like the graves in a cemetery. Is not the furrow of the ploughman quite as valuable as that of the idle man, who has nevertheless a name, a name which will survive, if by singularity or any absurdity he makes a little noise in the world?—*The Devil's Pool.*

DUFFERIN (FREDERICK TEMPLE HAMILTON BLACKWOOD), EARL OF, an English statesman and author, born in 1826. His is the son of the fourth Baron Dufferin and Helen Selina Sheridan, lady Dufferin, mentioned below. He was educated at Eton and Oxford. In 1846 he visited Ireland, and subsequently published a *Narrative of a Journey from Oxford to Skibbereen during the Year of the Irish Famine.* In 1860 he published *Letters from High Latitudes*, an account of a yacht voyage to Iceland and Spitzbergen in 1859. He was Under Secretary of State from 1864 to 1866, Governor General of Canada (1872–1878), Ambassador to St. Petersburg in 1879, to Constantinople in 1881, and Cairo in 1882, and became Viceroy to India in 1884. He is the author of *Tenure of Land in Ireland*, and *Contributions to an Inquiry into the State of Ireland.* A volume of his *Speeches and Addresses* was published in 1882.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

It was now just upon the stroke of midnight. Ever since leaving England, as each four-and-twenty hours we climbed up nearer to the pole, the belt of dusk dividing day from day had been growing narrower and narrower, until having nearly reached the Arctic Circle, this—the last night we were to traverse—had dwindled to a thread of shadow. Only another half-dozen leagues more, and we would stand on the threshold of a four months' day! For the few preceding hours, clouds had completely covered the heavens, except where a clear interval of sky, that lay along the northern horizon, promised a glowing stage for the sun's last obsequies. But like the heroes of old he had veiled his face to die, and it was not until he dropped down to the sea that the whole hemisphere overflowed with glory, and the gilded pageant concerted for his funeral gathered in slow procession round his grave; reminding

one of those tardy honors paid to some great prince of song, who—left during life to languish in a garret—is buried by nobles in Westminster Abbey. A few minutes more the last fiery segment had disappeared beneath the purple horizon, and all was over.

"The King is dead—the King is dead—the King is dead! Long live the King!" And up from the sea that had just entombed his sire, rose the young monarch of a new day; while the courtier clouds, in their ruby robes, turned faces still aglow with the favors of their dead lord, to borrow brighter blazonry from the smile of a new master.

A fairer or a stranger spectacle than the last Arctic sunset cannot well be conceived. Evening and morning—like kinsmen whose hearts some baseless feud has kept asunder—clasping hands across the shadow of the vanished night.—*Letters from High Latitudes.*

THE COLD OF SPITZBERGEN.

During the whole period of our stay in Spitzbergen, we had enjoyed unclouded sunshine. The nights were even brighter than the days. The cold was never very intense, though the thermometer remained below freezing; but about four o'clock every evening, the salt-water bay in which the schooner lay, was covered over with a pellicle of ice one eighth of an inch in thickness, and so elastic, that even when the sea beneath was considerably agitated, its surface remained unbroken—the smooth round waves taking the appearance of billows of oil. If such is the effect produced by the slightest modification of the sun's power, in the month of August—you can imagine what must be the result of his total disappearance beneath the horizon. The winter is, in fact, unendurable. Even in the height of summer, the moisture inherent in the atmosphere is often frozen into innumerable particles, so minute as to assume the appearance of an impalpable mist. Occasionally persons have wintered on the island, but unless the greatest precautions have been

taken for their preservation, the consequences have been almost invariably fatal.

No description can give an adequate idea of the six months' winter in this part of the world. Stones crack with the noise of thunder; in a crowded hut the breath of its occupants will fall in flakes of snow, wine and spirits turn to ice; the snow burns like caustic; if iron touches the flesh, it brings the skin away with it; the soles of your stockings may be burnt off your feet before you feel the slightest warmth from the fire; linen taken out of boiling water, intsantly stiffens to the consistency of a wooden board: and heated stones will not prevent the sheets of the bed from freezing. If these are the effects of the climate within an air-tight, fire-warmed, crowded hut, what must they be among the dark, storm-lashed mountain peaks outside!—*Letters from High Latitudes.*

DUFFERIN, HELEN SELINA (SHERIDAN), LADY, an English poet, born 1807, died in 1867. She was a granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and a sister of the Hon. Mrs. Norton. She was the author of several popular ballads, one of which is the *Lament of the Irish Emigrant* written about the year 1838. She married the Hon. Price Blackwood, afterwards the fourth Baron Dufferin.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
  Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May mornin', long ago,
  When first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
  And the lark sang loud and high;
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
  And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
  The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
  And the corn is green again:

But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
  And your breath warm on my cheek;
And I still keep listenin' for the words
  You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
  And the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary,
  I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
  And my step might break your rest—
For I 've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
  With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely, now, Mary,
  For the poor make no new friends;
But, oh! they love the better still
  The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary—
  My blessin' and my pride:
There's nothing left to care for now,
  Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
  That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
  And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
  And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
  Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
  When your heart was fit to break—
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
  And you hid it for my sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word,
  When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
  Where grief can't reach you more!

I 'm bidding you a long farewell,
  My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling,
  In the land I 'm going to;

They say there 's bread and work for all,
  And the sun shines always there—
But I 'll not forget old Ireland,
  Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
  I 'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
  To the place where Mary lies;
And I 'll think I see the little stile
  Where we sat side by side, [morn,
And the springin' corn, and the bright May
  When first you were my bride.

DUMAS, ALEXANDRE DAVY, a French dramatist and novelist, son of General Alexandre Dumas, born in 1803, died in 1870. When three years old he lost his father. His mother sent him to school, where he paid little attention to his studies, but became a good horseman and a good shot. When fifteen years old he was placed in a notary's office. Family embarrassments sent him to Paris, where by the aid of Gen. Foy, he obtained a clerkship in the household of the Duke of Orleans. He devoted his leisure to dramatic composition, in which he had already made several essays. In 1828 he brought out *Henri III. et sa Cour*, an historical play, which, though assailed by the critics was well received by the public. *Richard d' Arlington*, *Térésa* (1831), the *Tour de Nesle* (1832), *Angèle* (1833), *Catharine Howard* (1834), *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle* (1837), *Mariage sous Louis XV.* (1841), *Les Demoiselles de St. Cyr* (1843), are among the plays which followed in rapid succession, and drew crowded houses. In 1835 he published his first romance, *Isabelle de Bavière*. Other novels dealing with episodes in French history, and his *Impressions de Voyage* (1839–41) were well received. *The Three Guardsmen* and the *Count of Monte Cristo* (1845) had a brilliant success. In 1844

he issued some forty volumes bearing his name, claiming that though he employed assistants, yet his share in the plan and execution of every work was sufficient to make the work truly his own. He continued to write for the stage, and also published some historical works, among them *Louis XIV. et son Siècle*, and *Florence et les Medicis.* In 1846 he accompanied the Duke de Montpensier to Spain, and afterwards visited Africa. On his return he built a large theatre for the production of his plays. His theatre did not prosper. The revolution of 1848 involved him in difficulties, and he was also obliged to defend himself in lawsuits with several newspapers with which he had failed to carry out his contracts. The publication of his interesting *Mémoires* was begun in 1852. He undertook the publication of a daily newspaper and a monthly review, both of which failed after a few numbers. He then continued his *Mémoires* and romances in the *Mousquetaire.* He joined Garibaldi in 1860, and wrote a volume entitled *Mémoires de Garibaldi.* His last years were impoverished. Health and vigor failed. At the beginning of the war in 1870 he was removed from Paris to Dieppe, where he died on the 5th of December. The works bearing his name are said to number some twelve hundred volumes. He brought out about sixty dramas, only a few of which, among them *Mariage sous Louis XV.*, and *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*, keep their place on the stage. *The Count of Monte Cristo*, the *Three Guardsmen*, and its sequel, *Twenty Years after*, *Marguerite de Valois*, *The Watchmaker* and the *Memoirs of a Physician*, *Balsamo*, are among the most popular of the works bearing his name.

THE EXECUTION OF KING CHARLES I.

Meanwhile, Athos, in his concealment, waited

in vain the signal to recommence his work. Two long hours he waited in terrible inaction. A death-like silence reigned in the room above. At last he determined to discover the cause of this stillness. He crept from his hole, and stood, hidden by the black drapery, beneath the scaffold. Peeping out from the drapery, he could see the rows of halberdiers and musketeers round the scaffold, and the first ranks of the populace, swaying and groaning like the sea.

"What is the matter, then?" he asked himself, trembling more than the cloth he was holding back. "The people are hurrying on, the soldiers under arms, and among the spectators I see D'Artagnan. What is he waiting for? What is he looking at? Good God! have they let the headsman escape?"

Suddenly the dull beating of muffled drums filled the square. The sound of heavy steps was heard above his head. The next moment the very planks of the scaffold creaked with the weight of an advancing procession, and the eager faces of the spectators confirmed what a last hope at the bottom of his heart had prevented his believing till then. At the same moment a well-known voice above him pronounced these words:

"Colonel, I wish to speak to the people."

Athos shuddered from head to foot. It was the king speaking on the scaffold. By his side stood a man wearing a mask, and carrying an axe in his hand, which he afterwards laid on the block. The sight of the mask excited a great amount of curiosity in the people, the foremost of whom strained their eyes to discover who it could be. But they could discern nothing but a man of middle height, dressed in black, apparently past middle age, for the end of a grey beard peeped out from the bottom of the mask which concealed his features. The king's request had undoubtedly been acceded to by an affirmative sign, for, in firm, sonorous accents, which vibrated in the depths of Athos' heart, the king began his speech, explaining his conduct, and counselling them for the

welfare of England. He was interrupted by the noise of the axe grating on the block.

"Do not touch the axe," said the king, and resumed his speech. At the end of his speech, the king looked tenderly round upon the people. Then, unfastening the diamond ornament which the queen had sent him, he placed it in the hands of the priest who accompanied Juxon. Then he drew from his breast a little cross set in diamonds, which, like the order, had been the gift of Henrietta Maria. "Sir," said he to the priest, "I shall keep this cross in my hand till the last moment. You will take it from me when I am dead." He then took his hat from his head, and threw it on the ground. One by one, he undid the buttons of his doublet, took it off, and deposited it by the side of his hat. Then, as it was cold, he asked for his gown, which was brought to him. All the preparations were made with a frightful calmness. One would have thought the king was going to bed, and not to his coffin.

"Will these be in your way?" he said to the executioner, raising his long locks: "if so, they can be tied up." Charles accompanied these words with a look designed to penetrate the mask of the unknown headsman. His calm, noble gaze forced the man to turn away his head, and the king repeated his question.

"It will do," replied the man in a deep voice, "if you separate them across the neck."

"This block is very low, is there no other to be had?"

"It is the usual block," replied the man in the mask.

"Do you think you can behead me with a single blow?" asked the king.

"I hope so," was the reply. There was something so strange in these words that everybody except the king shuddered.

"I do not wish to be taken by surprise," added the king, "I shall kneel down to pray, do not strike then."

"When shall I strike?"

"When I shall lay my head on the block, and say '*Remember!*'—then strike boldly."

"Gentlemen," said the king to those around him, "I leave you to brave the tempest, and go before you to a kingdom which knows no storms. Farewell." Then he knelt down, made the sign of the cross, and lowering his face to the planks, as if he would have kissed them, he said in a low tone, in French, "Count de la Fère, are you there?"

"Yes, your majesty," he answered trembling.

"Faithful friend, noble heart?" said the king, "I should not have been rescued. I have addressed my people, and I have spoken to God; last of all I speak to you. To maintain a cause which I believe sacred, I have lost the throne, and my children the inheritance. A million in gold remains: I buried it in the cellars of Newcastle Keep. You only know that this money exists. Make use of it, then, whenever you think it will be most useful, for my eldest son's welfare. And now farewell."

"Farewell, saintly, martyred majesty," lisped Athos, chilled with terror.

A moment's silence ensued, and then, in a full, sonorous voice, the King said, "*Remember!*"

He had scarcely uttered the word when a heavy blow shook the scaffold, and where Athos stood immovable a warm drop fell upon his brow. He reeled back with a shudder, and the same moment the drops became a black torrent. Athos fell on his knees, and remained some moments, as if bewildered or stunned. At last he rose, and taking his handkerchief, steeped it in the blood of the martyred king. Then, as the crowd gradually dispersed, he leapt down, crept from behind the drapery, gliding between two horses, mingled with the crowd, and was the first to arrive at the inn. Having gained his room, he raised his hand to his forehead, and finding his fingers covered with the king's blood, fell down insensible.—*Twenty Years After.*

DUMAS, ALEXANDRE, son of the preceding,

was born in Paris in 1824. His first work was a volume of verse published in his eighteenth year. He accompanied his father to Spain and Africa, and on his return published *Les Aventures de Quatre Femmes et d' un Perroquet*, which showed no great talent. *La Dame aux Camélias* (1848), the story of Marie Duplessis, a woman of the town, found an immense number of readers. It was afterwards dramatized by its author, and was also reproduced in Verdi's opera of *La Traviata*. Among his other novels are *Le Docteur Servans* and *Antonine* (1849), *Trois Hommes Forts* (1850), *Diane de Lys* (1852), *La Dame aux Perles*, and *La Vie à Vingt Ans*. Dumas has been more successful as a dramatist than as a novelist, his success being founded upon his power to deal satirically with the follies, vices, and crimes of society. He has dramatized his own work *Diane de Lys*, and his father's *Joseph Balsamo*. He has also written, besides other plays, *Le Demi-Monde* (1855), *La Question d' Argent*, *Le Père prodigue* (1859), *La Femme de Claude* (1872), and *Monsieur Alphonse* (1873). He was admitted to the French Academy in 1874.

DUNBAR, WILLIAM, a Scottish poet, born about 1460, died about 1525. He was educated at the University of St. Andrews, entered the Franciscan Order, and traveled over England and France. Returning to Scotland, he became a favorite at the Court of James IV. Some of his poems were printed as early as 1508; many of them remained in manuscript for two centuries. A complete edition was issued in 1824, with a *Life of Dunbar*, by David Laing. One of his pleasantest poems, *The Merle* (Blackbird) *and the Nightingale*, is a dialogue between these two birds, the Merle advocating a joyous life spent in the service of earthly love, while the Nightingale

avers that the only worthy love is that which is given solely to God. They debate the matter through a dozen stanzas, when the Merle avows himself convinced by the representations of the Nightingale:

THE MERLE AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

Then said the Merle: mine error I confess;
This frustir love is all but vanity:
Blind ignorance me gave sic hardiness,
To argue so again' the verity;
Wherefore I counsel every man that he
With love not in the feindis net be tone,
But love the love that did for his love die:
All love is lost but upon God alone.

Then sang they both with voices loud and clear:
The Merle sang: Man, love God that has thee
wrought,
The Nightingale sang: Man love the Lord most
dear,
That thee and all this world made of nought.
The Merle said: Love him that thy love has sought
Fro' heaven to earth, and here took flesh and bone.
The Nightingale sang: And with his dead thee
bought:
All love is lost but upon Him alone.

Then flew thir birdis o'er the boughis sheen,
Singing of love amang the leavis small
Whose eidant plead yet made my thoughtis grein,
Both sleeping, waking, in rest and in travail;
Me to recomfort most it does avail,
Again for love, when love I can find none,
To think how sung this Merle and Nightingale:
All love is lost but upon God alone.

The Dance consists of ten stanzas. Mahoun (that is Mahomet, a kind of incarnation of the Evil One) summons his principal servitors to make an entertainment before him. The Seven Deadly Sins make their appearance, and each of them recites a verse satirizing the vices of the times:

THE DANCE OF THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

III.

Lets see, quoth he, now wha begins :
With that the foul Seven Deadly Sins
  Begoud to leap at anis.
And first of all in Dance was Pride,
With hair wyld back, and bonnet on side,
  Like to make vaistie wanis ;
And round about him. as a wheel,
Hang all in rumples to the heel
  His kethat for the nanis :
Mony proud trumpour with him trippit
Through scalding fire, aye as they skippit
  The girned with hideous granis.

IV.

Then Ire came in with sturt and strife ;
His hand was aye upon his knife,
  He brandished like a beir :
Boasters, braggars, and bargainers,
After him passit in to pairs,
  All boden in feir of weir ;
In jacks, and scryppis, and bonnets of steel,
Their legs were chainit to the heel,
  Frawart was their affeir :
Some upon other with brands beft,
Some jaggit others to the heft,
  With knives that sharp could shear.

V.

Next in the Dance followit Envy,
Filled full of feud and felony,
  Hid malice and despite :
For privy hatred that traitor tremlit ;
Him followit mony freik dissemlit,
  With fenyeit wordis quhyte :
And flatterers into men's faces ;
And backbiters in secret places,
  To lie that had delight ;
And rownaris of false lesings,
Alace ! that courts of noble kings
  Of them can never be quit.

VI.

Next him in Dance came Covetyce,
Root of all evil, and ground of vice,

That never could be content:
Catives, wretches, and ockeraris,
Hudpikes, hoarders, gatheraris,
All with that warlock went:
Out of their throats they shot on other
Het, molten gold, me thocht, a futher
As fire-flaucht maist fervent;
Aye as they toomit them of shot,
Fiends filled them new up to the throat
With gold of all kind prent.

VII.

Syne Sweirness, at the second bidding,
Came lik a sow out of a midding,
Full sleepy was his grunyie:
Mony swear bumbard belly huddroum,
Mony slut, daw, and sleepy duddroun,
Him servit aye with sonnyie;
He drew them furth intill a chain,
And Belial with a bridle rein
Ever lashed them on the lunyie:
In Daunce they were so slaw of feet,
They gave them in the fire a heat,
And made them quicker of cunyie.

VIII.

Then Lechery, that laithly corpse,
Came berand like ane baggit horse,
And Idleness did him lead;
There was with him ane ugly sort,
And mony stinking foul tramort,
That had in sin been dead:
When they were enterit in the Dance,
They were full strance of countenance,
Like torches burning red.

IX.

Then the foul monster, Gluttony,
Of wame insatiable and greedy,
To Dance he did him dress:
Him followit mony foul drunkart,
With can and collop, cup and quart,
In surfit and excess;
Full mony a waistless wally-drag,
With wames unwieldable, did furth wag,
In creesh that did incress:

Drink ! aye they cried, with mony a gaip,
The fiends gave them het lead to laip,
Their leveray was na less.

THE TRUE LIFE.

Be merry, man, and tak not sair in mind
The wavering of this wretched world of sorrow ;
To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,
And with thy neighbors gladly lend and borrow ;
His chance to-night, it may be thine to-morrow ;
Be blythe in hearte for my aventure,
For oft with wise men it has been said aforow
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

Make thee gude cheer of it that God thee sends,
For warld's wrak but welfare nought avails ;
Nae gude is thine save only that thou spends,
Remanant all thou bruikes but with bails ;
Seek to solace when sadness thee assails ;
In dolour lang thy life may not endure,
Wherefore of comfort set up all thy sails ;
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

Follow on pity, flee trouble and debate,
With famous folkis hald thy company ;
Be charitable and hum'le in thine estate,
For warldly honour lastes but a cry.
For trouble in earth tak no melancholy ;
Be rich in patience, if thou in gudes be poor,
Who lives merrily he lives mightily ;
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

DUNCAN, HENRY, a Scottish clergyman and author, born in 1774, died in 1846. In 1810 he instituted at Ruthwell a parish savings' bank, the success of which led to the establishment of other banks of the same character. He also discovered in 1828 the footprints of animals on layers of clay between the sandstone beds in a quarry in Dumfriesshire. He was the author of *The Cottage Fireside* and *The Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons* (1836–7).

BLESSINGS OF THE DEW.

The beneficial effects of dew, in reviving and refreshing the entire landscape, have already been adverted to. How frequently do we observe the aspect of the fields and woods improved by the dew of a single night. In the summer season, especially, when the solar heat is most intense, and when the luxuriant vegetation requires a constant and copious supply of moisture, an abundant formation of dew often seasonably refreshes the thirsty herbs, and saves them from the parching drought. In Eastern countries like Judea, where the summer is fervid and long continued, and the evaporation excessive, dew is both more needed, and formed in much greater abundance, than in our more temperate climate. There it may be said to interpose between the vegetable world and the scorching influence of a powerful and unclouded sun—to be the hope and joy of the husbandman, the theme of his earnest prayer and heartfelt gratitude. Accordingly, the sacred writers speak of it as the choicest of blessings wherewith a land can be blessed ; while the want of it is with them almost synonymous with a curse. Moses, blessing the land of Joseph, classes the dew among "the precious things of heaven ;" and David, in his lamentation over Saul and Jonathan, poetically invoking a curse upon the place where they fell, wishes no dew to descend upon the mountains of Gilboa. The Almighty himself, promising, by the mouth of one of his prophets, to bless his chosen people, says, "I will be as the dew unto Israel ; he shall grow as a lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon." Here the refreshing and fertilizing effects of dew beautifully represent the prosperity of the nation which God specially favors and protects. The dew is also employed, by the prophet Micah, to illustrate the influence of God's people in the midst of an evil world, where he says, that "the remnant of Jacob shall be in the midst of many people, as a dew from the Lord." What emblem more expressive of that spiritual life, in some of its members,

which preserves a people from entire corruption and decay!

Another beautiful application of the dew in Scripture, is its being made to represent the influence of heavenly truth upon the soul. In the commencement of his sublime song, Moses employs these exquisite expressions:—"My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew; as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass." Similar passages might be quoted from the sacred writers, wherein, by a felicity of comparison that all must at once acknowledge, the word and ordinances of God are likened to the dew of the field. . . . As the dew of a night will sometimes bring back beauty and bloom to unnumbered languishing plants and flowers, and spread a pleasant freshness over all the fields, so will some rich and powerful exposition of revealed truth, or some ordinance, dispensed with genuine fervor, not unfrequently enliven and wholly refresh a Christian congregation, or even spread a moral verdure over a large portion of the visible church.—*Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons.*

DUNLAP, WILLIAM, an American painter and author, born in 1766, died in 1839. He studied in London under Benjamin West, and on his return to America busied himself with painting and dramatic writing. His best play is *The Father of an Only Child*, which was brought out in 1789, and was very successful. He was sole manager of the Park Theatre from 1798 to 1805. He was the author of *The Memoirs of George Frederick Cooke* (1812), a *Life of Charles Brockden Brown*, *A History of the American Theatre*, a standard work (1833), *History of the Arts of Design in the United States* (1834), *Thirty Years Ago; or the Memoirs of a Water Drinker* (1836), a *History of New York for Schools* (1837), and a *History of New Netherlands, Province of New York, and State of New York*, with a curious

and valuable appendix (1839). Mr. Dunlap was one of the founders of the New York Academy of Design.

CHARLES MATHEWS.

It was in the month of April, in the year 1823, that I embarked with two hundred and fifty others, in the steamboat Chancellor Livingston, for Albany. After the bustle of leave-taking, and the various ceremonies and multifarious acts of hurried business which daily take place on the departure of one of these self-moving hotels from the city of New York, I had leisure to look around me, with the intention of finding some acquaintance as a companion, or at least to satisfy my curiosity as to who were on board. I had seen many faces known to me when I first entered the boat, but they had vanished : all appeared, at first, strange. I soon, however, observed James Fenimore Cooper, the justly celebrated novelist, in conversation with Dr. Francis. . . . I soon after noted a man of extraordinary appearance, who moved rapidly about the deck, and occasionally joined the gentlemen above named. His age might be forty; his figure was tall, thin, and muscular; one leg was shorter than the other, which, although it occasioned a halt in his gait, did not impede his activity; his features were extremely irregular, yet his physiognomy was intelligent, and his eyes remarkably searching and expressive. I had never seen Mathews, either in private or public, nor do I recollect that I had at that time ever seen any representation of him, or heard his person described; but I instantly concluded that this was no other than the celebrated mimic and player. Doubtless his dress and manner, which were evidently English, and that peculiarity which still marks some of the votaries of the histrionic art, helped me to this conclusion. I say, "still marks;" for I remember the time when the distinction was so gross that a child would say, "There goes a play-actor." . . .

The figure and manner of the actor were sufficiently uncommon to attract the attention of a

throng of men usually employed in active business, but here placed in a situation which, of all others, calls for something to while away time; but when some who traced the likeness between the actor on the deck of the steamboat, and the actor on the stage of the theatre, buzzed it about that this was the mirth-inspiring Mathews, curiosity showed itself in as many modes as there were varieties of character in the motley crowd around him. This very natural and powerful propensity, which every person who exposes himself or herself upon a public stage, to the gaze of the mixed multitude, wishes ardently to excite, was, under the present peculiar circumstances of time, place, and leisure, expressed in a manner rather annoying to the hero of the sock, who would now have willingly appeared in the character of a private gentleman. . . . One clown, in particular, followed the object of his very sincere admiration with a pertinacity which deserved a better return than it met. He was to Mathews a perfect Monsieur Tonson, and his appearance seemed to excite the same feelings. The novelist and physician pointed out to me the impertinent curiosity of this admirer of the actor, and we all took some portion of mischievous delight in observing the irritability of Mathews. It increased to a ludicrous degree when Mathews found that no effort or change of place could exclude his tormentor from his sight; and when, after having made an effort to avoid him, he, on turning his head, saw Monsieur Tonson fixed as a statue, again listening in motionless admiration to his honeyed words, the actor would suddenly change from the animated relation of story or anecdote, with which he had been entertaining his companions, to the out-pouring of a rhapsody of incoherent nonsense, uttered with incredible volubility. . . . But he found that this only made his admirer listen more intently, and open his eyes and mouth more widely and earnestly.—*History of the American Theatre.*

D'URFEY, Thomas, An English humorous poet of French descent, born in 1650, died in

1723. He was trained for the law, but abandoned the legal profession for literature. He wrote numerous dramatic pieces, ballads, songs, and sonnets, and was a court favorite during the reigns of Charles II., William and Mary, and Anne. Most of his works are of a very loose character. That by which he is best known is a collection of poems, only a part of which are by himself, entitled *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to purge Melancholy* (6 vols., 1719-20).

STILL WATER.

Damon, let a friend advise you,
Follow Closes, though she flies you ;
Though her tongue your suit is slighting,
Her kind eyes you 'll find inviting :
Women's rage, like shallow water,
Does but show their hurtless nature ;
When the stream seems rough and frowning.
There is then less fear of drowning.

Let me tell the adventurous stranger,
In our calmness lies our danger ;
Like a river's silent running,
Stillness shows our depth and cunning :
She that rails you into trembling,
Only shows her fine dissembling ;
But the fawner, to abuse you,
Thinks you fools, and so will use you.

DUYCKINCK, EVERT AUGUSTUS, an American author, born in 1816, died in 1878. He was the son of Evert Duyckinck the publisher. He was educated at Columbia College, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1837. After traveling for a year in Europe, he returned to New York, and in 1840, in conjunction with Cornelius Mathews, he established a monthly periodical entitled *Arcturus, a Journal of Books and Opinion*, which was continued for two years. In 1847 he became the editor of *The Literary World*,

which with an interval of about a year was carried on by him and his brother George L. Duyckinck until the close of 1853. They now began a *Cyclopedia of American Literature*, which was published in 1856. Ten years later a supplement was added by E. A. Duyckinck, who besides contributing to periodicals, also published *The Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith*, with a memoir (1856), *Memorials of John Allen* (1864), *Poems relating to the American Revolution*, with memoirs (1865), *History of the War for the Union* (1861-65), *National Portrait Gallery of Eminent Americans* (1866), *History of the World* (1870), and *Memorials of Francis L. Hawks* (1871).

THE DEATH OF JOSEPH WARREN.

It was understood that on the eighteenth of the month, Gage would take possession of Charlestown, the peninsula to the north of Boston, on which stood Bunker's and Breed's Hill. The latter, nearest to the town, was the scene of the great conflict, though its more inland neighbor has carried off the honor of the name. On the fifteenth, the Committee of Safety resolved to establish a position on Bunker Hill. William Prescott, the grandfather of the historian, was placed in command of a thousand men, and the next night, that of the 16th, marched, as he conceived the instructions, to Breed's Hill. A redoubt was marked out, and an intrenchment raised by the extraordinary energy of the band, between midnight and dawn, when the work was first discovered by the British. How well that earthwork and its adjoining fence matted with hay, were defended through the sultry noon by the body of unrefreshed, night-worn farmers, with what death to the invaders, is matter of history. As the news spread of the actual engagement, as the fires of Copp's Hill and the vessels of war in the harbor sped against the devoted work, as the smoke of burning Charlestown darkened the bright day, one and another came to the aid of the gallant Prescott, who

awaited the attack in his redoubt. Stark brought his levies to the defense of the hill; Pomeroy and Warren came alone. The last arrived in the afternoon, shortly before the first assault of Howe and his forces. He had been with the Provincial Congress, of which he was president, the day before, had passed the night in Watertown, and reached Cambridge indisposed in the morning. The news of the British attack shook off his headache; he consulted with the Committee of Safety, and hurried to that "gory bed" of honor, the redoubt on Breed's Hill. He was met by Putnam on the field, who requested his orders. He had none to give, only to ask, "Where he could be most useful." Putnam pointed to the redoubt, with an intimation that he would be covered. "I come not," was his reply, "for a place of safety, but where the onset will be most furious." Putnam still pointed to the redoubt as the main point of attack. Here Prescott tendered him the command; his answer again was in the same spirit: "I came as a volunteer, to learn from a soldier of experience." He encountered the full perils of that gallant defence, marked by its fearful anxiety in the failure of the scanty ammunition. He was the last, we are told, in the trenches, and at the very outset of the retreat fell, mortally struck by a ball in the forehead. So ended this gallant life, on the height at Breed's Hill, on that memorable June 17, 1775.—*National Portrait Gallery.*

JONATHAN TRUMBULL.

The personal qualities of Trumbull were rarely adapted to serve the cause in which his life was passed. The participant in three great wars, the experience of Nestor was added to a natural prudence and moderation which were seldom at fault. His simplicity of character was the secret of its greatness. He early fixed the principles of his life, and steadily adhered to them to the end. So honors came to him, and were heaped upon him—the steady, persistent, useful devout citizen of Lebanon. There was his home, there was his armor, and he appears seldom to have traveled much be-

yond its rural precincts; but his influence knew no bounds, it was seen and felt in every vein of the public life, in the court, in the camp—we may almost say in the pulpit, for divinity never entirely lost, amidst the cares of business and of state, her early pupil. Connecticut may well honor his memory, and in times of doubt and peril, think how her Revolutionary governor, Trumbull, would have thought and acted. If it be true that the origin of the term, "Brother Jonathan," familiarly applied to the nation, originated, as is sometimes said, with an expression of General Washington, in an emergency of the public service: "We must consult brother Jonathan on the subject," we may find a happy memorial of his fame in a phrase which bids fair to be more lasting than many a monument of stone or marble.—*National Portrait Galery.*

GEORGE LONG DUYCKINCK, brother of Evert, born in 1823, died in 1863. He was educated at Geneva College, N. Y., and at the University of the City of New York. He was associated with his brother in the editorship of the *Literary World*, and in the preparation of the valuable *Cyclopedia of American Literature* (1856). He was also the author of biographies of *George Herbert*, and Bishops *Kerr*, *Latimer*, and *Jeremy Taylor*.

DWIGHT, JOHN SULLIVAN, an American translator and musical critic, born at Boston in 1813. He graduated at Harvard in 1832, and studied at the Cambridge Divinity School. In 1838 he published *Translations from the Select Minor Poems of Goethe and Schiller*. In 1840 he became pastor of the Unitarian congregation at Northampton, Mass. Soon afterwards he left the ministerial office and devoted himself to literature, especially in its relation to music. He contributed to literary periodicals, and delivered lectures upon Bach, Beethoven, Handel,

Mozart, and other eminent musical composers. He was one of the founders of the Brook Farm Association. In 1852 he commenced the publication of *Dwight's Journal of Music.*

TRUE REST.

Sweet is the pleasure itself cannot spoil!
Is not true leisure one with true toil?

Thou that would taste it, still do thy best;
Use it, not waste it—else 'tis no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty near thee, all round?
Only hath duty such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting the busy career;
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion, clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean after its life.

Deeper devotion nowhere hath knelt;
Fuller emotion heart never felt.

'Tis loving and serving the highest and best;
'Tis onward! unswerving—and that is true rest.

VANITAS! VANITATUM VANITAS!

I've set my heart upon nothing, you see:
Hurrah!
And so the world goes well with me:
Hurrah!
And who has a mind to be fellow of mine,
Why, let him take hold and help me drain
These mouldy lees of wine.

I set my heart at first upon wealth:
Hurrah!
And bartered away my peace and my health:
But ah!
The slippery change went about like air,
And when I had clutched me a handful here—
Away it went there.

I set my heart upon woman next:
Hurrah!
For her sweet sake was oft perplexed:
Hurrah!

The False one looked for a daintier lot,
The Constant one wearied me out and out,
The Best was not easily got.

I set my heart upon travels grand;
Hurrah!
And spurned our plain old Father-land:
But ah!
Naught seemed to be just the thing it should—
Most comfortless beds and indifferent food!
My tastes misunderstood!

I set my heart upon sounding fame:
Hurrah!
And lo! I'm eclipsed by some upstart's name;
And ah!
When in public life I loomed up quite high,
The folks that passed me would look awry;
Their very worst friend was I.

And then I set my heart upon war:
Hurrah!
We gained some battles with éclat:
Hurrah!
We troubled the foe with sword and flame—
And some of our friends quite fared the same.—
I lost a leg for fame.

Now I've set my heart upon nothing, you see:
Hurrah!
And the whole wide world belongs to me:
Hurrah!
The feast begins to run low, no doubt;
But at the old cask we'll have one good bout:—
Come, drink the lees all out!
—*Transl. from* GOETHE.

DWIGHT, TIMOTHY, an American clergyman, teacher, and author, born in 1752, died in 1817. His mother was a daughter of Jonathan Edwards. At the age of thirteen he was admitted to Yale College, graduated in 1769, and two years afterwards became a tutor in the college. He retained this position for six years. In 1777 he was licensed to preach,

and in the same year became a chaplain in the American army. In 1783 he was ordained minister of Greenfield, Conn., where he also successfully conducted an academy. In 1795 he was elected President of Yale College, and Professor of Divinity. He remained at the head of the college until his death, twenty-one years later. His poem, *Columbia*, written about 1778 while serving as chaplain in the army was very popular at the time. His other works are, *The History, Eloquence, and Poetry of the Bible*, an address (1772), *The Conquest of Canaan*, an epic poem (1785), *Greenfield Hill*, a poem (1794), *Theology Explained and Defended* (1818), consisting of 173 sermons; and *Travels in New England and New York*, a series of letters written during his college vacations, and published in 1821. He also published a large number of separate sermons:

COLUMBIA.

I.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee ; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime ;
Let the crimes of the East ne'er encrimson thy
name,
Be Freedom, and Science, and Virtue, thy fame.

II.

To conquest and slaughter, let Europe aspire :
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire :
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm : for a world be thy laws,
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause ;
On Freedom's broad basis, that empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

III.

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her
star.
New bards, and new sages, unrivaled shall soar
To fame unextinguish'd when time is no more;
To thee, the last refuge of virtue design'd,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;
Here, grateful to heaven, with transport shall
bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

VI.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively strayed—
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired;
The winds ceased to murmur; the thunders
expired;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung:
"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies!"

THE IMMUTABILITY OF GOD.

By his Immutability, God is possessed of immeasurable dignity and greatness; and fitted to be entirely feared, loved, honored, and obeyed, by all his rational creatures. The humble and imperfect dignity of created beings is entirely dependent for existence on *stability of character.* Infinite dignity cannot belong to a character which is not literally unchangeable. Created dignity is completely destroyed by fickleness: the least mutability would destroy that which is uncreated. The least possible change will be a change from perfection to imperfection; a change infinite in itself, and infinitely for the worse. God, if changed at all, would cease to be God, and sink down from his infinite exaltation of being and character towards the humble level of imperfect creatures. How differently, in this case, would his nature, his laws, his designs, and his government appear to us! Were the least change to commence, who can divine its consequences, or foresee their progress and their end? Who can

conjecture what would be its influence on his character, his designs, or his conduct? Who can foretell the effects which it would produce on the empire which he has created, and on the innumerable beings by which it is inhabited? Who does not see, at a glance, that God could no longer be regarded with that voluntary and supreme veneration, now so confessedly his due, because he had descended from his own infinite dignity, and was no longer *decked with majesty and excellency, nor arrayed in glory and beauty?* Who does not feel, that a serious apprehension of such a change would diffuse an alarm through all virtuous beings, and carry terror and amazement to the most distant regions of the universe?

By his Immutability, God is qualified to form, and to pursue, one great plan of Creation and Providence; one harmonious scheme of boundless good; and to carry on a perfect system, in a perfect manner, *without variableness or shadow of turning.* An Immutable God, only, can be expected to do that, and nothing but that, which is supremely right and desirable; to make every part of his great work exactly what it ought to be; and to constitute of all the parts a perfect whole. In this immense work one character is thus everywhere displayed; one God; one Ruler; one Sun of Righteousness, enlightening, warming, and quickening the innumerable beings, of which it is composed. Diversities, indeed, endless diversities, of his agency exist throughout the different parts of this work; but they are mere changes of the same light; the varying colors and splendors of the same glorious Sun.

Without this uniformity, this oneness of character, supreme dignity could not exist in the great Agent. Without this consistency, safety could not be found; reliance could not be exercised, by his creatures. God is the ultimate object of appeal to intelligent beings; the ultimate object of confidence and hope. However injured, deceived, or destroyed, by his fellow-creatures, every rational being still finds a refuge in his Creator. To him, ultimately, he refers all his wants, distresses,

and interests. Whoever else may be deaf to his complaints, he is still assured that God will hear. Whoever else withholds the necessary relief of his sufferings, or the necessary supplies of his wants, still he knows that God will give. This consideration, which supports the soul in every extremity, is its last resort, its final refuge. Could God change, this asylum would be finally shut; Confidence would expire; and Hope would be buried in the grave. Nay, the immortal Mind, itself, unless prevented by an impossibility, inherent in its nature, would languish away its existence, and return to its original Nothing.—*Theology Explained and Defended.*

THE BEACH OF TRURO AND PROVINCE TOWN.

From Truro to Province Town our road lay chiefly on the margin of a beach, which unites it with Truro. The form of this township, exclusively of Long Point, is not unlike that of a chemical retort: the town lying in the inferior arch of the bulb, and Race Point on the exterior, and the beach being the stern. Immediately before the town is the harbor, commonly styled Cape Cod Harbor; the waters of which extend round the north end of Truro a considerable distance into the last mentioned township. Between this marsh and the waters of Province Town harbor on one side and the Atlantic on the other, runs the beach. From observing it in various places along the road from Eastham I was induced to believe that it borders the ocean from Race Point to the Elbow, and perhaps reaches still farther.

This remarkable object is an enormous mass of sand, such as has been already described; fine, light, of a yellowish hue, and the sport of every wind. It is blown into plains, valleys, and hills. The hills are of every height, from ten to two hundred feet. Frequently they are naked, round, and extremely elegant, and often rough, pointed, wild, and fantastical, with all the varied forms, which are seen at times in drifts of snow. Some of them are covered with beach-grass: some fringed with whortleberry-bushes; and some

tufted with a small and singular growth of oaks. The variety and wildness of the forms, the desolate aspect of the surface, the height of the loftier elevations, the immense length of the range, and the tempestuous tossing of the clouds of sand, formed a group of objects, novel, sublime, and more interesting than can be imagined. It was a barrier against the ambition and fretfulness of the ocean, restlessly and always employed in assailing its strength, and wearing away its mass. To my own fancy it appeared as the eternal boundary of a region, wild, dreary, and inhospitable, where no human being could dwell, and into which every human foot was forbidden to enter. The parts of this barrier which have been covered with whortleberry-bushes, and with oaks, have been either not at all, or very little blown. The oaks, particularly, appear to be the continuation of the forests originally formed on this spot. Their appearance was new and singular. Few, if any of them, rose above the middle stature of man; yet they were not shrubs, but trees of a regular stem and structure. They wore all the marks of extreme age; were in some instances already decayed, and in others decaying; were hoary with moss, and were deformed by branches, broken and wasted, not by violence, but by time. The whole appearance of one of these trees strongly reminded me of a little withered old man. Indeed, a Lilliputian of three score years and ten, compared with a veteran of Brobdingnag, would very naturally illustrate the resemblance, or rather the contrast, between one of these dwarfs, and a full-grown tenant of our forests.—*Travels in New England and New York.*

THE BURNING OF FAIRFIELD, CONN.

On the 7th of July, 1779, Gov. Tryon sailed from New Haven to Fairfield; and the next morning disembarked upon the beach. A few militia assembled to oppose them; and in a desultory, scattered manner, fought with great intrepidity through most of the day. They killed some, took several prisoners, and wounded more. But the expedition was so sudden and unexpected, that

the efforts made in this manner, were necessarily fruitless. The town was plundered; a great part of the houses, together with the two churches, the court-house, jail, and school-houses, were burnt. The barns had just been filled with wheat and other produce. The inhabitants, therefore, were turned out into the world, almost literally destitute. . . . While the town was in flames, a thunder-storm overspread the heavens, just as night came on. The conflagration of near two hundred houses illumined the earth, the skirts of the clouds, and the waves of the Sound, with a union of gloom and grandeur, at once inexpressibly awful and magnificent. The sky speedily was hung with the deepest darkness, wherever the clouds were not tinged by the melancholy lustre of the flames. At intervals, the lightnings blazed with a livid and terrible splendor. The thunder rolled above. Beneath, the roaring of the fires filled up the intervals, with a deep and hollow sound, which seemed to be the protracted murmur of the thunder, reverberated from one end of heaven to the other. Add to this convulsion of the elements, and these dreadful effects of vindictive and wanton devastation, the trembling of the earth; the sharp sounds of muskets occasionally discharged; the groans, here and there, of the wounded and dying, and the shouts of triumph: then place before your eyes crowds of the miserable sufferers, mingled with bodies of the militia, and from the neighboring hills taking a farewell prospect of their property and their dwellings, their happiness and their hopes: and you will form a just but imperfect picture of the burning of Fairfield. It needed no great effort of imagination to believe that the final day had arrived; and that, amid this funereal darkness, the morning would speedily dawn, to which no night would ever succeed; the graves yield up their inhabitants; and the trial commence, at which was to be finally settled the destiny of man.—*Travels in New England and New York.*

DYCE, ALEXANDER, a British author, born in 1797, died in 1869. He was born in Edin-

burgh, educated at Edinburgh and Oxford Universities, and after serving for some years as curate in the counties of Cornwall and Suffolk, went to reside in London, and devoted himself to literary history and criticism. He edited the works of *Greene*, *Webster*, *Marlowe*, *Shirley*, *Middleton*, *Beaumont and Fletcher*, *John Skelton*, and other English writers; published two editions of Shakespeare, the first *A Complete Edition of the Works of Shakespeare; the Text Revised; with Account of the Life, Plays, and Editions of Shakespeare* (1850–58); the second edition (1864–7); *A Few Notes on Shakespeare* (1853), *Remarks on Collier's and Knight's Editions of Shakespeare* (1844), and numerous other valuable works. In 1840, in conjunction with Collier, Halliwell, and others, he founded the Percy Society for the publication of old English ballads and plays.

SHAKESPEARE'S PRE-EMINENCE.

"In several publications are to be found essays on the old English theatre, the writers of which seem desirous of conveying to their readers the idea, that Shakespeare had dramatic contemporaries nearly equal to himself; and for criticism of such a tendency two distinguished men are perhaps answerable—Lamb and Hazlitt—who have, on the whole, exaggerated the general merits of the dramatists of Elizabeth and James's days. "Shakespeare," says Hazlitt, "towered above his fellows, 'in shape and gesture proudly eminent,' but he was one of a race of giants, the tallest, the strongest, the most graceful and beautiful of them; *but it was a common and a noble brood.*" A falser remark, I conceive, has seldom been made by critic. Shakespeare is not only immeasurably superior to the dramatists of his time in creative power, in insight into the human heart, and in profound thought; but he is, moreover utterly unlike them in almost every respect—unlike them in his method of developing character, in

his diction, in his versification; nor should it be forgotten that some of those scenes which have been most admired in the works of his contemporaries were intended to affect the audience at the expense of nature and probability, and these stand in marked contrast to all that we possess as unquestionably from the pen of Shakespeare.—*A Complete Edition of the Works of Shakespeare.*

DYER, SIR EDWARD, an English poet, born about 1540, died about 1607. He was educated at Oxford, and was employed on various embassies by Queen Elizabeth. Several editions of his poems have been printed, the latest in 1872. His best poem, "My Mind to me a Kingdom is," has been claimed for Thomas Bird (1543–1623), and for Joshua Sylvester (1563–1618); but Dyer's claim is best authenticated.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

My mind to me a kingdom is!
  Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
  That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
  No force to win the victory;
No wily wit to salve a sore,
  No shape to feed a loving eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why, my mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
  And hasty climbers soon do fall;
I see that those which are aloft,
  Mishap doth threaten most of all;
These get with toil, they keep with fear.
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content I live, this is my stay;
  I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;

Look, what I lack my mind supplies:
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
I little have and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
My state at one doth still remain:
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust;
A cloakèd craft their store of skill:
But all the pleasure that I find,
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
My conscience clear my chief defence;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offence:
Thus do I live; thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

DYER, JOHN, an English poet, born in Wales in 1700, died in 1758. He was educated at Westminster School, practiced painting with indifferent success, and at the age of forty entered the Church, and received several valuable livings. He wrote poetry both before and after he took Orders. His longest poem, *The Fleece*, a successful imitation of Virgil's *Georgics*, was published just before his death. His best-known poem, *Grongar Hill*, was written in his twenty-sixth year. It describes a mountain not far from the place of his birth.

GRONGAR HILL.

Silent nymph, with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man:
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings,
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister muse;
Now, while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky!
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong. . . .
  Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly risen hill.
  Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapors intervene,
But the gay, the open scene.
Does the face of nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight. . . .
  Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,

Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are clothed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now the apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Hugh heaps of hoary mouldered walls.
Yet Time has seen—that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow—
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
  And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away. . . .
  See, on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through hope's deluding glass;

As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colors of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present 's still a cloudy day. . . .
Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep,
While the shepherd charms his sheep,
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, even now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your skill;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor:
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain you search the domes of Care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain heads,
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

DYER, THOMAS HENRY, an English author, born in 1804. He was privately educated. For some years he was employed in a West India house, but after the emancipation of the negroes, he established himself in London and adopted literature as a profession. He published a *Life of Calvin* (1850), a *History of Modern Europe* (1861), a *History of the City of Rome* (1865), a *History of Pompeii* (1867), *History of the Kings of Rome* (1868), *Ancient Athens* (1873). He also published many articles in the *Classical Museum* and in Smith's *Dictionaries of Biography and Geography.*

THE ROMAN HIGHWAYS.

The great Roman highways did not exceed fifteen feet in breadth, and were sometimes a foot or two less. In constructing them, the earth was excavated till a solid foundation was obtained, or, in swampy places, a foundation was made by driving piles. Over this, which was called the *gremium*, four courses or strata were laid; namely the *statumen*, the *rudus*, the *nucleus*, and the *pavimentum*. The *statumen*, which rested on the *gremium*, consisted of loose stones of a moderate size. The *rudus* or rubble-work, over this, about nine inches thick, was composed of broken stones, cemented with lime. The *nucleus*, half a foot thick, was made with pottery broken into small pieces, and also cemented with lime. Over all was the *pavimentum*, or pavement, consisting of large polygonal blocks of hard stone, and, particularly in the neighborhood of Rome, of basaltic lava, nicely fitted together, so as to present a smooth surface. The road was somewhat elevated in the centre, to allow the water to run off, and on each side were raised footpaths covered with gravel. At certain intervals were blocks of stone, to enable a horseman to mount. Roads thus constructed were of such extraordinary durability, that portions of some more than a thousand years old are still in a high state of preservation.—*History of the City of Rome.*

EARLE, JOHN, an English clergyman and author, born in 1601, died in 1665. He was educated at Oxford, became chaplain and tutor to Prince Charles, with whom he went into exile, and was in consequence deprived of all his property. After the Restoration he was made Dean of Westminster; in 1662 was consecrated Bishop of Worcester, and in the following year was transferred to the see of Salisbury. His principal work, *Microcosmographie, or A Peece of the World discovered in Essayes and Characters*, was first published in 1628; it was very popular, for six edi-

tions appeared within two years. A tenth edition was printed in 1786, and a new edition, with Notes and an Appendix, by Philip Bliss, in 1811. Prominent among the numerous "characters" delineated by Earle are an Antiquary, a Player, a Dun, and a Clown.

THE RURAL CLOWN.

The plain country fellow is one that manures his ground well, but lets himself lie fallow and untilled. He has reason enough to do his business, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, for his conversation is among beasts, and his talons none of the shortest, only he eats not grass, because he loves not sallets. His hand guides the plough, and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-mark is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks *gee* and *ree* better than English. His mind is not much distracted with objects; but if a good fat cow come in his way, he stands dumb and astonished, and though his haste be never so great, will fix here half an hour's contemplation. His habitation is some poor thatched roof, distinguished from his barn by the loopholes that let out smoke, which the rain had long since washed through, but for the double ceiling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his grandsire's time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity. His dinner is his other work, for he sweats at it as much as at his labor; he is a terrible fastener on a piece of beef, and you may hope to stave the guard off sooner. His religion is a part of his copyhold, which he takes from his landlord, and refers it wholly to his discretion: yet if he give him leave, he is a good Christian, to his power (that is), comes to church in his best clothes, and sits there with his neighbors, where he is capable only of two prayers, for rain and fair weather. He apprehends God's blessings only in a good year or a fat pasture, and never praises him but on good ground. Sunday he esteems a day to make merry

in, and thinks a bagpipe as essential to it as evening-prayer, where he walks very solemnly after service with his hands coupled behind him, and censures the dancing of his parish. His compliment with his neighbor is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt curse. He thinks nothing to be vices but pride and ill-husbandry, from which he will gravely dissuade the youth, and has some thrifty hobnail proverbs to clout his discourse. He is a niggard all the week, except only market-day, where, if his corn sell well, he thinks he may be drunk with a good conscience. He is sensible of no calamity but the burning a stack of corn, or the overflowing of a meadow, and thinks Noah's flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but spoiled the grass. For death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his harvest before, let it come when it will, he cares not.

EASTMAN, CHARLES GAMAGE, an American journalist and poet, born at Fryeburg, Me., in 1816, died at Burlington, Vt., in 1861. He studied at the University of Vermont; became editor of several local journals in Vermont, and in 1846 proprietor and editor of *The Vermont Patriot*, at Montpelier. He was a frequent contributor to literary periodicals, and pronounced several poems before college societies. A volume of his poems was published in 1848, and an enlarged edition, prepared by his widow, in 1880.

A SNOW-STORM IN VERMONT.

'Tis a fearful night in the Winter-time,
As cold as it ever can be :
The roar of the storm is heard like the chime
Of the waves of an angry sea.
The moon is full, but the wings to-night
Of the furious blast dash out her light ;
And over the sky, from south to north,
Not a star is seen as the storm comes forth
In the strength of a mighty glee.

All day had the snow come down—all day,
  As it never came down before,
Till over the ground, at sunset, lay
  Some two or three feet or more.
The fence was lost, and the wall of stone;
The windows blocked and the well-curb gone;
The haystack rose to a mountain lift;
And the woodpile looked like a monster drift,
  As it lay by the farmer's door.

As the night set in, came wind and hail,
  While the air grew sharp and chill,
And the warning roar of a fearful gale
  Was heard on the distant hill;
And the norther! see, on the mountain peak
In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek!
He shouts on the plain, Ho! ho!
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,
  And growls with a savage will!

Such a night as this to be found abroad!
  In the hail and the freezing air,
Lies a shivering dog, in the field by the road,
  With the snow on his shaggy hair.
As the wind drives, see him crouch and growl,
And shut his eyes with a dismal howl;
Then, to shield himself from the cutting sleet,
His nose is pressed on his quivering feet;—
  Pray, what does the dog do there?

An old man came from the town to-night,
  But he lost the travelled way;
And for hours he trod with main and might
  A path for his horse and sleigh;
But deeper still the snow-drifts grew,
And colder still the fierce wind blew;
And his mare—a beautiful Morgan brown—
At last o'er a log had floundered down,
  That deep in a hollow lay.

Many a plunge, with a frenzied snort,
  She made in the heavy snow;
And her master urged, till his breath grew short,
  With a word and a gentle blow;

But the snow was deep, and the tugs were tight,
His hands were numb, and had lost their might;
So he struggled back again to his sleigh,
And strove to shelter himself till day,
  With his coat and the buffalo.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein,
  To rouse up his dying steed;
And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain
  For help in his master's need.
For awhile he strives with a wistful cry
To catch the glance of his drowsy eye;
And wags his tail when the rude winds flap
The skirts of his coat across his lap,
  And whines that he takes no heed.

The wind goes down, the storm is o'er;
  'Tis the hour of midnight past;
The forest writhes and bends no more,
  In the rush of the sweeping blast.
The moon looks out with a silver light
On the high old hills, with the snow all white;
And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,
Of ledge and tree, and ghostly stump,
  On the silent plain are cast.

But cold and dead, by the hidden log,
  Are they who came from the town:
The man in the sleigh, the faithful dog,
  And the beautiful Morgan brown!
He sits in his sleigh; with steady grasp
He holds the reins in his icy clasp:
The dog with his nose on his master's feet,
And the mare half seen through the crusted sleet
  Where she lay when she floundered down.

EBERS, GEORG, a German orientalist and novelist, born at Berlin in 1837, after his father's death. He received his early education from his mother, studied in Fröbel's school at Keilhau, and afterwards in the Universities of Göttingen and Berlin, giving the preference to oriental, philosophical, and archaeological studies. He then visited the

principal museums of Egyptian antiquities in Europe, and in 1865 established himself at Jena as a private tutor in the Egyptian language and antiquities. In the previous year he had published *An Egyptian Princess*, an historical romance giving a description of life in Egypt about the time of the Persian conquest (340 B.C.). His works, *Egypt and the Books of Moses*, and *A Scientific Journey to Egypt*, published in 1869–70, led to his appointment in the latter year to a professorship at Leipzig. While traveling in Egypt in 1872–73, he discovered an important papyrus, which he described in a treatise, and which was named in his honor the *Papyrus Ebers*. He also published in 1872 a work entitled *Through Goshen to Sinai*. A severe attack of paralysis in 1876 rendered him unable to walk. He sought recreation in imaginative writing, and in 1877 published *Uarda, a Romance of Ancient Egypt*, a book which has been translated into nearly all the languages of Europe. It was followed by *Egypt--descriptive, historical, and picturesque* (1878), *Homo Sum*, a novel (1878), *The Sisters*, a romance (1880), *Palestine* (1881) a work written in collaboration with Guthe, and *The Burgomaster's Wife: a Tale of the Siege of Leyden* (1882). He has also contributed many articles to periodicals on the Egyptian language and antiquities.

THE HAPPINESS OF A KING.

Amasis listened attentively, drawing figures the while in the sand with the golden flower on his staff. At last he spoke: "Verily, Crœsus, I 'the great God,' the 'sun of righteousness,' 'the son of Neith.' 'the lord of warlike glory,' as the Egyptians call me, am tempted to envy thee, dethroned and plundered as thou art. I have been as happy as thou art now. Once I was known through all Egypt, though only the poor son of a captain, for

my light heart, happy temper, fun and high spirits. The common soldiers would do anything for me, my superior officers could have found much fault, but in the mad Amasis, as they called me, all was overlooked, and among my equals (the other under-officers), there could be no fun or merry-making unless I took a share in it. My predecessor, King Hophra, sent us against Cyrene. Seized with thirst in the desert, we refused to go on; and a suspicion that the king intended to sacrifice us to the Greek mercenaries drove the army to open mutiny. In my usual joking manner I called out to my friends: 'You can never get on without a king, take me for your ruler; a merrier you will never find!' The soldiers caught the words. 'Amasis will be our king,' ran through the ranks from man to man, and in a few hours more they came to me with shouts and acclamations of 'The good, jovial Amasis for our king!' One of my boon companions set a field-marshal's helmet on my head: I made the joke earnest, and we defeated Hophra at Momemphis. The people joined in the conspiracy, I ascended the throne, and men pronounced me fortunate. Up to that time I had been every Egyptian's friend, and now I was the enemy of the best men in the nation.

"The priests swore allegiance to me, and accepted me as a member of their caste, but only in the hope of guiding me at their will. My former superiors in command either envied me, or wished to remain on the same terms of intercourse as formerly. One day, therefore, when the officers of the host were at one of my banquets and attempting, as usual, to maintain their old convivial footing, I showed them the golden basin in which their feet had been washed before sitting down to meat; five days later, as they were again drinking at one of my revels, I caused a golden image of the great god Ra to be placed upon the richly-ornamented banqueting-table. On perceiving it, they fell down to worship. As they rose from their knees, I took the sceptre, and holding it up on high with much solemnity, exclaimed: 'In five days an artificer

has transformed the despised vessel into which ye spat and in which men washed your feet, into this divine image. Such a vessel was I, but the Deity which can fashion better and more quickly than a goldsmith, has made me your king. Bow down, then, before me, and worship. He who henceforth refuses to obey, or is unmindful of the reverence due to the king, is guilty of death!'

"They fell down before me, every one, and I saved my authority, but lost my friends. As I now stood in need of some other prop, I fixed on the Hellenes, knowing that in all military qualifications one Greek is worth more than five Egyptians, and that with this assistance I should be able to carry out those measures which I thought beneficial. I kept the Greek mercenaries always round me, I learnt their language, and it was they who brought me the noblest human being I ever met, Pythagoras. I endeavored to introduce Greek art and manners among ourselves, seeing what folly lay in a self-willed assurance to that which has been handed down to us, when it is itself bad and unworthy, while the good seed lay on our Egyptian soil, only waiting to be sown. I portioned out the whole land to suit my purposes, appointed the best police in the world, and accomplished much; but my highest aim—namely, to infuse into this country at once so gay and so gloomy, the spirit and intellect of the Greeks, their sense of beauty in form, their love of life and joy in it—this all was shivered on the same rock which threatens me with overthrow and ruin whenever I attempt to accomplish anything new. The priests are my opponents, my masters, they hang like a dead weight upon me. Clinging with superstitious awe to all that is old and traditionary, abominating everthing foreign, and regarding every stranger as the natural enemy of their authority and their teaching, they can lead the most devout and religious of all nations with a power that has scarcely any limits. For this I am forced to sacrifice all my plans; for this I see my life passing away in bondage to their severe ordinances, this will rob my death-bed of

peace, and I cannot be secure that this host of proud mediators between god and man will allow me to rest even in my grave. . . . Those very boys of whom thou speakest are the greatest torment of my life. They perform for me the service of slaves, and obey my slightest nod. . . . Each of these youths is my keeper, my spy. They watch my smallest actions and report them at once to the priests. . . . But every position has its duties, and as the king of a people who venerate tradition as the highest divinity, I must submit, at least in the main, to the ceremonies handed down through thousands of years. Were I to burst these fetters, I know positively that at my death my body would remain unburied; for I know that the priests sit in judgment on every corpse, and deprive the condemned of rest, even in the grave."
—*An Egyptian Princess.*

THEBES AND ITS CITY OF THE DEAD.

By the walls of Thebes—the old city of a hundred gates—the Nile spreads to a broad river; the heights, which follow the stream on both sides here take a more decided outline; solitary, almost cone-shaped peaks stand out sharply from the level background of the many-colored limestone hills, on which no palm-tree flourishes and in which no humble desert plant can strike root. Rocky crevasses and gorges cut more or less deeply into the mountain range, and up to its ridge extends the desert, destructive of all life, with sand and stones, with rocky cliffs and reef-like desert hills. Behind the eastern range the desert spreads to the Red Sea; behind the western it stretches without limit into infinity. In the belief of the Egyptians beyond it lay the region of the dead. Between these two ranges of hills, which serve as walls or ramparts to keep back the desert-sand, flows the fresh and bounteous Nile, bestowing blessing and abundance; at once the father and the cradle of millions of beings. On each shore spreads the wide plain of black and fruitful soil, and in the depths many-shaped crea-

tures, in coats of mail or scales, swarm and find subsistence.

The lotos floats on the mirror of the waters, and among the papyrus reeds by the shore water-fowl innumerable build their nests. Between the river and the mountain-range lie fields, which after the seed-time are of a shining blue-green, and towards the time of harvest glow like gold. Near the brooks and water-wheels here and there stands a shady sycamore; and date-palms, carefully tended, group themselves in groves. The fruitful palm, watered and manured every year by the inundation, lies at the foot of the sandy desert-hills behind it, and stands out like a garden flower-bed from the gravel-path.

In the fourteenth century before Christ—for to so remote a date we must direct the thoughts of the reader—impassable limits had been set by the hand of man, in many places in Thebes, to the inroads of the water; high dykes of stone and embankments protected the streets and squares, the temples and the palaces from the overflow. Canals that could be tightly closed up led from the dykes to the land within, and smaller branch-cuttings to the gardens of Thebes. On the right—the eastern—bank of the Nile rose the buildings of the far-famed residence of the Pharaohs. Close by the river stood the immense and gaudy temples of the city of Amon; behind these and at a short distance from the Eastern hills—indeed at their very foot and partly even on the soil of the desert—were the palaces of the king and nobles, and the shady streets in which the high, narrow houses of the citizens stood in close rows. Life was gay and busy in the streets of the capital of the Pharaohs.

The western shore of the Nile showed a quite different scene. Here too there was no lack of stately buildings or thronging men; but while on the farther side of the river there was a compact mass of houses, and the citizens went cheerfully and openly about their day's work, on this side there were solitary splendid structures, round which little houses and huts seemed to cling as

children cling to the protection of a mother. And these buildings lay in detached groups.

Any one climbing the hill and looking down would form the notion that there lay below him a number of neighboring villages, each with its lordly manor-house. Looking from the plain up to the precipice of the western hills, hundreds of closed portals could be seen, some solitary, others closely ranged in rows; a great number of them towards the foot of the slope, yet more half-way up, and a few at a considerable height. And even more dissimilar were the slow-moving, solemn groups in the roadways on this side, and the cheerful, confused throng yonder. There, on the eastern shore, all were in eager pursuit of labor or recreation, stirred by pleasure or by grief, active in deed and speech; here, in the west, little was spoken, a spell seemed to check the footstep of the wanderer, a pale hand to sadden the bright glance of every eye, and to banish the smile from every lip. And yet many a gaily-dressed bark stopped at the shore, there was no lack of minstrel bands; grand processions passed on to the western heights; but the Nile boats bore the dead, the songs sung here were songs of lamentation, and the procession consisted of mourners following the sarcophagus. We are standing on the soil of the City of the Dead of Thebes.

Nevertheless, even here nothing is wanting for return and revival, for to the Egyptian his dead died not. He closed his eyes, he bore him to the Necropolis, to the house of the embalmer, or *Kolchytes,* and then to the grave; but he knew that the souls of the departed lived on; that the justified, absorbed into Osiris, floated over the heavens in the vessel of the Sun; that they appeared on earth in the form they choose to take upon them, and that they might exert influence on the current lives of the survivors. So he took care to give a worthy interment to his dead, above all to have the body embalmed so as to endure long; and had fixed times to bring fresh offerings for the dead of flesh and fowl, with drink-offerings and

sweet-smelling essences, and vegetables and flowers.

Neither at the obsequies nor at the offerings might the ministers of the gods be absent, and the silent City of the Dead was regarded as a favored sanctuary in which to establish schools and dwellings for the learned. So it came to pass that in the temples and on the site of the Necropolis, large communities of priests dwelt together, and close to the extensive embalming houses lived numerous Kolchytes, who handed down the secrets of their art from father to son. Besides these there were other manufactories and shops. In the former, sarcophagi of stone and of wood, linen bands for enveloping mummies, and amulets for decorating them, were made; in the latter, merchants kept spices and essences, flowers, fruits, vegetables, and pastry for sale. Calves, gazelles, goats, geese and other fowl, were fed on enclosed meadow-plats, and the mourners betook themselves thither to select what they needed from among the beasts pronounced by the priests to be clean for sacrifice, and to have them sealed with the sacred seal. Many bought only part of a victim at the shambles—the poor could not even do this. They bought only colored cakes in the shape of beasts, which symbolically took the place of the calves and geese which their means were unable to procure. In the handsomest shops sat servants of the priests, who received forms written on rolls of papyrus which were filled up in the writing room of the temple with those sacred verses which the departed spirit must know and repeat to ward off the evil genius of the deep, to open the gate of the under-world, and to be held righteous before Osiris and the forty-two assessors of the subterranean court of justice. What took place within the temples was concealed from view, for each was surrounded by a high enclosing wall with lofty, carefully-closed portals, which were only opened when a chorus of priests came out to sing a pious hymn, in the morning to Horus the rising god, and in the evening to Tum the descending god.

As soon as the evening hymn of the priests was heard, the Necropolis was deserted, for the mourners and those who were visiting the graves were required by this time to return to their boats and to quit the City of the Dead. Crowds of men who had marched in the processions of the west bank hastened in disorder to the shore, driven on by the body of watchmen who took it in turns to do this duty, and to protect the graves against robbers. The merchants closed their booths, the embalmers and workmen ended their day's work and retired to their houses, the priests returned to the temples, and the inns were filled with guests, who had come hither on long pilgrimages from a distance, and who preferred passing the night in the vicinity of the dead whom they had come to visit, to going across to the bustling noisy city on the farther shore. The voices of the singers and of the wailing women were hushed, even the song of the sailors on the numberless ferry-boats from the western shore to Thebes died away: its faint echo was now and then borne across on the evening air, and at last all was still.—*Uarda.*

EDGAR, JOHN GEORGE, an English biographer and historian, born about 1830, died in 1864. His principal works, designed mainly for young readers, are: *The Boyhood of Great Men*, *Footprints of Famous Men*, *History for Boys*, *Sea-Kings and Naval Heroes*, *Wars of the Roses*, and *Crusades and the Crusaders.*

ST. BERNARD AND THE SECOND CRUSADE.

In the year 1137, when England was entering on the dynastic war between Stephen and the Empress Maud, which terminated in the accession of the Plantaganets to the throne, Louis VI., after having governed France for thirty years, with credit to himself and advantage to his kingdom, departed this life at Paris. When prostrated on his uneasy couch, the dying king gave his heir that kind of advice which comes so solemnly from

the lips of a man whose soul is going to judgment. "Remember," says he, "that royalty is a public trust, for the exercise of which a rigorous account will be exacted by Him who has the sole disposal of crowns." Louis the Young, to whom this admonition was addressed, ascended the French throne when scarcely more than eighteen, and espoused Eleanor, daughter of the Duke of Aquitaine. The king, who had been educated with great care, gave promise of rivaling the policy and prowess of his father; and the young queen, besides being endowed by fortune with a magnificent duchy, had been gifted by nature with rare beauty and intellect. Everything prognosticated a prosperous future.

Scarcely, however, had Louis taken the reins of government, than the prospect was clouded by the insubordination of the Count of Champagne and the pretensions of the Pope. Louis, not daunted by the league which they formed, mounted his war-horse, and set out to maintain his authority. But the expedition terminated in a tragical event, which seemed to change the king's nature. While besieging Vitey, he cruelly set fire to a church in which the inhabitants had taken refuge; and having burned the edifice, with thirteen hundred human beings within its walls, he experienced such remorse that for some time afterwards he had hardly courage to look upon the face of day. The tragical scene was ever present to the young king's memory; and while still brooding painfully over the crime, news of the fall of Edessa reached France. The idea of pacifying his conscience by a new crusade immediately occurred; and an assembly of barons and bishops was summoned to consider the project. This assembly submitted the propriety of such an enterprise to the Pope, and who after expressing approval, confided to St. Bernard the preaching of a new crusade.

Bernard—who was then Abbot of Clairvaux, and at the height of his fame—entered upon his mission with zeal. Having, in the Spring of 1146, convoked an assembly at Vezelay, he presented

himself in the garb of an anchorite, and, on a hill outside the town, addressed an immense concourse, among whom figured the King and Queen of France, surrounded by barons and prelates. Never was an orator more successful. Indeed, Bernard produced an impression hardly less marvelous than Peter the Hermit had done half a century earlier; and, as he concluded, his audience raised the old cry of "God wills it!"

While the hillside was ringing with enthusiastic shouts, Louis, throwing himself on his knees, received the cross; and Eleanor immediately followed her husband's example. Shouts of "The Cross! The Cross!" then rose on all hands; and peers and peasants, bishops and burghers, rushing forward, cast themselves at Bernard's feet. Such was the demand, that the crosses provided for the occasion were quite insufficient. But Bernard, tearing up his vestments, got over the difficulty; and the sacred emblem soon appeared on every shoulder.

Elate with the success of his oratory, Bernard traveled through France, preaching the crusade; and having in every city and province roused the enthusiasm of the populace, he repaired to Germany. At that time the crown of the Empire of the West rested on the brow of Conrad III.—but not quite so easily as he could have wished. In fact, the German Kaiser had a formidable rival in the Duke of Bavaria, and felt the reverse of secure. When, therefore, Bernard reached Spires, and asked the Emperor to arm for the defense of the Holy Sepulchre, Conrad, who was holding a Diet, evinced no ardor for the enterprise. "Consider," he said, "the troubles in which the empire would be involved." "The Holy See," said Bernard, "has placed you on the imperial throne, and knows how to support you there. If you defend God's heritage, the Church will take care of yours."

But still Conrad hesitated; and the preacher's eloquence was exerted in vain. At length, one day when Bernard was saying Mass before the emperor and the princes and the lords assembled at Spires, he paused in the midst of the service to

expatiate on the guilt of those who refused to fight against Christ's enemies; and produced such an effect while picturing the Day of Judgment, that Conrad's hesitation vanished. "I know what I owe to Christ," he said, approaching, with tears in his eyes to receive the cross; "and I swear to go where his service calls me."—"This is a miracle!" exclaimed the peers and princes present, as they followed their sovereign's example, and vowed to attend his steps.

Having gained over Conrad, the eloquent Saint pursued his triumphs, and soon fired Germany with zeal. When he returned to France, and reported his success, preparations began in both countries. Enthusiasm was general; men of all ranks assumed the cross: and even women vowed to arm themselves with sword and lance, and took an oath to fight for the Holy Sepulchre.

It was arranged that Louis and Conrad should depart in the Spring of 1147, and that the French and German armies should unite at Constantinople. When the time approached, all rushed eastward, with the cry of "God wills it!" and every road was covered with pilgrims on their way to the camps. Bernard must almost have felt some dismay at the effect of his eloquence. "Villages and castles, are deserted," he wrote to the Pope, "and there are none left but widows and orphans, whose parents are still living."

Early in the Spring of 1147, Europe was in commotion. Everywhere in Germany and France men were seen with the cross on their shoulders. Shepherds flung down their crooks, husbandmen abandoned their teams, traders quitted their booths, barons left their castles, and bishops deserted their bishoprics, to arm for the defence of the Holy Sepulchre. From England, exhausted by dynastic war, and Italy, agitated by ecclesiastical strife, bands of warriors issued to swell the armies of Conrad and Louis. Many ladies armed themselves for the crusade, and prepared to signalize their prowess under the leadership of a female warrior whose dress excited much admira-

tion, and whose gilded boots procured for her the name of "Golden-legs."

At Ratisbon, about Easter, the Emperor of Germany assembled his warriors. Accompanied by a host of nobles—among whom were his brother Otho, Bishop of Frisigen; his nephew, Frederick Barbarossa, Duke of Suabia; the Marquis of Montferrat, and the Duke of Bohemia—Conrad commenced his march eastward, at the head of a hundred thousand men, and sent messengers to announce to the Emperor of the East the intention of the crusaders to cross the Greek territories.

At this period, Emanuel Comnenus reigned at Constantinople. On receiving Conrad's message he returned an answer highly complimentary. But while professing great friendship for the new crusaders, he made all their movements known to the Saracens, and so managed matters that their march was frequently interrupted. The elements appeared not less hostile to Conrad's army than the Greeks. While the Germans encamped to keep the Feast of the Assumption in a valley on the river Melas, a storm suddenly arose, and swelled so violently that horses, baggage, and tents were carried away. The crusaders, amazed and terrified, gathered themselves up; and deploring their mishaps, pursued their way to Constantinople.—*The Crusades and the Crusaders.*

EDGEWORTH, MARIA, a British novelist, born in 1767, died in 1849. She was the daughter of Richard Lovell Edgeworth and his first wife, and was born in Berkshire County, England. She was educated by her father, who when she was fifteen years of age, removed to Ireland with his family. In 1798 *Practical Education*, the joint work of father and daughter, was published. Two years later appeared *Castle Rackrent*, the sole work of the daughter, which at once established her reputation as a novelist. This was followed by another novel, *Belinda*, and by an *Essay on Irish Bulls*, the latter, however,

was written in partnership with her father. In 1804 appeared *Popular Tales;* in 1809-12 *Tales of Fashionable Life*, including *Ennui*, *The Dun*, *Manœuvring*, *Almeira*, *Vivian*, *The Absentee*, *Madame de Fleury*, and *Emile de Coulanges.* These works contain several fine character-studies. They were followed by *Patronage* (1814), and *Harrington*, *Ormond*, and *Comic Dramas* (1817). Mr. Edgeworth died in this year, and his daughter devoted herself to the completion of his *Memoirs*, which had been commenced by him. They were published in 1820. In 1822 appeared *Rosamond, a Sequel to Early Lessons*, to which Mr. Edgeworth had contributed, in 1825 *Harry and Lucy*, and in 1834 *Helen*, one of her best novels. Miss Edgeworth aimed to paint national manners, and to enforce morality. Her works are delineations of character, and are characterized by good sense and humor. She is eminently successful in depicting the Irish character. Her vivacious dialogue, varied incident, and clear and flowing style render her novels, if not intensely interesting, extremely pleasant reading. "As a painter of national life and manners, and an illustrator of the homelier graces of human character, Miss Edgeworth is surpassed by Sir Walter Scott alone; while as a direct moral teacher, she has no peer among novelists."

THADY INTRODUCES THE RACKRENT FAMILY.

My real name is Thady Quirk, though in the family I have always been known by no other than "*honest Thady;*" afterward, in the time of Sir Murtagh, deceased, I remember to hear them calling me "*old Thady*," and now I'm come to "*poor Thady;*" for I wear a long great-coat winter and summer, which is very handy, as I never put my arms into the sleeves; they are as good as new, though come Holantide next I've had it these

seven years ; it holds on by a single button round my neck, cloak-fashion. To look at me you would hardly think "poor Thady" was the father of Attorney Quirk ; he is a high gentleman, and never minds what poor Thady says, and having better than fifteen hundred a year, landed estate, looks down upon honest Thady ; but I wash my hands of his doings, and as I have lived, so will I die—true and loyal to the family. The family of the Rackrents is, I am proud to say, one of the most ancient in the kingdom. Everybody knows this is not the old family name, which was O'Shaughlin, related to the kings of Ireland—but that was before my time. My grandfather was driver of the great Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin, and I heard him when I was a boy, telling how the Castle Rackrent estate came to Sir Patrick ; Sir Tallyhoo Rackrent was cousin-german to him, and had a fine estate of his own, only never a gate upon it, it being his maxim that a car was the best gate. Poor gentleman ! he lost a fine hunter and his life at last by it, all in one day's hunt. But I ought to bless that day, for the estate came straight into *the* family, upon one condition which Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin at the time took sadly to heart, they say, but thought better of it afterward, seeing how large a stake depended upon it—that he should, by act of Parliament, take and bear the surname and arms of Rackrent.

Now it was that the world was to see what was *in* Sir Patrick. On coming into the estate he gave the finest entertainment ever was heard of in the country ; not a man could stand after supper but Sir Patrick himself, who could sit out the best man in Ireland, let alone the three kingdoms itself. He had his house, from one year's end to another, as full of company as ever it could hold, and fuller ; for rather than be left out of the parties at Castle Rackrent, many gentlemen, and those men of the first consequence and landed estates in the country—such as the O'Neils of Ballynagrotty, and the Moneygawls of Mount Juliet's Town, and O'Shannons of New Town Tullyhog—made it their choice, often and often, when there

was no moon to be had for love or money, in long winter nights, to sleep in the chicken-house, which Sir Patrick had fitted up for the purpose of accommodating his friends and the public in general, who honored him unexpectedly at Castle Rackrent; and this went on I can't tell you how long—the whole country rang with his praises—Long life to him! I 'm sure I love to look upon his picture, now opposite to me; though I never saw him, he must have been a portly gentleman—his neck something short, and remarkable for the largest pimple on his nose, which, by his particular desire, is still extant in his picture, said to be a striking likeness, though taken when young. He is said also to be the inventor of raspberry whiskey, which is very likely. . . . A few days before his death he was very merry; it being his honor's birthday, he called my grandfather in, God bless him! to drink the company's health, and filled a bumper himself, but could not carry it to his head, on account of the great shake in his hand; on this he cast his joke, saying, 'What would my poor father say to me if he was to pop out of the grave and see me now? I remember when I was a little boy, the first bumper of claret he gave me after dinner, how he praised me for carrying it so steady to my mouth. Here 's my thanks to him—a bumper toast.' Then he fell to singing the favorite song he learned from his father—for the last time, poor gentleman; he sung it that night as loud and as hearty as ever, with a chorus:

He that goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, falls as the leaves do, and dies in October;
But he that goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to do, lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest fellow.

"'Sir Patrick died that night: just as the company rose to drink his health with three cheers, he fell down in a sort of fit, and was carried off: they sat it out, and were surprised, on inquiry in the morning, to find that it was all over with poor Sir Patrick. Never did any gentleman live and die more beloved in the country by rich and poor. His funeral was such a one as was never

known before or since in the county! All the gentlemen in the three counties were at it; far and near how they flocked! my great-grandfather said, that to see all the women in their red cloaks, you would have taken them for the army drawn out. Then such a fine whillaluh! you might have heard it to the farthest end of the county, and happy the man who could get but a sight of the hearse! But who'd have thought it? just as all was going on right—through his own town they were passing—when the body was seized for debt. A rescue was apprehended from the mob, but the heir, who attended the funeral, was against that, for fear of consequences, seeing that those villains who came to serve acted under the disguise of the law; so, to be sure, the law must take its course, and little gain had the creditors for their pains. First and foremost, they had the curses of the country; and Sir Murtagh Rackrent, the new heir, in the next place, on account of this affront to the body, refused to pay a shilling of the debts, in which he was countenanced by all the best gentlemen of property, and others of his acquaintance. . . .

"Sir Murtagh—I forgot entirely to mention that —had no childer. so the Rackrent estate went to his younger brother, a young dashing officer, who came among us before I knew for the life of me whereabouts I was, in a gig or some of them things, with another spark along with him, and led-horses, and servants, and dogs, and scarce a place to put any Christian of them into; for my late lady had sent all the feather-beds off before her, and blankets and household linen, down to the very knife-cloths, on the cars to Dublin, which were all her own, lawfully paid for out of her own money. So the house was quite bare, and my young master, the moment ever he set foot in it out of his gig, thought all those things must come of themselves, I believe, for he never looked after anything at all, but harum-scarum called for everything, as if we were conjurors, or he in a public house. For my part, I could not bestir myself anyhow; I had been so much used

to my late master and mistress, all was upside down with me, and the new servants in the servants' hall were quite out of my way; I had nobody to talk to, and if it had not been for my pipe and tobacco, should, I verily believe, have broke my heart for poor Sir Murtagh. But one morning as my new master caught a glimpse of me, as I was looking at his horse's heels in hopes of a word from him, 'And is that old Thady?' says he, as he got into his gig. I loved him from that day to this, his voice was so like the family; and he threw me a guinea out of his waistcoat pocket, as he drew up the reins with his other hand, his horse rearing too; I thought I never set my eyes on a finer figure of a man, quite another sort from Sir Murtagh, though withal, *to me,* a family likeness. A fine life should we have led had he staid among us, God bless him! He valued a guinea as little as any man; money to him was no more than dirt, and his gentleman, and groom, and all belonging to him, the same; but the sporting season over, he grew tired of the place, and having got down a great architect for the house, and an improver for the grounds, and seen their plans and elevations, he fixed a day for settling with the tenants, but went off in a whirlwind to town, just as some of them came into the yard in the morning.—*Castle Rackrent.*

EDGEWORTH, RICHARD LOVELL, the father of Maria, born at Bath, England, in 1744, died in 1817. He came of an Irish family, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Oxford. He had great mechanical ingenuity. In 1771 he took part in the superintendence of works undertaken to alter the course of the Rhone, and resided in Lyons for two years. In 1782 he removed to Ireland. He entered the Irish Parliament in 1798, and was one of the opponents of the union of England and Ireland. Besides parliamentary reports he wrote, either alone, or in conjunction with his daughter, *Practical*

Education (1798), *Early Lessons*, *Essay on Irish Bulls* (1802), *Professional Education* (1808), *Essay on the Construction of Roads and Carriages* (1813), and numerous essays on scientific subjects. His *Memoirs*, begun by him, were completed after his death, by his daughter.

EDWARDES, ANNIE, an English author, has written numerous interesting novels, among which are *A Point of Honor*, *A Blue Stocking*, *Steven Lawrence*, *Susan Fielding*, *Archie Lovell*, *Jet: Her Face or Her Fortune*, *Leah: A Woman of Fashion*, *Ought we to Visit Her*, *Vivian, the Beauty*, *Philip Earnscliffe*, and *A Girton Girl*.

LEARNING HIS FATE.

He had spoken no syllable of his passion to Dinah, was too self-distrustful to tell his secret by means so matter-of-fact as a sheet of paper and the post. And so, like many another timid suitor, Geoffrey Arbuthnot elected to play a losing game. With immense fidelity in his breast, but without a word of explanation, he set off by noon of that day to London—not ignorant that Gaston's eyes and those of Dinah Thurston had already met. A girl's vanity, if not her heart, might well have been wounded by such conduct. In after times Geoffrey Arbuthnot, musing over his lost happiness, would apply such medicine to his sore spirit as the limited pharmacopœia of disappointment can offer. If he had had a man's metal, if instead of flying like a schoolby, he had said to her, on that evening when Gaston drove past them at the gate. "Take me or reject me, but choose!"—had he thus spoken, Geoffrey used to think, he might have won her.

To-night, on the Guernsey waste land, with heaven so broad above, with earth so friendly, the past seemed to return to him without effort of his own, and without sting. . . . Springing to his feet, Geoffrey resolved to brood over the irrevoca-

ble no longer. He emptied the ashes from his pipe, then replaced it, with Dinah's delicate morsel of handiwork, in his pocket. He took out his watch. It was more than time for him to be off; and after a farewell glance at the campanula-shrouded knolls, Geff started briskly in the direction of Tintajeux Manoir. . . . He was dusty and wearied when he drew near the village. The rectory, the seven public-houses of Lesser Cheriton, looked more blankly unhabited than usual. Some barn-door fowls, a few shining-necked pigeons, strutted up and down the High Street, its only occupants. When he reached the cottage no one answered his ring. The aunt was evidently absent. Dinah, thought Geoffrey, would be busy among her flowers, or might have taken her sewing to the orchard that lay at the bottom of the garden. He had been told, on some former visit, to go round, if the bell was unanswered, to a side entrance, lift the kitchen-latch, and if the door was unbolted, enter. He did so now; passed through the kitchen, burnished and neat as though it came out of a Dutch picture—through the tiny, cool-smelling dairy, and out into the large shadows of the garden beyond.

Silence met him everywhere. The roses, only budding a fortnight ago, had now yearned into June's deep crimson. The fruit-tree leaves had grown long and greyish, forming an impenetrable screen which shut out familiar perspectives, and gave Geoffrey a sense of strangeness that he liked not. Under the south wall, where the apricots already looked like yellowing, was a turf path leading you fieldward, through the entire length of the garden. Along this path with unintentionally muffled footsteps, Geoffrey Arbuthnot trod. When he reached the hedge that formed the final boundary between garden and orchard a man's voice fell on his ear. He stopped, transfixed, as one might do to whom the surgeon's verdict of "No Hope" has been delivered with cruel unexpectedness. The voice was his cousin Gaston's. . . . Youth, the possibility of every youthful joy, died out in that moment's anguish, from

Geff Arbuthnot's heart. But the stuff the man was made of showed itself. More potent than all juice of grape is pain for evoking the best and the worst from human souls. Desolate, bemocked of fate, he turned away, the door of his earthly Paradise shutting on him, walked back to the scholar's attic in John's, whose full loneliness he had never realized till now, and during two hours' space gave way to such abandonment as even the bravest men know under the wrench of sudden and total loss.—During two hours' space! Then the lad gathered up his strength and faced the position. As regarded himself, the path lay plain. He must work up to the collar, hot and hard, leaving himself no time to feel the parts that were galled and wrung. But the others? At the point which all had reached, what was his, Geoffrey Arbuthnot's, duty in respect to them? It was his duty, he thought—after a somewhat blind and confused fashion, doubtless—to stand like a brother to this woman who did not love him. Stifling every baser feeling towards Gaston, it was his duty to further, if he could, the happiness of them both. The sun should not go down on his despair. He would see his rival, would visit Dinah Thurston's lover to-night.—*A Girton Girl.*

EDWARDS, Amelia Blandford, an English author, born in London, in 1831. She was educated at home. When seven years old she showed her talent for literature, and before she was fourteen contributed to the *Family Herald* and other minor periodicals. Her first novel was *My Brother's Wife* (1855). It was followed by *The Ladder of Life* (1857), *Hand and Glove* (1859), *Barbara's History* (1864), *Half a Million of Money*, *Miss Carew*, a volume of short stories, and *Ballads* (1865), *Debenham's Vow* (1869), *In the Days of my Youth*, *Monsieur Maurice* (1873), and *Lord Brackenbury* (1880). Miss Edwards has also written *A Summary of English History* (1856), *The History of France* (1858), *The Sto-*

ry of Cervantes (1863), *Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys* (1873), *A Thousand Miles up the Nile* (1877), and other works. She is one of the leading Egyptologists of England, a member of the Biblical Archæological Society and of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies, and is a contributor to English and foreign journals and to the *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

IN ROME.

We lived on the Pincian Hill, close by the gardens of the French Academy. Far and wide beneath our windows lay the spires and housetops of the Eternal city, with the Doria pines standing out against the western horizon. At the back we had a *loggia* overlooking the garden studios of the French school, with the plantations of the Borghese Villa and the snow-streaked Appenines beyond. Ah, what glorious sights and sounds we had from those upper windows on the Pincian Hill! What pomp and pageantry of cloud! What mists of golden dawn! What flashes of crimson sunset upon distant peaks! How often we heard the chimes at midnight, rung out from three hundred churches, and were awakened in the early morning by military music, and the tramp of French troops marching to parade! After breakfast, we used to go down into the city to see some public or private collection; or, map in hand, trace the sight of a temple or a forum. Sometimes we made pious pilgrimages to places famous in art or history, such as the house of Rienzi, the tomb of Raffaelle, or the graves of our poets in the Protestant Burial-ground. Sometimes, when the morning was wet or dull, we passed a few pleasant hours in the studios of the Via Margutta, where the artists "most do congregate," or loitered our time away among the curiosity shops of the Via Condotti. Later in the day our horses were brought round, and we rode or drove beyond the walls, towards Antemnæ or Veii; or along the meadows behind the Vatican; or out by the fountain of Egeria, in sight of those

ruined aqueducts which thread the brown wastes of the Campagna, like a funeral procession turned to stone. Then, when evening came, we piled the logs upon the hearth and read aloud by turns; or finished the morning's sketches. Now and then, if it were moonlight, we went out again; and sometimes, though seldom, dropped in for an hour at the Opera, or the Theatre Metastasio. . . . Thus the winter months glided away, and the springtime came, and Lent was kept and ended. Thus Rome made holiday at Easter; and the violets grew thicker than ever on the grave of Keats; and the primroses lay in clusters of pale gold about the cypress glades of Monte Mario. Thus, too, we extended our rambles for many a mile beyond the city walls, trampling the wild flowers of the Campagna; tracking the antique boundaries of Latium and Etruria; mapping out the battle-fields of the *Æneid;* and visiting the sites of cities whose history has been for long centuries confounded with tradition, and whose temples were dedicated to a religion of which the poetry and the ruins alone survive. It was indeed a happy, happy time; and the days went by as if they had been set to music. . .

One day, as the Spring was rapidly merging into Summer, we drove out from Rome to Albano. It was quite early when we started. The grassy mounds of the Campo Vaccino were crowded with bullock-tracks as we went down the Sacred Road; and the brown walls of the Colosseum were touched with golden sunshine. The same shadows that had fallen daily for centuries in the same places, darkened the windings of the lower passages. The blue day shone through the uppermost arches, and the shrubs that grew upon them waved to and fro in the morning breeze. A monk was preaching in the midst of the arena; and a French military band was practicing upon the open ground behind the building.

"Oh, for a living Cæsar to expel these Gauls!" muttered Hugh, aiming the end of his cigar at the spurred heels of a dandy little *sous lieutenant* who was sauntering "delicately," like King Agag, on the sunny side of the road.

Passing out by the San Giovanni gate, we entered upon those broad wastes that lie to the southeast of the city. Going forward thence, with the aqueducts to our left, and the old Appian Way, lined with crumbling sepulchres, reaching for miles in one unswerving line to our far right, we soon left Rome behind. Faint patches of vegetation gleamed here and there, like streaks of light; and nameless ruins lay scattered broadcast over the bleak shores of this "most desolate region." Sometimes we came upon a primitive bullock-wagon, or a peasant driving an ass laden with green boughs; but these signs of life were rare. Presently we passed the remains of a square temple, with Corinthian pilasters—then a drove of shaggy ponies—then a little truck with a tiny pent-house reared on one side of the seat, to keep the driver from the sun—then a flock of rusty sheep—a stagnant pool—a clump of stunted trees—a conical thatched hut—a round sepulchre, half buried in the soil of ages—a fragment of broken arch; and so on, for miles and miles, across the barren plain. By and by, we saw a drove of buffaloes scouring along toward the aqueducts, followed by a mounted herdsman, buskined and brown, with his lance in his hand, his blue cloak floating behind him, and his sombrero down upon his brow—the very picture of a Mexican hunter. Now the Campagna was left behind, and Albano stood straight before us, on the summit of a steep and weary hill. Low lines of whitewashed wall bordered the road on either side, inclosing fields of *fascine*, orchards, olive-grounds, and gloomy plantations of cypresses and pines. Next came a range of sand-banks with cavernous hollows and deep undershadows; next, an old *cinque-cento* gateway, crumbling away by the roadside; then a little wooden cross on an overhanging crag; then the sepulchre of Pompey; and then the gates of Albano, through which we rattled into the town, and up to the entrance of the Hôtel de Russie. Here we tasted the wine that Horace praised, and lunched in a room that overlooked a brown sea of Campagna, with the hazy Mediterranean on

the farthest horizon, and tower of Corioli standing against the clear sky to our left.—*Barbara's History.*

EDWARDS, JONATHAN, an American divine and metaphysician, born at East Windsor, Conn., in 1703, died at Princeton, N. J., in 1758. He entered Yale College at thirteen, and was licenced to preach at nineteen ; but before accepting any regular pastoral charge, he resolved to devote two more years to study. From 1724 to 1726 he was tutor at Yale. Early in 1727 he was ordained as colleague to his maternal grandfather, Mr. Stoddard, the pastor at Northampton, Mass., becoming sole minister. two years later, upon the death of Mr. Stoddard. His ministry at Northampton lasted twenty-four years. Disputes upon ecclesiastical points arose between him and his congregation, and he was forced to resign. He then became a missionary among the remnant of the Housatonuck Indians at Stockbridge, Mass., where he wrote the *Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will ; God's Last End in the Creation*, the treatises on *The Affections, on Original Sin*, and on *The Nature of True Virtue*, and projected a voluminous *History of Redemption*, which had been begun several years before. In 1757 his son-in-law, Rev. Aaron Burr, President of Princeton College, died, and Edwards was chosen as his successor. He was installed in this office in February, 1758, but died a month after, from an attack of smallpox. Besides the works already mentioned and a *Life of David Brainard*, his son-in-law, numerous *Sermons* of Edwards' were published during his lifetime and after his death. Several editions of his *Works* have been published; the most complete of which, with a *Memoir*, is by his great-grandson Sereno Ed-

wards Dwight (10 vols., 1830; afterwards in a more compact form in 4 large volumes).

His son, JONATHAN EDWARDS, JR., (1745–1801) was educated at Princeton, where he became tutor after his graduation. In 1769 he was ordained pastor of the church at White Haven, Conn., continuing as such until 1795, when he resigned in consequence of theological differences between him and his congregation. In 1799 he was elected President of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., but died two years after his inauguration. His *Complete Works*, edited, with a *Memoir*, by his grandson, Rev. Tryon Edwards, were published, in 2 vols., in 1842.—TRYON EDWARDS, (1809——), graduated at Yale, studied theology and afterwards law, and in 1834 became pastor at Rochester, N. Y., and in 1845 at New London, Conn. He was a frequent contributor to religious periodicals, and wrote or compiled several books, among which are: *Self-Cultivation* (1843), *Select Poetry for Children and Youth* (1851), *The World's Laconics* (1852), and *Sketches for the Fireside* (1867).

THE WILL DETERMINED BY THE STRONGEST MOTIVE.

By determining the Will—if the phrase be used with any meaning—must be intended, causing that the act of the Will or choice should be thus, and not otherwise: and the Will is said to be determined when, in consequence of some action or influence, its choice is directed to, and fixed upon a particular object. As when we speak of the determination of motion, we mean causing the motion of the body to be such a way, or in such a direction, rather than another. To talk of the determination of the Will, supposes an effect, which must have a cause. If the Will be determined, there is a determiner. This must be supposed to be intended even by them that say the Will determines itself. If it be so, the Will is both determiner and determined; it is a cause

that acts and produces effects upon itself, and is the object of its own influence and action.

With respect to that grand inquiry, What determines the Will? it is sufficient to my present purpose to say, it is a motive, which, as it stands in the view of the mind, is the strongest, that determines the Will. By *motive* I mean the whole of that which moves, excites, or invites the mind to volition, whether that be one thing singly, or many things conjunctly. Many particular things may concur and unite their strength to induce the mind; and, when it is so, all together are as it were one complex motive. And when I speak of the *strongest motive*, I have respect to the strength of the whole that operates to induce to a particular act of volition, whether that be the strength of one thing alone, or of many together. Whatever is a motive, in this sense, must be something that is extant in the view or apprehension of the understanding, or perceiving faculty. Nothing can induce or invite the mind to will or to act any thing, any further than it is perceived, or is in some way or other in the mind's view; for what is wholly unperceived, and perfectly out of the mind's view, cannot affect the mind at all. It is most evident that nothing is in the mind, or reaches it, or takes any hold of it, any other wise than as it is perceived or thought of.

And I think it must be allowed by all that every thing that is properly called a motive, excitement, or inducement to a perceiving, willing agent, has some sort and degree of *tendency* or *advantage* to move or excite the Will, previous to the effect, or to the act of the Will excited. This previous tendency of the motive is what I call the *strength of the motive*. That motive which has a less degree of previous advantage, or tendency to move the Will, or that appears less inviting, as it stands in view of the mind, is what I call a *weaker motive*. On the contrary, that which appears most inviting, and has, by what appears concerning it to the understanding or apprehension, the greatest degree of previous tendency to excite and

induce the choice, is what I call the *strongest motive.*

Things that exist in the view of the mind have their strength, tendency, or advantage to move or excite its Will, from many things appertaining to the nature and circumstances of the thing viewed, the nature and circumstances of the mind that views, and the degree and manner of its views, of which it would perhaps be hard to make a perfect enumeration. But so much I think may be determined in general, without room for controversy, that whatever is perceived or apprehended by an intelligent and voluntary agent, which has the nature and influence of a motive to volition or choice, is considered or viewed as good; nor has it any tendency to invite or engage the election of the soul in any further degree than it appears such. For to say otherwise, would be to say that things that appear have a tendency by the appearance they make, to engage the mind to elect them, some other way than by their appearing eligible to it; which is absurd. And therefore it must be true, in some sense, that the Will is always as the greatest apparent good is.

I use the term *good* as of the same import as *agreeable.* To appear good to the mind, as I use the phrase, is the same as to *appear agreeable*, or *seem pleasing* to the mind. Certainly nothing appears inviting and eligible to the mind, or tending to engage its inclination and choice, considered as evil or disagreeable; nor, indeed, as indifferent, and neither agreeable nor disagreeable. But if it tends to draw the inclination, and move the Will, it must be under the notion of that which suits the mind. And therefore that must have the greatest tendency to attract and engage it, which, as it stands in the mind's view suits it best, and pleases it most; and in that sense it is the greatest apparent good. The word *good*, in this sense, includes in its signification the removal or avoiding of evil, or of that which is disagreeable and uneasy. It is agreeable and pleasing to avoid what is disagreeable and unpleasing, and to have uneasiness removed.

When I say, the Will is as the greatest apparent good is, or that volition has always for its object the thing which appears most agreeable, it must be carefully observed that I speak of the *direct* and *immediate* object of the act of volition; and not of some object that the act of the Will has not an immediate but only an indirect and remote respect to. Many acts of volition have some remote relation to an object that is different from the thing most immediately willed and chosen. Thus, when a drunkard has his liquor before him, and he has to choose whether to drink or no, the proper and immediate objects about which his present volition is conversant, and between which his choice now decides, are his own acts, in drinking the liquor or letting it alone; and this will certainly be done according to what, in the present view of his mind, taken in the whole of it, is the most agreeable to him. If he chooses or wills to drink it, and not to let it alone, then his action, as it stands in the view of his mind, with all that belongs to its appearance there, is more agreeable and pleasing than letting it alone.

But the objects to which this act of volition may relate more remotely, and between which his choice may determine more indirectly, are the present pleasure the man expects by drinking, and the future misery which he judges will be the consequence of it. He may judge that this future misery when it comes, will be more disagreeable and unpleasant than refraining from drinking now would be. But these two things are not the proper objects that the act of volition spoken of is nextly conversant about. For the act of Will spoken of is concerning present drinking or forbearing to drink. If he wills to drink, drinking is the proper object of the act of his Will; and drinking, on some account or other, now appears most agreeable to him, and suits him best. If he chooses to refrain, then refraining is the immediate object of his will, and is most pleasing to him. If in the choice he makes in the case, he prefers a present pleasure to a future advantage, which he judges will be greater when it comes, then a lesser

present pleasure appears more agreeable to him than a greater advantage at a distance. If, on the contrary a future advantage is preferred, then that appears most agreeable and suits him best. And so still the present volition is as the greatest apparent good at present is.—*The Freedom of the Will,* Part I., Section 2.

THE IMMINENT PERIL OF SINNERS.

The wrath of God is like great waters that are dammed for the present; they increase more and more, and rise higher and higher, till an outlet is given; and the longer the stream is stopped, the more rapid and mighty is its course when once it is let loose. It is true that judgment against your evil works has not been executed hitherto; the floods of God's vengeance have been withheld; but your guilt in the mean time is constantly increasing, and you are every day treasuring up more wrath; the waters are constantly rising, and waxing more and more mighty; and there is nothing but the mere pleasure of God that holds the waters back, that are unwilling to be stopped, and press hard to go forward. If God should only withdraw his hand from the floodgate, it would immediately fly open, and the fiery floods of the fierceness and wrath of God would rush forth with inconceivable fury, and would come upon you with omnipotent power; and if your strength were ten thousand times greater than it is, yea, ten thousand times greater than the strength of the stoutest, sturdiest devil in hell, it would be nothing to withstand or endure it.

The bow of God's wrath is bent, and the arrow made ready on the string, and Justice bends the arrow at your heart, and strains the bow; and it is nothing but the mere pleasure of God—and that of an angry God, without any promise or obligation at all—that keeps the arrow one moment from being made drunk with your blood. Thus all you that never passed under a great change of heart, by the mighty power of the Spirit of God upon your souls; all of you that were never born again, and made new creatures, and raised from

being dead in sin, to a state of new and before altogether unexperienced light and life, are in the hands of an angry God. However you may have reformed your life in many things, and may have had religious affections, and may keep up a form of religion in your families and closets, and in the house of God, it is nothing but his mere pleasure that keeps you from being this moment swallowed up in everlasting destruction.

The God that holds you over the pit of hell—much as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire—abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked. His wrath towards you burns like fire; He looks upon you as being worthy of nothing else but to be cast into the fire. He is of purer eyes than to bear to have you in his sight; you are ten thousand times more abominable in his eyes than the most hateful venomous serpent is in ours. You have offended him infinitely more than ever a stubborn rebel did his prince; and yet it is nothing but his hand that holds you from falling into the fire every moment. It is to be ascribed to nothing else that you did not go to hell the last night; that you was suffered to awake again in this world, after you closed your eyes to sleep. And there is no other reason to be given why you have not dropped into hell since you arose in the morning, but that God's hand has held you up. There is no other reason to be given why you have not gone to hell since you have sat here in the house of God, provoking his pure eyes by your sinful, wicked manner of attending his solemn worship. Yea, there is nothing else that is to be given as a reason why you do not at this very moment drop down into hell.—*Sermon, "Sinners in the Hand of an angry God."*

EDWARDS, MATILDA BARBARA DE BETHAM, an English author, born at Westerfield, Suffolk, in 1836. Her first novel *The White House by the Sea*, published in 1857, passed through several editions. She has since contributed critical and social papers to *Punch*, the *Pall*

Mall Gazette, *Fraser's Magazine*, and other periodical publications, and has written numerous novels and books for children. Among them are *Holidays among the Mountains; or Scenes and Stories of Wales*, and *Little Bird Red and Little Bird Blue* (1861), *John and I*, and *Snow-Flakes and the Stories they told the Children* (1862), *Doctor Jacob* (1864), *A Winter with the Swallows* (1867), *Dr. Campany's Courtship*, and *Through Spain to the Sahara* (1868), *Kitty* (1869), *The Sylvestres* (1871), *Mademoiselle Josephine's Fridays* (1874), *A Year in Western France* (1877), *Holidays in Eastern France* (1879), *Six Life Studies of Famous Women* (1880), and *Pearla* (1884).

THE ALHAMBRA.

The Alhambra is so ruined as a whole, and yet so perfect in parts, so bare here, so rich in color there, so desolate and yet so haunted by voices, that it reminds one most, I think, of beautiful antique jewelry. Some of the jewels have dropped out, the gold is tarnished, the clasp is broken, the crown is bent, but gaze a little while, and all becomes as it once was. Pearl and amethyst, emerald and opal, blaze out. . . . Nothing is lost, or changed, or dead. . . . What never ceases to surprise you is the richness and the delicate, one might almost say effeminate, finish and elaborateness of every part. The walls are covered with *faience* and arabesque; the ceilings are either inlaid pine or cedar-wood, and hollowed after the fashion of stalactite caves; the floors are of polished white marble, the palm-like columns of alabaster, and fountains abound everywhere. There is nothing to add and nothing to take away from this Palace of Aladdin; and as you learn to know the place, you love it, and marvel more and more. But if it is a Palace of Aladdin now, what must it have been when the fountains were shedding floods of pearl in the sunlight; when all the courts were filled with perfume of myrtle, of oleander, and of orange blossom; when the delicate

columns, were covered with gold, and the fretted domes blazed with color, orange, purple, and red? —*Through Spain to the Sahara.*

KITTY'S ACCOUNT OF HERSELF.

I am a social gypsy: born of them, bred among them, made love to by them. We lived like vagabonds on the face of the earth, taking no care for the morrow; feasting one day, starving the next; but we broke no laws except those of custom and comfort. The men were honest, the women were good, and a universal tie of kindness and charity bound them together. It was a merry life that we led in this Bohemia of ours, and as free from care as the life of the birds in the woods. If one of us wanted a shilling, a coat, or a loaf of bread, there were neighbors ready for us: and towards myself the goodness was such as I should be wicked to forget. It was not a life of inward, if of outward, vulgarity. We adored pictures, and music, and beautiful things, and often went without food to get a taste of them. Yet as I grew to be a woman I hated the life. I longed for softness and refinement, as other women long for finery and admiration. Perhaps it was because I came of gentle blood—so they told me—and the instinct of respectability was too strong for me. I felt like an alien, and I determined to elevate myself, some day or other, at any cost. I used to sit at home—a very Cinderella among the ashes—thinking, thinking; scheming, scheming. I had no gifts, that was the worst of it. I could act passably, but not well enough to go on the stage. I could sing and play a little, but had no musical instinct in me; I could not draw a line to save my life. My only natural gift seemed the art of acquiring popularity—I ought to say affection. People always liked me better than anybody else. It was as if wherever I went I exercised a magnetic influence, and this often without any volition of my own. If we were dunned by some hard-hearted grocer or butcher, I went to him and talked him into waiting for his money a little longer. There was a poor old Pole

in our little colony, a teacher of languages, who would go without bread to buy me sweetmeats. If Mrs. Cornfield's pupils brought little gifts of flowers or fruit, they were always presented to me. When one of them, Laura Norman, asked me to stay at her father's house in the country, and I went, of course old Dr. Norman, who was a widower of forty-five, fell in love with me; and his son, a youth of nineteen, fell in love with me too, and I had no more sought their love than I had sought the love of the others at home. In an ill-advised moment I consented to become Dr. Norman's wife, and if Myra had not offered me a home with her, I should have married him; whether for good or evil I know not—I fancy for evil. You know how entirely Myra leaned upon me and looked up to me. I believe she would have given me the half of her fortune in her generous, impulsive affection; and we were as happy together as two women can be, when the only tie that binds them together is that of helplessness on one side and capability on the other. Myra is a mere child, as you know, and it was not likely that we should have much in common. Then I came to know you, and just when I have grown fonder of you than of all these lovers of mine—I must go. To lose the others pained me chiefly on their account; but to lose you who have been my companion, my teacher, my ideal, is like going into a strange land, where I should be of no more account than thousands of forlorn emigrants. It is very hard," Kitty said sorrowfully; "so hard that it leads me to doubt whether things are always ordered for the best," and she broke into a vehement, indignant sob.—*Kitty.*

EGGLESTON, EDWARD, an American author, born at Vevay, Indiana, in 1837. He entered the Methodist ministry, and at nineteen rode a "Hoosier circuit." After ten years of preaching he quitted the active ministry and entered upon literary work. He was successively editor of the *Little Corporal*

magazine and *The Sunday-School Teacher* in Chicago, and of the *Independent* and the *Hearth and Home* in New York. He has written several novels and books for young people, depicting life in the smaller towns and scattered settlements of the Western States thirty years ago. Among his works are, *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* (1871), *The End of the World* (1872), *The Mystery of Metropolisville* (1873), *The Circuit Rider* (1874), *The Schoolmaster's Stories* (1875), *Roxy* (1878), *The Hoosier Schoolboy* (1883), a series of *Biographies* of famous American Indians, and a *Sunday-School Manual: a Guide to Sunday-School Work.*

PATTY'S CONVERSION.

It happened that upon the very next Sunday Russell Bigelow was to preach. Far and wide over the West had traveled the fame of this great preacher, who, though born in Vermont, was wholly Western in his impassioned manner. . . . Even Patty declared her intention of going, much to the Captain's regret. The meeting was not to be held at Wheeler's, but in the woods, and she could go for this time without entering the house of her father's foe. She had no other motive than a vague hope of hearing something that would divert her; life had grown so heavy that she craved excitement of any kind. She would take a back seat and hear the famous Methodist for herself. But Patty put on all of her gold and costly apparel. She was determined that nobody should suspect her of any intention of "joining the church." Her mood was one of curiosity on the surface, and of proud hatred and quiet defiance below.

No religious meeting is ever so delightful as a meeting held in the forest; no forest is so satisfying as a forest of beech; the wide-spreading boughs —drooping when they start from the trunk, but well sustained at the last—stretch out regularly and with a steady horizontalness; the last year's

leaves form a carpet like a cushion, while the dense foliage shuts out the sun. To this meeting in the beech-woods Patty chose to walk, since it was less than a mile away. As she passed through a little cove, she saw a man lying flat on his face in prayer. It was the preacher. Awe-stricken, Patty hurried on to the meeting. She had fully intended to take a seat in the rear of the congregation, but being a little confused and absent-minded she did not observe at first where the stand had been erected, and that she was entering the congregation at the side nearest to the pulpit. When she discovered her mistake it was too late to withdraw, the aisle beyond her was already full of standing people ; there was nothing for her but to take the only vacant seat in sight. This put her in the very midst of the members, and in this position she was quite conspicuous ; even strangers from other settlements saw with astonishment a woman elegantly dressed, for that time, sitting in the very midst of the devout sisters—for the men and women sat apart. All around Patty there was not a single "artificial," or piece of jewelry. Indeed, most of the women wore calico sun-bonnets. The Hissawachee people who knew her were astounded to see Patty at meeting at all. They remembered her treatment of Morton, and they looked upon Captain Lumsden as Gog and Magog incarnated in one. This sense of the conspicuousness of her position was painful to Patty, but she presently forgot herself in listening to the singing. There never was such a chorus as a backwoods Methodist congregation, and here among the trees they sang hymn after hymn, now with the tenderest pathos, now with triumphant joy, now with solemn earnestness. They sang "Children of the Heavenly King," and "Come let us anew," and "Blow ye the trumpet, blow," and "Arise my soul, arise," and "How happy every child of grace !" While they were singing this last, the celebrated preacher entered the pulpit, and there ran through the audience a movement of wonder, almost of disappointment. His clothes were of that sort of cheap cotton cloth known as "blue

drilling," and did not fit him. He was rather short, and inexpressibly awkward. His hair hung unkempt over the best portion of his face—the broad, projecting forehead. His eyebrows were overhanging; his nose, cheek-bones, and chin large. His mouth was wide and with a sorrowful depression at the corners, his nostrils thin, his eyes keen, and his face perfectly mobile. He took for his text the words of Eleazer to Laban—"Seeking a bride for his master," and according to the custom of the time, he first expounded the incident, and then proceeded to "spiritualize" it, by applying it to the soul's marriage to Christ. Notwithstanding the ungainliness of his frame, and the awkwardness of his postures, there was a gentlemanliness about his address that indicated a man not unaccustomed to good society. His words were well chosen; his pronunciation always correct; his speech grammatical. In all of these regards Patty was disappointed.

But the sermon. Who shall describe "the indescribable?" As a servant he proceeded to set forth the character of the Master. What struck Patty was not the nobleness of his speech, nor the force of his argument; she seemed to see in the countenance that every divine trait which he described had reflected itself in the life of the preacher himself. For none but the manliest of men can ever speak worthily of Jesus Christ. As Bigelow proceeded, he won her famished heart to Christ. For such a Master she could live or die; in such a life there was what Patty needed most—a purpose; in such a life there was a friend; in such a life she would escape that sense of the ignobleness of her own pursuits, and the unworthiness of her own pride. All that he said of Christ's love and condescension filled her with a sense of sinfulness and meanness, and she wept bitterly. There were a hundred others as much affected, but the eyes of all her neighbors were upon her. If Patty should be converted, what a victory! And as the preacher proceeded to describe the joy of a soul wedded forever to Christ—living nobly after the pattern of His life—Patty resolved that she

would devote herself to this life and this Saviour, and rejoiced in sympathy with the rising note of triumph in the sermon. Then Bigelow, last of all, appealed to courage and to pride—to pride in its best sense. Who would be ashamed of such a Bridegroom? And as he depicted the trials that some must pass through in accepting Him, Patty saw her own situation, and mentally made the sacrifice. As he described the glory of renouncing the world, she thought of her jewelry and the spirit of defiance in which she had put it on. There, in the midst of that congregation, she took out her ear-rings, and stripped the flowers from the bonnet. We may smile at the unnecessary sacrifice to an overstrained literalism, but to Patty it was the solemn renunciation of the world—the whole-hearted espousal of herself, for all eternity, to Him who stands for all that is noblest in life. Of course this action was visible to most of the congregation—most of all to the preacher himself. To the Methodists it was the greatest of triumphs, this public conversion of Captain Lumsden's daughter, and they showed their joy in many pious ejaculations. Patty did not seek concealment. She scorned to creep into the kingdom of heaven. It seemed to her that she owed this publicity. For a moment all eyes were turned away from the orator. He paused in his discourse until Patty had removed the emblems of her pride and antagonism. Then, turning with tearful eyes to the audience, the preacher, with simple-hearted sincerity and inconceivable effect, burst out with, "Hallelujah! I have found a bride for my Master!"—*The Circuit Rider.*

EGGLESTON, George Cary, an American author, brother of Edward Eggleston, born at Vevay, Indiana, in 1839. He was educated at the Indiana Asbury University, and at Richmond College, Virginia, studied law in Lexington, Va., and became a journalist in New York. Among his publications are *How to Educate Yourself* (1872), *A Rebel's Recollections* (1874), *How to Make a Living*, and

The Big Brother (1875), *Captain Sam, or the Boy Scout,* (1876), *The Signal Boys* (1877), *Red Eagle,* (1879), *A Man of Honor* (1880), *The Wreck of the Red Bird* (1882), and *Strange Stories from History* (1886).

A DEED OF DARING.

When the news of the massacre at Kimball's reached Fort Glass, a detachment of ten men was sent out to recover the bodies, which they brought to Fort Sinquefield for burial. The graves were dug in a little valley three or four hundred yards from the fort, and all the people went out to attend the funeral. The services had just come to an end when the cry of "Indians! Indians!" was raised, and a body of warriors under the prophet Francis, dashed down from behind a hill upon the defenceless people, whose guns were inside the fort. The first impulse of every one was to catch up the little children and hasten inside the gates, but it was manifestly too late. The Indians were already nearer the fort than they, and were running with all their might, brandishing their knives and tomahawks, and yelling like demons. There seemed no way of escape. Sam Hardwicke took little Judie up in his arms, and quick as thought calculated the chances of reaching the fort. Clearly the only way in which he could get there, was by leaving his little sister to her fate and running for his life. But Sam Hardwicke was not the sort of boy to do anything so cowardly as that. Abandoning the thought of getting to the fort, he called to Tom to follow him, and with Judie in his arms, he ran into a neighboring thicket, where the three, with Joe, a black boy of twelve or thirteen years who had followed them, concealed themselves in the bushes. Whether they had been seen by the Indians or not, they had no way of knowing, but their only hope of safety now lay in absolute stillness. They crouched down together and kept silence. . . . Meantime the situation of the fort people was terrible. Cut off from the gates and unarmed, there seemed to be nothing for them to do except to meet death as bravely

and calmly as they could. A young man named Isaac Harden happened to be near the gates, however, on horseback, and accompanied by a pack of about sixty hounds. And this young man, whose name has barely crept into a corner of history, was both a hero and a military genius, and he did, right then and there, a deed as brilliant and as heroic as any other in history. Seeing the perilous position of the fort people, he raised himself in his stirrups and waving his hat, charged the savages with his pack of dogs, whooping and yelling after the manner of a huntsman, and leading the fierce bloodhounds right into the ranks of the infuriated Indians. The dogs being trained to chase and sieze any living thing upon which their master might set them, attacked the Indians furiously, Harden encouraging them and riding down group after group of the bewildered savages. Charging right and left with his dogs, he succeeded in putting the Indians for a time upon the defensive, thus giving the white people time to escape into the fort. When all were in except Sam's party and a Mrs. Phillips who was killed, Harden began looking about him for a chance to secure his own safety. His impetuosity had carried him clear through the Indian ranks, and the savages, having beaten the dogs off, turned their attention to the young cavalier who had balked them in the very moment of their victory. They were between him and the gates, hundreds against one. His dogs were killed or scattered, and he saw at a glance that there was little hope for him. The woods behind him were full of Indians, and so retreat was impossible. Turning his horse's head towards the gates, he plunged spurs into his side, and with a pistol in each hand, dashed through the savage ranks, firing as he went. Blowing a blast upon his horn to recall those of his dogs which were still alive, he escaped on foot into the fort, just in time to let the gate shut in the face of the foremost Indian. His horse, history tells us. was killed under him, and he had five bullet holes through his clothes, but his skin was unbroken.—*The Big Brother.*

EGINHARD, or EINHARD, a Frankish chronicler, born at Maingau, on the river Main, in 770, died in 844. He was educated at the monastery of Fulda, and was a pupil of Alcuin, who introduced him at the court of Charlemagne, by whom he was placed in charge of the public buildings. He married Imma, a noble lady, who afterwards figured in legend as Charlemagne's daughter. In 815, Louis, the successor of Charlemagne, bestowed upon Eginhard and his wife the estates of Michelstadt and Mühlheim. He was afterwards abbot of several monasteries. In 830 he withdrew to Mühlheim, which he named *Seligenstadt* (" the city of the Saints "), and erected a church to which he conveyed the relics of St. Marcellinus and St. Peter. His most famous work is the *Life of Charlemagne*, written after the emperor's death. He also wrote the *Annals of the Franks* from 741 to 829, *Epistolæ*, and an *Account of the Transfer of the Relics of St. Marcellinus and St. Peter.*

CHARLEMAGNE.

Charles was large and strong, and of lofty stature, though not disproportionately tall (his height is well known to have been seven times the length of his foot); the upper part of his head was round, his eyes very large and animated, nose a little long, hair fair, and face laughing and merry. Thus his appearance was always stately and dignified, whether he was standing or sitting; although his neck was thick and somewhat short, and his belly rather prominent; but the symmetry of the rest of his body concealed these defects. His gait was firm, his whole carriage manly, and his voice clear, but not so strong as his size led one to expect. . . . He used to wear the national, that is to say, the Frank dress; next his skin a linen shirt and linen breeches, and above these a tunic fringed with silk; while hose fastened by bands covered his lower limbs, and shoes his feet, and he

protected his shoulders and chest in winter by a close-fitting coat of otter or marten skins. Over all he flung a blue cloak, and he always had a sword girt about him, usually one with a gold or silver hilt and belt; he sometimes carried a jeweled sword, but only on great feast-days or at the reception of ambassadors from foreign nations. He despised foreign costumes, however handsome, and never allowed himself to be robed in them, except twice in Rome, when he donned the Roman tunic, chlamys, and shoes; the first time at the request of Pope Hadrian II., to gratify Leo, Hadrian's successor. On great feast-days he made use of embroidered clothes, and shoes bedecked with precious stones; his cloak was fastened by a golden buckle, and he appeared crowned with a diadem of gold and gems: but on other days his dress varied little from the common dress of the people.

Charles had the gift of ready and fluent speech, and could express what he had to say with the utmost clearness. He was not satisfied with the command of his native language merely, but gave attention to the study of foreign ones, and in particular was such a master of Latin that he could speak it as well as his native tongue; but he could understand Greek better than he could speak it. He was so eloquent, indeed, that he might have passed for a teacher of eloquence. He most zealously cultivated the liberal arts, held those who taught them in great esteem, and conferred great honors upon them. He took lessons in grammar of the deacon Peter of Pisa, at that time an aged man. Another deacon, Albin of Britain, surnamed Alcuin, a man of Saxon extraction, who was the greatest scholar of the day, was his teacher in other branches of learning. The King spent much time and labor with him studying rhetoric, dialectics, and especially astronomy. He learned to reckon, and used to investigate the motions of the heavenly bodies most curiously, with an intelligent scrutiny. He also tried to write, and used to keep tablets in blanks in bed under his pillow, that at leisure hours he might accustom his hand

to form the letters ; however, as he did not begin his efforts in due season, but late in life, they met with ill success.

He cherished with the greatest fervor and devotion the principles of the Christian religion, which had been instilled into him from infancy. Hence it was that he built the beautiful basilica at Aix-la-Chapelle, which he adorned with gold and silver and lamps, and with rails and doors of solid brass. He had the columns and marbles for this structure brought from Rome and Ravenna, for he could not find such as were suitable elsewhere. He was a constant worshiper at this church as long as his health permitted, going morning and evening, even after nightfall, besides attending mass ; and he took care that all the services there conducted should be administered with the utmost possible propriety, very often warning the sextons not to let any improper or unclean thing be brought into the building, or remain in it. He provided it with a great number of sacred vessels of gold and silver, and with such a quantity of clerical robes that not even the door-keepers who fill the humblest office in the church, were obliged to wear their every-day clothes when in the exercise of their duties. He was at great pains to improve the church reading and psalmody, for he was well skilled in both, although he neither read in public nor sang, except in a low tone and with others.—*Life of Charlemagne, Transl. of* TURNER.

ELIOT, GEORGE. See EVANS, MARIAN.

ELIOT, JOHN, styled "the Apostle to the Indians," an American clergyman, born in England in 1604, died at Roxbury, Mass., in 1690. He was educated at the University of Cambridge, came to New England in 1631, and in the following year became "teacher" of the church at Roxbury. He believed the North American Indians to be descended from the lost tribes of Israel ; learned their language, in which he began preaching to them in 1646, and in 1660 organized a church of

"praying Indians," which flourished for several years. He wrote a number of works, one of which, *The Christian Commonwealth*, printed in England in 1660, was denounced by the Government of the colony as "seditious," on the ground that it was opposed to the monarchy of England. In 1664 he published an *Indian Grammar* and a translation of the *Psalms* into Indian metre. His great work was the translation into Indian of the entire Bible, the New Testament being printed at Cambridge, Mass., in 1661, and the Old Testament in 1663. Its full title is :

Mamusse Wunneetupamatamwe Up-Biblum God naneeswe Nukkone Testament kah wonk Wusku Testament.

Indian words are usually very long, a word being not unfrequently a compound which in most languages would be represented by several words. One long word in Eliot's translation is *Wutappesittukqussunnookwehtunkquoh* which occurs in Mark i. 40, and means "kneeling down to him." The following is Eliot's version of one of the shorter verses of the New Testament :

Nummeetsuongash asekesukokish assmaunean yeuyeu kesukod.

A second edition of this Indian Bible, revised by Rev. John Cotton, was printed in quarto at Cambridge in 1685. Copies are very rare. In 1868 a copy was sold in New York for $1,130. The Indian tribe for whom it was made have long been extinct, their language has utterly perished, and there have not probably lived during the present century half a dozen persons who could understand a single verse of it.

ELIOT, Samuel, an American philosophic historian, born at Boston in 1821. He graduated at Harvard in 1839, was engaged in mercantile business in Boston for two years, and afterwards traveled in Europe. From 1856 to 1864 he was Professor of History and Political Science in Trinity College, Hartford; being also President of the College from 1860 to 1866, and subsequently Professor of Political Science and Constitutional Law. In 1872 he became Head Master of the Girls' High School in Boston, and in 1878 Superintendent of the Boston Public Schools. He has written *A Manual of the United States History* (1856), and in 1880 prepared a selection of *Poetry for Children*. His great work is *The History of Liberty*, which was planned in 1845, while he was a resident at Rome. An instalment of this was published in 1847, under the title *Passages from the History of Liberty* treating mainly of the early Italian reformers. Two years afterwards appeared *The Liberty of Rome*. This was revised and re-written in 1853, and appeared as Part I. of *The History of Liberty*. In the Preface he says: "I have taken for my subject a principle in which all men are concerned, and to which all the events of human history are related. It has seemed to me that in tracing the course of this history, we might gain some new convictions respecting liberty. Such an aim is far too high to be attained by composing a work for the use merely of what is called the literary class. I write for my fellow-men as well as for my fellow-scholars."

LIBERTY AMONG THE ANCIENTS IN GENERAL.

Liberty is the ability of an individual or of a community to exercise the powers with which either may be endowed. As a right, it depends upon the character of the powers to which it supplies the means of exercise. They who have only

the lowest powers have the right only to the lowest liberty. They who have the highest powers—and they alone—have the right to the highest liberty. In other words, liberty is the right to use, and to increase by using, the powers which constitute the endowments of humanity.

As a possession, actually in the hands of men or of nations, liberty depends upon laws as well as upon powers. One may have the noblest powers of which his nature is capable; but he may be incapable of exercising them on account of oppressive laws. Or he may have but imperfect powers; yet they may be developed until they seem to human vision almost perfect, in consequence of the laws encouraging their exercise. No man can possess liberty—whether personal or political, whether physical, intellectual, or spiritual—except the laws above him allow the employment of the powers with which he has been created.

Now the laws under which men live are of two codes: One of these is derived directly from God, whose will it expresses, whose omnipotence it declares. The Divine law, wherever revealed, calls forth the highest powers of which mankind are susceptible. It kindles their holiest aspiration in the service of their Creator. It braces their most generous energies in the service of their fellow-creatures. Consequently, it gives them the right to perfect liberty. That which is made their right is by the same law, if it be obeyed, made their possession likewise. The other code contains human laws. So far as these support the Divine law, they support the liberty which that proclaims. So far, on the other hand, as they uphold the authority or the pleasure of men in contradiction to the will and the omnipotence of God, they are fatal to all liberty worthy of the name. If neither opposing nor maintaining the Divine law, they stand by themselves, unable to create the powers which entitle men to be truly free. The right to liberty declines under merely human laws. Under them, the possession also of liberty is insecure, if it be not wholly lost.

Over the ages of old there broods from first to last a giant shape, conjured up by human laws. Wherever men came together, upon the Eastern plains or around the Western citadels, they dwell in the shadow of centralization. This is one of the two systems by which society is constituted: the other is Union. Centralization binds men together; but it binds them together to the benefit of the minority; the majority is oppressed. Laws are in force not necessarily subverting, though necessarily not upholding, the Divine law. Liberty, as a right, is transformed from the right of developing one's own powers into that of controlling the powers of others. As a possession, it passes from the hands of the most powerful spiritually or intellectually, into those of the most powerful physically or politically. The laws on which it depends are merely human. As such, they recognize only the possessions or the rights of their framers. These are the freemen of the nation united by centralization; the remainder of the nation consists of subjects or of actual bondmen. Centralization prevailed throughout antiquity. The ancient nations knew no other laws but what were human, no other freemen but what were rulers. Amongst the masses there was no liberty.—*History of Liberty*, Vol. I., Book i., Chap. 1.

THE LIBERTY OF THE HEBREWS.

The source of the Hebrew law was Divine. Its course was so shaped by men as to be merely human. As such, it made the Hebrews rulers. Those whom it made rulers—and those only—did it make freemen. The law was earnest in securing the liberty of the Hebrews. Not only did it divide the Promised Land equally amongst them all; but it provided for the recovery of every estate that might be lost by the indigence or the wilfulness of its possessor. Were he indifferent about regaining it, his children had the opportunity of reinstating themselves at each returning celebration of the national jubilee. The more frequent recurrence of the Lord's Release witnessed

the liberation of every debtor from the confinement in which the law had been watching over him. Guarded against private, the Hebrews were also protected against public oppression. The first to be called by Moses to authority were "able men out of all Israel." Distinctions of families and tribe were lost in the common Congregation. To this body, the chiefs, whose titles are variously recorded as Heads of Families, Elders, and Princes, appear to have been accountable. The only immediate exception to this general equality was the elevation of a single tribe to the functions of the priesthood. But the privileges of this order were not so numerous as its obligations. A king was anointed prospectively; but he was to be one "whom the Lord shall choose."

Above all other authority was recognized that of the Deity: He ruled on earth as in heaven; obedience to Him was the safeguard of liberty. It was likewise the security of dominion. "Take heed to thyself," forewarned the Hebrew law, "lest thou make a covenant with the inhabitants of the land whither thou goest, lest it be for a snare in the midst of thee. But ye shall destroy their images, and cut down their groves; for thou shalt worship no other god." Again it was declared: "Of the cities which the Lord thy God doth give thee for an inheritance, thou shalt save alive nothing that breatheth; but thou shalt utterly destroy them." Yet the conquest was not to be so destructive as to leave none of whom subjects could not be made by the conquerors: "Both thy bondmen and thy bondmaids which thou shalt have," continued the law, "shall be of the heathens that are round you. . . . and ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you. . . . they shall be your bondmen forever."

Dominion over the Promised Land and its inhabitants proved insufficient for the Hebrews. Through the long conflicts in which they were involved under their Judges and their Kings, they strove to increase more frequently than to preserve their realms. The expectation, dimly embraced by Abraham, but clearly enunciated by

Moses, concerning the appearance of a future Prophet, swelled into the anticipation of universal empire. "And he shall smite the earth," exclaimed Isaiah, "with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his life shall he slay the wicked. . . . Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel! I will help thee, saith the Lord and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel. And I will make thee a new sharp instrument, having teeth. Thou shalt thresh the mountains and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff."

Of all nations in ancient times, the Hebrews approached the nearest to the possession of the eternal principle upon which liberty rests. They were made acquainted with the existence and the omnipotence of their Creator. From Him they received the law to be holy and perfect. They rose with David to the heights of penitence and prayer. They lifted their voices with Isaiah in preparing the glory of the Lord; with Daniel in foretelling the endless majesty of His kingdom. Yet theirs was the shade, rather than the light, of the Divine law. Laws of their own, supporting the lowest forms of liberty, stood side by side with laws supporting its highest forms. Instead of resisting the centralization that prevailed of old, the Hebrews were amongst its most unsparing champions.—*History of Liberty*, Vol. I., Book i., Chap. 10.

THE LIBERTY OF THE ROMANS.

The moment Curius Dentatus disappears (290 B.C.), the questions of relief to the lower classes, and of union between them and the higher, sink into the background. Four years afterwards there occurred a general outburst of the difficulties which all the wiser men of the popular party had successively striven to repress. Debt was the mainspring of the insurrection in which the lower classes, disappointed in their hopes of relief from their superiors, seem to have seceded to the Janiculan Hill. There, perhaps, they would have remained unheeded, but for the approach of a hostile army, whose ravages may have made it necessary for the upper classes to conciliate them. It looks

as though the popular party made the first advances. Indeed, it is not certain but that a portion of the party had gone out with the seceders to the Janiculan. At all events, the popular leaders stand out in the final movements of the insurrection. One of their chiefs, Quintius Hortensius, is raised to the dictatorship. At his call the people come together to pass a law investing the decrees of the Tribes with plenary independence. This goes, of course, against the Senate, hitherto accepting or rejecting the legislative proceedings of the Tribes. Then Hortensius dies. It may have been his successor, it may have been a Tribune of the Plebeians, Mænius by name, who procured the passage of a bill directed against the Curias. To that ancient assembly little of a political character remained besides the right to sanction or annul the elections made in the Centurias to the higher magistracies. This right appears to have been abrogated by the Mænian law. A change in the organization of the Centurias, apparently rendering that body more popular, may have taken place at the same time.

With all its laws, Mænian and Hortensian, the popular party could not have been completely satisfied. Disguise it as they would, many must have felt a sensitiveness to the personal superiority still asserted by their antagonists. But a few years before the secession to the Janiculan, a time had been set apart by the Senate for solemn devotions in consequence of many strange presages that had been observed and feared. In the season of supplication, the wife of Lucius Volumnius, by name Virginia, a woman of Patrician birth, came to the temple of Patrician Chastity to offer up her vows. The Patrician ladies gathered at the shrine denied her the right to worship there, because, said they, she was married to a Plebeian. "I thought," she exclaimed, "I had as good a right here as any. But if it be on my husband's account that I am thus affronted, I say I am neither ashamed of him, nor of his exploits nor of his honors." She then withdrew, and, for her sole revenge set up an altar in her house to Ple-

beian Chastity, to whose worship she invited her Plebeian countrywomen. If a Patrician wife of a Plebeian could be so excluded from a temple, the Plebeians must have found it still difficult to reach the privileges to which they aspired.

Where, meanwhile, were the lower classes who had seceded to the Janiculan? How were the debtors saved from bondage, the starving from death? There is no answer to be found in the ancient historians. Yet it was the popular party of Curius Dentatus and of Valerius Corvus that had so far triumphed. Did they do nothing for the inferior Plebeians—nothing for the still inferior aliens and slaves? Again there is no answer in the ancient histories. The popular party spent its liberality in contests with its superiors. It had little besides illiberality to show towards its inferiors. Instead of encouraging continual growth in freedom amongst the lower orders, it seems as if the popular party had stood like full-grown trees that divert the sunshine from the lowlier plants, incapable, indeed, of pushing up their branches all at once, but designed to lift their breathing leaves nearer and nearer to the height of the older foliage.

This settled the question as to the extent of Roman liberty. It was to remain in a few hands. Its freemen were they who had risen: they who had yet to rise were bondmen. The mind reverts to the city as it stood upon its seven hills. The temple with its company of columns holds the foremost place. Beneath, the square, decked with monuments and trophies, lies open for the assemblies of the nation. On the right and on the left, scaling every hill, and covering nearly every level space, are the dwellings, the gardens, the fields, and the woods of the richer citizens. To find the poorer classes we must thread the crooked streets where the dampness of day and the darkness of night maintain continual gloom.—*History of Liberty*, Vol. I., Book iii., Chap. 15.

ELLET, Elizabeth Fries (Lummis), an American author, born at Sodus Point, N. Y.,

in 1818, died in 1877. She published a volume of *Poems, Original and Selected* in 1835, wrote several books, mostly of a historical or biographical character, and was a frequent contributor to periodicals. Her principal works are: *Characters of Schiller* (1841), *Women of the American Revolution* (1848), *Domestic History of the American Revolution* (1850), *Watching Spirits* (1851), *Pioneer Women of the West* (1852), *Summer Rambles in the West* (1853), *Women Artists in all Ages and Countries* (1861), *Queens of American Society* (1867), *Court Circles of the Republic* (1869), *Cyclopædia of Domestic Economy* (1872).

REST FOR THE WEARY.

O weary heart, there is a rest for thee!
  O truant heart, there is a blessèd home,
An isle of gladness in life's wayward sea,
  Where storms that vex the waters never come!
There trees perennial yield their balmy shade;
  There flower-wreathed hills in sunlit beauty sleep;
There meek streams murmur through the verdant glade;
  There heaven bends smiling o'er the placid deep;
Winnowed by wings immortal that fair isle;
  Vocal its air with music from above!
There meets the exile eye a welcoming smile;
  There ever speaks a summoning voice of love
Unto the heavy-laden and distrest—
"Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!"

ELLICOTT, Charles John, an English clergyman and author, born in 1819. He was educated at Cambridge, where he graduated with honors in 1841, and was elected a Fellow of St. John's College. In 1848 he was collated to the rectorship of Pilton, which he held for ten years, when he resigned it, in order to become Professor of Divinity in King's College, London. In 1859 he was appointed Hul-

sean Lecturer, and in 1860 was elected Hulsean Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. His Hulsean Lectures for that year on the "Life of our Lord Jesus Christ" attracted great attention by their eloquence and rare scholarship. In 1861 he was nominated by the Crown to the Deanery of Exeter, and in 1863 to the united sees of Gloucester and Bristol, which had become vacant by the promotion of Bishop William Thomson to the Archbishopric of York. Bishop Ellicott's publications are numerous. His *Hulsean Lectures* have been republished in several editions. He has written *Commentaries* on several of the Pauline Epistles, and an elaborate Essay on the *Apocryphal Gospels* (1856); *The Destiny of the Creature and other Sermons* preached before the University of Cambridge (1858); *Considerations on the Revision of the English Version of the New Testament* (1870; republished in 1884 with other essays by Canon Lightfoot and Archbishop Trench, and an Introduction by Dr. Philip Schaff); *Six Addresses on Modern Skepticism* (1877); *Six Addresses on the Being of God* (1879); numerous papers in the publications of "The Christian Evidence Society," and *Diocesan Progress*, being annual addresses to the clergy of his diocese, beginning in 1879. He has also edited a *Commentary on the Old and New Testaments*, by various writers. He was for eleven years the Chairman of the "Company of the Revisers of the Authorized Version of the New Testament," published in 1881.

DIFFICULTIES IN THE GOSPEL HISTORY.

I neither feel nor affect to feel the slightest sympathy with the so-called popular theology of the present day; but I still trust that, in the many places in which it has been almost necessarily called forth in the present pages, no expression has been used towards skeptical writings stronger

than may have been positively required by allegiance to catholic truth. Towards the honest and serious thinker who may feel doubts or difficulties in some of the questions connected with our Lord's life, all tenderness may justly be shown.—*Preface to Lectures.*

THE TRIUMPHANT ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

In the retirement of that mountain-hamlet of Bethany—a retirement soon to be broken in upon—the Redeemer of the world may with reason be supposed to have spent His last earthly Sabbath. There too, either in their own house or, as seems more probable, in the house of one who probably owed to our Lord his return to the society of his fellow-men, did that loving household "make a supper" for their Divine Guest. Joyfully and thankfully did each one of that loving family instinctively do that which might seem most to tend to the honor and glorification of Him whom one of them had declared to be, and whom they all knew to be, the Son of God that was to come into the world. So Martha serves; Lazarus, it is specially noticed, takes his place at the table, the visible living proof of the omnipotence of his Lord; Mary performs the tender office of a mournfully foreseeing love, that thought nought too pure or too costly for its God—that tender office, which, though grudgingly rebuked by Judas and, alas! others than Judas, who could not appreciate the depths of such a devotion, nevertheless received a praise which it has been declared shall evermore hold its place on the pages of the Book of Life.

But that Sabbath soon passed away. Ere night came on, numbers even of those who were seldom favorably disposed to our Lord, now came to see both him and the living monument of His merciful omnipotence. The morrow probably brought more of these half-curious, half-awed, yet, as it would now seem, in a great measure believing visitants. The deep heart of the people was stirred, and the time was fully come when ancient prophecy was to receive its fulfilment, and the daughter of Zion was to welcome her King. Yea, and in kingly state shall he come. Begirt not only by

the smaller band of His own disciples but by the great and now hourly increasing multitude, our Lord leaves the little wooded vale that had ministered to Him its Sabbath-day of seclusion and repose, and directs his way onward to Jerusalem. As yet, however, in but humble guise and as a pilgrim among pilgrims He traverses the rough mountain-track which the modern traveler can even now somewhat hopefully identify; every step bringing him nearer to the ridge of Olivet, and to that hamlet or district of Bethphage, the exact site of which it is so hard to fix, but which was separated perhaps only by some narrow valley from the road along which the procession was now wending its way.

But the Son of David must not solemnly enter the city of David as a scarcely distinguishable wayfarer amid a mixed and wayfaring throng. Prophecy must have its full and exact fulfilment; the King must approach the city of the King with some meek symbols of kingly majesty. With haste, it would seem, two disciples are despatched to the village over against them, to bring to Him "who had need of it" the colt "whereon yet never man sat:" with haste the zealous followers cast upon it their garments, and all-unconscious of the significant nature of their act, place thereon their Master—the coming King. Strange it would have been if feelings such as now were eagerly stirring in every heart had not found vent in words. Strange indeed if, with the Hill of Zion now breaking upon their view, the long prophetic past had not seemed to mingle with the present, and evoke those shouts of mysterious welcome and praise, which, first beginning with the disciples and those immediately round our Lord, soon were heard from every mouth of that glorifying multitude. And not from them alone. Numberless others there were fast streaming up Olivet, a palm-branch in every hand, to greet the raiser of Lazarus and the conqueror of Death: and now all join. One common feeling of holy enthusiasm now pervades that mighty multitude, and displays itself in befitting acts. Garments are torn off and cast

down before the Holy One ; green boughs bestrew the way ; Zion's King rides onward in meek majesty, a thousand voices before, and a thousand voices behind, rising up to heaven with Hosannas and with mingled words of magnifying acclamation, some of which once had been sung to the Psalmist's harp, and some heard even from angelic tongues.

But the hour of triumph was the hour of deepest and most touching compassion. If, as we have ventured to believe, the suddenly opening view of Zion may have caused the excited feelings of that thronging multitude to pour themselves forth in words of exalted and triumphant praise, full surely we know from the inspired narrative, that on our Redeemer's nearer approach to the city, as it rose up, perhaps suddenly, in all its extent and magnificence before Him who even now beheld the trenches cast about it, and Roman legions mustering round its fated walls, tears fell from those Divine eyes—yea, the Saviour of the world wept over the city wherein He had come to suffer and die. The lengthening procession again moves onward, slowly descending into the deep valley of the Kedron, and slowly winding up the opposite slope, until at length by one of the eastern gates it passes into one of the now crowded thoroughfares of the Holy City. Such was the Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem.—*Lectures on the Life of Our Lord.*

ELLIOT, SIR GILBERT, a Scottish lawyer and poet, born in 1722, died in 1777. He filled several important political positions, and is said to have first introduced the German flute into Scotland. The following piece was characterized by Sir Walter Scott as "a beautiful pastoral song :"

MY SHEEP I NEGLECTED.

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook ;
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove ;
For Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.

Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow?
Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love.
O, fool! to imagine that aught could subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true!

Alas! 'tis too late at my fate to repine;
Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be thine;
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.

ELLIOT, JANE, a Scottish poet, born in 1727, died in 1805. She was the daughter of a Sir Gilbert Elliot, but sister of the one mentioned above. Her admired poem, *The Flowers of the Forest*, written in the manner of the ancient minstrels, is a lament for the Scotchmen who fell at the battle of Flodden, in 1502.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I 've heard the lilting at our yowe-milking,
 Lasses a-lilting before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blithe lads are scorning,
 The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
 The bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray;
At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play,
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie- -
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost,
The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair lilting at our yowe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

ELLIOTT, CHARLES WYLLYS, an American author, a lineal descendant of John Eliot, the "Apostle to the Indians," born at Guilford, Conn., in 1817. After engaging in mercantile business in New York, he became a pupil in landscape gardening of A. J. Downing, and in 1853 was appointed one of the Commissioners for laying out the Central Park in New York. About 1872 he took up his residence at Cambridge, Mass., as manager of the Household Art Company of Boston. Besides being a frequent contributor to periodicals, he has written books on a great variety of subjects, some of them having been published anonymously. Among his acknowledged works are: *Cottages and Cottage Life* (1848), *Mysteries, or Glimpses of the Supernatural* (1852), *St. Domingo, its Revolution and Hero* (1855), *The New England History* (1857), *Wind and Whirlwind* (1868), *American Interiors* (1875), *Pottery and Porcelain* (1878).

THE FIRST SPRING AT PLYMOUTH.

With the return of Spring came the sailing of the *Mayflower*. They had struggled through the

Winter, and the ship had always been in sight, a place of refuge and relief in any desperate emergency. While she lay in the bay, the pilgrims had a hold upon friends, civilization, and Christianity; but let the ship once depart, and on the one hand there would be the broad, deep, tempestuous sea, and on the other, wide unknown forests, peopled by savages and wild beasts. Port Royal was the nearest point where they could find white men, and that was away some five hundred miles. The future was before them with all its uncertainties, which they must march forward to meet; yet not one of the number returned to the ship. The sailing of the *Mayflower* surpasses in dignity, though not in desperation, the burning of his ships by Cortés. This small band of men, women, and children were grouped on the shore, watching her as she slowly set her sails and crept out of the bay and from their sight. When the sun set in the western forest, she disappeared in the distant blue. A few Indians might have been hovering on the neighboring heights, watching the departure of the great sea-bird; but the last eyes that bade farewell to the *Mayflower* were those of women.

But the sky was not inky, nor was their future desperate. The sun still shone gloriously, the moon still bathed the earth with light, and the stars kept their ceaseless vigils. Spring here, as of old, followed Winter; the murmurings of the streams was heard, and the song of the turtle; birds builded their nests, the tender grass sprung up under their feet, and the trees budded and burst forth into wondrous beauty. God was over all—their God, their friend, their protector here as in the Old World; why should he not be more their friend than ever before? Life had not been altogether lovely to them in the past; it had not been pleasant in England to be put into dungeons, or to have one's ears dug out, or to be plundered by low-bred policemen, or to be hunted like wild beasts into mountains and holes of the earth. Here there was freedom, room. He can only value this who has lost it; yet no man lives, how-

ever low in the scale of civilization, who does not long for it, and will not suffer to get it: will suffer danger, pain and starvation rather than not be free. "Here," said one, "all are freeholders; rent-day does not trouble us." Here, if anywhere, might not every one sit under his own vine? Earth and sea had fruits, and they were free. No monopolist, with subtle alchemy, gathered the earnings of men; no Church collected the unwilling tithes; no tax-gatherer waited on them with hungry coffers; no king, no pope, no soldier, challenged their gratitude for having taken their money to govern them. They could govern themselves. Social, religious, and political anomalies and technicalities had not yet become grievous burdens, bearing down soul and body to the earth. "Here," said Cushman, "we have great peace, plentie of the Gospel, and many sweet delights and varietie of comforts."—*The New England History*, Vol. I., Chap. IX.

NEW ENGLAND MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN.

New England seems to have suffered for the want of two things: Amusement and Art. Why was this? Necessity forced men to work—for the fertile lands were scarce, and the long winters required much food and shelter for man and beast. In a tropical land constant fruits seduce the body to repose; but in a colder region the first warm sunshine of Spring must be watched, and seized, and planted along with the sprouting seed; the early hours and the eventide must be devoted to hasten the crops, which in the short Summer must grow and blossom, and bear their fruit. Nature does much, but man must do much; he is the gnome whose cunning hand is to work up her black earths and rocks into golden grains. God helps those who help themselves was a doctrine practiced in New England; and however they prayed, they always worked. Through eight months in the year, no man or women had time for amusement. Habits were thus fixed; and when the Winter came, those who had passed the hey-day of life, were content with rest.

The young now and then indulged in outbursts of amusement, and ran into excesses which they might have escaped, had fathers and mothers taken part in the dance and the song. Another element had a marked influence upon manners: Not only must the body be sustained, though despised; but the soul must be saved. Serious men and women passed, into serious years, feared the wrath of God. Ignorant as all were of the laws of health, they feared to be cut down in a moment, and they sat with Death at their board. To such, mere forgetfulness seemed sinful, and a song savored of evil, while a light word or a laugh might be an insult to that God who shook the heavens and the earth with his thunders, and said unto them, "Repent, repent, for the day of the Lord is at hand!" It is plain that they could not indulge in trifling amusements, and must discountenance it in their children. . . .

Art was neglected for much the same reasons that Amusement was discouraged. The necessities of a new country forbade one to make painting, or sculpture, or music, or poetry, the occupation of his life. Such a person would have failed to receive respect or support. Neither would those occupations have seemed consistent with the idea that a man was standing in the presence of an awful God, and liable at any moment to be called to judgment. Of the fine arts, music only received a brief attention as an accessory to the Sunday service. Art, therefore, failed to impart that grace and delicacy and ornament to life in New England, which is its province if properly used. . . .

The women of New England were truly helpsmeet for men. They bore fully their share of labors and trials. They were the housewives, spinners and weavers, tailors, nurses, and doctors of New England; they were dairy-maids and cooks, as well as friends and sweethearts. They kept the gardens, where beds of herbs ripened "for sickness," where roses and hollyhocks opened for beauty. They studied the weather and the almanac, and were wise to predict that if the moon's

horns dipped we should have rain; if the moon changed on Friday it would rain on Sunday. In New England women were never made the slaves or inferiors of men; they were co-equal in social life, and held a position superior to that held by them in England. Society did not, however, recognize their political rights. . . .

The children probably had as poor a time as any portion of the people, for the prevailing principles did not favor too much gaiety. Besides the Catechisms, which were apt to prove indigestible to children, there was an infinite quantity of work to be done, and both women and children were required to do their share. To the latter fell a class of work known as "chores;" and these chores they were deputed to do, morning and night, besides their school duty. They consisted of bringing in the wood, feeding and milking the cow, taking her to and from pasture, picking up chips, making snow-paths, going of innumerable errands, carrying cold victuals to the poor, and so on—the odds and ends of daily life. This early inured children to the responsibility of life; and although it made them old before their time, it guarded them from that levity and recklessness which has ruined many a fine promise and wrecked many a high hope. So that the child-life of New England had its good side; and many a hearty and genial and generous man has grown out of these "chore-boys."—*The New England History*, Vol. II., Chap. I.

ELLIOTT, Ebenezer, an English poet, born in Yorkshire in 1781, died in 1849. His father was an iron-founder, and the son worked in the foundery until he was twenty-three. He then set up in business for himself, but was not successful. At thirty he made another and successful attempt, with a borrowed capital of £100. At sixty he retired from business, with a competent fortune, and passed the remainder of his life in his villa at Barnsley, near Sheffield. He began to write poetry

as early as his seventeenth year, and some of his early productions attracted the favorable notice of Southey. His *Corn Law Rhymes* began to appear about 1830, and from these he derived the appellation of "The Corn Law Rhymer." A complete edition of his works up to that date was brought out in 1833–1835. He, however, added to them at intervals, and soon after his death was published, in two volumes, *More Prose and Verse by the Corn Law Rhymer*, and also a brief *Autobiography*. Only a small part of Elliott's poems are of a political character. The greater portion of them are of a domestic nature, marked by a tender sentiment for nature, and the warmest feelings for humanity.

THE EXCURSION.

Bone-weary, many-chided, trouble-tried!
  Wife of my bosom, wedded to my soul!
Mother of nine that live, and two that died,
  This day drink health from Nature's mountain-bowl:
  Nay, why lament the doom that mocks control?
The buried are not lost, but gone before.
  Then dry thy tears, and see the river roll
O'er rocks, that crowned yon time-dark heights of yore;
Now, tyrant-like, dethroned to crush the weak no more.

The young are with us yet, and we with them.
  Oh, thank the Lord for all he gives or takes:
The withered bud, the living flower or gem!
  And he will bless us when the world forsakes!
  Lo! where thy fisher-born abstracted takes
With his fixed eyes the trout he cannot see.
  Lo! starting from his earnest dream he wakes!
While our glad Fancy, with raised foot and knee,
Bears down at Noë's side the bloom-bowed hawthorn-tree.

Dear children! when the flowers are full of bees;
  When sun-touched blossoms shed their fragrant snow;

When song speaks like a spirit from the trees,
Whose kindled greenness hath a golden glow;
When clear as music, rill and river flow,
With trembling hues, all changeful, tinted o'er
By that bright pencil which good spirits know.
Alike in earth and heaven—'tis sweet once more
Above the sky-tinged hills to see the storm-bird soar. . . .

Bright Eyebright! loveliest flower of all that grow
In flower-loved England! Flower whose hedge-side gaze
Is like an infant's! What heart doth not know
Thee, clustered smiler of the bank! where plays
The sunbeam with the emerald snake, and strays
The dazzling rill, companion of the road
Which the lone bard most loveth in the days
When hope and love are young? Oh, come abroad,
Blue Eyebright! and this rill shall woo thee with an ode.

Awake, blue Eyebright, while the singing wave
Its cold, bright, beauteous, soothing tribute drops
From many a gray rock's foot and dripping cave;
While yonder, lo, the starting stone-chat hops;
While here the cotter's cow its sweet food crops;
While black-faced ewes and lambs are bleating there;
And, bursting through the briers, the wild ass stops,
Kicks at the strangers, then turns round to stare,
Then lowers his large red ears, and shakes his long dark hair.

HYMN TO BRITAIN.

Nurse of the Pilgrim Sires, who sought,
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
For fearless truth and honest thought,
A refuge and a home!
Who would not be of them or thee
A not unworthy son?
That hears, amid the chained or free,
The name of Washington?

Cradle of Shakespeare, Milton, Knox!
  King-shaming Cromwell's throne!
Home of the Russells, Watts, and Lockes!
  Earth's greatest are thine own :—
And shall thy children forge base chains
  For men that would be free?
No! by thy Elliots, Hampdens, Vanes,
  Pyms, Sydneys, yet to be!

No!—for the blood which kings have gorged
  Hath made their victims wise;
While every lie that fraud hath forged
  Veils wisdom from his eyes :—
But Time shall change the despot's mood;
  And Mind is mightiest then,
When turning evil into good
  And monsters into men.

If round the soul the chains are bound
  That hold the world in thrall—
If tyrants laugh when men are found
  In brutal fray to fall—
Lord! let not Britain arm her hands
  Her sister states to ban;
But bless through her all other lands,
  Thy family of man.

For freedom if thy Hampden fought,
  For peace if Falkland fell,
For peace and love if Bentham wrote,
  And Burns sang wildly well—
Let Knowledge, strongest of the strong,
  Bid hate and discord cease;
Be this the burden of her song—
  "Love, liberty, and peace!"

Then, Father, will the nations all,
  As with the sound of seas,
In universal festival,
  Sing words of joy, like these :—
Let each love all, and all be free,
  Receiving as they give.
Lord!—Jesus died for love and Thee!
  So let thy children live!

THANKS AND BLESSINGS.

For Spring and flowers of Spring,
Blossoms, and what they bring,
Be our thanks given;
Thanks for the maiden's bloom,
For the sad prison's gloom,
And for the sadder tomb,
Even as for Heaven!

Great God, thy will is done
When the soul's rivers run
Down the worn cheeks!
Done when the righteous bleed,
When the wronged vainly plead;
Done in the unended deed,
When the heart breaks!

Lo, how the dutiful
Snows clothe in beautiful
Life the dead earth!
Lo, how the clouds distil
Riches o'er vale and hill,
While the storm's evil will
Dies in its birth.

Blessed is the unpeopled down,
Blessed is the crowded town,
Where the tired groan:
Pain but appears to be;
What are man's fears to Thee,
God, if all tears shall be
Gems on thy throne?

NOT FOR NAUGHT.

Do and suffer naught in vain;
Let no trifle trifling be:
If the salt of life is pain,
Let even wrongs bring good to thee;
Good to others—few or many;
Good to all, or good to any.

If men curse thee, plant their lies
Where for truth they best may grow;
Let the railers make thee wise,
Preaching peace where'er thou go:

God no useless plant hath planted ;
Evil—wisely used—is wanted.

If the nation-feeding corn
  Thriveth under icèd snow ;
If the small bud on the thorn
  Useth well its guarded sloe—
Bid thy cares thy comforts double,
Gather fruit from thorns of trouble.

See the rivers ! how they run,
  Strong in gloom, and strong in light !
Like the never-wearied sun,
  Through the day and through the night ;
Each along his path of duty,
Turning coldness into beauty !

SONNET ON SPRING.

Again the violet of our early days
  Drinks beauteous azure from the golden sun,
And kindles into fragrance at his blaze ;
  The streams, rejoiced that Winter's work is done,
  Talk of to-morrow's cowslips as they run.
Wild Apple ! thou art bursting into bloom ;
  Thy leaves are coming, snowy-blossomed Thorn!
Wake, buried Lily ! Spirit, quit thy tomb ;
  And thou, shade-loving Hyacinth, be born !
  Then haste, sweet Rose ! Sweet Woodbine hymn the morn,
Whose dew-drops shall illume with pearly light
  Each grassy blade that thick embattled stands
From sea to sea ; while daisies infinite
  Uplift in praise their little glowing hands,
  O'er every hill that under heaven expands.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

Stop, Mortal ! Here thy brother lies,
    The Poet of the poor :
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
    The meadow and the moor :
His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
    The tyrant and the slave,
The street, the factory, the jail,
    The palace—and the grave.
Sin met thy brother everywhere !

And is thy brother blamed?—
From passion, danger, doubt, and care,
He no exemption claimed.
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
He feared to scorn or hate;
But honoring in a peasant's form
The equal of the great
He blessed the steward whose wealth makes
The poor man's little more;
Yet loathed the haughty wretch that takes
From plundered labor's store.
A hand to do, a head to plan,
A heart to feel and dare:—
Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man,
Who drew them as they are.

ELLIS, SIR HENRY, an English diplomat and author, born about 1775, died in 1855. He was Third Commissioner in Lord Amherst's embassy to China, in 1816, of which he wrote a narrative in 1817. This work is of special value as giving an account of the second formal attempt to open diplomatic relations between Great Britain and China.

LORD AMHERST AT THE CHINESE COURT.

Mandarins of all buttons were in waiting; several princes of the blood. distinguished by clear ruby buttons and round flowered badges, were among them; the silence, and a certain air of regularity, marked the immediate presence of the sovereign. The small apartment into which we were huddled, now witnessed a scene unparalleled in the history of even oriental diplomacy. Lord Amherst had scarcely taken his seat, when Chang delivered a message from Ho (Koong-yay), stating that the emperor wished to see the ambassador, and the commissioners immediately. Much surprise was naturally expressed; the previous arrangement for the eighth of the Chinese month, a period certainly much too early for comfort, was adverted to, and the utter impossibility of His Excellency appearing in his present state of fatigue,

and deficiency of every necessary equipment, was strongly urged. During this time the room had filled with spectators, who rudely pressed upon us to gratify their curiosity. Some other messages were interchanged between the Koong-yay and Lord Amherst, who, in addition to the reasons already given, stated the indecorum and irregularity of his appearing without his credentials. In his reply to this it was said, that in the proposed audience the emperor merely wished to see the ambassador, and had no intention of entering upon business. Lord Amherst having persisted in expressing the inadmissibility of the proposition, and in transmitting through the Koong-yay a humble request to his imperial majesty that he would be graciously pleased to wait till to-morrow, Chang and another mandarin finally proposed that His Excellency should go over to the Koong-yay's apartments, from whence a reference might be made to the emperor. Lord Amherst, having alleged bodily illness as one of the reasons for declining the audience, readily saw that if he went to the Koong-yay, this plea would cease to avail him, positively declined compliance. This produced a visit from the Koong-yay, who used every argument to induce him to obey the emperor's commands. All proving ineffectual, with some roughness, but under pretext of friendly violence, he laid hands upon Lord Amherst, to take him from the room: another mandarin followed his example. He shook them off, declaring that nothing but the extremest violence should induce him to quit that room for any other place but the residence assigned to him; he further pointed out the gross insult he had already received, in having been exposed to the intrusion and indecent curiosity of crowds, who appeared to view him rather as a wild beast than the representative of a powerful sovereign. At all events, he entreated the Koong-yay to submit his request to his imperial majesty, who, he felt confident, would, in consideration of his illness and fatigue, dispense with his immediate appearance. The Koong-yay then pressed Lord Amherst to come to his apartments,

alleging that they were cooler, more convenient, and more private. This Lord Amherst declined. The Koong-yay, having failed in his attempt to persuade him, left the room for the purpose of taking the emperor's pleasure upon the subject. A message arrived soon after the Koong-yay's quitting the room, to say that the emperor dispensed with the ambassador's attendance; that he had further been pleased to direct his physician to afford to His Excellency every medical assistance that his illness might require. The Koong-yay himself soon followed, and His Excellency proceeded to the carriage. The Koong-yay not disdaining to clear away the crowd, the whip was used by him to all persons indiscriminately; buttons were no protection; and however indecorous, according to our notions, the employment might be for a man of his rank, it could not have been in better hands.

ELLIS, SARAH (STICKNEY), an English author, born in 1812, died in 1872. For many years she conducted a school for girls in Hertfordshire. In 1837 she became the wife of the Rev. William Ellis, mentioned below. She was the author of numerous works, among them, *The Poetry of Life*, *Home, or the Iron Rule*, *Women of England* (1838), *Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees* (1841), *The Daughters of England* (1842), *The Wives of England*, and *The Mothers of England* (1843), *Family Secrets* (1841–43), *Pictures of Private Life* (1844), *Look to the End* (1845), *The Island Queen*, a poem, and *Social Distinctions, or Hearts and Homes* (1848–49), *Mothers of Great Men* (1860), *Education of the Heart* (1869), and *Melville Farm* (1871).

THE CIRCLE OF GAVARNIE.

The Circle of Gavarnie is so named from its being a sort of basin, enclosed on all sides but one; and at the time we saw it, the depth of the hollow was covered with a thick bed of snow. Of its per-

pendicular height an idea may be formed by the great cascade, which falls over a surface of rock of fourteen hundred feet, thus forming the highest waterfall in Europe. On the first melting of the snows, and at the season when we beheld it, it is as magnificent in the volume of water which descends as in its height. At the summit where it rolls over the lofty precipices, two gigantic masses of rock stand forth, as if to guard its fall, which is not interrupted until the last quarter of the distance, where a bolder and darker mass separates the column of water, without the majestic line of the whole cascade being broken. In order to form a correct idea of the beauty of the whole scene, it is necessary to imagine the rocks of the finest marble, streaked and variegated with every tint, from the deepest brown and purple, to the brightest yellow, sometimes varying even to rose-color. A perpendicular wall of this structure rises beyond the great waterfall; and down its side were precipitated twelve other waterfalls, while over its summit lay a vast field of snow: again another wall of marble, diversified with cascades, more faint and blue in the distance: and above all, the more majestic wall on which stand the two mighty rocks, called the Towers of Marboré, crowned with eternal snows, and all formed of the most beautiful marble, fluted like the columns of a Grecian temple. The highest of these walls of marble rises at a perpendicular height of about one thousand feet above the amphitheatre, which is formed by the receding of the different beds of snow, in the form of a semicircle. To the right, the snows and the pinnacles of rock seem to mingle into a mere chaotic mass: while, rising immediately from the bed of the hollow basin, are bold buttresses of the adjoining mountain, standing out like barriers to protect the whole; and over their perpendicular sides the most beautiful cascades were pouring, some of them like silver threads, making in all sixteen within the circle.

It is over this portion of the circle that the celebrated *Breche de Rolande* appears, a giant cleft in a solid wall of rock, about six hundred feet in

height, said to have been made by the warrior from whom it derives its name, when he opened for himself a passage for his conquests over the Moors. Amongst the many wonders told of this more than mortal hero, he is said, after effecting this passage into Spain, to have reached with one leap of his horse, the centre of the rocky defile, now called Chaos; and our guide actually stopped as we passed through it, to show us the mark of his horse's foot-print on the stone where he alighted.

The appearance of the Circle of Gavarnie is very deceptive as to its actual extent. It seemed but a trifle to walk from where we stood at the entrance, to the base of the great waterfall; yet the guide told us it would take an hour to reach it: and I could the more readily believe him, when I reflected that we could but just hear, from where we stood, the hissing fall of that immense body of water. Later in the season, when the heats of summer have prevailed with lengthened power, this waterfall works for itself an archway, which leaves a bridge of snow; and the waters then form a sort of lake in the hollow of the circle, the whole circumference of which is said to be about ten miles.—*Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees.*

ELLIS, William, an English missionary and author, born in 1794, died in 1872. In 1816 he went as a missionary to Polynesia, where he remained for eight years. After his return to England, he published a *Narrative of a Tour through Hawaii* (1826), *Polynesian Researches* (1828), a *History of Madagascar* (1838), and a *History of the London Missionary Society* (1844). Between 1853–56 he went thrice to Madagascar for the London Missionary Society, and in 1858 published *Three Visits to Madagascar.* He gave an account of a fourth visit to the island in *Madagascar Revisited* (1867), and *A Vindication of the South Sea Missions from the Misrepresentation of Otto von Kotzebue.*

MALAGASY TOMBS.

Few of the general indications of the peculiar customs of the Malagasy are more remarkable than their places of sepulture. Most of their graves are family tombs or vaults. In their construction. much time and labor, and sometimes considerable property are expended. The latter is regulated by the wealth of the proprietor. In erecting a tomb, the first consideration is the selection of an eligible spot. Publicity and elevation are their two principal requisites. Sometimes a tomb is placed immediately in front of the house of the person by whom it is built, or it occupies a conspicuous place by the road-side. At other times, tombs are built on an elevation in the midst of the capital, or village, or where two or more roads meet, and very frequently they are built on the outskirts of the towns and villages. The site having been chosen, a large excavation is made in the earth, and the sides and roof of the vault are formed of immense slabs of stone. Incredible labor is often employed in bringing these slabs from a distance to the spot where the grave is to be constructed. When they are fixed in their appointed positions, each side or wall of a vault or tomb, six or seven feet high, and ten or twelve feet square, is often formed of a single stone of the above dimensions. A sort of subterranean room is thus built; which, in some parts of the country, is lined with rough pieces of timber. The stones are covered with earth to the height of from fifteen to eighteen inches. This mound of earth is surrounded by a curb of stone-work, and a second and third parapet of earth is formed within the lower curb or coping, generally from twelve to eighteen inches in height, each diminishing in extent as they rise one above another. forming a flat pyramidal mound of earth, composed of successive terraces with stone-facing and border, and resembling, in appearance, the former heathen temples of the South Sea islanders, or the pyramidal structures of the aborigines of South America: the summit of the grave is ornamented with large pieces of rose or white quartz. The

stone-work exhibits, in many instances, very good workmanship, and reflects great credit on the skill of the native masons. Some of these rude structures are stated to be twenty feet in width, and fifty feet long. The large slabs used in forming the tombs, as described already, are usually of granite or syenite. The natives have long known how to detach blocks of stone from the mountain mass by means of burning cow-dung on the part they wish to remove and dashing cold water along the line on the stone they have heated. Having been thus treated, the stone easily separates in thick layers, and is forced up by means of levers. "Odies," charms, are employed in marking out the desired dimensions of the slab, and to their virtue is foolishly attributed the splitting of the stone, though they well know that not all the "odies" in the kingdom would split one stone, if the usual heat were not applied. When the slab is detached, bands of straw are fastened round it, to prevent breakage in the removal. Strong ropes are attached to the slab, and, amidst the boisterous vociferations of the workmen, it is dragged away from the quarry. . . . Sometimes five or six hundred men are employed in dragging a single stone. A man usually stands on the stone, acting as director or pioneer. He holds a cloth in his hand, and waves it, with loud incessant shouts, to animate those who are dragging the ponderous block. At his shout they pull in concert. . . . Holy water is also sprinkled on the stone as a means of facilitating its progress, till at length, after immense shouting, sprinkling, and pulling, it reaches its destination. When the tomb is erected for a person deceased, but not yet buried, no noise is made in dragging the stones for its construction. Profound silence is regarded as indicating the respect of the parties employed. . . . The entrance to the tomb is covered by a large upright block of stone.—*History of Madagascar.*

ELLWOOD, Thomas, an English author, born in 1639, died in 1713. He was of a wealthy family in Oxfordshire, but having

while quite young become a member of the Society of Friends he was disowned by his father, and was several times imprisoned. He wrote several controversial works, a *Digest* of the historical portions of the Old and New Testaments, a poem entitled *Davideis*, and an *Autobiography*, published after his death. He was one of the persons who acted as readers to the blind Milton; and in his *Autobiography* he gives several incidents of his intercourse with the poet:

MILTON AND "PARADISE REGAINED."

Mr. Milton received me courteously, as well for the sake of Dr. Paget who introduced me, as of Isaac Pennington who recommended me, to both of whom he bore a good respect; and, having inquired divers things of me, with respect to my former progressions in learning, he dismissed me to provide myself with such accommodations as might be most suitable to my future studies. I went therefore and took a lodging near to his house, as conveniently as I could; and, from thenceforward, went every day in the afternoon, except on the first day of the week; and sitting by him in his dining-room, read to him such books in the Latin tongue as he pleased to hear me read. At my first sitting to read to him, observing that I used the English pronunciation, he told me if I would have the benefit of the Latin tongue—not only to read and understand Latin authors, but to converse with foreigners, either abroad or at home—I must learn the foreign pronunciation. The Latin thus spoken seemed as different from that which was delivered as the English generally speak it, as if it was another tongue. My master, perceiving with what earnest desire I pursued learning, gave me not only all the encouragement, but all the help he could; for, having a curious ear, he understood, by my tone, when I understood what I read, and accordingly would stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages to me. . . .

Some little time before I went to Aylesbury prison, I was desired by my quondam master, Milton, to take a house for him in the neighborhood where I dwelt, that he might get out of the city, for the safety of himself and his family, the pestilence then growing hot in London (1665). I took a pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont, a mile from me, of which I gave him notice, and intended to have waited upon him, and seen him well settled in it; but was prevented by that imprisonment. But now being released and returned home, I soon made a visit to welcome him into the country. After some common discourses had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his, which, being brought, he delivered it to me, bidding me to take it home with me, and read it at my leisure, and when I had so done, return it to him with my judgment thereon.

When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entitled *Paradise Lost*. After I had, with the utmost attention, read it through, I paid him another visit, and returned him his book, with due acknowledgment for the favor he had done me, in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly, but freely told him; and after some further discourse I pleasantly said to him: "Thou hast said much here of Paradise lost; but what hast thou to say of Paradise found?" He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse; then broke off that discourse, and fell upon another subject.

After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed, and become safely habitable again, he returned thither; and when afterwards I went to wait on him there—which I seldom failed of doing whenever my occasions drew me to London—he shewed me his second poem, called *Paradise Regained*, and, in a pleasant tone said to me: "This is owing to you, for you put it into my head at Chalfont; which before I had not thought of."

EMBURY, Emma Catherine (Manley), an American author born in 1806, died in 1863.

She contributed to periodicals many poems and tales which were afterwards collected and published in book form. Among these volumes are *The Blind Girl and Other Tales*, *Glimpses of Home Life*, *Pictures of Early Life*, *Nature's Gems, or American Wild Flowers* (1845), and *The Waldorf Family*, a fairy tale of Brittany, partly a translation and partly original, (1848.)

LIVING BEYOND THEIR MEANS.

The commencement of the second year found the young couple busily engaged in preparing for housekeeping. A stately house, newly built and situated in a fashionable part of the city, was seected by Mrs. Waterton, and purchased by her obsequious husband in obedience to her wishes, though he did not think it necessary to inform her that two thirds of the purchase money was to remain on mortgage. They now only awaited the arrival of the rich furniture which Mrs. Waterton had directed her sister to select in Paris. This came at length, and with all the glee of a child she beheld her house fitted with carpets of such turf-like softness that the foot was almost buried in their bright flowers; mirrors that might have served for walls to the Palace of Truth; couches, divans and fauteuils, inlaid with gold, and covered with velvet most exquisitely painted; curtains whose costly texture had been quadrupled in value by the skill of the embroiderers; tables of the finest mosaic; lustres and girandoles of every variety, glittering with their wealth of gold and crystal: and all the thousand expensive toys which serve to minister to the frivolous tastes of fashion. . . . With all his good sense, Edward Waterton was yet weak enough to indulge a feeling of exultation as he looked round his magnificent house, and felt himself "master of all he surveyed." His thoughts went back to the time when the death of his father had plunged the family almost into destitution—when his mother had been aided to open a little shop of which he

was chief clerk, until the kindness of his old uncle had procured for him a situation in a wholesale store, which had finally enabled him to reach his present eminence. . . . In spite of his better reason, he felt proud and triumphant. His self-satisfaction was somewhat diminished, however, by the sight of a bill drawn upon him by his brother-in-law in Paris, for the sums due on this great display of elegance. Ten thousand dollars—one-third of his wife's fortune—just sufficed to furnish that part of their new house which was intended for display. Thus seven hundred dollars was cut off from their annual income, to be consumed in the wear and tear of their costly gewgaws; another thousand was devoted to the payment of interest on the mortgage which remained on his house; so that, at the very outset of his career, Edward found himself, notwithstanding his wife's estate, reduced to the "paltry two thousand a year" which he derived from his business.—*Glimpses of Home Life.*

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO, an American philosopher and poet, born at Boston, May 25, 1803, died at Concord, Mass, April 27, 1882. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were New England clergymen. His father died at forty-two, leaving a widow, a daughter, and four sons, of whom Ralph was the second. He entered Harvard College at thirteen. He was deficient in mathematics, but his renderings from Latin and Greek authors were better than those of his classmates who excelled him in grammatical knowledge. He made much use of the college library, which was then the largest in the country, although it contained barely 25,000 volumes. "He read and re-read the early English dramatists, and knew Shakespeare almost by heart." This proficiency in English literature, however, did not count in college records. Measured by these, his standing was a little above the middle in a

class of sixty. In the estimation of his classmates he ranked much higher; for he was chosen by them as their poet for "class-day."

His elder brother, William, also a Harvard graduate, had established in Boston a school for girls, in which Ralph was a teacher for several years, during which he also studied in theology. In 1826 he was "approbated to preach" by the Middlesex Association (Unitarian), and in 1829 he became colleague to Henry Ware in the pastorate of the Second Church (Unitarian) in Boston. In the following year Mr. Ware resigned in order to become a Professor at Harvard, and Emerson became sole pastor of the Boston church. In 1830 he married Ellen Louisa Tucker; but she died in the following year. Emerson's career as a clergyman lasted about four years. He came to the conviction that the ordinance of the "Lord's Supper," was not established by Jesus as one of perpetual observance by his followers, and that the formal consecration of the sacramental bread and wine was something which he could not conscientiously do. The congregation held that the rite should be observed as it has always been, and Emerson resigned the pastorate. His farewell discourse is the only one of his sermons which has been printed; and that not till 1877 by Mr. Frothingham, in his volume, *Transcendentalism in New England.*

Emerson's resignation of the pastorate was accepted by the "proprietors;" but they voted that his salary should be continued, evidently hoping that he would rescind his resolution. He seems to have taken a few weeks to consider the matter; but near the close of December, 1832, he addressed a tender farewell letter to the people of his former charge; and immediately set out upon his first visit to Europe. His spirits were de-

pressed by the recent loss of his young wife, and his health was seriously impaired. This visit to Europe lasted nearly a year. Most of the time was passed in Italy. But near the close he took a run to England; his main purpose being to see some half-dozen men—such as Coleridge, Wordsworth, De Quincey, and Carlyle, the last named of whom he had come to regard as "the latest and strongest contributor to the critical journals." His meeting with Thomas Carlyle was in many ways an important epoch in the lives of the two men. Emerson was barely thirty; Carlyle, eight years older, had for some years been living at the lonely farm-house of Craigenputtoch, whither Emerson went to see him. This interview lasted only a few hours; but it resulted in a friendship which continued until both were old men. The two men never met again for some twenty years, when Emerson went to England upon a lecturing tour.

Emerson, in withdrawing from the pulpit had abandoned the career upon which he had entered with brilliant prospects; but another was opened to him. The system of popular lecturing, which has come to be known as the "Lyceum," had begun to develop itself. It gave scope for any man who had anything to say upon any subject which anybody wished to hear about. Emerson availed himself of the opening. His first lecture upon "Water," was delivered before the Boston Mechanics' Association; this was followed by others upon his visit to Italy, upon "Man's Relations to the Globe;" then in 1834 by a series of five upon Michel Angelo, Milton, Luther, George Fox, and Edmund Burke; the first two of which, soon after published in the *North American Review*, were his first appearances in print. In 1835 he married Lid-

ian Jackson, and took up his residence at Concord, Mass., which was his home during the remainder of his life. From this time his profession was that of delivering lectures in all parts of the United States. For forty successive years he lectured before the Lyceum of Salem, Mass. His principal "courses" were ten upon "English History;" twelve upon "The Philosophy of History;" ten upon "Human Culture;" ten upon Human Life;" ten upon "The Present Age;" and seven upon "The Times." These lectures, as such, have never been printed; but much of the substance of them is reproduced in his *Essays* and subsequent works.

Emerson's first book, entitled *Nature*, was published in 1836. It is a little book containing matter equal to about 50 pages of this Cyclopedia. It found very few readers at first. It was some twelve years before the first edition of 500 copies was disposed of. Considering that there were forty years between the date of *Nature*, his first book, and *Letters and Social Aims*, his last, Emerson was by no means a voluminous writer. All his books would be comprised in half a dozen volumes of this Cyclopedia. The following is a list of them, arranged in the order of their dates of publication; but this is no certain indication of the time of their actual composition. Internal evidence indicates that some of the later ones were substantially composed long before the issue of some of those earlier published:

Nature (1836); *Essays* (first series, 1841; second series, 1847); *Poems* (1846); *Miscellanies*, consisting mainly of collegiate and other addresses, most of which had already been printed in *The Dial* (1849); *Representative Men* (1850); several chapters in James Freeman Clarke's *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller*

Ossoli, not included in Emerson's collected works (1852); *English Traits* (1856); *Conduct of Life* (1860); *May-day and Other Poems* (1867); *Society and Solitude* (1870); *Letters and Social Aims* (1875). All of the prose works after 1847, with the exception of *English Traits*, are properly so many new series of the *Essays*. To these should be added the *Letters to Thomas Carlyle*, extending through many years, and first published some years after the death of Emerson.

To complete the personal history of Emerson it is necessary only to add that in 1847 he again went to England in order to deliver lectures in the principal towns; and the results of his observations are embodied in the *English Traits*. He went to England again in 1868; but does not appear to have written anything in regard to this visit. In the later years of his life a singular change took place in his mental condition. The faculty of memory was almost wholly lost. He could not call to mind the word by which the most common object was designated. When he stood by the coffin of Longfellow, whom he had known and loved for many years, he looked upon the face of the dead, and said that it must be that of a most noble and loveable man; but he had no apparent recollection that he had ever seen it before.

THE TEACHINGS OF NATURE.

Our age is retrospective. It builds the sepulchres of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories, and criticisms. The foregoing generations beheld God face to face. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not of tradition, and a revelation to us, and not the history of theirs? Embosomed for a season in Nature, whose floods of life stream

around and through us, and invite us, by the powers they supply, to action proportioned to Nature, why should we grope among the dry bones of the past, or put the living generation into masquerade out of its faded wardrobe? . . . .

Undoubtedly we have no questions to ask which are unanswerable. We must trust the perfection of the creation so far as to believe that whatever curiosity the order of things has awakened in our minds, the order of things can satisfy. Every man's condition is a solution in hieroglyphic to those inquiries he would put. He acts it as life before he apprehends it as a truth. In like manner Nature is already, in its forms and tendencies, describing its own design. Let us interrogate the great apparition that shines so peacefully around us. Let us inquire to what end is Nature.—*Nature*, Introduction.

WHAT IS NATURE.

Philosophically considered, the universe is composed of Nature and the Soul. Strictly speaking, therefore, all that is separate from us, all which philosophy distinguishes as the *Not Me*—that is, both Nature and Art, all other men, and my own body—must be ranked under this name, *Nature*. In enumerating the values of Nature, and casting up their sum, I shall use the word in both senses: in its common and in its philosophical import. In inquiries so general as our present one the inaccuracy is not material; no confusion of thought will occur. *Nature*, in the common sense, refers to essences unchanged by man—space, the air, the river, the leaf. *Art* is applied to the mixture of his will with the same things: as in a house, a canal, a statue, a picture. But his operations, taken together, are so insignificant—a little chipping, baking, patching, and washing—that in an impression so grand as that of the world on the human mind, they do not vary the result.—*Nature*, Introduction.

SEEING NATURE.

Few adult persons can see Nature. Most persons

do not see the sun; at least, they have a very superficial seeing. The sun illuminates only the eye of the man, but shines into the eye and the heart of the child. The lover of Nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other; who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood. His intercourse with Nature becomes part of his daily food. In the presence of Nature, a wild delight runs through the man, in spite of real sorrows. . . . Nature is a setting that fits equally well with a comic or a mourning piece. In good health the air is a cordial of inestimable value. Crossing a bare common in snow-puddles, at twilight, under a cloudy sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. In the woods, too, a man casts off his years, as the snake his slough, and at what period soever of life is always a child. In the woods is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God a decorum and a sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods we return to reason and faith. . . . The greatest delight which the fields and the woods minister, is the suggestion of an occult relation between man and the vegetable. I am not alone and unacknowledged. They nod to me and I to them. The waving of the boughs in the storm is new to me and old; it takes me by surprise, and yet is not unknown. Its effect is like that of a higher thought or a better emotion coming over me, when I deemed I was thinking justly or doing right.—*Nature*, Chap. I.

THE USE OF BEAUTY.

In certain hours Nature satisfies the soul purely by its loveliness, and without any mixture of corporeal benefit. I have seen the spectacle of morning from the hilltop over against my house, from daybreak to sunrise, with emotions which an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that

silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations; the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind. How does Nature deify us with a few and cheap elements! Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria; the sunset and moon-rise my Paphos, and unimaginable realms of Faerie; broad noon shall be my England of the senses and the understanding: the night shall be my Germany of mystic philosophy and dreams.—*Nature*, Chap. III.

NATURE AND THE ORATOR.

We know more from Nature than we can at will communicate. Its light flows into the mind forevermore, and we forget its presence. The poet, the orator, bred in the woods, whose senses have been nourished by their fair and appeasing changes year after year, without design and without heed, shall not lose their lesson altogether in the roar of cities or the broil of politics. Long hereafter—amidst agitation and terror in national councils—the solemn images shall reappear in their morning lustre as fit symbols and words of the thoughts which the passing event shall awaken. At the call of a noble sentiment, again the woods wave, the pines murmur, the river rolls and shines, and the cattle low upon the mountains as he saw and heard them in his infancy. And with these forms and spells of persuasion, the keys of power are put into his hands. —*Nature*, Chap. IV.

GENUINE HEROISM.

The characteristic of genuine heroism is its persistency. All men have wandering impulses, fits and starts of generosity. But when you have resolved to be great, abide by yourself, and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world. The heroic cannot be the common, nor the common the heroic. Yet we have the weakness to expect the sympathy of people in those actions whose excellence is that they outrun sympathy,

and appeal to a tardy justice. If you would serve your brother, because it is fit for you to serve him, do not take back your words when you find that prudent people do not commend you. Be true to your own act, and congratulate yourself if you have done something strange and extravagant, and broken the monotony of a decorous age. It was a high counsel that I once heard given to a young person: "Always do what you are afraid to do." A simple manly character need never make an apology, but should regard its past action with the calmness of Phocion, when he admitted that the event of the battle was happy, yet did not regret his dissuasion from the battle.—*Essay on Heroism.*

CONSISTENCY.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Out upon your guarded lips! Sew them up with packthread. Else, if you would be a man, speak what you think to-day, in words as hard as cannonballs, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks, in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day. Ah, then, exclaim the aged ladies, you will be sure to be misunderstood! Misunderstood! It is a right fool's word! Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.—*Essay on Self-Reliance.*

HAVING IT MADE UP.

Ever since I was a boy I have wished to write a discourse on Compensation. I was lately confirmed in these desires by hearing a sermon at church. The preacher—a man esteemed for his orthodoxy—unfolded in the ordinary manner the doctrine of the Last Judgment. He assumed that

judgment is not executed in this world; that the wicked are successful; that the good are miserable; and then urged, from reason and from Scripture, a compensation to be made to both parties in the next life. No offense appeared to be taken by the congregation at this doctrine. As far as I could observe, when the meeting broke up they separated without remark on the sermon. Yet what was the import of this teaching? What did the preacher mean by saying that the good are miserable in the present life? Was it that houses and lands, offices, wine, horses, dress, luxury, are had by unprincipled men, whilst the saints are poor and despised; and that a compensation is to be made to these last hereafter, by giving them the like gratifications another day—bank-stock and doubloons, venison and champagne? This must be the compensation intended; for what else? Is it that they are to have leave to pray and praise? to love and serve men? Why, that they can do now. The legitimate inference the disciple would draw was, "We are to have such a good time as the sinners have now;" or, to push it to its extreme import, "You sin now; we shall sin by-and-by. We would sin now, if we could; not being successful, we expect our revenge to-morrow." The fallacy lay in the immense concession that the bad are successful; that justice is not done now. The blindness of the preacher consisted in deferring to the base estimate of the market value of what constitutes a manly success, instead of confronting and convicting the world from the truth; announcing the presence of the Soul, the omnipotence of the Will: and so establishing the standard of good and ill, of success and falsehood, and summoning the dead to its present tribunal.—*Essay on Compensation.*

HUMANITY IN ART.

I remember when in my younger days I had heard of the wonders of Italian painting, I fancied that great pictures would be great strangers; some surprising combination of color and form; a foreign wonder, barbaric pearl and gold, like the

spontoons and standards of the militia, which play such pranks in the eyes and imaginations of schoolboys. I was to see and acquire I knew not what. When I came at last to Rome, and saw with eyes the pictures, I found that genius left to novices the gay and fantastic and ostentatious, and itself pierced directly to the simple and true; that it was the familiar and sincere; that it was the old, eternal fact I had met already in so many forms, unto which I had lived; that it was the plain *you* and *me* I knew so well, had left at home in so many conversations. I had the same experience already in a church at Naples. There I saw that nothing was changed with me but the place; and said to myself, "Thou foolish child, hast thou come out hither, over four thousand miles of salt water, to find that which was perfect to thee there at home?" That fact I saw again in the Academeia at Naples, in the chambers of sculpture, and yet again when I came to Rome and to the paintings of Raphael, Angelo, Sacchi, Titian, and Leonardo da Vinci. "What, old mole! workest thou in the earth so fast?" It had traveled by my side. That which I fancied I had left in Boston was here in the Vatican, and again at Milan and at Paris, and made all traveling ridiculous as a tread-mill. I now require this of all pictures, that they domesticate me, not that they dazzle me. Pictures must not be too picturesque. Nothing astonishes men so much as common sense and plain dealing. All great actions have been simple, and all great pictures are. The Transfiguration, by Raphael, is an eminent example of this peculiar merit. A calm benignant beauty shines over all this picture, and goes directly to the heart. It seems almost to call you by name. The sweet and sublime face of Jesus is beyond praise; yet how it disappoints all fond expectations! This familiar, simple, home-speaking countenance is as if one should meet a friend. The knowledge of picture-dealers has its value, but listen not to their criticism when your heart is touched by genius. It was not painted for them; it was painted for you; for such as had

eyes capable of being touched by simplicity and lofty emotions.—*Essay on Art.*

ALL IN EACH.

Inevitably does the universe wear our color, and every object fall successively into the subject itself. The subject exists, the subject enlarges; all things sooner or later fall into peace. As I am, so I see. Use what language we will, we can never say anything but what we are. Hermes, Cadmus, Columbus, Newton, Bonaparte, are the mind's ministers. Instead of feeling a poverty when we encounter a great man, let us treat the new comer like a traveling geologist, who passes through our estate, and shows us good slate, or limestone, or anthracite, in our brush pasture. The partial action in each strong mind in one direction is a telescope for the objects on which it is pointed. But every other part of knowledge is to be pushed to the same extravagance, ere the soul attains her due sphericity. Do you see that kitten chasing so prettily her own tail? If you could look with her eyes, you might see her surrounded with hundreds of figures performing complex dramas, with tragic and comic issues, long conversations and many characters, many ups and downs of fate: and meantime it is only puss with her tail. How long before our masquerade will end its noise of tambourines, laughter, and performance? A subject and an object—it takes so much to make the galvanic circuit complete: but magnitude adds nothing. What imports it whether it is Kepler and the sphere; Columbus and America; a reader and his book; or puss with her tail?—*Essay on Experience.*

RECOGNIZING REAL WORTH.

In society high advantages are set down to the possessor as disadvantages. It requires the more weariness in our private estimates. I do not forgive in my friends the failure to know a fine character, and to entertain it with thankful hospitality. When at last that which we have always longed for is arrived, and shines on us with glad rays

out of that far celestial land, then to be coarse, then to be critical, and treat such a visitant with the jabber and suspicion of the streets, argues a vulgarity that seems to shut the doors of heaven. This is confusion, this the right insanity, when the soul no longer knows its own, nor where its allegiance, its religion, are due. Is there any religion but this: to know that wherever in the wide desert of being the holy sentiment we cherish has opened into a flower, it blooms for me? If none sees it, I see it; I am aware—if I alone—of the greatness of the fact. Whilst it blooms, I will keep sabbath or holy time, and suspend my gloom and my folly and jokes. There are many eyes that can detect and honor the prudent and household virtues; there are many that can discern Genius on his starry track, though the mob is incapable. But when that love which is all-suffering, all-abstaining, all-aspiring, which has vowed to itself that it will be a wretch and also a fool in this world, sooner than soil its white hands by any compliances, comes into our houses, only the pure and aspiring can know its face, and the only compliment they can pay it, is to own it.—*Essay on Character.*

RECEIVING AND GIVING.

He is a good man who can receive a gift well. We are either glad or sorry at a gift; and both emotions are unbecoming. Some violence I think is done, some degradation borne, when I rejoice or grieve at a gift. I am sorry when my independence is invaded, or when a gift comes from such as do not know my spirit, and so the act is not supported; and if the gift pleases me overmuch, then I should be ashamed that the donor should read my heart, and see that I love his commodity and not him. The gift, to be true, must be the flowing of the giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto him. When the waters are at a level, then my goods pass to him, and his to me. All his are mine, and all mine his. Hence the fitness of beautiful, not useful things for gifts. The expectation of gratitude is mean, and is con-

tinually punished by the total insensibility of the obliged person. It is a great happiness to get off without injury and heart-burning from one who has had the ill luck to be served by you. It is a very onerous business this of being served, and the debtor naturally wishes to give you a slap. A golden text for these gentlemen is that which I so admire in the Buddhist, who never thanks, and who says, "Do not flatter your benefactors.—*Essay on Gifts.*

CELTS, GERMANS, NORSEMEN, AND NORMANS.

The sources from which tradition derives the English stock are three. First, the Celts or Sidonians, of whose beginning there is no memory, and their end is likely to be still more remote in the future, for they have endurance. They planted Britain, and gave to the seas and mountains names which are poems, and imitate the pure voices of Nature. They had no violent feudal tenure, but the husbandman owned the land. They had an alphabet, astronomy, priestly culture, and a sublime ritual. They made the best popular literature of the Middle Ages, in the songs of Merlin and the tender and delicious mythology of Arthur. But the English come mainly from the Germans, whom the Romans found it hard to conquer—say impossible to conquer, when one remembers the long sequel; a people about whom, in the old empire, the rumor ran, "There was never any that meddled with them that repented it not." The Norsemen are excellent persons in the main, with good sense, steadiness, wise speech and prompt action. But they have a singular turn for homicide. Their chief end of man is to murder or be murdered. Oars, scythes, harpoons, crowbars, peat-knives, hay-forks are valued by them the more for their charming aptitude for assassination. Never was poor gentleman so surfeited with life, so furious to get rid of it, as the Norseman. It was a proverb of ill condition to die the death of old age. The Normans came out of France into England worse men than they went

into it one hundred and sixty years before. They had lost their own language, and learned the Romance, or barbarous Latin of the Gauls, and had acquired with the language all the vices it had names for. The Conquest has obtained in the chronicles the name of the "memory of sorrow." Twenty thousand thieves landed at Hastings. These founders of the House of Lords were greedy and ferocious dragoons, sons of greedy and ferocious pirates. They were all alike. They took everything they could carry; they burned, harried, violated, tortured, and killed, until everything English was brought to the verge of ruin. Such, however, is the illusion of antiquity and wealth, that decent and dignified men now existing boast their descent from these filthy thieves, who showed a far juster conviction of their own merits by assuming for types the swine, goat, jackal, leopard, wolf, and snake, which they severally resembled.—*English Traits.*

ENGLISH DOMESTICITY.

Born in a harsh and wet climate, which keeps him indoors whenever he is at rest, and being of an affectionate and loyal temper, the Englishman dearly loves his home. If he is rich, he buys a demesne and builds a hall; if he is in middle condition he spares no expense on his house. An English family consists of a very few persons, who from youth to age are found revolving within a few feet of each other, as if tied by some tie tense as that cartilage which we have seen uniting the two Siamese. England produces, under favorable conditions of ease and culture, the finest women in the world. And as the men are affectionate and true-hearted, the women inspire and refine them. Nothing can be more delicate without being fantastical, nothing more firm and based in nature and sentiment, than the courtship and mutual character of the sexes.—*English Traits.*

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH AND THE PEOPLE.

The English Church has many certificates to show of humble, effective service in humanizing

the people, in cheering and refining men, feeding, healing, and educating. It has the seal of martyrs and confessors; the noblest Book; a sublime architecture; a ritual marked by the same secular merits—nothing cheap or purchasable. From the slow-grown Church important reactions proceed; much for culture, much for giving a direction to the nation's affection and will to-day. The carved and pictured chapel—its entire surface animated with image and emblem—made the parish church a sort of book and Bible to the people's eyes. Then when the Saxon instinct had secured a service in the vernacular tongue, it was the tutor and university of the people. The reverence for the Scriptures is an element of civilization; for thus has the history of the world been preserved, and is preserved. Here in England every day a chapter of *Genesis* and a leader in *The Times*. This is a binding of the old and the new to some purpose.—*English Traits.*

UPON GREAT MEN.

The search after great men is the dream of youth, and the occupation of manhood. We travel into foreign parts to find their works—if possible, to get a glimpse of them. . . . . I count him a great man who inhabits a higher sphere of thought, into which other men rise with labor and with difficulty. He has but to open his eyes to see things in a true light, and in large relations; while they must make painful corrections, and keep a vigilant eye on many sources of error. But the great man must be related to us. I cannot tell what I would know; but I have observed that there are persons who, in their character and actions, answer questions which I have not skill to put. One man answers some questions which none of his contemporaries put, and is isolated.—*Representative Men.*

PLATO.

Among books, Plato is entitled to Omar's fanatical compliment to the Koran, when he said, "Burn the libraries; for their value is in this book."

These sentences contain the culture of nations; these are corner-stones of schools; these are the fountain-head of literatures. A discipline in logic, arithmetic, ontology, morals or practical wisdom. There never was such range of speculation. Out of Plato come all things that are still written and debated among men of thought. Great havoc makes he among our originalities. We have reached the mountain from which all these drift-boulders were detached. For it is fair to credit the broadest generalizer with all the particulars deducible from his genius. Plato is philosophy, and philosophy Plato—at once the glory and the shame of mankind; thus neither Saxon nor Roman have availed to add any idea to his categories. No wife, no children has he; and the thinkers of all civilized nations are his posterity and are tinged with his mind. How many great men Nature is incessantly sending up out of night to be *his men*—Platonists! The Alexandrians, a constellation of genius; the Elizabethans, not less, Sir Thomas More, Henry More, John Hales, John Smith, Francis Bacon. Jeremy Taylor, Ralph Cudworth, Sydenham, Thomas Taylor, Marcilius Ficinus, and Picus Mirandola. Calvinism is in his *Phædo*; Christianity is in it. Mohammedanism draws all its philosophy, in its hand-book of morals —the *Akhlak-y-Jalaly*—from him. Mysticism finds in Plato all its texts. The citizen of a town in Greece is no villager or patriot. An Englishman reads, and says, "How English!" A German "How Teutonic!" an Italian, "How Roman and how Greek!" As they say that Helen of Argos had that universal beauty that everybody felt related to her, so Plato seems, to a reader in New England, an American genius. His broad humanity transcends all sectional lines.—*Representative Men.*

SWEDENBORG.

His books have no melody, no emotion, no humor, no relief to the dead prosaic level. The entire want of poetry in so transcendent a mind betokens the disease; and, like a hoarse voice in a

beautiful person, is a kind of warning. I think sometimes he will not be read longer. His great name will turn a sentence. His books have become a monument. His laurel is so largely mixed with cypress, a charnel-breath so mingles with the temple-incense, that boys and maidens will shun the spot. Yet in this immolation of genius and fame at the shrine of conscience is a merit sublime beyond praise. He lived to purpose, he gave a verdict. He elected Goodness as the clew to which the soul must cling in all this labyrinth of Nature. I think of him as of some transmigrating votary of Indian legend, who says, "Though I be dog, or jackal, or pismire in the last rudiments of nature, under what integument or ferocity, I cleave to the right as a sure ladder that leads up to man and to God. . . . . Swedenborg has rendered a double service to mankind, which is now only beginning to be known. By the science of experiment and use he made his first steps. He observed and published the laws of nature, and, ascending by just degrees from events to their summits and causes, he was fired with piety at the harmonies he felt, and abandoned himself to their joys and worship. This was his first service. If the glory was too bright for his eyes to bear, if he staggered under the trance of delight, the more excellent is the spectacle he saw—the realities of Being which beam and blaze through him, and which no infirmities of the prophet are suffered to obscure; and he renders a second passive service to men not less than the first—perhaps in the great circle of being, and in the retribution of spiritual Nature, not less glorious or less beautiful to himself.—*Representative Men.*

The volumes entitled *Conduct of Life*, *Society and Solitude*, *Letters and Social Aims* are made up of separate papers, with no special relation to each other; any one of them might as well have been placed in any other of the volumes. They may be properly considered as so many new series of the *Essays.*

IMMORTALITY.

Of Immortality, the soul when well employed, is incurious. It *is* so well, that it is sure it *will be* well. It asks no questions of the Supreme Power. The Son of Antiochus asked his father when he would join battle: "Dost thou fear," replied the King, "that thou only in all the army wilt not hear the trumpet?" It is a high thing to confide that, if it is best that we should live, we shall live. It is a higher thing to have this conviction than to have the lease of indefinite centuries and millenniums and æons. Higher than the question of our duration is the question of our deserving. Immortality will come to such as are fit for it; and he who would be a great soul in the future must be a great soul now. It is a doctrine too grand to rest on any legend—that is, on any man's experience but our own. It must be proved, if at all, from our own activity and designs, which imply an interminable future for their display.—*The Conduct of Life.*

ILLUSIONS THEMSELVES ILLUSIONARY.

There is no chance and no anarchy in the universe. Every god is there sitting in his sphere. The young mortal enters the hall of the firmament; there he is alone with them alone; they pouring on him benedictions and gifts, and beckoning up to their thrones. On the instant, and incessantly, fall snow-storms of illusions. He fancies himself in a vast crowd, which sways this way and that, and whose movements and doings he must obey; he fancies himself poor, orphaned, insignificant. The mad crowd drives him hither and thither, now furiously commanding this thing to be done, now that. What is he that he should resist their will, and think on himself? Every moment new changes and new showers of deceptions to baffle and distract him. And when, by-and-by, for an instant, the air clears and the cloud lifts a little, there are the gods still sitting around him on their thrones—they alone with him alone.—*The Conduct of Life.*

A SERENE OLD AGE.

When life has been well-spent, age is a loss which it can well spare—muscular strength, organic instincts, gross bulk and works that belong to these. But the central wisdom, which was old in infancy, is young in fourscore years; and dropping off obstructions, leaves, in happy subjects, the mind purified and wise. I have heard that whenever the name of man is mentioned, the doctrine of immortality is announced; it cleaves to the constitution. The mode of it baffles our wit, and the whisper comes to us from the other side. But the inference from the intellect, hiving knowledge, hiving skill—at the end of life just ready to be born—affirms the inspirations of affection and of the moral sentiments.—*Society and Solitude.*

THE ULTIMATE GREATNESS.

Men are ennobled by morals and by intellect; but these two elements know each other, and always beckon to each other, until at last they meet in the man, if he is to be truly great. The man who sells you a lamp shows you that the flame of oil, which contented you before, casts a strong shade in the path of the petroleum which he lights behind it; and this again casts a shadow in the path of the electric light. So does intellect when brought into the presence of character. Character puts out that light. We are thus forced to express our instinct of the truth by expressing the failure of experiences. The man whom we have not seen, in whom no regard of self degraded the explorer of the laws; who by governing himself governed others; sportive in manner, but inexorable in act; who sees longevity in his cause; whose aim is always distinct to him; who carries fate in his eye—he it is whom we seek, encouraged in every good hour that here or hereafter he shall be found.—*Letters and Social Aims.*

Considering that Emerson wrote verse at intervals from boyhood up to near the close of his life, his poetical productions are of no

considerable bulk. The longest of these does not exceed six hundred lines, and few of them have more than fifty. The little poem *Brahma*, presents a Buddhist view of universal existence.

BRAHMA.

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain
They know not well the winding ways
I keep, and pass and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near:
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred seven,
But thou, meek lover of the good,
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

Some of Emerson's most characteristic poems are prefixed by way of mottoes to one or another of his *Essays*:

MOTTO TO "EXPERIENCE."

The Lords of Life, the Lords of Life,
I saw them pass
In their own guise,
Like and unlike,
Portly and grim,
Use and Surprise,
Surface and Dream,
Succession swift and spectral Wrong,
Temperament without a tongue,
And the Inventor of the game,
Omnipresent without a name.
Some to see, some to be guessed,
They marched from East to West,

Little Man, least of all,
Among the legs of his guardians tall,
Walked about with puzzled look;
Him by the hand kind Nature took:
Dearest Nature, strong and mild,
Whispered, "Darling, never mind!
To-morrow they will wear another face:
The Founder thou! these are thy race."
—*Essays.*

MOTTO TO "WORSHIP."

This is he who felled by foes,
Sprung harmless up, refreshed by blows:
He to captivity was sold,
But him no prison bars would hold:
Though they sealed him on a rock,
Mountain chains he can unlock.
Thrown to lions for their meat,
The crouching lion kissed his feet:
Bound to the stake, no fears appalled,
But arched o'er him an honoring vault.
This is he men miscall Fate,
Threading dark ways, arriving late,
But ever coming in time to crown
The truth, and hurl wrong-doers down.
He is the oldest and best known,
More near than aught thou call'st thine own.
Yet, greeted in another's eye,
Disconcerts with glad surprise.
This is Jove, who, deaf to prayers,
Floods with blessings unawares.
Draw, if thou canst the mystic line
Severing rightly his from thine:
Which is Human, which Divine?
—*The Conduct of Life.*

Two of Emerson's poems are Elegiacs. One is in memory of his brother Edward Bliss Emerson, a young man of rare promise, who went for his health to Porto Rico, and died there in 1832. The other is a *Threnody* for his own boy. We give only portions of these poems:

IN MEMORIAM E. B. E.

There is no record left on earth,
  Save in the tablets of the heart,
Of the rich inherent worth,
  Of the grace that on him shone
Of eloquent lips and joyful wit,
He could not frame a word unfit,
  An act unworthy to be done.
Honor prompted every glance,
Honor came and sat beside him,
In lowly cot or painful road;
And evermore the cruel god
Cried "Onward!" and the palm-branch showed.
Born for success he seemed
With grace to win, with heart to hold;
With shining gifts that took all eyes;
With budding power in college halls,
As pledged in coming days to forge
Weapons to guard the State, or scourge
Tyrants despite their guards or walls.
On his young promise Beauty smiled,
Drew his free homage unbeguiled;
And prosperous Age held out the hand,
And richly his large future planned;
And troops of friends enjoyed the tide:—
All, all, was given, and only health denied. . . .
O'er thy rich dust the endless smile
Of Nature in thy Spanish isle
Hints never loss or cruel break,
And sacrifice for love's dear sake;
Nor mourn the unalterable days
That Genius goes and Folly stays.
What matters how or on what ground
The freed soul its Creator found?
Alike thy memory embalms
That orange-grove, that isle of palms,
And those loved banks whose oak-boughs bold
Root in the blood of heroes old.

THRENODY.

I see my empty house;
I see my trees repair their boughs;
And he, the wonderous child,

Whose silver warble wild
Outvalued every passing sound
Within the air's cerulean round—
The hyacinthine boy, for whom
Morn might break and April bloom
The gracious boy, who did adorn
The world whereinto he was born,
And by his countenance repay
The favor of the living Day—

Has disappeared from the Day's eyes.
Far and wide she cannot find him;
My hopes pursue, they cannot bind him.
Returned this day, the South-wind searches,
And finds young pines and budding birches,
But finds not the budding man.
Nature, who lost him, cannot remake him;
Fate let him fall, Fate can't retake him,
Nature, Fate, Man, him seek in vain.
O child of Paradise!
Boy who made dear his father's home,
In whose deep eyes
Men read the welfare of the times to come!
I am too much bereft,
The world dishonored thou last left.
Oh, Truth and Nature's costly lie!
Oh, richest fortune sourly crossed!
Born to the future, to the future lost! . . .

The deep Heart answered: Weepest thou?
Worthier cause for passion wild
If I had *not* taken the child.
And deemest thou as those who pore,
With aged eyes, short way before—
Think'st Beauty vanished from the coast
Of matter, and thy darling lost? . . .
Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
What rainbows teach, and sunsets show?
Verdict which accumulates.
From lengthening scroll of human fates;
Voice of earth to earth returned;
Prayers of Saints that only burned—
Saying: What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;

Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain ;
Heart's love will meet with thee again. . . .
Silent rushes the swift Lord
Through ruined systems still restored ;
Broad-sowing, bleak and void to bless,
Plants with worlds the wilderness ;
Waters with tears of ancient sorrow
Apples of Eden, ripe to-morrow
House and tenant go to ground,
Lost in God, in Godhead drowned.

THE SONG OF NATURE.

Mine are the night and morning,
The pits of air, the gulf of space,
The sportive sun, the gibbous moon,
The innumerable days.

I wrote the past in characters,
Of rock and fire the scroll ;
The building of the coral sea,
The planting of the soul. . . .

But he, the Man-child glorious—
Where tarries he the while?
The rainbow shines his harbinger,
The sunset gleams his smile.

I travail in pain for him,
My creatures travail and wait ;
His couriers come by squadrons,
He comes not to the gate.

Twice have I moulded an image,
And thrice outstretched my hand :
Made one of day, and one of night,
And one of the salt sea-sand.

One in a Judæan manger,
And one by Avon stream,
One over against the mouths of Nile,
And one in Academe.

I moulded kings and saviours,
And bards o'er kings to rule ;
But fell the starry influence short,
The cup was never full.

Yet whirl the glowing wheels once more,
And mix the bowl again;
Seethe, Fate! the ancient elements,
Heat, Cold, Wet, Dry, and Peace and Pain.

Let War and Trade, and Creeds and Song
Blend, ripen race on race—
The sunburnt world a Man shall breed
Of all the zones, and countless days.

MAY-DAY.

Daughter of heaven and earth, coy Spring,
With sudden passion languishing,
Maketh all things coyly smile,
Painteth pictures mile on mile;
Holds a cup with cowslip wreaths,
Whence a smokeless incense breathes. . .

Hither rolls the storm of heat;
I feel its fiery billows beat;
Like a sea which me infolds.
Heat, with viewless fingers moulds,
Swells, and mellows, and matures,
Paints and flavors, and allures;
Bud and briar inly warms,
Still enriches and transforms;
Gives the reed and lily length;
Adds to oak and oxen strength;
Burns the world in tepid lakes,
Burns the world, yet burnt remakes.
Enveloping Heat, enchanted robe,
Makes the daisy and the globe,
Transforming what it doth infold—
Life out of death, new out of old;
Painting fawns' and leopards' fells,
Seethes the gulf-encroaching shells;
Fires gardens with a joyful blaze
Of tulips in the morning rays.
The dead log touched bursts into leaf,
The wheat-blade whispers of the sheaf,
What god is this imperial Heat,
Earth's prime secret, sculpture's seat?

Doth it bear hidden in its heart
Water-line patterns of all art?
Is it Dædalus? is it Love?
Or walks in mask almighty Jove,
And drops from Power's redundant horn
All seeds of beauty to be born? . . .

Under gentle types, my Spring
Marks the might of Nature's king;
An energy that reaches thorough,
From Chaos to the dawning morrow;
Into all our human plight—
The soul's pilgrimage and flight.
In city or in solitude,
Step by step lifts bad to good,
Without halting, without rest,
Lifting better up to best;
Planting seeds of knowledge pure,
Through earth to ripen, through heaven endure.

SURSUM CORDA.

Seek not the spirit if it hide
  Inexorable to thy zeal:
  Baby do not whine and chide:
Art thou not also real?
Why shouldst thou stoop to poor excuse?
  Turn on the accuser; roundly say,
"Here am I, here I will remain
  Forever to myself soothfast;
Go thou sweet Heaven, or at thy pleasure stay!
  Already Heaven with thee its lot has cast,
For only it can absolutely deal.

THE SOUL'S PROPHECY.

All before us lies the way;
    Give the past unto the wind,
All before us is the Day,
    Night and Darkness are behind.

Eden with its angels bold,
    Love and flowers and coolest sea,
Is less an ancient story told,
    Than a glowing prophecy.

In the Spirit's perfect air,
In the Passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,
The real Eden we shall find.

When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified,
Up springs Paradise around.

From the Spirit-land afar
All disturbing force shall flee;
Stir nor Toil, nor Hope shall mar
Its immortal unity.

THE PAST.

The debt is paid,
The verdict said,
The Furies laid,
The plague is stayed,
All fortunes made.
Turn the key and bolt the door,
Sweet is Death forevermore.
Nor haughty Hope, nor swart Chagrin,
Nor murdering Hate can enter in.
All is now secure and fast,
Not the gods can shake the past,
Flies-to the adamantine door,
Bolted down forevermore.
None can enter there;
No thief so politic,
No Satan with his royal trick,
Steal in by window, chink, or hole,
To bind or unbind, add what lacked,
Insert a leaf or forge a name,
New-face or finish what is packed
Alter or mend eternal Fact.

THE SNOW-STORM.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the Snow, and driving o'er the field,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whitened air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The steed and traveller stopped, the courier's feet

Delayed, all friends shut out, the house-mates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come see the North-wind's masonry,
Out of unseen quarry evermore.
Furnished with file, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door,
Speeding—the myriad-handed—his wild work.
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate,
A tapering turret over tops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the
world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art,
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad Wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

The Mountain and the Squirrel;
Had a quarrel:
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."
Bun replied:
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year
And a sphere;
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel-track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut.

THE CONCORD HYMN.

(*Sung at the completion of the Concord Monument, April* 19, 1836.)

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers' stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone,
Spirit, that made those heroes dare

To die, or leave their children free,
Bid time and nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

EMMONS, NATHANAEL, an American theologian, born at East Haddam, Conn., in 1745, died at Franklin, Mass., in 1840. He graduated at Yale in 1767; was licensed to preach in 1769, and was ordained pastor at Franklin, in 1773. His ministry here lasted until 1827—a period of fifty-four years, during which he directed the studies of nearly 100 theological students. Numerous writings of his were published during his lifetime; and a complete copy of his *Works*, with a *Memoir* by Rev. Jacob Ide, appeared in 1842. Another *Memoir* of him by Prof. Edwards A. Park was published in 1861. Dr. Emmons exerted a decided influence upon the New England theology of his day, although upon many metaphysical and speculative points he differed widely from the current "Calvinistic" opinion of the time. He held that sinfulness or holiness exists solely in the exercise of the voluntary affec-

tions, so that there is no depravity except in voluntary disobedience of the divine law; and that God is the producing cause of every act of the human mind, although man himself is perfectly free in the performance of his voluntary acts. This, in the view of his opponents, was making God the source of all sinfulness as well as of all holiness.

UNIVERSALITY OF THE DIVINE AGENCY.

If God be a universal agent, then to deny his universal agency is virtually to deny his existence, which amounts to perfect infidelity. God founds his claim to divinity upon his universal agency; and implicitly says that he should not be God, if he did not form the light and create darkness, make peace and create evil. This is strictly true. For if he be God, he is the Creator of all things; and if he be the Creator of all things, he must be the Upholder, Preserver, and Disposer of all things. If he be the free moral agent, who brought all things into existence, he is morally obliged to exercise an universal agency in supporting and governing all things. If he be God, he must be perfectly wise and good; and if he is perfectly wise and good, he must exercise an universal and powerful agency over all his creatures and all his works, and dispose of them in the wisest and best manner possible. To deny his universal agency is to impeach both his wisdom and goodness, which is virtually denying his divinity, or his eternal power and Godhead. To deny his universal agency implies one of these two things: either that he cannot exercise an universal agency, or that he neglects to do it; but neither the one nor the other is consistent with his being what he claims to be—the only Living and True God; and therefore the denial is either open infidelity or impious blasphemy. . . . It is difficult to mention a more important truth than the universal agency of God. It lies at the foundation of all religion, and deeply affects the whole intelligent universe. For if he did not exercise

an universal agency over all his creatures and works, he would not be worthy of the supreme love and entire confidence of any of his creatures. It argues profound ignorance, or bold presumption, to charge any one with blasphemy for maintaining or teaching the universal agency of God, which reflects the highest honor upon him.—*Sermon on the Divine Agency.*

GOD'S AGENCY IN EVIL.

If God exercises an universal agency upon the hearts of men, then he can form as many vessels of mercy and vessels of wrath as he decreed to form, in perfect consistency with their free agency. Divine agency and human agency are perfectly consistent. Divine agency consists in free, voluntary exercises; and human agency consists in free, voluntary exercises. God can act right freely, and sinners act wrong freely. He can make them love and hate, choose and refuse; and consequently can mould and fashion their hearts just as he pleases, consistently with their perfect free agency. He has always been forming vessels of mercy and vessels of wrath from the beginning of the world to this day; and he is now exercising his powerful and irresistible agency upon the heart of every one of the human race, and producing either holy or unholy exercises in it. The vessels of mercy act freely in embracing the gospel; and the vessels of wrath act freely in rejecting it. He can make as many as he pleases embrace the gospel in the day of his power, in one place and another. All sinners are in his hand, as the clay is in the hand of the potter ; and he can turn the heart of the one as easily as the heart of another from sin to holiness, from enmity to love, and from opposition to entire submission. Though God is creating darkness rather than light, and evil rather than good, here and in ten thousand other places in the world, yet the time may not be far distant when he will form light and not darkness, make peace and not evil, here and all over the world. His hand is not shortened

that it cannot save as well as destroy. His purposes have not changed, nor will his promises fail. He will work, and none shall let it. He will display the riches of his grace, here and everywhere else, as fully and as fast as possible. He created darkness to prepare the way for light; and evil to prepare the way for good.—*Sermon on the Divine Agency.*

THE DESIGNS OF GOD WILL PREVAIL.

If God be an universal agent, and operates upon the hearts of all his intelligent creatures, then he will infallibly counteract the designs and disappoint the hope of all his enemies in every part of the universe. Though his agency always controls their agency, yet it never destroys it. They are free, and they are conscious that they are perfectly free, notwithstanding his agency upon their hearts. Though his enemies freely and voluntarily form a thousand designs to frustrate His designs, yet he always can and does fulfill his own designs and disappoints theirs. . . . . However numerous and powerful and confident the enemies of God may be, he will defeat all their designs and exertions ; and he will cause their folly and wickedness to manifest his wisdom and goodness. Their hands and their tongues and their hearts are constantly and entirely under the holy and sovereign agency of God, who works all things after the counsel of His own will, "For of Him and through Him and to Him are all things, to whom be glory forever. Amen."—*Sermon on the Divine Agency.*

ENGLISH, THOMAS DUNN, an American physician, prose-writer, and poet, born at Philadelphia in 1819. He took his degree of M.D. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1839; studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1842, and became connected, as contributor or editor, with various periodicals. In 1856 he established himself as a physician in New Jersey, near the city of New York; and has

from time to time represented his district in the Legislature of New Jersey. He has written several novels under pseudonyms, and three under his own name: *Walter Woolfe* (1844), *MDCCCXLIV.*, and *Ambrose Fecit* (1867). He has brought out upon the stage twenty or more dramatic pieces, of which only *The Mormons* has been printed. His numerous poems appeared originally in periodicals. Of these he published a volume in 1855, and *American Ballads* in 1880.

BEN BOLT.

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt—
  Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
  And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
  In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
  And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory-tree, Ben Bolt,
  Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
  And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
  The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you
    gaze,
  Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
  At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree, with its motley limbs,
  Which nigh by the door-step stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
  The tree you would seek for in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved
  Are grass and golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
  With the master so cruel and grim,

And the shaded nook in the running brook
  Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
  The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who went to school,
  There are only you and I.

There is a change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
  They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the depths of my spirit the truth,
  There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
  Since first we were friends—yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
  Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.

THE FIGHT AT LEXINGTON.

Tugged the patient, panting horses, as the coulter keen and thorough,
By the careful farmer guided, cut the deep and even furrow;
Soon the mellow mould in ridges, straightly pointing as an arrow—
Lay to wait the bitter vexing of the fierce, remorseless harrow,
Lay impatient for the seeding, for the growing and the reaping,
All the richer and the readier for the quiet winter sleeping.

At his loom the pallid weaver, with his feet upon the treddles
Watched the threads alternate rising, with the lifting of the heddles—
Not admiring that, so swiftly, at his eager fingers urging,
Flew the bobbin-loaded shuttle 'twixt the filaments diverging
Only labor dull and cheerless in the work before him seeing,
As the warp and woop uniting brought the figures into being.

Roared the fire before the bellows; glowed the forge's dazzling crater;
Rang the hammer on the anvil, both the lesser and the greater;
Fell the sparks around the smithy, keeping rhythm to the clamor,

To the ponderous blows and clanging of each
unrelenting hammer;
While the diamonds of labor, from the curse of
Adam borrowed,
Glittered in a crown of honor on each iron-beater's
forehead.

Through the air there came a whisper, deepening
quickly into thunder,
How the deed was done that morning that would
rend the realm asunder;
How at Lexington the Briton mingled causeless
crime with folly,
And a king endangered empire by an ill-considered
volley.
Then each heart beat quick for vengeance, as the
anger-stirring story
Told of brethren and of neighbors lying corses
stiff and gory.

Stops the plough and sleeps the shuttle, stills the
blacksmith's noisy hammer,
Come the farmer, smith, and weaver, with a wrath
too deep for clamor;
But their fiercely purposed doing every glance
they give avouches,
As they handle rusty firelocks, powder-horns and
bullet-pouches;
As they hurry from the workshops, from the fields,
and from the forges,
Venting curses deep and bitter on the latest of the
Georges. . . . .

I was but a beardless stripling on that chilly April
morning,
When the church-bells backward ringing, to the
minute-men gave warning;
But I seized my father's weapons—he was dead
who one time bore them—
And I swore to use them stoutly, or to nevermore
restore them;
Bade farewell to sister, mother, and to one than
either dearer,
Then departed as the firing told of red-coats draw-
ing nearer.

On the Britons came from Concord—'twas a name
of mocking omen;
Concord never more existed 'twixt our people and
the foemen—
On they came in haste from Concord, where a few
had stood to fight them;

Where they failed to conquer Buttrick, who had stormed the bridge despite them;
On they came, the tools of tyrants, 'mid a people who abhorred them;
They had done their master's bidding, and we purposed to reward them. . . . .

'Twas a goodly sight to see them; but we heeded not its splendor,
For we felt their martial bearing hate within our hearts engender,
Kindling fire within our spirits, though our eyes a moment watered,
As we thought on Moore and Hadley, and their brave companions slaughtered;
And we swore to deadly vengeance for the fallen to devote them,
And our rage grew hotter, hotter, as our well-aimed bullets smote them. . . . .

When to Hardy's Hill their weary, waxing-fainter footsteps brought them,
There again the stout Provincials brought the wolves to bay and fought them;
And though often backward beaten, still returned the foe to follow,
Making forts of every hill-top and redouts of every hollow.
Hunters came from every farm-house, joining eagerly to chase them—
They had boasted far too often that we ne'er would dare to face them. . . . .

With nine hundred came Lord Percy, sent by startled Gage to meet them,
And he scoffed at those who suffered such a horde of boors to beat them.
But his scorn was changed to anger, when on front and flank were falling,
From the fences, walls, and roadsides drifts of leaden hail appalling;
And his picked and chosen soldiers, who had never shrunk in battle,
Hurried quicker in their panic when they heard the firelocks rattle.

Tell it not in Gath, Lord Percy, never Ascalon let hear it,
That you fled from those you taunted as devoid of force and spirit;
That the blacksmith, weaver, farmer, leaving forging, weaving, tillage,

Fully paid with coin of bullets base maurauders
 for their pillage;
They; you said, would fly in terror, Britons and
 their bayonets shunning;
The loudest of the boasters proved the foremost in
 the running. . . . .

Into Boston marched their forces, musket-barrels
 brightly gleaming,
Colors flying, sabres flashing, drums were beating,
 fifes were screaming.
Not a word about their journey; from the General
 to the Drummer,
Did you ask about their doings, than a statue each
 was dumber:
But the wounded in their litters, lying pallid, weak
 and gory,
With a language clear and certain, told the
 sanguinary story. . . . .

On the day the fight that followed, neighbor met
 and talked with neighbor;
First the few who fell they buried, then returned
 to daily labor.
Glowed the fire within the forges, ran the ploughshare
 down the furrow,
Clicked the bobbin-shuttle—both our fight and
 toil was thorough;
If we labored in the battle, or the shop, or forge,
 or fallow,
Still came an honest purpose, casting round our
 deeds a halo.

Though they strove again, these minions of Germaine
 and North and Gower,
They could never make the weakest of our band
 before them cower;
Neither England's bribes nor soldiers, force of
 arms, nor titles splendid,
Could deprive of what our fathers left as rights to
 be defended.
And the flame from Concord spreading, kindled
 kindred conflagrations,
Till the Colonies United took their place among
 the nations.

MOMMA PHŒBE.

Ef my hah is de colo' o silbah,
 I ain't mo' d'n fifty yea' ole;
It tuck all dat whiteness f'om mo'ning',
 An' weepin' an' tawtah o' soul.
Faw I los' bofe my dahlin' men-child'en—

De two hev done gone to deh res'—
My Jim, an' my mist'ess' Mahs' William,
De pah dat hev nussed at my breas'.

Miss' Lucy she mawied in Ap'il,
An' I done got mawied in May;
An' bofe o' our beautiful child'en
Wah bo'n de same time to a day.
But while I got bettah an' strongah,
Miss' Lucy got weakah an' wuss;
Den she died, an' dey guv me de baby,
De leetle Mahs' William, to nuss.

De two boys weh fotch up togeddah,
Miss' Lucy's alongside o' mine;
Ef one got hisse'f into mischief,
De uddah wer not fuh behine.
When Mahs' William, he went to de college,
Why, nuffin on ahf den won' do,
But Jeemes, his milk-bruddah, faw sahbent,
Mus' git an' mus' go wid him too.

Dey come back in fo' yea' faw to stay yeh—
I allow 'twas the makin' o' Jim;
Setch a gemplum, the young colo'd weemen
Got pullin' deh caps dah faw him.
But he wasn't a patch to Mahs' William,
Who'd grown up so gran' an' so tall;
An' he hadn't fo'got his ole momma,
Faw he hugged me, he did, fo' dem all.

Den Mahs' Dudley was tuck wid de fevah,
An' I nussed him, po' man, to de las';
An' my husban', Ben Prossah, he cotch it,
An' bofe f'om dis life dey dode pas'.
Mahs' William, he run de plantation,
But de niggahs could easy fool him;
An' de place would have all come to nuffin',
Ef 'twant faw old momma an' Jim.

Well at las'—I dunno how how dey done it,
An' jes' what the fightin' was faw—
But the No'f an' de Souf got a quarlin',
An' Mahs' William 'd go to de waw.
De folks roun' 'bout raised a squad'on,
An' faw capen de men 'lected him.

I prayed he'd stay home wid his people;
  But he went, an' o' co'se he tuck Jim. . . .

We hea' 'bout dem two sets a-fightin',
  I reckon faw mo' d'n fo' yea';
An' bimeby we lahnt dat de Yankees
  Wid deh ahmy was a comin' quite neah.
An' den deh was fit a great battle,
  Jes' ovah dat hill dat you sees;
We could hea' all de cannon a-roa'in',
  An' see de smoke obah dem trees.

I sot in my cabin a-prayin'—
  I t'ought o' my two boys dat day—
An' de noise it went fudda an' fudda,
  Till all o' it melted away.
An' de sun it sot awfully an' bloody
  An' a great pile of fi' in de sky;
An' beyon' was de dead men a-lyin',
  An' the wounded a-gwine for to die

Den I riz an' I call for ole Lem'el,
  An' a couple o' mo' o' de boys;
An' s' I: "Now you saddle de hosses,
  An' be kehful an' don't make no noise
An' we'll go to de fiel' o' de battle
  Afo' de las' bit o' de beams
O' daylight is gone, an' we'll look dah
  Faw our young Mahs' William an' Jeemes."

An', oh! what a sight deh wah, honey;
  A sight you could nevvah fo'git;
De piles o' de dead an' de dyin'—
  I see um afo' my eyes yit.
An' de blood an' de gashes was ghas'ly,
  An' shibbe'd de soul to see,
Like de fiel' o' de big Ahmageddon,
  Which yit is a-gwine for to be.

Den I hea'd a voice cryin' faw "wahtah!"
  An' I toted de gode to de place,
An' den, as I guv him de drink dah,
  My teahs dey fell ober his face.
Faw he was shot right froo de middle,
  An' his mahstah lay dead dah by him;
An' he *sed*, s'e, "Is *dat* you dah, momma?"
  An' I *sed*, s' I, "Is *dat* you dah. Jim?"

"It's what deh is lef' o' me, momma;
 An'young Mahs' William's done gone;
But I foun' de chap dat done kill him,
 An' he lies dah all clove to de bone.
An' po' young Mahs' William, in dyin',
 Dese wah de wo'ds dat he sed—
'Jes' you tell you' Momma, Mom' Phœbe—'"
 Den I scream, faw de dahlin' fall—dead! . .

Den on to de ole plantation
 We toted de cawpses dat night,
An' we guv um a beautiful beh'yum,
 De colo'd as well as de white.
An' I shall be jined to dem child'n
 When de Jegmen' Day comes on;
For God 'll be good to Mom' Phœbe
 When Gab'el is blowin' his ho'n.

EPICTETUS, a Roman philosopher born in Phrygia about 50, A. D., died at Nicopolis at the age of nearly one hundred years. He was in youth a slave of Epaphroditus, one of the favorites of Nero, by whom he was emancipated. It appears that while still a slave he attended the "classes" of Musonius Rufus, a famous teacher of the Stoic philosophy. About the year 90 he became obnoxious to the Emperor Domitian, by whom he was banished from Rome. He took up his residence at Nicopolis, in what is now Albania, where he established a school for the study of philosophy, and acquired a high reputation. He does not appear to have committed any of his teachings to writing. The works entitled the *Diatribai* ("Discourses") and the *Encheiridion* ("Hand-book") of Epictetus were written down, probably from memory, by Flavius Arrianus (about 100–170 A. D.) h s favorite pupil. Perhaps the best idea of the teachings of Epictetus may be gathered from the following abstract by W. Wallace, in the *Encyclopædia Britanica:*

THE FUNCTION OF THE WILL.

The philosophy of Epictetus is stamped with an intensely practical character. The problem of how life is to be carried out well is the one question which throws all other inquiries into the shade. "When ye enter the school of the philosopher, ye enter the room of a surgeon, and as ye are not whole when ye come in, you cannot leave it with a smile, but with pain." True education lies in learning to wish things to be as they actually are; it lies in learning to distinguish what is our own from what does not belong to us. But there is only one thing which is fully our own—that is our will or purpose. God, acting as a good king and a true father, has given us a will which cannot be restrained, compelled, or thwarted; he has put it wholly in our power, so that even he himself has no power to check or control it. Nothing can ever force us to act against our will. If we are conquered, it is because we have willed to be conquered. And thus, although we are not responsible for the ideas that present themselves to our consciousness, we are, absolutely and without any modification, responsible for the way in which we use them. Nothing is ours besides our will. And the Divine law which bids us keep fast what is our own, forbids us to make any claim to what is not ours; and while empowering us to make use of what is given to us, it bids us not to long after what has not been given. "Two maxims," he says, "we must bear in mind; That apart from the will there is nothing either good or bad; and that we must not try to anticipate or direct events, but merely accept them with intelligence." We must, in short, resign ourselves to whatever fate fortune brings to us, believing as the first article of our creed, that there is a God, whose thought directs the universe, and that not merely in our acts, but even in our thoughts and plans, we cannot escape His eyes.

POSITION OF MAN IN THE UNIVERSE.

In the world, according to Epictetus, the true position of a man is that of a member of a great

system, which comprehends God and man. Each human being is thus a denizen of two cities. He is, in the first instance, a citizen of his own nation or commonwealth in a corner of the world; but he is also a member of the great city of gods and men, whereof the city political is only a copy in miniature. All men are the sons of God, and kindred in nature with the divinity. For man, though a citizen of the world, is more than a merely subservient or instrument or part. He has also within him a reason which can guide and understand the movement of all the members; he can enter into the method of divine administration, and thus can learn—and this is the summit of his learning—the will of God, which is the will of Nature. Man is a rational animal; and in virtue of that rationality he is neither less nor worse than the gods: for the magnitude of Reason is estimated, not by length nor by height, but by its judgments. Each man has a guardian spirit—a god within him—who never sleeps; so that even in darkness and solitude we are never alone, because God is within, and our guardian spirit. The body which accompanies us is not strictly ours; it is a poor dead thing, which belongs to the things outside us. But by reason we are masters of those ideas and appearances which present themselves from without. We can combine them, and systematize, and can set up in ourselves an order of ideas corresponding with the order of Nature.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE UNIVERSAL.

The natural instinct of animated life, to which man also is originally subject, is self-preservation and self-interest. But men are so ordered and constituted that the individual cannot secure his own interests unless he contributes to the common welfare. We are bound up by the law of Nature with the whole fabric of the world. The aim of the philosopher, therefore, is to reach the position of a mind which embraces the whole world in its view; to grow into the mind of God, and to make the will of Nature our own. Such a sage agrees in this thought with God: he no longer blames

either God or man; he fails of nothing which he purposes, and falls in with no misfortune unprepared; he indulges neither in anger nor envy nor jealousy; he is leaving manhood for godhead, and in his dead body his thoughts are concerned about his fellowship with God.

THE IDEAL STOIC OR "CYNIC" PHILOSOPHER.

"The Cynic," says Epictetus, "is a messenger sent from God to men to show them the error of their ways about good and evil, and how they seek good and evil where they cannot be found." This messenger has neither country nor home, nor land nor slave; his bed is the ground; he is without wife or child; his only mansion is the earth and sky, and a shabby cloak. It must be that he suffer stripes; and, being beaten, he must love those who beat him as if he were a father or a brother. He must be perfectly unembarrassed in the service of God, not bound by the common ties of life, nor entangled by relationships, which, if he transgresses he will lose the character of a man of honor; while if he upholds them he will cease to be the messenger, watchman, and herald of the gods. The perfect man thus described will not be angry with the wrong-doer; he will only pity his erring brother; for anger in such a case would only betray that he too thought the wrong-doer gained a substantial blessing by his wrongful act, instead of being, as he is, utterly ruined.

EPICURUS, a Greek philosopher, born on the Island of Samos, in 342, died at Athens in 270 B. C. In his eighteenth year he went to that city, where he began the study of the philosophy of Democritus; but in the following year he was one of the 12,000 residents of Athens, who were banished by Antipater, who succeeded Alexander the Great in the rule of Macedonia and Greece. He went to Mitylene, and Lampsacus in Asia Minor, where he began to formulate his system, and gathered around him a circle of disciples. At the age of thirty-four he returned to Athens, which was his home for the remaining thirty-six

years of his life. During his absence he must have accumulated some means, since he bought a garden at Athens, for which he paid 80 minæ (equivalent to about $8,000 in our day), and we find him possessed of other property at the time of his death. This garden was the scene of his teachings, and he gathered around him a body of enthusiastic disciples and personal friends, by whom the school was carried on there after his death. The term "Epicurean," has come popularly to denote a person given up to luxury, or even to voluptuous pleasure, but nothing can be further from this than the personal character of Epicurus. He and his associates led a simple and frugal life. Their food consisted mainly of the common barley-bread of the country; their usual drink was water—a half-pint of the light wine of Greece being esteemed an ample day's allowance. In one of his extant letters Epicurus asks his friend, "Send me some Cynthian cheese, so that, should I choose, I may fare sumptuously." He died at seventy-two from the stone. In one of his last letters he speaks of the pleasure afforded to him in his sufferings by the remembrance of the time spent in reasoning on questions of philosophy. He left his garden for his school; another house, in the suburbs of Athens became the home of several of his associates while they lived. The remainder of his estate was to be applied to maintaining an annual celebration in memory of his deceased parents and brothers; in commemoration of his own birthday; and in a regular monthly gathering of his surviving friends and associates. His four slaves were also emancipated by his last will.

Epicurus was a voluminous writer. He is said to have been the author of about 300 separate works, the purely literary merit of which seems to have been inconsiderable.

Most of these now exist only in fragments; but their substance has been preserved in the abstract of his follower, Diogenes Laërtius (about 200 A. D.), and by the great Latin poet Lucretius (340-420 A. D.) His largest work, a *Treatise on Nature* is said to have consisted of 37 books. Fragments of nine of these books were discovered, about 1740 in the overwhelmed city of Herculaneum, where they had been buried for nearly seventeen centuries. These charred manuscripts have been unrolled and transcribed, and the publication of them was commenced in 1793 in the *Volumina Herculanensia*, of which 11 folio volumes had appeared in 1855; the publication was resumed in 1861, and is still going on. For the following abstract of the philosophical system of Epicurus we are indebted mainly to an article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, by W. Wallace, LL. D., Librarian of Merton College, Oxford:

THE PHYSICAL PHILOSOPHY OF EPICURUS.

Everything that exists is material; the intangible is non-existent or is empty space. If a thing exists it must be felt, and to be felt it must exert resistance. But everything is not intangible which our senses are not subtle enough to perceive. We must indeed accept our senses; but we must also believe much which is not directly testified by sensation, if only it does not contravene our sensations, and serves to explain phenomena. We must believe that space is infinite, and that there is an infinite number of indivisible indestructible atoms in perpetual motion in this illimitable space. These atoms, differing in size, figure, and weight, move with equal and inconceivable velocities, and are forever giving rise to new worlds, which are perpetually tending towards dissolution, and towards a fresh series of creations. This universe of ours is only one section out of the innumerable worlds in infinite space. The soul of man is only a more subtile species of body diffused throughout every part of

his frame. It pervades the human structure, and works with it; but it could not act as it does unless it were corporeal. The phenomena of vision for instance, are explained on the principle of materialism. From the surfaces of all objects are constantly flowing filmy images exactly copying the solid body from which they originate; and these images, by direct impact on the organism, produce the phenomena of vision.

THE THEOSOPHY OF EPICURUS.

The gods do indeed exist; but they are themselves the products of the Order of Nature; a higher species than humanity, but not the rulers of man, neither the makers or upholders of the world. Men should worship them; but this worship is the reverence due to the ideals of perfect blessedness; and ought not to be inspired by either hope or fear. To exclude all possible reference of the great phenomena of nature to the action of a divine power, Epicurus proceeds to set forth numerous hypotheses by which they might have been produced. Thus after having enunciated several possible theories for the production of thunder, he adds: "Thunder may be explained in many other ways; only let us have no myths of divine action. To assign only a single cause for phenomena, when the facts familiar to us suggest several, is insane, and is just the absurd conduct to be expected from people who dabble in the vanities of astronomy. We need not be too curious to inquire how these celestial phenomena actually *do* come about; we can learn how they *might* have been produced, and to go further is to trench on ground beyond the limits of human knowledge." He equally rejects the notion of an inevitable Fate, a necessary Order of Things, unchangeable and supreme. "Better were it," he says, "to accept all the legends of the gods than to make ourselves slaves to the Fate of the natural philosophers." In the sphere of human action, he affirms that there is no such thing as an absolutely controlling Necessity; there is much in our circumstances that springs from mere chance, but it does not overmaster man. And though there are evils in the world, still their domination is brief in

any case; this present life is the only one; the death of the body is the end of everything for man; and hence the other world has lost all its terrors as well as all its hopes.

THE MORAL PHILOSOPHY OF EPICURUS.

Epicurus certainly makes Pleasure the end and aim of human life; but we must carefully note the sense in which he uses the term. He does not mean by it sensual pleasure of any kind. "Happiness" would better express his idea. His test of true pleasure is the removal and absorption from all that gives pain, whether of body or mind. His wise man is the rational and reflective seeker for happiness, who balances the claims of each pleasure against the evils which may possibly ensue, and treads the path of enjoyment cautiously, as befits "a sober reason which inquires diligently into the grounds of acting or refraining from action, and which banishes those prejudices from which spring the chief perturbations of soul." Prudential wisdom is therefore the only means by which a truly happy life may be attained; it is thus the chief excellence and the foundation of all the virtues. Pleasure still remains the chief end; but the natural instinct which prompts to any opportunity of enjoyment is held in check by the reflection on consequences. The Reason or Intellect measures pleasures, balances possible pleasures and pains, and constructs a scheme in which pleasures are the materials of a happy life. Feeling is the means of determining what is good; but it is subordinated to a Reason which adjudicates between competing pleasures with a view of securing tranquillity of mind and body. There is a necessary interdependency of virtue and happiness. "We cannot," he says, "live pleasantly without living wisely and nobly and righteously." Virtue is a means of happiness, though otherwise it is no good in itself, any more than are mere sensual enjoyments, which are good only because they may sometimes serve to secure health of body and tranquillity of mind.

THE SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY OF EPICURUS.

The whole aim of the social philosophy of Epi-

curus is to secure the happiness of the individual. The only duties which he recognizes are those which have been accepted voluntarily and upon reasonable grounds, not from the urgency of appetite or the compulsion of circumstances. Friendship is one of these obligations. His ideal was the friendly circle. The domestic Family and the State he held to impose obligations which impaired the independence of a man, and subjected him to external things. "The wise man," he says, "will not marry and beget children, nor will he take part in state affairs. Though holding but little by many conventionalities, he will not assume a cynical or storical indifference to others; he will not form hard and fast judgments; he will not believe all sinners to be equally depraved, nor all sages equally wise." Friendship—like the State in its first origin—is based upon utility; but in it our relations are less forced; and though its motive be utility, still one must begin the good work of well-doing, even as the husbandman first bestows his labor and wealth upon the soil from which he hopes one day to receive fruit in return. There being for man no future state of existence, the system of Epicurus takes thought only for well-doing and well-being in the present life.

ERASMUS, Desiderius, a Dutch scholar, born at Rotterdam about 1467, died at Basel, Switzerland in 1536. His father was Gerhard de Praet; his mother was Margaret, the daughter of a physician. For some canonical reason they could not formally marry; but they regarded themselves as husband and wife, and bestowed the tenderest care upon their son. He originally bore his father's name of Gerhard; this was afterwards changed to its Latin equivalent, *Desiderius;* this he subsequently rendered into its Greek equivalent *Erasmios*, which, Latinized into *Erasmus*, he assumed as his surname. His parents died when he was about fourteen, leaving him to the charge of three guardians, with a moderate estate, which they embezzled

or squandered. He was sent to various school, and finally he went to an Augustine convent near Gouda, where at the age of nineteen he entered upon his novitiate. He had no liking for a monastic life; but devoted himself to the study of the Schoolmen and of the Latin classics. In 1492 he became Secretary to the Bishop of Cambray, with whom he remained five years, and was ordained to the priesthood. He then went to the College of Montaigu, at Paris, when he supported himself by taking pupils. Among these was Lord Montjoy, a wealthy Englishman, who invited him to England, with a pension of one hundred crowns. Erasmus was now thirty, and had come to be recognized as one of the foremost scholars in Europe. His first residence in England lasted two years. He made the friendship of the foremost English scholars, among whom was the Lord Chancellor, Sir Thomas More.

For the ensuing twenty years Erasmus led the life of an itinerant scholar, going from country to country, wherever great libraries were to be found; and being everywhere received with distinguished honors. At Turin the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the University; at Venice he was the guest of the famous printer Aldus Manutius, for whom he superintended the printing of some of the celebrated "Aldine" editions of the classics; at Rome he was the intimate of Cardinals, and was absolved by the Pope from the monastic vows which he had taken. In 1509 he was invited back to England by Henry VIII., who had just ascended the throne. Here he was presented by the Archbishop of Canterbury with a living which he afterwards exchanged for a pension of twenty pounds, and was made Professor of Theology and of Greek at Cambridge. In 1514 he was invited by the Archduke Charles

of Austria (afterwards the Emperor Charles V.) to Germany, with the sinecure appointment of Councillor, and a moderate salary. This position allowed him to reside where he chose, and to busy himself as he liked. For the remaining twenty years of his life, Erasmus was occupied in literary work of various kinds. In 1521 he took up his residence at Basel, where he endeavored unsuccessfully to mediate between the Catholic magistrates and the growing Protestant party. In 1529 the magistrates were overthrown, the Catholic religion was prohibited, and Erasmus was obliged to leave Basel. He went to Freiburg where he remained until 1535. He then went back to Basel, proposing to make only a short visit. But he was attacked by the gout, and died there.

When the Lutheran movement broke out in Germany, Erasmus at first favored it; and was counted upon by the Reformers as one of their adherents. But their violent proceedings were distasteful to him; and a vehement controversy sprang up between Luther and Erasmus. Near the close of his life he thus described the position in which he had found himself.

ERASMUS BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

Hercules could not fight two monsters at once; while I, poor wretch, have lions, cerberuses, cancers, scorpions, every day at my sword's point; not to mention smaller vermin—rats, mosquitoes, bugs, and fleas. My troops of friends are turned to enemies. At dinner-table or social gatherings in churches and kings' courts, in public carriage or public flyboat, scandal pursues me, and calumny defiles my name. Every goose now hissses at Erasmus; and it is worse than being stoned. once for all, like Stephen, or shot with arrows like Sebastian. They attack me even now for my Latin style, and spatter me with epigrams. Fame I would have parted with; but to be the sport of

blackguards—to be pelted with potsherds and dirt and ordure—is not this worse than death? There is no rest for me in my age, unless I join Luther; and I cannot accept his doctrines. Sometimes I am stung with a desire to avenge my wrongs; but I say to myself: "Will you, to gratify your spleen, raise your hand against your mother, the Church, who begot you at the font and fed you with the word of God?" I cannot do it. Yet I understand now how, Arius, and Tertullian, and Wickliff were driven into schism. The theologians say I am their enemy. Why? Because I bade monks remember their vows; because I told parsons to leave their wranglings and read the Bible; because I told Popes and Cardinals to look at the Apostles, and make themselves more like to them. If this is to be their enemy, then indeed I have injured them.

Erasmus gives a satirical account of one of the fierce theological discussions characteristic of those days. A Dominican monk had inveighed against Erasmus in the University pulpit of Louvain. Erasmus complained to the Rector of the University; the Rector invited the two to have an amicable talk in his presence. Erasmus thus describes the colloquy:

ERASMUS AND THE DOMINICAN.

I sat on the one side and the monk on the other, the Rector between us to prevent our scratching. The monk asked me what the matter was, and said he had done no harm. It was after dinner. The holy man was flushed; he turned purple.

"Why do you abuse monks in your books?" he said. "I spoke of your Order," I answered; "I did not mention you. You denounced me by name as a friend of Luther." He raged like a madman. "You are the cause of all this trouble," he said, "you are a chameleon; you can twist everything." You see what he is," said I, turning to the Rector. "If it comes to calling names, why, I can do that too; but let us be reasonable." He still roared and cursed; he vowed he would

never rest until he had destroyed Luther. I said he might curse Luther till he burst himself if he pleased. I complained of his cursing me. He answered, that if I did not agree with Luther, I ought to say so, and write against him. "Why should I?" urged I; "the quarrel is none of mine. Why should I irritate Luther against me, when he has horns, and knows how to use them?" "Well, then," said he, "if you will not write, at least you can say that we Dominicans have had the best of the argument." "How can I do that?" replied I. "You have burnt his books, but I never heard that you had answered them." He almost spat upon me. I understand that there is to be a form of prayer for the conversion of Erasmus and Luther.

Adrian VI., who succeeded Leo X., as Pope in 1522, had been a schoolmate of Erasmus. He now urged Erasmus to come to Rome and take up his pen against Luther and Lutheranism. Erasmus wrote to the Pope's Secretary: "If his Holiness will set about reform in good earnest, and if he will not be too hard upon Luther, I may perhaps do good. But what Luther writes of the tyranny, the corruption, the covetousness of the Roman Court—would, my friend, it was not true." To Adrian himself Erasmus wrote from Switzerland:

ERASMUS TO POPE ADRIAN VI.

I cannot go to your Holiness. King Calculus will not let me. I have dreadful health, which this tornado has not improved. I, who was the favorite of everybody, am now cursed by everybody: at Louvain by the Catholics; in Germany by the Lutherans. I have fallen into trouble in my old age, like a mouse into a pot of pitch. You say, "Come to Rome."—You might as well say to the crab, "Fly!" The crab says, "Give me wings;" I say, "Give me back my health and youth." If I write calmly against Luther, I shall be called lukewarm; if I write as he does, I shall stir a hornet's nest. People think he can be put down by force. The

more force you try, the stronger he will grow. Such disorders cannot be cured in that way. The Wickliffites in England were put down, but the fire smouldered. If you mean to use violence, you have no need of me. But mark this—if monks and theologians think only of themselves, no good will come out of it. Look rather into the causes of all this confusion, and apply your remedies there. Send for the best men of Christendom, and take their advice.

About the same time — perhaps a little earlier—Erasmus wrote to a friend upon what was going on in Christendom, and what he could or would do under existing circumstances:

ERASMUS UPON THE TIMES.

I remember Uzzah, and am afraid, it is not everyone who is allowed to uphold the ark. Many a wise man has attacked Luther, and what has been effected? The Pope curses, the Emperor threatens; there are prisons, confiscations, faggots, and all in vain. What can a poor pigmy like me do? . . . . . The world has been besotted with ceremonies. Miserable monks have ruled all, entangling men's consciences for their own benefit. Dogma has been heaped on dogma. The bishops have been tyrants; the Pope's commissaries have been rascals. Luther has been an instrument of God's displeasure, like Pharaoh, or Nebuchadnezzar, or the Cæsars, and I shall not attack him on such grounds as these.

Erasmus clearly wished to carry water on both shoulders—to please the Pope and not to offend Luther; he succeeded in neither. Luther, being the man that he was, could not help looking upon Erasmus as a man who was false to his wn convictions; and he told his opinion of him in language which no man could fail to understand.

LUTHER UPON ERASMUS.

All you who honor Christ, I pray you hate Erasmus. He is a scoffer and a mocker. He

speaks in riddles, and jests at Popery and Gospel, and Christ and God, with his uncertain speeches. He might have served the Gospel if he would; but, like Judas, he has betrayed the Son of Man, with a kiss. He is not with us, and he is not with our foes; and I say with Joshua, "Choose whom ye will serve." He thinks we should trim to the times, and hang our cloaks to the wind. He is himself his own first object; and as he lived he died. . . . I take Erasmus to be the worst enemy that Christ has had for a thousand years. Intellect does not understand religion, and when it comes to the things of God, it laughs at them. He scoffs like Lucian, and by-and-bye he will say, "Behold how these are among the saints whose life we counted for folly!" I bid you, therefore, take heed of Erasmus. He treats theology as a fool's jest, and the Gospel as a fable, good for the ignorant to believe.

The writings of Erasmus (nearly all in Latin) are very voluminous. An edition of them was published at Basel soon after his death (9 vols. folio, 1540–41), a still more complete edition was brought out at Leyden (10 vols. folio, 1703–1706.) Many of his works have been translated into English, either in whole or in part. The most important of these are the *Colloquia*, the *Moriæ Encomium*, the *Copia Verborum*, the *Epigramata*, the *Ecclesiastæ*, the *Adagiorum Collectanea*, and the *Paraclesis*. Besides these are an immense number of *Epistolæ* quite as valuable as any of the others. He also edited many of the most important Latin and Greek classics, and translated several Greek authors into Latin. The first printed edition of the Greek New Testament was edited by Erasmus (1513; third edition, much improved, 1522). This edition, however, being drawn up from few manuscripts, none of the first rank, has long been superseded. The *Life of Erasmus* bas been many times written in various languages.

The latest, and probably the best in English, is that by R. B. Drummond (2 vols., 1873).

ERCILLA Y ZUNIGA, Alonso, a Spanish poet, born at Madrid in 1533, died there in 1595. He was of a distinguished family, his father holding an eminent position at the Court of Charles V.; the boy was brought up as a page to Philip, the heir to the Spanish crown (afterward Philip II.), whom he accompanied to England upon occasion of his marriage, in 1554, to Queen Mary Tudor. While in London, Ercilla obtained permission to join a Spanish expedition against the revolted Araucanians of Chili. He bore a prominent part in the contest which ensued; but having become involved in a quarrel with a comrade, he was charged with mutiny, and was sentenced to death; but the sentence was commuted to imprisonment. He returned to Spain in 1562, and was received with great favor by Philip, now King of Spain, by whom he was employed in several important capacities. About 1580 he fell into disgrace at Court, and the closing years of his life were passed in neglect and poverty. Ercilla is known by his poem *La Araucana*, which is regarded as the best of the Spanish epics. A portion of it was actually composed in the field, while the events which he narrates were going on. The entire poem is in three parts, containing in all 37 cantos. The first 15 cantos appeared in 1569; the second, and much inferior part, in 1578; the third and still more inferior part, in 1590. A continuation in 37 cantos, written by Osorio, appeared in 1597, three years after the death of Ercilla. The latest, and probably the best edition of *La Araucana* was brought out at Madrid in 1851.

AN ARAUCANIAN HERO.

Without more argument, his gallant steed
He spurred, and o'er the border led the way;
His troops, their limbs by one strong effort freed
From terror's chill, followed in close array,
Onward they press. The opening hills recede,
Spain's chief Araucan fortress to display;
Over the plain, in scattered ruins, lie
Those walls that seemed destruction to defy

Valdivia, checking his impetuous course,
Cried, "Spaniards! Constancy's our favorite race!
Fallen is the castle, in whose massive force
My hopes had found their dearest resting-place;
The foe, whose treachery of this chief resource
Has robbed us, on the desolated space
Before us lies; more wherefore should I say?
Battle alone to safety points the way!" . . . . .

Danger and present death's convulsive rage
Breed in our soldiers strength of such high strain,
That fear begins the fury to assuage
Of Araucanian bosoms; from the plain
With shame they fly, nor longer battle wage;
Whilst shouts arise of "Victory! Spain! Spain!"
When, checking Spanish joy, stern destiny
By wondrous means fulfills her stern decree.

The son of a cacique, whom friendship's bands
Allied to Spain, had long in page's post
Attended on Valdivia, at his hands
Receiving kindness; in the Spanish host
He came. Strong passion suddenly expands
His heart, beholding troops, his country's boast,
Forsake the field. With voice and port elate,
Their valor thus he strives to animate:—

"Unhappy nation, whom blind terrors guide!
O, whither turn ye your bewildered breasts?
How many centuries' honor and just pride
Perish upon this field with all your gests!
Forfeiting—what inviolate abide—
Laws, customs, rights, your ancestors' bequests:
From free-born men, from sovereigns feared by all,
Ye into vassalage and slavery fall!

"Ancestors and posterity ye stain,
Inflicting on the generous stock a wound
Incurable, an everlasting pain,
A shame whose perpetuity knows no bound.
Observe your adversaries' prowess wane;
Mark how their horses, late that spurned the ground, [o'er,
Now drooping, pant for breath, whilst bathed all
Are their thick heaving flanks with sweat and gore" . . . .

On memory imprint the words I breathe.
Howe'er by loathsome terror ye're distraught;
A deathless story to the world bequeath:
Enslaved Arauco's liberation wrought!—
Return! reject not victory's offered wreath,
When fate propitious calls, and prompts high thought!
Or in your rapid flight an instant pause,
To see me singly perish in your cause!" . . . .

With that the youth a strong and mighty lance
Against Valdivia brandishes on high;
And, yet more from bewildering terror's trance
To rouse Arauco, rushes furiously
Upon the Spaniards' conquering advance.
So eagerly the heated stag will fly
To plunge his body in the coolest stream,
Attempering thus the sun's meridian beam.

One Spaniard his first stroke pierces right through;
Then at another's middle rib he aims;
And heavy though the weapon, aims so true,
The point on the far side his force proclaims.
He springs at all with fury ever new:
A soldier's thigh with such fierce blow he maims,
The huge spear breaks; his hand still grasps the heft,
Whilst quivering in the wound one half is left.

The fragment cast away, he from the ground
Snatches a ponderous and dreadful mace;
He wounds, he slaughters, strikes down all around,
Suddenly clearing the encumbered space.
In him alone the battle's rage is found.

Turned all 'gainst him the Spaniards leave the chase ;
But he so lightly moves—now here now there—
That in his stead they wound the empty air.

Of whom was ever such stupendous deed
Or heard, or read in ancient history,
As from the victor's party to secede,
Joining the vanquished even as they fly !
Or that barbarian boy, at utmost need,
By his unaided valor's energy,
Should from the Christian army rend away
A victory, guerdon of a hard-fought day !
—*La Araucana*, Canto III.

A STORM AT SEA.

Now bursts with sudden violence the gale,
Earth sudden rocks convulsively and fast ;
Labors our ship, caught under press of sail,
And menaces to break her solid mast.
The pilot when he sees the storm prevail,
Springs forward, shouting loud with looks aghast;
"Slacken the ropes there ! Slack away !—Alack,
The gale blows heavily ! Slack quickly ! Slack !"

The roaring of the sea, the boisterous wind,
The clamor, uproar, grows confused and rash.
Untimely night, closing in darkness blind
Of black and sultry clouds, the lightning's flash.
The thunder's awful rolling, all combined
With pilot's shouts, and many a frightful crash,
Produced a sound, a harmony, so dire,
It seemed the world itself should now expire....

Roars the tormented sea, open the skies,
The haughty wind groans while it fiercer raves ;
Sudden the waters in a mountain rise
Above the clouds, and on the ship that braves
Their wrath pour thundering down : submerged she lies
A fearful minute's space, beneath the waves,
The crew, amidst their fears, with gasping breath,
Deemed in salt water's stead they swallowed death.

But by the clemency of Providence,
As, rising through the sea, some mighty whale
Masters the angry surges' violence,
Spouts then in showers against the vexing gale,
And lifts to sight his back's broad eminence,
Whilst in wide circles round the waters quail,
So from beneath the ocean rose once more
Our vessel, from whose side two torrents pour. . . .

Now, Æolus—by chance if it befell,
Or through compassion for Castilian woes—
Recalled fierce Boreas, and, lest he rebel,
Would safely in his prison cave inclose,
The door he opened. In the selfsame cell
Lay Zephyr unobserved, who instant rose,
Marked his advantage as the bolts withdrew,
And through the opening portal sudden flew.

Then with unlessening rapidity
Seizing on lurid cloud and fleecy rack,
He bursts on the already troubled seas,
Spreads o'er the midnight gloom a shade more [black;
The billows from the northern blast that flee,
Assaults with irresistible attack,
Whirls them in boiling eddies from their course,
And angry ocean stirs with doubled force. . . .

The vessel, beaten by the sea and gale,
Now on a mountain-ridge of water rides,
With keel exposed. Now her top-gallant sail
Dips in the threatening waves, against her sides
Over her deck, that break. Of what avail,
The beating of such storm whilst one abides,
Is pilot's skill? Now a yet fiercer squall
Half opens to the sea her strongest wall.

The crew and passengers wild clamors raise,
Deeming inevitable ruin near:
Upon the pilot anxiously all gaze,
Who knows not what to order—stunned by fear.
Then 'midst the terror that all bosoms craze,
Sound opposite commands: "The ship to veer!"
Some shout; some, "Make for land!" some "Stand to sea!"
Some "Starboard!" some "Port the helm!" some "Helm a-lee!"

The danger grows; the terror, loud uproar,
And wild confusion, with the terror grow;
All rush in frenzy—these the sails to lower,
Those seek the boat, whilst overboard some throw
Cask, plank, or spar, as other hope were o'er.
Here rings the hammer's there the hatchet's blow;
Whilst dash the surges 'gainst a neighboring rock.
Flinging white foam to heaven from every shock.
—*La Araucana*, Canto XV.

ERCILDOUN, THOMAS OF, usually designated as Thomas the "Rhymer," a Scottish minstrel, died about 1299. He was the owner of a considerable estate, which he transmitted to his son. He had a traditional fame as a seer, and is supposed to have been the author of the first English metrical romance. One of these romances, *Sir Tristrem*, was of special repute. It was supposed to have perished, or at least the portion of it which was handed down orally was thought to have been greatly modified by generations of reciters. But in 1804 Sir Walter Scott discovered in the Advocates' Library of Edinburgh an ancient manuscript which he believed to be a correct copy of this poem of Thomas the Rhymer. The best critics, however, do not in this agree with Sir Walter. Mr. Garnet, a high authority upon early English dialects, holds that this *Sir Tristrem* is probably a modernized copy of an old Northumbrian romance, written about 1275, and derived from a Norman or Anglo-Norman source. The poem consists of three "fyttes" or cantos. The following stanza may stand for a specimen of the English language as written about 1300.

SIR TRISTREM'S TRIUMPH.

Glad a man was he
The turnament dede crie,
That maidens might him se
And over the walles to lye;

Thai asked who was fre
To win the maistre;
Thai seyd that best was he
The child of Ermonie
In Tour:
Forthi chosen was he
To maiden Blaunche Flour.

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, the joint name of two French novelists, EMILE ERCKMANN and ALEXANDRE CHATRIAN, the members of a literary partnership as close as that of the English dramatists, Beaumont and Fletcher. Erckmann, the son of a bookseller, was born in Pfalzburg, Lorraine, in 1822; Chatrian, the son of a glass-blower, in Soldatenthal, Lorraine, in 1826. Erckmann was sent first to the Communal College of Pfalzburg, and thence to Paris in 1842, to study law. Chatrian, for a short time a student in the Communal College, was afterwards sent by his parents to the glass-works at Belgium. His love of letters drew him back to Pfalzburg, where he became an usher in the Communal College. In 1847 he formed the acquaintance of Erckmann, then in Pfalzburg to recruit his health. Together the young men went to Paris, Erckmann resuming his studies, and Chatrian entering a railway office. Here they began their literary partnership, contributing short stories to provincial journals and writing dramatic pieces. One of their plays, *L'Alsace en* 1814, brought out at the Strasburg theatre, was suppressed by the prefect after one representation. For several years they continued to write, without encouraging success, until the publication of *L'illustre Docteur Matheus* (1859), attracted attention to the name of Erckmann-Chatrian. From that time their graphic and loving delineations of village and provincial life have steadily gained favor. Most of their works have

been translated into English. They are *Contes Fantastiques* and *Contes de la Montagne* (1860), *Maitre Daniel Rock* (1861), *Contes du Bords du Rhin* and *Le Fou Yégof* (1862), *Le Joueur de Clarinette* and *La Taverne du Jambon de Mayence* and *Madame Thérèse, ou les Volontaires de 92* (1863), *L'Ami Fritz* and *Histoire d'un Conscrit de 1813* (1864), *L'Invasion, Waterloo*, and *Histoire d'un Homme du Peuple* (1865), *La Maison Forestière* and *La Guerre* 1866, *Le Blocus* (1867), translated under the title of *The Blockade of Phalsburg; an Episode of the Fall of the First French Empire*, *Histoire d'un Paysan* (1868), *Le Juif Polonais*, a play (1869), *Le Plébiscite* (1872), translated in this country under the title of *A Miller's Story of the War*, *Les deux Frères* (1873), *Brigadier Frédéric* (1875), *Maitre Gaspard Fix*, *Histoire d'un Conservateur*, *L'Isthme de Suez*, and *Souvenirs d'un ancien Chef de Chantier; suivi de l'Exile* (1876), and *Les Vieux de la Vielle* (1882).

FRENCH AND AUSTRIAN.

In the ranks of the Republicans there were also vacant places, bodies stretched on their faces, and some wounded, their heads and faces covered with blood. They bandaged their heads, placing their guns at their feet without leaving the ranks. Their comrades helped them to bind on a handkerchief, and put the hat above it. The Colonel, on horseback near the fountain, his large plumed hat pushed back, and his sabre clinched in his hand, closed up the ranks; near him were some drummers in line, and a little further on, near the trough, was the *cantinière* with her cask. We could hear the trumpets of the Croats sounding the retreat. They had halted at the turn of the street. One of their sentinels was posted there, behind the corner of the Town Hall. Only his horse's head was to be seen. Some guns were still being fired. "Cease firing!" cried the Colonel, and all was silent. We heard only the trumpet in the distance.

The *cantinière* then went inside the ranks to pour out brandy for the men, while seven or eight sturdy fellows drew water from the fountain in their bowls, for the wounded, who begged for drink in pitiable voices. I leaned from the window, looking down the deserted street, and asking myself if the red cloaks would dare to return. The Colonel also looked in that direction, and talked with a captain who was leaning against his saddle. Suddenly the captain crossed the square, left the ranks, and rushed into our house, crying: "The master of the house!"

"He has gone out."

"Well—you—lead me to your garret—quick!"

I left my shoes there, and began to climb the steps at the end of the hall like a squirrel; the captain followed me. At the top he saw at a single glance the ladder of the pigeon-house, and mounted before me. When we had entered, he placed his elbows on the edge of the somewhat low window, and leaned forward so as to see. I looked over his shoulder. The entire road as far as one could see, was lined with men, cavalry, infantry, cannon, army-wagons, red cloaks, green pelisses, white coats, helmets, cuirasses, files of lances and bayonets, ranks of horses, and all were coming toward the village. "It is an army!" exclaimed the captain in a low voice. He turned suddenly to go down, then, seized with an idea, pointed out to me along the village, within two gunshots, a file of red cloaks who were turning the curve of the road just behind the orchards.

"You see those red cloaks?" said he.

"Yes."

"Does a carriage road pass there?"

"No, it is a footpath."

"And this large hollow which cuts it in the middle, directly before us—is it deep?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Carriages and carts never pass that way?"

"No, they could not."

Then, without asking anything more, he descended the ladder backwards, as rapidly as possible, and hastened down the stairs. I followed him; we were soon at the foot, but before we had

reached the end of the hall, the approach of a body of cavalry caused the houses to shake. Despite this, the captain went out, took two men from the ranks, and disappeared. Thousands of quick, strange cries, like those of a flock of crows, "Hurrah! hurrah!" filled the street from one end to the other, and nearly drowned the dull thud of the horses' galloping. I, feeling very proud of having conducted the captain to the pigeon-house, was so imprudent as to go to the door. The lancers, for this time they were lancers, came like the wind, their spears in rest, their ears covered by large hair caps, eyes staring, noses almost concealed by their moustaches, and large pistols, with butt ends of brass, in their belts. It was like a vision. I had only time to jump back from the door. My blood froze in my veins. And it was only when the firing recommenced that I awoke, as if from a dream, and found myself in the back part of our room opposite the broken windows. The air was thick, the square all white with smoke. The Colonel alone was visible, seated immovable on his horse near the fountain. He might have been taken for a bronze statue in this blue sea, from which hundreds of red flames spouted. The lancers leaped about like immense grasshoppers, thrust their spears and withdrew them: others fired their pistols into the ranks at four paces. It seemed to me that the square was breaking. It was true. "Close the ranks! stand firm!" cried the Colonel in his calm voice. "Close the ranks! Close!" repeated the officers all along the line. But the square gave way, and became a semicircle. The centre nearly touched the fountain. At each stroke of the lance, the parry of the bayonet came like a flash of light, but sometimes the man fell. The Republicans no longer had time to reload. They ceased firing, and the lancers were constantly coming, bolder, more numerous, enveloping the square in a whirlwind, and already uttering cries of triumph, for they believed themselves conquerors. For myself, I thought the Republicans were lost, when, in the height of the combat, the Colonel, raising his hat on the end of his sabre, began to sing a song which made one's flesh creep,

and all the battalion, as one man, sang with him. In the twinkling of an eye the whole front of the square straightened itself, and forced into the street all the mass of horsemen, pressed one against another, with their long lances, like corn in the fields. This song seemed to render the Republicans furious. It was terrible to see them. And I have thought many times since that men arrayed in battle are more ferocious than wild beasts. But there was something still more horrible: the last ranks of the Austrian column, at the end of the street, not seeing what was passing at the entrance of the square, rushed forward, crying, "Hurrah! hurrah!" so that those in the first ranks, repulsed by the bayonets of the Republicans, and not able to go further back, were thrown into unspeakable confusion, and uttered distressing cries; their large horses, pricked in the nostrils, were so frightened that their manes stood up straight, their eyes started from their heads, and they uttered shrill cries, and kicked wildly. From a distance I saw these unfortunate lancers, mad with fear, turn round, strike their comrades with the handles of their lances to force a passage for themselves, and fly like hares past the houses. A few minutes afterward the street was empty.—*Madame Thérèse.*

AN AWAKING IN SPRING.

By dint of dreaming in this half-waking state, Kobus had ended by falling fast asleep again, when the tones of a violin, sweet and penetrating as the voice of a friend who greets you after a long absence, roused him from his slumbers, and, as he listened, brought the tears into his eyes. He scarcely ventured to breathe, so eager was he to catch the sounds. It was the violin of the Bohemian Joseph, which was surging to the accompaniment of another violin and a double bass in his bedchamber, behind the blue curtains, and was saying, "It is I, Kobus, I, your old friend! I return with the Spring and the glorious sunshine. Hearken, Kobus: the bees are humming around the earliest flowers, the young, tender leaves are bursting forth, the first swallows are wheeling through the blue ether, the first quails creep down the newly-

turned furrows, and here I am, come once more to embrace you!" . . . .

At last, very gently, he drew aside the curtains of his bed, the music still playing on more gravely and touchingly than ever, and saw the three Bohemians standing near the entrance of the apartment, and old Katel behind in the doorway . . . . And now I must tell you. why Joseph came thus to serenade Fritz every Spring, and why this touched Fritz so deeply. A long time before this, one Christmas eve, Kobus happened to be at the hostelry of the Stag. The snow was lying three feet deep outside. In the great public room, which was half filled with tobacco-smoke, the smokers stood around the huge metal stove, whilst from time to time one or another would move away for a moment to the table to empty his glass, and then return to warm himself in silence. They were standing thus, thinking of nothing at all, when a Bohemian entered. His bare feet were peeping out of his ragged shoes; he was shivering with cold, and began to play with an air of deep dejection. Fritz thought this music beautiful; it was a ray of sunshine breaking through the gray mists of Winter. But behind the Bohemian, near the door, half-concealed in shadow, stood the watchman Foux, with the air of a wolf on the look-out for its prey, with its ears cocked, its pointed muzzle, and glistening eyes. Kobus at once guessed that the Bohemian's papers were not *en règle*, and that Foux was watching to pounce upon him on his leaving the room, and conduct him to the watch-house. It was for this reason that, feeling indignant at such conduct, he went up to the Bohemian, put a thaler in his hand, and slipping his arm in his, said to him—"I hire you for this evening. Come along with me." And thus, arm in arm, they left the room together in the midst of general astonishment, and more than one thought to himself—"That Kobus must be mad to go about with a Bohemian leaning on his arm; he is certainly a great original."

Meantime Foux followed them at some distance, slinking against the wall to avoid observation. The Bohemian seemed in great terror, fearing he would

arrest him, but Fritz said to him—"Don't be afraid, he will not dare to lay a finger on you." He accompanied him in this way to his own house, where the table was laid for the feast of the *Christ-Child*, with the Christmas-tree in the centre, on a snow-white table-cloth, whilst all around the *Kuchen*, powdered over with white sugar, and the *Kougelhof*, thick with large raisins, were arranged in suitable order. Three bottles of old Bordeaux, wrapped in napkins, were heating on the marble slab of the white porcelain stove.

"Katel, look for another plate, knife, and fork," said Kobus, shaking the snow off his feet. "I mean to celebrate the birth of the Saviour this evening with this brave fellow; and if any one comes to take him, let him look out, that's all." The servant hastened to obey, and the poor Bohemian took his seat at the table, full of wonder at these things. The glasses were filled to the brim, and then Fritz stood up and said—"In honor of our Lord Jesus Christ, the friend of the friendless!"

At the same moment Foux entered. His surprise was extreme to see the *Ziegeuner* seated by the side of the master of the house, so, in place of taking a high tone, he merely said—"I wish you a merry Christmas, Mr. Kobus."

"Many thanks. Will you take a glass of wine with us?"

"No, thank you. I never drink wine when on duty. But this man—do you know him, Mr. Kobus?"

"I know him, and will answer for him."

"Then his papers are in order?"

Fritz could hear no more: his round cheeks grew pale with anger; he rose; and seizing the watchman by the collar, thrust him out of the room, exclaiming—"That will teach you to enter an honest man's house on Christmas Eve." Then he resumed his seat, and as the Bohemian trembled with fear, he said—"Don't be afraid, you are in Fritz Kobus'-house. Eat your food in peace, if you wish to gratify me." He made him drink a good draught of the Bordeaux; and knowing that Foux was still watching in the street, notwithstanding the snow,

he ordered Katel to get ready a comfortable bed for the poor fellow that night, and the following morning to provide him with a stout pair of shoes, and some old clothes, and not to let him leave without taking care to put some cold meat and bread in his pockets.

Foux waited till the last note of the Mass was over, and then went off; and as the Bohemian, who was no other than Joseph, started early in the morning, there was nothing more of the affair. Kobus himself had forgotten all about it, when just at the commencement of Spring in the following year, being in bed one fine morning, he heard soft music at the door of his room. It was the poor swallow, whom he had saved from the winter snows, and who had come to thank him with the earliest rays of the returning sun. Since then Joseph had made his appearance every year at the same period, sometimes alone, sometimes with one or two of his comrades, and Fritz always received him like a brother. So it was that Kobus saw his old friend the Bohemian on the morning, in the way I have told you, and when the double-bass ceased its deep thrum-thrum, and Joseph, having given his las long-drawn stroke with the bow, raised his eyes, Fritz stretched out his arms to him from behind the curtains, crying, "Joseph!"

Then the Bohemian came forward and embraced him, laughing and showing his white teeth, and said:—"You see I don't forget you. The swallow's first song is for you!"

"Yes, yes, and yet this is the tenth year!" cried Kobus.—*Friend Fritz.*

ERSKINE, Baron Thomas, a British jurist and statesman, born at Edinburgh in 1750, died near that city in 1823. He was the third son of the Earl of Buchan, and entered the navy as midshipman at the age of fourteen, but resigned after four years, and received a commission in the army. He married at twenty, and was soon sent with his regiment to Minorca, where he served two years, and

for three years more was stationed in various parts of England. He was then entered at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1778. Three months after, he made an able plea in behalf of a person indicted for a libel; the effect of which was that he received thirty retainers before leaving the court room. He rose so rapidly in his profession that in 1783, on the suggestion of Lord Mansfield, the presiding Judge in the Court of King's Bench, a patent was issued giving him the precedence at the bar, and in the same year he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Portsmouth. His ablest forensic speeches were in defense of the freedom of the press, the rights of juries, and against the doctrine of constructive treason. In 1806 William Pitt died, and a coalition Ministry was formed under Lord Grenville, in which Erskine was made Lord High Chancellor, and raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Erskine of Restormel Castle, in Cornwall. The Grenville Ministry was dissolved within less than a year, and Erskine passed the remainder of his life in retirement, and in straitened pecuniary circumstances. His last appearance in the House of Lords was at the trial of Queen Caroline in 1820. He wrote a political pamphlet, *A View of the Causes and Consequences of the present War with France* (1797), which passed through forty-eight editions in a few months; and a few brief poems, among which was a parody upon Gray's *Bard*. Collections of his *Speeches* at the Bar and in Parliament have been published at several times. The best is that with a *Memoir* by Lord Brougham (4 vols., 1847), there is a *Selection*, with a *Memoir*, by Edward Walford (2 vols., 1870). One of the greatest of these speeches was that delivered in 1789 in defense of John Stockdale, who had printed a pamphlet written by the Rev. John Logan, in

favor of Warren Hastings, who was then upon trial before the House of Lords. This pamphlet was regarded as a libel against the House of Commons, and Stockdale was arraigned therefor. Erskine's plea upon this occasion, the principles of which were sanctioned by the verdict of the Court, became the foundation of the liberty of the press in England.

ON THE LAW OF LIBEL.

Gentlemen, the question you have therefore to try upon all this matter is extremely simple. It is neither more nor less than this: At a time when the charges against Mr. Hastings were, by the implied consent of the Commons, in every hand and on every table—when, by their managers, the lightning of eloquence was incessantly consuming him, and flashing in the eyes of the public—when every man was with perfect impunity saying, and writing, and publishing just what he pleased of the supposed plunderer and devastator of nations—would it have been criminal in Mr. Hastings himself to remind the public that he was a native of this free land, entitled to the common protection of her justice, and that he had a defense in his turn to offer to them, the outlines of which he implored them in the meantime to receive, as an antidote to the unlimited and unpunished poison in circulation against him? This is, without color or exaggeration, the true question you are to decide. Because I assert, without the hazard of contradiction, that if Mr. Hastings himself could have stood justified or excused in your eyes for publishing this volume in his own defense, the author, if he wrote it *bona fide* to defend him, must stand equally excused and justified; and if the author be justified, the publisher cannot be criminal, unless you had evidence that it was published by him with a different spirit and intention from those in which it was written. The question, therefore, is correctly what I just now stated it to be—Could Mr. Hastings have been condemned to infamy for writing this book?

Gentlemen, I tremble with indignation to be driven to put such a question in England. Shall it be endured that a subject of this country may be impeached by the Commons for the transactions of twenty years—that the accusation shall spread as wide as the region of letters—that the accused shall stand, day after day and year after year, as a spectacle before the public, which shall be kept in a perpetual state of inflammation against him; yet that he shall not, without the severest penalties, be permitted to submit anything to the judgment of mankind in his defense? If this be law (which it is for you to-day to decide), such a man has no trial. That great hall, built by our fathers for English justice, is no longer a court, but an altar: and an Englishman, instead of being judged in it by God and his country, is a victim and a sacrifice.

ON THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

The unhappy people of India, feeble and effeminate as they are from the softness of their climate, and subdued and broken as they have been by the knavery and strength of civilization, still occasionally start up in all the vigor and intelligence of insulted nature. To be governed at all, they must be governed by a rod of iron; and our Empire in the East would long since have been lost to Great Britain, if skill and military prowess had not united their efforts to support an authority, which Heaven never gave, by means which it never can sanction.

Gentlemen, I think I can observe that you are touched with this way of considering the subject: and I can account for it. I have not been considering it through the cold medium of books, but have been speaking of man and his nature, and of human dominion, from what I have seen of them myself, amongst reluctant nations submitting to our authority. I know what they feel, and how such feelings can alone be suppressed. I have heard them in my youth, from a naked savage in the indignant character of a prince surrounded by his subjects, addressing the governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand, as

the notes of his unlettered eloquence. "Who is it?" said the jealous ruler over the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure. "Who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains and empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in the summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it," said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation. These are the feelings of subjugated man all round the globe; and, depend upon it, nothing but fear will control where it is vain to look for affection.

It is the nature of everything that is great and useful, both in the animate and inanimate world, to be wild and irregular,and we must be contented to take them with the alloys which belong to them, or live without them. Genius breaks from the fetters of criticism, but its wanderings are sanctioned by its majesty and wisdom when it advances in its path: subject it to the critic, and you tame it into dullness. Nightly rivers break down their banks in the winter, sweeping away to death the flocks which are fattened on the soil that they fertilize in the summer; the few may be saved by embankments from drowning, but the flock must perish from hunger. Tempests occasionally shake our dwellings and dissipate our commerce; but they scourge before them the lazy elements, which without them would stagnate into pestilence. In like manner, Liberty herself, the last and best gift of God to his creatures, must be taken just as she is. . You might pare her down into bashful regularity, and shape her into a perfect model of severe scrupulous law, but she would then be Liberty no longer; and you must be content to die under the lash of this inexorable justice which you had exchanged for the banners of Freedom.

JUSTICE AND MERCY.

Every human tribunal ought to take care to administer justice, as we look, hereafter, to have justice administered to ourselves. Upon the principle on which the Attorney-General prays sentence on my client—God have mercy upon us! Instead of standing before him in judgment with the hopes and consolations of Christians, we must call upon the mountains to cover us; for which of us can present, for omniscient examination, a pure, unspotted and faultless course? But I humbly expect that the benevolent Author of our being will judge us as I have been pointing out for your example. Holding up the great volume of our lives in his hands, and regarding the general scope of them, if he discovers benevolence, charity, and good-will to man beating in the heart, where he alone can look—if he finds that our conduct, though often forced out of the path by our infirmities, has been in general well-directed—his all-searching eye will assuredly never pursue us into those little corners of our lives, much less will his justice select them for punishment, without the general context of our existence, by which faults may be sometimes found to have grown out of virtues, and very many of our heaviest offences to have been grafted by human imperfection upon the best and kindest of our affections. No, gentlemen; believe me, this is not the course of divine justice, or there is no truth in the Gospel of Heaven. If the general tenor of a man's conduct be such as I have represented it, he may walk through the shadow of death, with all his faults about him, with as much cheerfullness as in the common paths of life; because he knows that instead of a stern accuser to expose before the Author of his nature those frail passages which, like the scored matter in the book before you, chequers the volume of the brightest and best-spent life, his mercy will obscure them from the eye of his purity, and our repentence blot them out forever.

EULER, LEONHARD, a Swiss savant, born at Basel in 1707, died at St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1783. He was intended for the Church;

but his thoughts were mainly directed towards philosophical subjects. He graduated from the University of Basel at nineteen; but he had already attracted attention by a memoir upon naval architecture, and in 1727 went to St. Petersburg, where in 1733 he was appointed to the chair of mathematics. His reputation came to be so high that in 1741 he was invited by Frederick the Great to come to Berlin, which was his home during the ensuing twenty-five years, still retaining his Russian appointments. In 1766 he went back to Russia, upon the invitation of the Empress Catharine II. Just before this he had become nearly blind; but notwithstanding this infirmity he produced numerous works in the higher mathematics, which involved a perfect recollection of the most intricate mathematical formula. He possessed also the faculty of presenting scientific subjects in a manner fitted for popular comprehension. His works, produced during a period of more than half a century, would fill some fifty large folio volumes. Among these is his *Anleitung zur Algebra* (translated into English by Prof. Farrar of Harvard College), which is characterized as having "never been surpassed for its lucid and attractive mode of presenting the elements of that science." In literature, as connected with science, Euler is best represented by his *Lettres à une Princesse d' Allemagne*, etc. (1768–72), and translated into English by Hunter, under the title, *Letters on Natural Philosophy*, which, "although in some degree superseded by the progress of modern discoveries will always be esteemed as a model of perspicuous statement and felicitous illustration."

NEWTON'S DISCOVERY OF UNIVERSAL GRAVITATION.

Gravity, or Weight, is a property of all terrestrial bodies, and it extends likewise to the moon. It is

in virtue of gravity that the moon presses towards the earth; and gravity regulates her motions, just as it directs that of a stone thrown or of a cannon-ball fired off.

To Newton we are indebted for this important discovery. This great English philosopher and geometrician happening one day to be lying under an apple-tree, an apple fell upon his head, and suggested to him a multitude of reflections. He readily conceived that gravity was the cause of the apple's falling, by overcoming the force which attached it to the branch. Any person whatever might have made the same reflections; but the English philosopher pursued it much further. Would this force have always acted upon the apple, had the tree been a great deal higher? He could entertain no doubt of it.

But had the height been equal to that of the moon? Here he found himself at a loss to determine whether the apple would fall or not. In case it should fall, which appeared to him, however, highly probable—since it is impossible to conceive a bound to the height of the tree at which it would cease to fall—it must still have a certain degree of gravity forcing it toward the earth. therefore, if the moon were at the same place, she must be pressed toward the earth by a power similar to that which would act upon the apple. Nevertheless, as the moon did not fall on his head he conjectured that motion might be the cause of this; just as a bomb frequently flies over us, without falling vertically. This comparison of the motion of the moon to that of a bomb determined him attentively to examine this question; and aided by the m st sublime geometry, he discovered that the moon in her motion was subject to the same laws which regulate that of a bomb; and that if it were possible to hurl a bomb to the height of the moon, and with the same velocity, the bomb would have the same motion as the moon, with this difference only, that the gravity of the bomb at such a distance from the earth would be much less than at its surface.

You will see, from this detail, that the first reasonings of the philosopher on this subject were very simple, and scarcely differed from those of the clown; but he soon pushed them far beyond the level of the clown. It is, then, a very remarkable property of the earth, that not only all bodies near it, but those also which are remote, even as far as the distance of the moon, have a tendency toward the centre of the earth, in virtue of a power which is called gravity, and which diminishes in proportion as bodies remove from the earth.

The English philosopher did not stop here. As he knew that the other planets are perfectly similar to the earth, he concluded that bodies adjacent to each planet possess gravity, and that the direction of this gravity is toward the centre of such planet. This gravity might be greater or less there than on the earth; in other words, that a body of a certain weight with us, transported to the surface of any other planet, might there weigh more or less.

Finally, this power of gravity of each planet extends likewise to great distances around them; and as we see that Jupiter has four satellites, and Saturn five, which move around them just as the moon does round the earth, it could not be doubted that the motion of the satellites of Jupiter was regulated by their gravity toward the centre of that planet; and that of the satellites of Saturn by their gravitation toward the centre of Saturn. Thus, in the same manner as the moon moves round the earth, and their respective satellites move round Jupiter and Saturn, all the planets themselves move round the Sun. Hence Newton drew this illustrious and important conclusion: That the Sun is endowed with a similar property of attracting all bodies towards its centre, by a power which may be called "solar gravity." This power extends to a prodigous distance around him, and far beyond all the planets; for it is this power which modifies all their motions.

The same great philosopher discovered the means of determining the motion of bodies from the knowledge of the power by which they are attracted

to a centre; and as he had discovered the powers which act upon the planets, he was enabled to give an accurate description of their motion. In truth, before he arose the world was in a state of profound ignorance respecting the motions of the heavenly bodies; and to him alone we are indebted for all the light which we now enjoy in the science of astronomy. It is astonishing to think how much of their progress all the sciences owe to an original idea so very simple. Had not Newton accidentally been lying in an orchard, and had not that apple by chance fallen on his head, we might, perhaps, still have been in the same state of ignorance respecting the motions of the heavenly bodies, and multitudes of other phenomena depending upon them.—*Letter LII.*

EURIPIDES, a Greek dramatic poet, born in 480, died in 406 B.C. His father, Mnesarchus, was a citizen, apparently in good circumstances, since his son received the best physical and intellectual training of the time. Euripides, while a mere lad, came to be a clever athlete, although he was not allowed to enter himself among the contestants at the Olympic games. He practiced painting for a while, but soon devoted himself wholly to dramatic composition. He is said to have written a drama at the age of eighteen; but his first acted play, now lost, was brought out at twenty-five. Fourteen years later we find him contending unsuccessfully for the tragic prize. In 441 B. C., at the age of forty-nine, he again contended for the prize, bringing out a "tetralogy," or series of four dramas, one of which was the *Medea*. He gained only the third prize, the first being awarded to Euphorion, an otherwise almost unknown son of Æschylus, and the second to Sophocles. From this time for a quarter of a century Euripides and Sophocles were eager but friendly competitors for dramatic

honors, the latter gaining a majority of the prizes. Among the contemporaries of Euripides were some of the foremost names in Greek literature. He was fifty-four years old when Æschylus died, and Sophocles was fifteen when Euripides was born. Euripides was twelve years older than Socrates, and thirty-four years older than Aristophanes, his keen satirist.

Euripides never held office, and took no active part in public affairs, living the life of a man of letters. The entire number of his dramas is variously stated at from 75 to 92; of which 18 are extant, the authenticity of which is admitted by scholars. Besides these are more than 1000 fragments from other dramas, preserved by being quoted by later writers. The following are the titles of the extant dramas, arranged in the probable order of their composition: *Alcestis*, *Medea*, *Hippolytus*, *Hecuba*, *Ion*, *The Supplicants*, *The Heraclidæ*, *The Mad Hercules*, *The Troades*, *Electra*, *Helena*, *The Phœnissæ*, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, *Andromache*, *Orestes*, *The Bacchæ*, *Cyclops*, *Iphigenia at Aulis*.

In 408 B. C. Euripides, then seventy-two years of age, brought out at Athens his tragedy of *Orestes*. Directly afterwards he went to the then rude kingdom of Macedon, whither he had been invited by King Archelaus, who was desirous that Greeks of culture should take up their residence in his dominions. Here Euripides wrote, or at least completed, several of his extant dramas. But he died two years after going to Macedon. By none was he mourned more than by his great rival, Sophocles, who was then bringing out at Athens the last of his tragedies. He put on mourning, and ordered that the actors should present themselves in funeral attire. The Athenians, not being able to have the re-

mains of Euripides brought back to their city, set up a bust of him in the public place, and built a cenotaph in his honor, upon which was placed an inscription, said to have been composed by Thucydides.

Alcestis, the earliest of the extant dramas of Euripides, and one of the best, is founded upon an ancient Greek legend to the effect that the Fates had decreed that the thread of the life of Admetus, King of Pheræ, in Thessaly, should be cut off; but, at the intercession of Apollo, they granted that his life should be prolonged to old age if any one of his near kindred would consent to die in his stead. His father and mother refused thus to give up their own lives to prolong that of their son. Alcestis, the young wife of Admetus, volunteered to make the sacrifice. Admetus was restored to health, and at the opening of the drama Alcestis lay at the point of death.

THE DEATH OF ALCESTIS.

ALCESTIS *and* ADMETUS *with their* CHILDREN.—CHORUS.

Alc.—O sun! and light, and clouds of heaven,
In fleecy rolls revolved and driven!

Adm.—The sun beholds two wretched creatures here,
Who have done nothing wherefore thou shouldst die.

Alc.—O earth, and palace, and thou bed,
For my espousals whilom spread!

Adm.—Cheer up, unhappy consort; leave me not,
But pray the sovereign gods to pity us.

Alc.—I see the two-oared boat! I see
The ferryman of all the dead.
With pole in hand, he calls for me—
'Tis Charon calls, with accent dread,
And vehemently chides my delay!
"Come quickly, come! Why this delay?"

Adm.—Wretch that I am! Oh cruelest voyage to me!
My dearest doomed wife! what woe is ours!

Alc.—Some winged Hades pulls me now
Unto the dead! Do you not see?
From underneath his sable brow
The King of Terrors glares at me!
What wilt thou do? Unhand me! Oh!
Loose me! On what a path I go!

Adm.—Path dismal to my friends, and most to me,
And to these children, sharers of my grief.

Alc.—Lay me down! I can not stand,
Hades now is near at hand;
O'er mine eyes the last of sleeps,
The long night of darkness creeps.
Children! Now my life is o'er,
And your mother is no more;
May your lives with joy be bright,
May ye long behold the light!

Adm.—Ah, woeful speech for me to hear,
Harder than any death to bear!
Oh, by the gods, and by these ties,
Motherless, when their mother dies,
Forsake me not! Arise dear wife!
While I have thee I still have life;
Without thy being mine is o'er,
So much I love thee and adore.

Alc.—Admetus, you perceive how 'tis with me,
But I would tell my wishes ere I die.
How I've loved, honored thee, appears in this:
I die, when not to die was in my power,
Giving my life that thou mayst see the light.
I might have lived, and wedded with some chief
Of Thessaly, and dwelt in princely state;
But without thee, my children fatherless,
I was not willing to drag on my life;
Nor spared myself, still in the bloom of youth,
Life's freshness, in whose sweets I took delight.
Yet both thy parents—both near life's last goal—
Betrayed thee, when they might have nobly died,
And so have saved their son, their only child,
With no hope left of other progeny.
We twain had lived, nor thou, disconsolate,
Been left to rear the children whom I leave.
But some God brought about it should be so.
Well, be it so! Then make me a return:

One equal to my claim I cannot ask,
For nothing is more precious than one's life.
However, 'tis a just one, thou wilt own.—
Thou lovest these little ones no less than I;
And bring them up as princes in my house,
Nor introduce an envious stepmother,
Less kind in her affections than myself,
To lord it o'er them with a heavy hand;
Remember my request. A stepdame hates
The children of a former marriage born;
To them no milder than an adder is.
My boy will in his father find a tower;
But how, my girl, shalt thou fit training have?
How will thy father's consort act to thee?
Oh, may she not by slanderous rumor spoil
Thy hope of marriage in thy bloom of youth!
Thy mother ne'er shall deck thee as a bride;
Nor, where a mother kinder is than all
Amidst thy groans of childbirth comfort thee.
For I must die—not when the morrow comes,
Nor on the third day of the month; but now,
E'en now, must I be numbered with the dead.
My husband and my children! fare ye well
And prosper! Ye can say, no man ever had
A better wife, no children better mother.

Adm.—It shall be so; it shall be, doubt it not.
Since I had thee when living, still when dead
Shalt thou be my sole wife. None after thee
Shall call me husband; nor Thessalian bride,
Nor one of any land though most complete
In beauty, daughter of the noblest sire.
The number of my children is enough;
I pray the gods I may have joy of them,
For I have none of thee. But I shall feel
Grief for thy loss, not only for a year,
But while I live; and both my parents hate,
Who were my friends in word but not in deed.
To save mine thou hast given thy dearest life;
Must I not groan, then, losing such a spouse?
Henceforth no feasts for me, no revellers,
No garlands, and no music in my house,
As heretofore; nor will I touch the lyre,
Nor breathe again upon the Libyan flute.
Oh never, never, shall I have the heart,

For thou hast ta'en away my joy of life.
But modeled by a skilful artist's hand,
Thine image shall be laid upon my bed,
And I will fall on't and repeat thy name,
And think I have—alas! not having thee,
Cold comfort—but some little ease of mind;
And in my dreams the vision of thy love
Shall give me joy; 'tis pleasant to behold
A friend at all times, even in the night.
But if I had the tongue and melody
Of Orpheus, as to appease with ravishment
Of holy hymns, Proserpine or her lord,
And from their gloomy realms recover thee,
I would go down; then neither Pluto's hound,
Nor Charon at his oar—the ferryman
Of the Departed—should inhibit me;
But I would bring thee back to life and light.
Expect me there, however, when I die,
And have a mansion ready for us both;
For I will give these children charge to enclose
My bones with thine, and lay me by thy side.
May I be joined with thee, sole faithful friend.
To be no more divided, when I'm dead.

Alc.—My children, ye have heard your father's pledge.
That he will not so much dishonor me
As to take other wife to rule o'er you.

Adm.—Again I give it, and will keep it too.

Alc.—So pledged, receive these children from my hand.

Adm.—A precious gift from dear hand I receive.

Alc.—Be thou a mother to them in my stead.

Adm.—My loss compels me to this added charge.

Alc.—My children, I depart when I should live.

Adm.—Ah! What shall I do, widowed and forlorn?

Alc.—Time will console thee, for the dead are nothing.

Adm.—Oh, take me with thee—take me. by the gods!

Alc.—I die for thee—one victim is enough.

Adm.—Oh Fate! of what a wife thou spoilest me!

Alc.—Darkness lies heavy on my drooping eyes.

Adm.—I am undone, if thou forsakest me.

Alc.—Speak of me as no more, as nothing now.
Adm.—Lift up thy face; abandon not thy children.
Alc.—Not willingly; my children, oh farewell!
Adm.—Look on them—look—oh look!
Alc.—I am no more.
Adm.—Ah! do you leave us and depart?
Alc.—Farewell! [*Dies.*]
Adm.—I'm lost!
Chorus.—Admetus, you must bear this heavy stroke:
You're neither first nor last to have such loss:
Think death a debt which we have all to pay.
Adm.—I know it: nor this ill came unawares
With fear of it I have been long afflicted;
But I will now appoint the burial;
Chant ye, meanwhile, a hymn to gloomy Dis,
The implacable god of the Subterrane.
Let the Thessalians over whom I rule,
With their locks shorn, and in black robes appear.
Your chariots yoke, and shear the coursers' manes;
And for twelve moons let neither flute nor lyre
Sound in the city; for I shall ne'er inter
A dearer or a more deserving one.
Oh, worthiest of all honor I can pay
Is she that only dared to die for me.
—*Transl. of* CHAPMAN.

[*While Admetus and the Children go out with Attendants bearing the dead body the Chorus sing in responsive Strophe and Antistrophe.*]

I.

Immortal bliss be thine.
Daughter of Pelias, in the realm below;
Immortal pleasures round thee flow,
Though never there the sun's bright beams shall shine.
Be the black-browed Pluto told,
And the Stygian boatman old,
Whose rude hands grasp the oar, the rudder guide,
The dead conveying o'er the tide,
Let him be told, so rich a freight before
His light skiff never bore.
Tell him that o'er the joyless lakes
The noblest of her sex her dreary passage takes.

II.

Thy praise the bards shall tell,
When to their hymning voice the echo rings,
Or when they sweep the solemn strings,
And wake to rapture the seven-chorded shell;
Or in Sparta's jocund bowers,
Circling when the vernal hours
Bring the Carnean feast; while through the night
Full-orbed the high moon rolls her light,
Or where rich Athens, proudly elevate,
Shows her magnific state;
Their voice thy glorious death shall raise,
And swell the raptured strain to celebrate thy praise.

III.

Oh that I had the power,
Could I but bring thee from the shades of night
Again to view this golden light,
To leave that boat, to leave that dreary shore
Where Cocytus, deep and wide,
Rolls along his sullen tide!
For thou, O best of women, thou alone
For thy lord's life daredst give thine own.
Light lie the earth upon that gentle breast,
And be thou ever blest!
But should he choose to wed again,
Mine and thy childrens' hearts would hold him in disdain.

IV.

When to avert his doom,
His mother in the earth refused to lie;
Nor would his ancient father die
To save his son from an untimely tomb;
Though the hand of time had spread
Hoar hairs o'er each aged head;
In youth's fresh bloom, in beauty's radiant glow,
The darksome way thou daredst to go,
And for thy youthful lord's to give thy life,
Be mine so true a wife,
Though rare the lot; then should I prove
The indisoluble bond of faithfulness and love.

—*Transl. of* POTTER.

But the drama does not end here. Hercules happening to be present, bound upon one of his

hazardous adventures, volunteers to descend to the Underworld, and bring back the lost Alcestis. He

"By force.
Wrests from the guardian monster of the tomb
Alcestis, a re-animated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom."

Alcestis has a glad ending. But *Medea* is tragic from first to last. Medea is deserted by the ingrate Jason, who takes another spouse. Medea, stung to madness, resolves at first to kill Jason, but changes her purpose in order to inflict upon him a punishment worse than death : She will kill their two children. The following is the concluding scene of the tragedy :

THE LAST SCENE IN MEDEA.

[*Jason, Medea, and Chorus.*]

Jas.—Ye female train that near this mansion stand,
Say is Medea in the house who wrought
These deeds of horror, or withdrawn by flight?
But she must hide her deep beneath the earth,
Or rise on light wings through the ethereal height,
Or vengeance for the royal house will fall
With fury on her. Doth her pride presume,
That having slain the monarch of this land,
Her flight shall be secure from chastisement?
But less for her than for my sons my care.
Revenge from those whom she hath wronged shall fall
On her ; I come to save my childrens' lives,
Lest on their heads the kindred of the king
Punish their impious mother's murderous deed.

Chor.—Thou knowest not, wretched Jason, to what height
Thy ills are risen, or this thou hadst not said.

Jas.—What! does her purpose reach to kill me too?

Chor.—Thy sons are dead beneath their mother's hands.

Jas.—Ah me! what sayest thou. Thou hast pierced my heart.

Chor.—Think of thy sons as living now no more.
Jas.—Where killed she them? abroad, or in the house?
Chor.—Open the door, and thou wilt see them slain.
Jas.—Instant, ye menial train, unbar the door,
Give me admittance that I may behold
This aggravated ill—my children slain,
And drag her to deserved punishment.

[*Here, according to the Scholiast, Medea appears above in a chariot drawn by dragons, bearing the bodies of her slaughtered sons.*]

Med.—Why with this tumult dost thou beat the door,
Seeking the dead, and me who did the deed?
Forbear this uproar. Wouldst thou aught with me,
Speak it; but never shalt thou touch me more;
The Sun, my father, gives me such a car—
A safe protection from each hostile hand.
Jas.—O thou detested woman, most abhorred
By the just gods, by me, and all mankind!
In thine own children who couldst plunge the sword,
Their mother thou to reave me of my sons;
And, having done this deed, dost yet behold
The sun, the earth—this deed of horror done!
Perdition seize thee! Now I know thee; then
I knew thee not, when from thy home I led thee,
Led thee to Greece from a barbaric shore.
Pernicious monster, to thy father false,
And traitors to the land that nurtured thee;
And now the vengeful Furies on my head
Punish thy crimes; for with thy brother's blood
Distained, the gallant Argo didst thou mount.
This was a prelude to thy ruthless deeds.
Wedded by me, a mother too by me,
My children hast thou murdered, in revenge
For my new bed: an act no dame of Greece
Would ever dare attempt. Yet I preferred thee
To all their softer charms, and wedded thee—
Alliance hateful and destructive to me;
A tigress, not a woman, of a soul
More wild, more savage, than the Tuscan Scylla
But millions of reproaches would not gall

That hard, unfeeling heart. Then get thee gone,
Achiever of base mischiefs, blood-stained pest,
Stained with thy children's blood; be gone and perish.

Med.—Full answer to thy words could I return,
Recounting each past circumstance; but Jove,
The Almighty Father, knows what grace I showered
On thee, and what requital thou hast made.
Thou shalt not pass thy wanton life in joys,
My bed dishonored, and make villanous jests
At my disgrace. Nor shall thy royal bride,
Nor the proud Creon who betrothed her, dare
To chase me from his country unchastised.
Call me a tigress, then, or, if thou wilt,
A Scylla howling 'gainst the Tuscan shore:
I, as is right, have taught thy heart to bleed.

Jas.—Thy heart too bleeds, a sharer in these ills.

Med.—Be thou assured of that; yet in my griefs
I joy thou canst not make a mock at them.

Jas.—My children, a bad mother have you found.

Med.—My sons, you perished through your father's folly.

Jas.—Yet my right hand plunged not the murderous sword.

Med.—But thy foul wrongs and thy new nuptials plunged it.

Jas.—And for these nuptials hast thou killed thy sons?

Med.—This to a woman deem'st thou a slight pain?

Jas.—To one discreet; but all is ill to thee.

Med.—These are no more; and that shall rend thy heart.

Jas.—Their shades shall pour their vengeance on thy head.

Med.—The just gods know which first began these ills.

Jas.—And the gods know thy execrable heart.

Med.—Thou and thy bitter speech are hateful to me.

Jas.—And thine to me. This soon may have an end.

Med.—How? for I wish to free me from thy sight.

Jas.—Give me my sons, to mourn and bury them.

Med.—Never; for on the height where Juno's shrine
Hallows the ground, this hand shall bury them
That hostile rage may not insult their ashes,
And rend them from the tomb. A solemn feast
And sacrifice hereafter to this land
Will I appoint, to expiate this deed
Of horrid murder. In the friendly land [Ægeus,
Where once Erechtheus reigned, the house of
Pandion's son, is open to receive me;
Thither I go. But thou, as thy vile deeds
Deserve, shalt vilely perish, thy base head
Crushed with the mouldering relics of thy Argo,
And of my nuptials feel that wretched end.

Jas.—Thee may the Erinys of thy sons destroy,
And Justice, which for blood vindictive calls
For blood.

Med.—What god will hear thee, or what Fury,
Thou perjured, base destroyer of the rites
Of hospitality

Jas.— Away, away.
Thou pest abhorred, thou murderer of thy sons.

Med.—Go to thy house; go and entomb thy wife.

Jas.—I go, deprived, alas, of both my sons.

Med.—This grief be thine, even to thy latest age.

Jas.—O my dear sons!

Med.— Ay, to their mother dear,
But not to thee.

Jas.— And wherefore didst thou kill them?

Med.—To rend thy heart.

Jas.— Ah, me, ah wretched me!
I long to kiss the dear cheeks of my sons.

Med.—Thou wouldst address them now, embrace them *now*;
Then thou couldst chase them from thee.

Jas.— By the gods,
Give me to touch their soft and delicate flesh.

Med.—Never: thy words are thrown away in vain.

Jas.—Hear'st thou this, Jove, with what indignant pride

I am rejected, with what insults wronged,
By this abhorred, this child-destroying tigress?
Yet what I may, what power is left me yet,
I will lament them, will sit down and wail,
And call to witness the avenging gods,
That, having slain my sons, thou hast denied me
To touch the dead and lay them in the tomb.
Oh that I never, never had begot them,
To see them thus, thus murdered by thy hands.
Chor.—Jove in high heaven dispenses various fates:
And now the gods shower blessings, which our hopes
Dare not aspire to; now control the ills
We deemed inevitable: thus the god
To these hath given an end we never thought:
Such is the dreadful fortune of this day.
—*Transl. of* POTTER.

The legend of Iphigenia forms the subject of two dramas by Euripides—*Iphigenia in Tauris* and *Iphigenia at Aulis.* Agamemnon having incurred the displeasure of Diana, the Grecian fleet assembled for the expedition against Troy was detained by contrary winds at the port of Aulis, and the wrath of the goddess could be appeased only upon condition that Agamemnon should offer up his own daughter, Iphigenia, as a sacrifice. In order to ensure the triumph of the Grecian arms, Iphigenia consents to become a victim. According to the more usual version of the legend the sacrifice was completed; but according to that adopted by Euripides, at the moment when the sacrificial knife was raised, Diana intervened, substituted a fawn in place of Iphigenia, whom she bore off to Tauris (the modern Crimea) and made her priestess of her temple there, where she remained for twenty years, when she was carried off by her brother Orestes, who had come to that region on a plundering expedition. This expedition forms the theme of *Iphigenia in Tauris*, to which *Iphigenia at Aulis* forms a

kind of prelude, though written many years later, being probably the latest of all the dramas of Euripides. In the following scene Iphigenia, her mother Clytemnestra, attended by a chorus of singing maidens, are approaching the place for the sacrifice.

IPHIGENIA AT AULIS.

Iph.—Who goes with me and leads me by the hair
Ere I am dragged away?
Clyt.— I will go with thee.
Iph.— No;
That were unseemly.
Clyt.— Hanging on thy robes.
Iph.—Let me prevail, my mother; stay: to me
As more becoming this, and more to thee.
Let one of these, the attendants of my father,
Conduct me to Diana's hallowed mead,
Where I shall fall a victim.
Clyt.— Oh, my child,
Dost thou then go?
Iph.— And never to return.
Clyt.—And wilt thou leave thy mother?
Iph.— As thou seest.
Not as I merit.
Clyt.— Stay, forsake me not.
Iph.—I suffer not a tear to fall. But you,
Ye virgins, to my fate attune the hymn,
Diana, daughter of Almighty Jove.
With favoring omens sing, *Success to Greece.*
Come, with the basket one begin the rites;
One with purifying cakes the flames
Enkindle. Let my father his right hand
Place on the altar; for I come to give
Safety to Greece, and conquest to her arms.

[IPHIGENIA *and the* CHORUS.]

Iphigenia.

Lead me: mine the glorious fate
To o'erturn the Trojan state:
Ilium's towers their heads shall bow.
With the garlands bind my brow;
Bring them, be these tresses crowned.
Round the shrine, the altar round,
Bear the lavers which you fill

From the pure translucent rill.
High your choral voices raise,
Turned to hymn Diana's praise,
Blest Diana, royal maid.—
Since the Fates demand my aid,
I fulfil their awful power
By my slaughter, by my gore.

Chorus.

Reverenced, reverenced mother, now
Thus for thee our tears shall flow:
For unhallowed would a tear
'Mid the solemn rites appear.

Iphigenia.

Swell the notes, ye virgin train,
To Diana swell the strain;
Queen of Chalcis, adverse land;
Queen of Aulis, on whose strand,
Winding to a narrow bay,
Fierce to take its angry way,
Waits the war, and calls on me
Its retarded force to free.
O my country, where these eyes
Opened on Pelasgic skies!
O ye virgins, once my pride,
In Mycenæ who reside!

Chorus.

Why of Perseus name the town
Which Cyclopean rampires crown?

Iphigenia.

Me you reared a beam of light:
Freely now I sink in night.

Chorus.

And for this, immortal fame,
Virgin, shall attend thy name.

Iphigenia.

Ah, thou beaming lamp of day,
Jove-born, bright, ethereal ray!

Chorus.

See, she goes: her glorious fate
To o'erturn the Phrygian state:
Soon the wreaths shall bind her brow;
Soon the lustral waters flow.
Soon that beauteous neck shall feel,

Piercing deep, the fatal steel,
And the ruthless altar o'er
Sprinkle drops of gushing gore.
By thy father's dread command
There the cleansing lavers stand ;
There in arms the Grecian powers
Burn to march 'gainst Ilium's towers.
But our voices let us raise
Tuned to hymn Diana's praise :
Virgin daughter she of Jove,
Queen among the gods above,
That with conquest and renown
She the arms of Greece may crown.
To thee, dread power, we make our vows,
Pleased when the blood of human victims flows.
To Phrygia's hostile strand,
Where rise perfidious Ilium's hated towers,
Waft, O waft, the Grecian powers,
And aid this martial band !
On Agamemnon's honored head,
While wide the spears of Greece their terrors spread,
The immortal crown let conquest place,
With glory's brightest grace.

—*Transl. of* POTTER.

Here probably ends the drama as left by Euripides, although there is appended to it an additional scene of about a hundred poorly-written lines, in which a messenger comes upon the ground, who announces that after Iphigenia has been led off to the place of sacrifice, Diana had appeared and saved the life of the maiden. If we suppose that these lines were written by Euripides, they can be only the rough draft of the manner in which he intended to conclude the drama, which is certainly incomplete without a scene indicating that the sacrifice was not consummated. This consideration is strong evidence that Euripides was engaged upon *Iphigenia at Aulis* when he died at the age of seventy-four.

EUSEBIUS, an ecclesiastical historian, born in Palestine about 265, died about 340. After pursuing his studies in various places, he opened a school at Cæsarea, where he became a protege of Bishop Pamphilus, whose name he assumed as a kind of surname. In order to distinguish him from several other persons of the same name, he is usually designated as Eusebius Pamphili. Pamphilus was put to death during the Diocletian persecution, about 309. Diocletian died in 315, and Eusebius became Bishop of Cæsarea. Upon the accession of Constantine in 324, Christianity became the religion of the Roman Empire. Eusebius came into high favor with Constantine. At the Council of Nice he sat at the emperor's right hand, and drew up the first draft of the Nicene Creed. In the theological disputes which ensued, Eusebius sided with Arius against Athanasius. In 335 Eusebius returned to his bishopric of Cæsarea and devoted the remainder of his life to the completion of the writings upon which he had been previously engaged. He wrote several treatises of a controversial or expository character; a laudatory *Life of Constantine;* the *Chronicon*, a conspectus of universal history down to his own times; the *Onomasticon*, a kind of Old Testament Gazetteer. His most important work, which has gained for him the designation of "the Father of Ecclesiastical History," is the *Ecclesiastical History*, from the earliest times down to the 20th year of the reign of Constantine. This work, continued for half a century longer by Sozomen, Socrates, and Theodoret, has been several times translated into English. We give the concluding chapter of this history.

RESULTS OF THE TRIUMPH OF CONSTANTINE.

To him, therefore, the Supreme God granted from heaven above, the fruits of his piety, the

trophies of victory over the wicked: and that nefarious tyrant (Licinius) with all his counsellors and adherents, he cast prostrate at the feet of Constantine: for when he proceeded to the extremes of madness in his movements, the divinely favored emperor regarded him as no more to be tolerated, but taking prudent measures, and mingling the firm principles of justice with his humanity, he determined to come to the protection of those who were so miserably oppressed by the tyrant—and in this, by banishing smaller pests, he thus advanced to save vast multitudes of the human race. He had exercised his humanity in commiserating him before, though Licinius was a man by no means deserving of compassion, but it proved of no avail to him, for he would not renounce his iniquity but rather increased his madness against the people his subjects. To the oppressed there was no hope of salvation left in the cruelties they endured from the savage beast. Wherefore also, Constantine, the protector of the good, combining his hatred of wickedness with the love of goodness, went forth with his son Crispus, the most benevolent Cæsar, to extend a saving arm to all those that were perishing. Both, therefore, the father and the son, having God the universal King, and his Son our Saviour, as their leader and aid, drawing up the army on all sides against the enemies of God, bore away an easy victory; all things being prospered by God, in the conflict, according to their wishes.

Suddenly, then, and sooner than said, those that yesterday breathed threats and destruction were no more, not even leaving the memory of their name. Their paintings, their effigies, their honors received the deserved contempt and disgrace, and those very events which Licinius had seen occurring to the iniquitous, these same he experienced himself. As he would neither receive instruction, nor grow wise by the chastisements of his neighbors, he proceeded in the same course of impiety and was justly hurled down the same precipice with them. He therefore lay prostrated in this way. But the mighty and victorious Con-

stantine, adorned with every virtue of religion, with his most pious son, Crispus Cæsar, resembling in all things his father, recovered the East as his own, and thus restored the Roman Empire to its ancient state of one united body; extending their peaceful sway around the world, from the rising sun to the opposite regions, to the north and the south, even to the last border of the declining day.

All fear, therefore, of those who had previously afflicted them was now wholly removed. They celebrated splendid and festive days with joy and hilarity. All things were filled with light, and all who before were sunk in sorrow beheld each other with smiling and cheerful faces. With choirs and hymns in the cities and villages, at the same time they celebrated and extolled first of all God the universal King, because they were thus taught; then they also celebrated the praises of the pious emperor, and with him all his divinely-favored children. There was a perfect oblivion of past evils, and past wickedness was buried in forgetfulness. There was nothing but enjoyment of the present blessings and expectations of those yet to come. Edicts were published and issued by the victorious emperor, full of clemency, and laws were enacted, indicative of munificence and genuine religion. Thus, then, after all the tyranny had been purged away, the empire was justly reserved, firm and without a rival to Constantine and his sons; who first sweeping away that enmity to God exhibited by the former rulers, sensible of the mercies conferred upon them by God, exhibited also their own love of religion and of God, with their piety and gratitude to Him by those works and operations which they presented to the view of all the world.—*Transl. of* DALE.

EVANS, MARIAN ("George Eliot"), an English novelist and poet, born November 22, 1819, died December 22, 1880. She was the youngest child of Robert Evans, the agent of the Arbury estate in Warwickshire.

Mrs. Evans's health failed, and at the age of five years, her daughter was sent with an elder

sister to a school at Attleboro, from which they came home occasionally on Saturdays. In her eighth or ninth year she was transferred to a school at Nuneaton, and in her thirteenth year to one at Coventry, conducted by the daughters of a Baptist minister, women of fine attainments, who, in addition to their own instruction, gave their pupils excellent masters in French, German, and music. The young girl had already a passion for books, and read all that came within her reach. While at Coventry she made rapid progress in composition and in music. Her mother's continued illness recalled her from school in 1835. Mrs. Evans died in the following year; and soon after her death, the marriage of the elder daughter left the younger sole manager of her father's household. She also engaged in active charitable work, continued her reading, and studied German, Italian, and music with masters from Coventry, to which town she removed with her father in 1841. Her literary work began with the translation into English of Strauss's *Life of Jesus* (1846).

Mr. Evans died in 1849. Immediately after his death his daughter accompanied some friends to Switzerland, where she remained for nearly a year. In 1851 she became editor of the *Westminster Review*, to which she was already a contributor. This change in her life led to the formation of lasting friendships with Herbert Spencer and other distinguished literary men. Her editorial connection ceased in 1854 when she assumed the duties of a wife to Mr. George Henry Lewes and of a mother to his sons; but her literary work went on, interrupted only by ill health. She continued to write for the *Review*, translated Spinoza's *Ethics*, and in 1857, published in *Blackwood's Magazine* her first works of fiction, a series of short stories under the general title, *Scenes of Clerical Life*. With the publi-

cation of these tales she assumed the name of George Eliot, which long shielded her from identification as their author. They at once attracted general attention, and elicited the highest praise from all classes of readers, as indicating a new and unique power in literature. The appearance in 1859 of her first novel *Adam Bede*, deepened the impression made by the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, and placed its author in the first rank of English novelists. *The Mill on the Floss* (1859), *Silas Warner, the Weaver of Raseloe* (1861), *Romola*, a story of Florence in the days of Savonarola (1863), *Felix Holt the Radical* (1866), *Middlemarch, a Study of Provincial Life* (1871), and *Daniel Deronda* (1876), fully sustained her reputation. Besides her novels she published numerous poems, among them *The Spanish Gypsy*, a drama (1868), *O May I Join the Choir Invisible*, and *How Lisa Loved the King* (1869), *The Legend of Jubal* (1870), and *Armgart*, a dramatic poem (1871). In 1879 appeared a volume of essays, *The Impressions of Theophrastus Such*. This was her last published work. Mr. Lewes died in 1878: and in May 1880, she married John Walter Cross, a tried friend for many years. In December of the same year she died.

IN THE HOUSE OF SORROW.

At five o'clock Lisbeth came down stairs with a large key in her hand; it was the key of the chamber where her husband lay dead. Throughout the day, except in her occasional outbursts of wailing grief, she had been in incessant movement, performing the initial duties to her dead with the awe and exactitude that belong to religious rites. She had brought out her little store of bleached linen, which she had for long years kept in reserve for this supreme use. It seemed but yesterday, that time so many midsummers ago, when she had told Thias where this linen lay, that he might be sure and reach it out for her

when *she* died, for she was the elder of the two. Then there had been the work of cleansing to the strictest purity every object in the sacred chamber, and of removing from it every trace of common daily occupation. The small window which had hitherto freely let in the frosty moonlight or the warm summer sunrise on the working man's slumber, must now be darkened with a fair white sheet, for this was the sleep which is as sacred under the bare rafters as in ceiled houses. Lisbeth had even mended a long-neglected and unnoticeable rent in the checkered bit of bed curtain; for the moments were few and precious now in which she would be able to do the smallest office of respect or love for the still corpse, to which, in all her thoughts, she attributed some consciousness. Our dead are never dead to us until we have forgotten them; they can be injured by us, they can be wounded; they know all our penitence, all our aching since that their place is empty; all the kisses we bestow on the smallest relic of their presence. And the aged peasant woman most of all believes that her dead are conscious.

Decent burial was what Lisbeth had been thinking of for herself through years of thrift, with an indistinct expectation that she should know when she was being carried to the churchyard, followed by her husband and her sons, and now she felt as if the greatest work of her life were to be done in seeing that Thias was decently buried before her—under the white thorn, where once in a dream she had thought she lay in the coffin, yet all the while saw the sunshine above, and smelt the white blossoms that were so thick upon the thorn the Sunday she went to be churched after Adam was born.

But now she had done everything that could be done to-day in the chamber of death—had done it all herself, with some aid from her sons in lifting, for she would let no one be fetched to help her from the village, not being fond of female neighbors generally; and her favorite Dolly, the old housekeeper at Mr. Burge's, who had come to condole with her in the morning as soon as she heard of Thias's death, was too dim-sighted to be of

much use. She had locked the door, and now held the key in her hand, as she threw herself wearily into a chair that stood out of its place in the middle of the house-floor, where in ordinary times she would never have consented to sit. The kitchen had had some of her attention that day. It was soiled with the tread of muddy shoes, and untidy with clothes and other objects out of place. But what at another time would have been intolerable to Lisbeth's habits of order and cleanliness, seemed to her just now what should be; it was right that things should look strange and disordered and wretched, now the old man had come to his end in that sad way; the kitchen ought not to look as if nothing had happened. Adam, overcome with the agitation and exertions of the day, after his night of hard work, had fallen asleep on a bench in the workshop; and Seth was in the back-kitchen, making a fire of sticks, that he might get the kettle to boil, and persuade his mother to have a cup of tea, an indulgence which she rarely allowed herself. There was no one in the kitchen when Lisbeth entered and threw herself into the chair. She looked round with blank eyes at the dirt and confusion on which the bright afternoon sun shown dismally; it was all of a piece with the sad confusion of her mind—that confusion which belongs to the first hours of a sudden sorrow, when the poor human soul is like one who has been deposited sleeping among the ruins of a vast city, and wakes up in dreary amazement, not knowing whether it is the growing or the dying day—not knowing why and whence came this illimitable scene of desolation, or why he too finds himself desolate in the midst of it.

At another time Lisbeth's first thought would have been, "Where is Adam?" but the sudden death of her husband had restored him in these hours to that first place in her affections which he had held six-and-twenty years before; she had forgotten his faults as we forget the sorrows of our departed childhood, and thought of nothing but the young husband's kindness and the old man's patience. Her eyes continued to wander blankly

until Seth came in and began to remove some of the scattered things, and clear the small round deal table, that he might set out his mother's tea upon it.

"What art goin' to do?" she said, rather peevishly.

"I want thee to have a cup of tea, mother," answered Seth, tenderly. "It'll do thee good; and I'll put two or three of these things away, and make the house look more comfortable."

"Comfortable! How canst talk o' ma'in' things comfortable? Let a-be, let a-be. There's no comfort for me no more," she went on, the tears coming when she began to speak, "now thy poor fayther's gone, as I've washed for and mended an' got's victual for'm for thirty 'ear, an' him allays so pleased wi' iverything I done for 'm, an' used to be so handy an' do the jobs for me when I war ill an' cumbered wi' the babby, an' made me the posset an' brought it up stairs as proud as could be, an' carried the lad as war as heavy as two children for five mile, an' ne'er grumbled, all the way to Warson Wake, 'cause I wanted to go an' see my sister, as war dead an' gone the very next Christmas as e'er come. An' him to be drownded in the brook as we passed o'er the day we war married an' come home together; an' he'd made thim lots o' shelves for me to put my plates an' things on, an' showed 'em me as proud as he could be, 'cause he know'd I should be pleased. An' he war to die, an' me not to know, but to be a-sleepin' i' my bed, as if I caredna noght about it. Eh! an' me to live to see that! An' us as war young folks once, and thought we should do rarely when we war married! Let-a-be, let-a-be! I wonna' ha' no tay; I carena if I ne'er ate nor drink no more. When one end o' th' bridge tumbles down, where's th' use o' th' other stannin'? I may's well die, an' foller my old man. There's no knowin' but he'll want me."

Here Lisbeth broke from words into moans, swaying herself backward and forward on her chair. Seth, always timid in his behavior towards his mother, from the sense that he had no influence over her, felt it was useless to attempt to persuade

or soothe her till this passion was past; so he contented himself with tending the back-kitchen fire, and folding up his father's clothes, which had been hanging out since morning, afraid to move about the room where his mother was, lest he should irritate her farther. . . . .

Lisbeth had been rocking herself in this way for more than five minutes, giving a low moan with every forward movement of her body, when she suddenly felt a hand placed gently on hers, and a sweet treble voice said to her, "Dear sister, the Lord has sent me to see if I can be a comfort to you."

Lisbeth paused in a listening attitude, without removing her apron from her face. The voice was strange to her. Could it be her sister's spirit come back to her from the dead after all those years? She trembled, and dared not look.

Dinah, believing that this pause of wonder was in itself a relief for the sorrowing woman, said no more just yet, but quietly took off her bonnet, and then, motioning silence to Seth, who on hearing her voice had come in with a beating heart, laid one hand on the back of Lisbeth's chair, and leaned over her, that she might be aware of a friendly presence. Slowly Lisbeth drew down her apron and timidly she opened her dim dark eyes. She saw nothing at first but a face—a pure pale face, with loving gray eyes, and it was quite unknown to her. Her wonder increased; perhaps it *was* an angel. But in the same instant Dinah had laid her hand on Lisbeth's again, and the old woman looked down at it. It was a much smaller hand than her own. But it was not white and delicate, for Dinah had never worn a glove in her life, and her hand bore the traces of labor from her childhood upward. Lisbeth looked earnestly at the hand for a moment, and then, fixing her eyes again on Dinah's face, said, with something of restored courage, but in a tone of surprise,

"Why, ye're a workin' woman!"

"Yes, I am Dinah Morris, and I work in the cotton-mill when I am at home."

"Ah!" said Lisbeth slowly, still wondering; ye comed in so light, like the shadow on the wall,

an' spoke i' my ear, as I thought you might be a sperrit, ye've got a'most the face of one as is a-sittin' on the grave i' Adam's new Bible."

"I come from the Hall Farm now. You know Mrs. Poyser—she's my aunt, and she has heard of your great affliction, and is very sorry; and I'm come to see if I can be any help to you in your trouble; for I know your sons, Adam and Seth, and I know you have no daughter, and when the clergyman told me how the hand of God was heavy upon you, my heart went out towards you, and I felt a command to come and be to you in the place of a daughter in this grief, if you will let me."

"Ah! I know who y'are now; y'are a Methody, like Seth; he's tould me on you," said Lisbeth, fretfully, her overpowering sense of pain returning now her wonder was gone. "Ye'll make it out as trouble's a good thing, like *he* allays does. But where's the use o' talkin' to me a-that-n? Ye canna make the smart less wi' talkin'! Ye'll ne'er make me believe as it's better for me not to ha' my old man die in's bed, if he must die, an' ha' the parson to pray by'm, and me to sit by'm, an' tell him ne'er to mind the ill words I'n gen him sometimes when I war angered, an' to gi'm a bit an' a sup, as long as a bit an' a sup he'd swallow. But eh! to die i' the could water, an' us close to'm an' ne'er to know; an' me a-sleepin', as if I ne'er belonged to'm no more nor if he'd been a journeyman tramp from nobody knows where."

Here Lisbeth began to cry and rock herself again; and Dinah said:

"Yes, dear friend, your affliction is great. It would be hardness of heart to say that your trouble was not heavy. God did not send me to you to make light of your sorrow, but to mourn with you, if you will let me. If you had a table spread for a feast, and was making merry with your friends, you would think it was kind to let me come and sit down and rejoice with you, because you would think I should like to share those good things; but I should like better to share in your trouble and your labor, and it would seem harder

to me if you denied me that. You won't send me away? You're not angry with me for coming?"

"Nay, nay; angered! who said I war angered? It war good on you to come. An' Seth, why donna ye get her some tay? Ye war in a hurry to get some for me, as had no need, but ye donna think o' gettin' 't for them as wants it. Sit ye down: sit ye down. I thank ye kindly for comin', for its little wage ye get by walkin' through the wet fields to see an old woman like me. Nay, I'n got no daughter o' my own—ne'er had one—an' I warna sorry, for they're poor queechy things, gells is; I allays wanted to ha' lads as could fend for theirsens. An' the lads ull be marryin'—I shall ha' daughters enoo' and too many. But now, do you make the tay as ye like it, for I'n got no taste in my mouth this day; It's all one what I swallow—it's all got the taste o' sorrow wi't."—*Adam Bede.*

A PASSAGE AT ARMS.

Bartle Massey returned from the fireplace, where he had been smoking his first pipe in quiet, and broke the silence by saying, as he thrust his forefinger into the canister, "Why, Adam, how happened you not to be at church on Sunday? answer me that, you rascal. The anthem went limping without you. Are you going to disgrace your schoolmaster in his old age?"

"No, Mr. Massey," said Adam. "Mr. and Mrs. Poyser can tell you where I was. I was in no bad company"

"She's gone, Adam, gone to Snowfield," said Mrs. Poyser, reminded of Dinah for the first time this evening. "I thought you'd ha' persuaded her better. Nought 'ud hold her but she must go yesterday forenoon. The missis has hardly got over it. I thought she'd ha' no sperrit for th' harvest supper."

Mrs. Poyser had thought of Dinah several times since Adam had come in, but she had had "no heart" to mention the bad news.

"What!" said Bartle with an air of disgust." "Was there a woman concerned! Then I give you up, Adam."

"But it's a woman you've spoke well on, Bartle," said Mr. Poyser. "Come, now, you canna draw back; you said once as women wouldn't ha' been a bad invention if they'd all been like Dinah."

"I meant her voice, man—I meant her voice, that was all," said Bartle. "I can bear to hear her speak without wanting to put wool in my ears. As for other things, I dare say she's like the rest o' the women—thinks two and two 'll come to make five, if she cries and bothers enough about it."

"Ay, ay!" said Mrs. Poyser, "one 'ud think, an' hear some folks talk, as the men war' cute enough to count the corns in a bag o' wheat wi' only smelling at it. They can see through a barn door, *they* can. Perhaps that's the reason they can see so little this side on't."

Martin Poyser shook with delighted laughter, and winked at Adam as much as to say the schoolmaster was in for it now.

"Ah!" said Bartle sneeringly, "the women are quick enough, they're quick enough. They know the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows 'em himself."

"Like enough," said Mrs. Poyser, "for the men are mostly so slow, their thoughts overrun 'em an' they can only catch 'em by the tail. I can count a stocking-top while a man's getting's tongue ready; an' when he outs wi' his speech at last, there's little broth to be made on't. It's your dead chicks takes the longest hatchin'. However, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

"Match!" said Bartle; "ay, as vinegar matches one's teeth. If a man says a word, his wife 'll match it with a contradiction; if he's a mind for hot meat, his wife 'll match it with cold bacon; if he laughs, she'll match him with whimpering. She's such a match as th' horse-fly is to th' horse; she's got the right venom to sting him with—the right venom to sting him with."

"Yes," said Mrs. Poyser, "I know what the men like—a poor soft, as 'ud simper at 'em like the pictur o' the sun, whether they did right or wrong,

an' say thank you for a kick, an' pretend she didna know which end she stood uppermost, till her husband told her. That's what a man wants in a wife, mostly; he wants to make sure o' one fool as 'll tell him he's wise. But there's some men can do wi'out that—they think so much o' themselves a'ready; an that's how it is there's old bachelors."

"Come Craig," said Mr. Poyser jocosely, "you mun get married pretty quick, else you'll be set down for an old bachelor; an' you see what the women 'll think on you."

"Well," said Mr. Craig, willing to conciliate Mrs. Poyser, and setting a high value on his own compliments, "*I* like a cleverish woman—a woman o' sperrit—a managing woman."

"You're out there, Craig," said Bartle dryly;" "you're out there. You judge o' your garden-stuff on a better plan than that; you pick the things for what they can excel in—for what they can excel in. You don't value your peas for their roots, or your carrots for their flowers. Now, that's the way you should choose women; their cleverness 'll never come to much—never come to much: but they make excellent simpletons, ripe, and strong-flavored."

"What dost say to that?" said Mr. Poyser throwing himself back and looking merrily at his wife.

"Say!" answered Mrs. Poyser, with dangerous fire kindling in her eye; "why, I say as some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there's summat wrong i' their own inside."

Mrs. Poyser would probably have brought her rejoinder to a farther climax, if every one's attention had not at this moment been called to the other end of the table.—*Adam Bede.*

THE DODSONS.

Few wives were more submissive than Mrs. Tulliver on all points connected with her family relations; but she had been a Miss Dodson, and the Dodsons were a very respectable family indeed—as much looked up to as any in their own parish, or the next to it. The Miss Dodsons had always been

thought to hold up their heads very high, and no one was surprised that the two eldest had married so well—not at an early age, for that was not the practice of the Dodson family. There were particular ways of doing everything in that family: particular ways of bleaching the linen, of making the cowslip-wine, curing the hams, and keeping the bottled gooseberries; so that no daughter of that house could be indifferent to the privilege of having been born a Dodson, rather than a Gibson or a Watson. Funerals were always conducted with a peculiar propriety in the Dodson family; the hat-bands were never of a blue shade, the gloves never split at the thumb, everybody was a mourner who ought to be, and there were always scarfs for the bearers. When one of the family was in trouble or sickness, all the rest went to visit the unfortunate member, usually at the same time, and did not shrink from uttering the most disagreeable truths that correct family feeling dictated. If the illness or trouble was the sufferer's own fault, 'twas not in the practice of the Dodson family to shrink from saying so. In short, there was in this family a peculiar tradition as to what was the right thing in household management and social demeanor; and the only bitter circumstance attending this superiority was a painful inability to approve the condiments or the conduct of families ungoverned by the Dodson tradition. A female Dodson, when in "strange houses," always ate dry bread with her tea, and declined any sort of preserves, having no confidence in the butter, and thinking that the preserves had probably begun to ferment from want of due sugar and boiling. There were some Dodsons less like the family than others—that was admitted; but in so far as they were "kin," they were of necessity better than those who were "no kin." And it is remarkable that while no individual Dodson was satisfied with any other individual Dodson, each was satisfied, not only with him or herself, but with the Dodsons collectively. . . .

The religious and moral ideas of the Dodsons and Tullivers were kind, but there was no heresy

in it—if heresy properly means choice—for they did not know there was any other religion except that of chapel-goers, which appeared to run in families like asthma. . . . The religion of the Dodsons consisted in revering whatever was customary and respectable. . . A Dodson would not be taxed with the omission of anything that was becoming, or that belonged to that eternal fitness of things which was plainly indicated in the practice of the most substantial parishioners, and in the family traditions, such as obedience to parents, faithfulness to kindred, industry, rigid honesty, thrift, the thorough scouring of wooden and copper utensils, the hoarding of coins likely to disappear from the currency, the production of first-rate commodities for the market, and the general preference for whatever was home-made. The Dodsons were a very proud race, and their pride lay in the utter frustration of all desire to tax them with a breach of traditional duty or propriety. A wholesome pride in many respects, since it identified honor with perfect integrity, thoroughness of work, and faithfulness to admitted rules: and society owes some worthy qualities to mothers of the Dodson class, who made their butter and their fromenty well, and would have felt disgraced to make it otherwise. To be honest and poor was never a Dodson motto, still less to seem rich though being poor; rather, the family-badge was to be honest and rich; and not only rich, but richer than was supposed. To live respected, and have the proper bearers at your funeral, was an achievement of the ends of existence that would be entirely nullified if, on the reading of your will, you sank in the opinion of your fellow-men, either by turning out to be poorer than they expected, or by leaving your money in a capricious manner, without strict regard to degrees of kin. The right thing must always be done toward kindred. The right thing was to correct them severely, if they were other than a credit to the family; but still not to alienate them from the smallest rightful share in the family shoe-buckles and other property. A conspicuous quality in the Dodson character was its genuineness;

its vices and virtues alike were phases of a proud, honest egoism, which had a hearty dislike to whatever made against its own credit and interest, and would be frankly hard of speech to inconvenient "kin," but would never forsake or ignore them—would not let them want bread, but would only require them to eat it with bitter herbs.—*The Mill on the Floss.*

TITO CHOOSES.

As Cenini closed the door behind him, Tito turned round with the smile dying out of his face, and fixed his eyes on the table where the florins lay. He made no other movement, but stood with his thumbs in his belt, looking down, in that transfixed state which accompanies the concentration of consciousness on some inward image.

"A man's ransom!"— who was it that had said five hundred florins was more than a man's ransom? If now, under this midday sun, on some hot coast far away, a man somewhat stricken in years—a man not without high thoughts, and with the most passionate heart—a man who long years ago had rescued a little boy from a life of beggary, filth, and cruel wrong, had reared him tenderly, and been to him as a father—if that man were now under this summer sun toilng as a slave, hewing wood and drawing water, perhaps being smitten and buffeted because he was not now deft and active? If he was saying to himself, "Tito will find me; he had but to carry our manuscripts and gems to Venice; he will have raised money, and will never rest till he finds me out?" If that were certain, could he, Tito, see the price of the gems lying before him, and say, "I will stay at Florence, where I am fanned by the soft airs of promised love and prosperity; I will not risk myself for his sake?" No, surely not, *if it were certain.* But nothing could be farther from certainty. The galley had been taken by a Turkish vessel in its way to Delos: *that* was known by the report of the companion galley which had escaped. But there had been resistance, and probable bloodshed; a man had been seen falling overboard: who were the survivors, and wha had befallen them amongst all the multitude

of possibilities? Had not he, Tito, suffered shipwreck, and narrowly escaped drowning? He had good cause for feeling the omnipresence of casualties that threatened all projects with futility. The rumor that there were pirates who had a settlement in Delos was not to be depended on, or might be nothing to the purpose. What, probably enough, would be the result if he were to quit Florence and go to Venice, get authoritative letters—yes, he knew that might be done—and set out for the Archipelago? Why, that he should be himself seized, and spend all his florins in preliminaries, and be again a destitute wanderer—with no more gems to sell.

Tito had a clearer vision of that result than of the possible moment when he might find his father again and carry him deliverance. It would surely be an unfairness that he, in his full ripe youth, to whom life had hitherto had some of the stint and subjection of a school, should turn his back on promised love and distinction, and perhaps never be visited by that promise again. "And yet," he said to himself, "if I were certain that Baldassare Calor was alive, and that I could free him, by whatever exertions or perils, I would go now—now I have the money—it was useless to debate the matter before. I would go now to Bardo and Bartolomeo Scala, and tell them the whole truth." Tito did not say to himself so distinctly that if those two men had known the whole truth, he was aware there would have been no alternative for him but to go in search of his benefactor, who, if alive, was the rightful owner of the gems, and whom he had always equivocally spoken of as "lost;" he did not say to himself—what he was not ignorant of—that Greeks of distinction had made sacrifices, taken voyages again and again, and sought help from crowned and mitred heads for the sake of freeing relatives from slavery to the Turks. Public opinion did not regard this as exceptional virtue. This was his first real colloquy with himself: he had gone on following the impulses of the moment, and one of those impulses had been to conceal half the fact: he had never considered this part of his conduct

long enough to face the consciousness of his motives for the concealment. What was the use of telling the whole? It was true the thought had crossed his mind several times since he had quitted Nauplia that, after all, it was a great relief to be quit of Baldassare, and he would have liked to know *who* it was that had fallen overboard. But such thoughts spring inevitably out of a relation that is irksome. Baldassare was exacting, and had got stranger as he got older: he was constantly scrutinizing Tito's mind to see whether it answered to his own exaggerated expectations, and age—the age of a thick-set, heavy-browed, bald man beyond sixty, whose intensity and eagerness in the grasp of ideas have long taken the character of monotony and repetition, may be looked at from many points of view without being found attractive. Such a man, stranded among new acquaintances, unless he had the philosopher's stone, would hardly find rank, youth, and beauty at his feet. The feelings that gather fervor from novelty will be of little help toward making the world a home for dimmed and faded human beings; and if there is any love of which they are not widowed, it must be the love that is rooted in memories and distills perpetually the sweet balms of fidelity and forbearing tenderness.

But surely such memories were not absent from Tito's mind? Far in the backward vista of his remembered life, when he was only seven years old, Baldassare had rescued him from blows, had taken him to a home that seemed like opened paradise, where there was sweet food and soothing caresses, all had on Baldassare's knee, and from that time till the hour they had parted, Tito had been the one centre of Baldassare's fatherly cares. And he had been docile, pliable, quick of apprehension, ready to acquire: a very bright lovely boy, a youth of even splendid grace, who seemed quite without vices, as if that beautiful form represented a vitality so exquisitely poised and balanced that it could know no uneasy desires, no unrest—a radiant presence for a lonely man to have won for himself. If he were silent when his father expected some response, still he did not

look moody; if he declined some labor—why, he flung himself down with such a charming, half-smiling, half-pleading air, that the pleasure of looking at him made amends to one who had watched his growth with a sense of claim and possession; the curves of Tito's mouth had ineffable good-humor in them. And then, the quick talent to which everything came readily, from philosophical systems to the rhymes of a street ballad caught up at a hearing! Would any one have said that Tito had not made a rich return to his benefactor, or that his gratitude and affection would fail on any great demand? He did not admit that his gratitude had failed; but it *was not certain* that Baldassare was in slavery, not certain that he was living. "Do I not owe something to myself?" said Tito, inwardly, with a slight movement of his shoulders, the first he had made since he turned to look down at the florins. "Before I quit everything, and incur again all the risks of which I am even now weary, I must at least have a reasonable hope. Am I to spend my life in a wandering search? *I believe he is dead.* Cennini was right about my florins. I will place them in his hands to-morrow." When, the next morning, Tito put this determination into act, he had chosen his colors in the game, and had given an inevitable bent to his wishes. He had made it impossible that he should not from henceforth desire it to be the truth that his father was dead; impossible that he should not be tempted to baseness rather than that the precise facts of his conduct should not remain forever concealed.

Under every guilty secret there is hidden a brood of guilty wishes, whose unwholsome infecting life is cherished by the darkness. The contaminating effect of deeds often lies less in the commission, than in the consequent adjustment of our desires—the enlistment of our self-interest on the side of falsity; as, on the other hand, the purifying influence of public confession springs from the fact that, by it, the hope in lies is forever swept away, and the soul recovers the noble attitude of simplicity.

Besides, in the first distinct colloquy with himself the ideas which had previously been scattered or interrupted, had now concentrated themselves; the little rills of selfishness had united and made a channel, so that they could never again meet with the same resistance. Hitherto Tito had left in vague indecision the question whether, with the means in his power, he would not return and ascertain his father's fate; he had now made a definite excuse to himself for not taking that course, the had avowed to himself a choice which he would have been ashamed to avow to others, and which would have made him ashamed in the resurgent presence of his father. But the inward shame, the reflex of that outward law which the great heart of mankind makes for every individual man, a reflex which will exist even in the absence of the sympathetic impulses that need no law, but rush to the deed of fidelity and pity as inevitably as the brute mother shields her young from the attack of the hereditary enemy—that inward shame was showing its blushes in Tito's determined assertion to himself that his father was dead, or that at least search was hopeless.—*Romola.*

DOROTHEA'S MISTAKES.

Dorothea herself had no dreams of being praised above other women, feeling that there was always something better which she might have done, if she had only been better and known better. Still, she never repented that she had given up position and fortune to marry Will Ladislaw, and he would have held it the greatest shame, as well as sorrow to him, if she had repented. They were bound to each other by a love stronger than any impulses which could have marred it. No life would have been possible to Dorothea, which was not filled with emotion, and she had now a life filled also with a beneficent activity which she had not the doubtful pains of discovering and marking out for herself. . . . .

Sir James never ceased to regard Dorothea's second marriage as a mistake; and, indeed, this remained the tradition concerning it in Middlemarch, where she was spoken of, to a younger gen-

eration, as a fine girl who married a sickly clergyman, old enough to be her father, and in little more than a year after his death gave up her estate to marry his cousin—young enough to have been his son, with no property, and not well-born. Those who had not seen anything of Dorothea usually observed that she could not have been "a nice woman," else she would not have married either the one or the other.

Certainly those determining acts of her life were not ideally beautiful. They were the mixed result of young and noble impulse struggling under prosaic conditions. Among the many remarks passed on her mistakes, it was never said in the neighborhood of Middlemarch that such mistakes could not have happened if the society into which she was born had not smiled on propositions of marriage from a sickly man to a girl less than half his own age—on modes of education which make a woman's knowledge another name for motley ignorance on rules of conduct which are in flat contradiction with its own loudly asserted beliefs. While this is the social air in which mortals begin to breathe, there will be collisions such as those in Dorothea's life, where great feelings will take the aspect of error, and great faith the aspect of illusion. For there is no creature whose inward being is so strong, that it is not greatly determined by what lies outside it. A new Theresa will hardly have the opportunity of reforming a conventual life, any more than a new Antigone will spend her heroic piety in daring all for the sake of a brother's burial; the medium in which their ardent deeds took shape, is forever gone. But we insignificent people, with our daily words and acts, are preparing the lives of many Dorotheas, some of which may present a far sadder sacrifice than that of the Dorothea whose story we know.

Her finely touched spirit had still its fine issues, though they were not widely visible. Her full nature, like that river of which Alexander broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name on the earth. But the effect of her

being on those around her, was incalculably diffusive; for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs.—*Middlemarch.*

O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search,
To vaster issues.
So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing a beauteous order, that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man,
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence is quick dissolved;
Its discords quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude,
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love—
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
Unread forever.
This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious

For us who strive to follow.
May I reach
That purest heaven—be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty.
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

DAY IS DYING.

Day is dying! Float, O song
Down the westward river,
Requiems chanting to the Day—
Day, the mighty Giver.

Pierced by shades of Time, he bleeds,
Melted rubies sending
Through the river and the sky,
Earth and Heaven blending.

All the long-drawn earthy banks,
Up to cloudland lifting;
Slow between them drifts the swan,
'Twixt two heavens drifting.

Wings half open like a flower,
July deeper flushing,
Neck and breast as virgin's pure—
Virgin proudly blushing.

Day is dying! Float, O Swan;
Down the ruby river;
Follow, song, in requiem
To the mighty Giver.
—*From the Spanish Gypsy.*

EVARTS, WILLIAM MAXWELL, an American lawyer and statesman, born at Boston in 1818. He graduated at Yale in 1837, studied at the Harvard Law School, and in 1841, was admitted to the New York bar, and soon rose to a high rank in his profession, and has been engaged as counsel in numerous important cases. In 1868 he was the leading counsel in the defense of President Andrew

Johnson, then under impeachment, and during the remainder of Mr. Johnson's term he was Attorney-General of the United States. In 1872 he was one of the counsel of the United States in the tribunal of Arbitration at Geneva, on the *Alabama* Claims. Upon the accession to the Presidency of Mr. Hayes, in 1877, Mr. Evarts was made Secretary of State, retaining that position during the administration of Mr. Hayes. Mr. Evarts's published writings consist mainly of occasional discourses and addresses. The principal of these are: *Centennial Oration before the Linonian Society of Yale College* (1853), *Address before the New England Society* (1854), *Argument before the Geneva Arbitration Tribunal* (1872), *Eulogy on Chief-Justice Chase* (1874), and *Centennial Oration* at Philadelphia (1876.)

NEUTRALS AND BELLIGERANTS.

What, then, is the doctrine of hospitality or asylum, and what is the doctrine which porhibits the use (under cover of asylum, under cover of hospitality, or otherwise) of neutral ports and waters as bases of naval operations? It all rests upon the principle that, while a certain degree of protection or refuge, and a certain peaceful and innocent aid, under the stress to which maritime voyages are exposed, are not to be denied, and are not to be impeached as unlawful, yet anything that under its circumstances and in its character is the use of a port or of waters for naval operations, is proscribed, although it may take the guise, much more if it be an abuse, of the privilege of asylum or hospitality. There is no difference in principle, in morality, or in duty, between neutrality on land and neutrality at sea. What, then, are the familiar rules of neutrality within the territory of a neutral, in respect to land warfare?

Whenever stress of the enemy, or misfortune, or cowardice, or seeking an advantage of refreshment, carries or drives one of the belligerants or any part of his forces over the frontier into the neutral territory, what is the duty of the neutral?

It is to *disarm* the forces and send them into the interior till the war is over. There is to be no *practicing* with this question of neutral territory.

The refugees are not compelled by the neutral to face their enemy; they are not delivered up as prisoners of war; they are not surrendered to the immediate stress of war from which they sought refuge. But from the moment they come within neutral territory they are to become non-combatants, and they are to end their relations to the war. There are familiar examples of this in the recent history of Europe.

What, then, is the doctrine of the law of nations in regard to *asylum*, or *refuge*, or hospitality, in reference to belligerants at sea during war. The words themselves sufficiently indicate it. The French equivalent of "*relache forcée*," equally describes the only situation in which a neutral recognizes the right of asylum and refuge; not in the sense of shipwreck, I agree, but in the sense in which the circumstances of ordinary navigable capacity to keep the seas, for the purposes of the voyage and the maintenance of the cruise, render the resort of vessels to a port or ports suitable to, and convenient for, their navigation, under actual and *bona fide* circumstances requiring refuge and asylum.—*Argument before the Geneva Tribunal.*

THE "NASHVILLE" AND THE "SHENANDOAH."

[*The Nashville*, when she reached Bermuda, two days' voyage from Charleston] had no coal, and she took four hundred and fifty tons more on board to execute the naval operations which she projected when she left Charleston, and did not take the means to accomplish, but relied upon getting them in a neutral port to enable her to pursue her cruise. Now the doctrine of *relache forcée*, or of refuge, or of asylum, or of hospitality, has nothing to do with a transaction of that kind.

The vessel comes out of a port of safety, at home, with a supply from the resources of the belligerant that will only carry it to a neutral port, to take in *there* the means of accomplishing its projected naval operations. And no system of relief in distress, or of allowing supply of the

means of taking the seas for a voyage interrupted by the exhaustion of the resources originally provided, have anything to do with a case of this kind. It was a deliberate plan when the naval operation was meditated and concluded upon, *to use the neutral port as a base of naval operations*, which plan was carried out by the actual use of the neutral territory as proposed. Now we say, that if this tribunal upon the facts of that case, shall find that this neutral port of Bermuda was planned and used as the base of the naval operations projected at the start of the vessel from Charleston—that *that* is the use of a neutral port as a base for naval operations. On what principle is it not? Is it true that the distance of the projected naval operation, or its continuance, makes a difference *in principle*, as to the resort to establish a base in neutral territory, or to obtain supplies from such a base? Why, certainly not. Why, that would be to proscribe the slight and comparatively harmless abuses of neutral territory, and to permit the bold, impudent, and permanent application of neutral territory to belligerant purposes.

Let us take the case of the *Shenandoah*. The project of the *Shenandoah's* voyage is known. It was formed within the Confederate territory. It was that the vessel should be armed and supplied—that she should make a circuit, passing around Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope—that she should put herself, on reaching the proper longitude, in a position to pursue her cruise to the Arctic Ocean, there to make a prey of the whaling fleet of the United States. To break up these whaling operations, and destroy the fleet, was planned under motives and for advantages which seemed to that belligerant to justify the expense and risk and peril, of the undertaking. That is the naval operation, and all that was done *inside of the belligerant territory* was to form the project of the naval operation, and to communicate authority to execute it to the officers who were outside of that territory.

Now, either the *Shenandoah*, if she was to be obtained, prepared, armed, furnished, and coaled

for that extensive naval operation, was to have no base for it at all, or it was to find a base for it in neutral ports. It is not a phantom ship, and must have a base. Accordingly, as matter of fact, all that went to make up the execution of that operation of maritime war, was derived from the neutral ports of Great Britain. The ship was thence delivered and sallied forth; was furnished from neutral ports and waters. It resorted to Madeira to await the arrival of the *Laurel*, which, by concert and employment in advance of the sailing of the *Shenandoah*, was to take the armament, munitions of war, officers, and a part of the crew, to complete the *Shenandoah's* fitness to take the seas, as a ship-of-war, to execute the naval project on which she originally sailed, and which were transferred from ship to ship at sea. The island of Madeira served only as a rendezvous for the two vessels, and if there had been occasion—as in fact there was not—might have furnished a shelter from storms. Thus made a fighting ship from these neutral ports, as a base, and furnished from the same base with the complete materials for the naval operations projected, the *Shenandoah* made captures, as without interruption of her main project she might; rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and came to Melbourne, another British port, whence she was to take her last departure for her distant field of operation—the waters of the whaling fleet of the United States in the Arctic Ocean. At Melbourne she obtained four hundred and fifty tons of coal—or something of that kind—and forty men; and without both of these, as well as important repairs of her machinery, she could not have carried out the naval project on which she had started. The coal taken at Melbourne was sent by appointment from Liverpool, and was there to complete her refitment. The naval operation would have failed if the vessel had not received the replenishment of power and resources at Melbourne as a base.

Now this case of the *Shenandoah* illustrates by its career, on a large scale the project of a belligerant in maritime war, which sets forth a vessel

and furnishes it complete for war, plans its naval operations and executes them—and all this *from neutral ports and waters, as the only base, and as a sufficient base.* Melbourne was the only port from which the *Shenandoah* received anything after its first supply from the home ports of Great Britain; and it finally accomplished the main operation of its naval warfare by means of the coaling and other refitment at Melbourne. Whether it could rely for the origin of its naval power, and for the means of accomplishing its naval warfare, upon the use of neutral ports and waters, under the cover of commercial dealings in contraband of war, and under the cover of the privilege of asylum, was the question which it proposed to itself, and which it answered for itself. It is under the application of these principles that the case of the *Shenandoah* is supposed to be protected from being a violation of the law of nations, which prohibits the use of ports and waters of a neutral as a base of naval operations.—*Argument before the Geneva Tribunal.*

CHASE AND WEBSTER.

If I should attempt to compare Mr. Chase, either in resemblance or contrast, with the great names in our public life, of our own times and in our previous history, I should be inclined to class him, in the solidity of his faculties, the firmness of his will, and in the moderation of his temper, and in the quality of his public services, with that remarkable school of statesmen who, through the Revolutionary war, wrought out the independence of their country which they had declared, and framed the Constitution by which the new liberties were consolidated and their perpetuity insured. Should I point more distinctly at individual characters whose traits he most recalls, Ellsworth as a lawyer and judge, and Madison as a statesman, would seem not only the most like, but very like Mr. Chase. In the groups of his contemporaries, in public affairs, Mr. Chase is always named with the most eminent. In every triumvirate of conspicuous activity he would be

naturally associated. Thus in the preliminary agitations which prepared the triumphant politics, it is Chase and Sumner and Hale; in the competition for the Presidency when the party expected to carry it, it is Seward and Lincoln and Chase; in administration, it is Stanton and Seward and Chase; in the Senate, it is Chase and Seward and Sumner. All these are newly dead, and we accord them a common homage of admiration and of gratitude, not yet to be adjusted or weighed out to each.

Just a quarter of a century before Mr. Chase left these halls of learning the College [Dartmouth] sent out another scholar of her discipline, with the same general traits of birth and condition and attendant influences which we have noted as the basis of the power and influence of this later son of Dartmouth. He played a famous part in his time as Lawyer, Senator, and Minister of State, and in all the greatest affairs, and in all the highest spheres of public action; and to his eloquence his countrymen paid the singular homage with which the Greeks crowned that of Pericles, who alone was called "Olympian," for his grandeur and his power. He died with the turning tide from the old statesmanship to the new, then opening, now closed, in which Mr. Chase and his contemporaries have done their work and made their fame.

Twenty-one years ago this venerable College, careful of the memory of one who had so greatly served as well as honored her, heard from the lips of Choate the praise of Webster. What lover of the College, what admirer of genius and eloquence, can forget the pathetic and splendid tribute which the consummate orator paid to the mighty fame of the great statesman? What mattered it to him or to the College that, for the moment, this fame was checked and clouded in the divided judgments of his countrymen, by the rising storms of the approaching struggle. But, instructed by the experience of the vanquished rebellion, none are now so dull as not to see that the consolidation of the Union, the demonstration

of the true doctrine of the Constitution, the solicitous observance of every obligation of the compact, were the great preparations for the final issue of American politics between freedom and slavery.

To these preparations the life-work of Webster and his associates was devoted ; the force and magnitude of the explosion have justified all their solicitudes lest it should burst the cohesion of our unity. The general sense of our countrymen now understands that the statesmen who did the most to secure the common Government for slavery and freedom under the frame of the Constitution, and who in the next generation did the most to strengthen the bonds of the Union, and to avert the last test till that strength was secured, and, in our own latest times, did the most to make the contest at last, become seasonable and safe, thorough and unyielding and unconditional, have all wrought out the great problem of our statesmanship, which was to assure to us "Liberty and Union, now and forever one and inseparable." They all deserve—as they shall all receive, each for his share—the gratitude of their countrymen and the applause of the world.

To the advancing generations of youth that Dartmouth shall continue to train for the service of the republic and the good of mankind, the lesson of the life we commemorate to-day is neither obscure nor uncertain. The toils and honors of the past generations have not exhausted the occasions nor the duties of our public life ; and the preparation for them, whatever else it may include, can never omit the essential qualities which have always marked every prosperous and elevated career. These are, energy, labor. truth, courage, and faith. These make up that ultimate Wisdom to which the moral constitution of the world assures a triumph. "Wisdom is the principal thing ; she shall bring thee to honor ; she shall give to thy head an ornament of grace ; a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee."
—*Eulogy upon Chief-Justice Chase.*

EVELYN, JOHN, an English author, born in 1620, died in 1706. He inherited a large estate, was educated at Oxford, and in 1644, served as a volunteer in the Low Countries. When the civil war broke out, he joined the royalist army ; but the cause being lost he traveled in France and Italy, returning to England in 1651. After the restoration of Charles II. Evelyn became a favorite at court. He was one of the founders of the Royal Society, and was a frequent contributor to its *Transactions.* He was one of the first Englishmen to treat gardening and arboriculture scientifically. In 1664, at the request of the Royal Society, he put forth a folio volume entitled *Sylva, or a Discourse on Forest Trees and the Propagation of Timber in his Majesty's Dominions*, the effect of which was to occasion the planting of an immense number of oak-trees, which in the next century furnished material for the construction of the English navy. In 1675 he published another folio volume, *Terra ; a Discourse on the Earth, relating to the Culture and Improvement of it for Vegetation and the Propagation of Plants.* His estate near Deptford attracted much admiration on account of the great number of exotic plants which were cultivated there. When Peter the Great of Russia visited England in the Spring of 1698, Evelyn's mansion was leased to him, and the owner complains bitterly of the wanton manner in which the Czar and his suite abused his cherished plantations. Besides the works already mentioned Evelyn wrote several others of very considerable value. But of more permanent interest than any of the others is his *Diary*, kept from 1641 to 1706, which was first published in 1818. and afterwards in 1859 and 1871, the last edition being in a single large volume. His third son, likewise JOHN EVELYN (1654-1698), pub-

lished several translations, among which was Plutarch's *Life of Alexander the Great.* In the following extract from Evelyn's *Diary* the original spelling is retained :

THE GREAT FIRE IN LONDON.

1666. 2d Sept. This fatal night about ten began that deplorable fire near Fish Streete in London.

3d. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and sonn and went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole citty in dreadful flames near ye water side ; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapeside, downe to the Three Cranes, were now consum'd.

The fire having continu'd all this night—if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner—when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very drie season, I went on foote to the same place, and saw the whole south part of ye citty burning from Cheapside to ye Thames, and all along Cornehill—for it kindl'd back against ye wind as well as forward—Tower Streete, Fenchurch Streete, Gracious Streete, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paule's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, publiq halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at greate distances one from ye other; for ye heate with a long set of faire and warme weather had even ignited the air, and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here

we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on ye other, ye carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seene the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seene above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame: the noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, ye shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let ye flames burn on, wch they did for neere two miles in length and one in bredth. The clouds of smoke were dismall, and reach'd upon computation neer 50 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage—*non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem:* the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus, I returned.

4th. The burning still rages, and it is now gotten as far as the Inner Temple: all Fleete Streete, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Streete, now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes; the stones of Paules flew like granados, ye mealting lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously drove the flames forward.

Nothing but ye Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was ye help of man.

5th. It crossed towards Whitehall: but oh! the confusion there was then at that court! It pleased his Maty to command me among ye rest to looke after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve, if possible, that part of Holburn, whilst the rest of ye gentlemen tooke their several posts—for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands acrosse—and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses, as might make a wider gap than any had yet ben made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines; this some stout seamen propos'd early enough to have sav'd near ye whole citty, but this some tenacious and avaritious men, aldermen, &c., would not permit, because their houses must have ben of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practis'd, and my concern being particularly for the hospital of St. Bartholomew, neere Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it, nor was my care for the Savoy lesse. It now pleas'd God, by abating the wind, and by the industrie of ye people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noone, so as it came no farther than ye Temple westward, nor than ye entrance of Smithfield north. But continu'd all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the tower, as made us all despaire; it also broke out againe in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soone made, as with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing neere the burning and glowing ruines by neere a furlong's space.

The coale and wood wharfes and magazines of oyle, rosin, &c. did infinite mischiefe, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Maty, and publish'd, giving warning what might

probably be the issue of suffering those shops about to be in the citty, was look'd on as a prophecy.

The poore inhabitants were dispers'd about St. George's Fields, and Moorefields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable hutts and hovells, many without a rag or any necessary utensills, bed or board, who, from delicatenesse, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnish'd houses, were now reduc'd to extremest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition, I return'd with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruine was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound. . . .

7th. I went this morning on foot fm Whitehall as far as London Bridge, thro' the late Fleete Streete, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paules, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorefields, thence thro' Cornehill, &c. with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feete was so hot that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime his Maty got to the Tower by water, to demolish ye houses about the graff, which being built intirely about it, had they taken fire and attack'd the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroy'd all ye bridge, but sunke and torne the vessells in ye river, and render'd ye demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the countrey.

At my return, I was infinitely concern'd to find that goodly church, St. Paules, now a sad ruine, and that beautiful portico—for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repair'd by the late king—now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stones split asunder, and nothing remaining intire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defac'd! It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcin'd, so that

all ye ornaments, columns, freezes, and projectures of massic Portland stone flew off, even to ye very roofe, where a sheet of lead covering a great space was totally mealted; the ruins of the vaulted roofe falling broken into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of bookes belonging to ye stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consum'd, burning for a weeke following. It is also observable, that the lead over ye altar at ye east end was untouch'd, and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remain'd intire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in ye Christian world, besides neere one hundred more. The lead, yron worke, bells, plate, &c., mealted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers Chapell, the sumptuous Exchange, ye august fabriq of Christ Church, all ye rest of the Companies Halls, sumptuous buildings, arches, all in dust; the fountaines dried up and ruin'd, whilst the very waters remain'd boiling; the vorago's of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in 5 or 6 miles, in traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsum'd, nor many stones but what were calcin'd white as snow. The people who now walk'd about ye ruines appear'd like men in a dismal desart, or rather in some greate citty laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poore creatures bodies, beds, &c. Sir Tho. Gressham's statue, tho' fallen from its nich in the Royal Exchange, remain'd intire, when all those of ye kings since ye Conquest were broken to pieces, also the standard in Cornehill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some armes on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast yron chaines of the citty streetes, hinges, barrs, and gates of prisons, were many of them mealted and reduc'd to cinders by ye vehement heate. I was not able to passe through any of the narrow streetes, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoake and fiery vapour continu'd so intense, that my haire was almost sing'd, and my feete unsufferably sur-heated. The bie lanes and narrower

streetes were quite fill'd up with rubbish, nor could one have knowne where he was, but by ye ruines of some church or hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seene 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispers'd and lying along by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploring their losse; and tho' ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appear'd a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeede tooke all imaginable care for their reliefe, by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In ye midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarme begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not only landed, but even entering the citty. There was, in truth, some days before, greate suspicion of those two nations joining; and now that they had ben the occasion of firing the towne. This report did so terrifie, that on a suddaine there was such an uproare and tumult, that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopp'd from falling on some of those nations, whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive, that it made the whole court amaz'd, and they did with infinite paines and greate difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into ye fields againe, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repaire into ye suburbs about the citty, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Matys proclamation also invited them.

EVERETT, ALEXANDER HILL, an American diplomatist and scholar, brother of Edward Everett, born at Boston in 1792, died at Can-

ton, China, in 1847. He graduated at Harvard at the age of fourteen, with the highe t honors of his class, and soon after commenced the study of law under John Quincy Adams. In 1809-11 he was attached to the legation of Mr. Adams at St. Petersburg. In 1812 he commenced the practice of law at Boston. From 1814 to 1825 he was attached to the mission to the Netherlands, during the last four years as its head. In 1825 he was appointed Minister plenipotentiary to Spain. In 1829 he returned to America, and for five years was editor of the *North American Review.* In 1830 he was elected to the Senate of Massachusetts. He had always acted with the party styled National Republican or Whig ; but during President Jackson's second term he became affiliated with the Democratic party, and in 1838 and 1840 was an unsuccessful candidate for Congress. In 1845 he was appointed Commissioner to China, but having got as far as Rio Janeiro his broken health compelled him to return. He sailed again for China in 1846 ; but died not long after his arrival at Canton. During Mr. Everett's diplomatic residence in Europe he wrote several works upon social and political topics, which were translated into other languages. He also contributed largely to the *North American Review* mostly upon topics connected with French literature. Two volumes, made up of selections from his essays and poems were published in 1845 and 1847.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

Scion of a mighty stock !
Hands of iron—hearts of oak—
Follow with unflinching tread
Where the noble fathers led.

Craft and subtle treachery
Gallant youth ! are not for thee ;
Follow thou in word and deeds,
Where the God within thee leads.

Honesty with steady eye,
Truth and pure simplicity,
Love that gently winneth hearts
These shall be thy only arts:

Prudent in the council train,
Dauntless on the battle-plain,
Ready, at thy country's need,
For her glorious cause to bleed! . . . .

Let the noble motto be
God—the Country—Liberty!
Planted on Religion's rock,
Thou shalt stand in every shock.

Laugh at Danger far or near!
Spurn at baseness—spurn at fear!
Still, with persevering might
Speak the truth, and do the right. . . . .

Happy if celestial favor
Smile upon thy high endeavor;
Happy if it be thy call
In the holy cause to fall.

FRANKLIN AND MONTESQUIEU IN ELYSIUM.

It is well known that the fortunate inhabitants of Elysium retain, in some degree at least, the tastes and occupations that belonged to them during their lifetime. We have the authority of Virgil to this point, which is deservedly high in everything relating to the subject. There is also but too much reason to suppose that some of these distinguished persons are subject, like the most favored mortals in our sublunary sphere, to the disease of ennui, and are glad to resort to reading and other amusements, in order to carry on the war with vigor against the great enemy, Time. It has long been suspected for these reasons, that in making provision for the comfort of the Elysians, the accommodation of books and newspapers had not been overlooked. Having accidentally discovered the local situation of this part of the Universe, and having had an opportunity of examining it somewhat at leisure, I am able to

assure the public that this idea is perfectly correct. The booksellers' shops, the libraries, and the reading-rooms are on a very good footing; and the new publications and journals are received with great regularity from all parts of the world. How this is effected, and whether passengers might not pass by the same conveyances that bring the Gazettes, it is not necessary to inquire, the rather as Captain Symmes has kindly undertaken this part of the investigation.

The Elysians, however, are constantly informed of the progress of events in the world, and those who during their lives were engaged in literary or scientific pursuits, find a very agreeable resource, when time hangs heavy upon their hands, in examining the new publications as they are received, and refreshing their memories in regard to the old, or in comparing their ideas upon these subjects in conversation with each other. I had an opportunity of listening to some of these conversations, and shall set down for the amusement of the public, the heads of a dialogue between President Montesquieu and Dr. Franklin, which occurred in one of the principal reading-rooms in Elysium.

I was sitting one day in this place, when the venerable Doctor entered. After looking about him a little while with a leisurely air, and examining the newspapers of the day, he took down from its place a volume of Montesquieu's *Spirit of the Laws*. He appeared to be looking into it for the purpose of refreshing his memory, and sometimes laid it down, and seemed to meditate upon what he had been reading. While this was going on, the President himself came in. The two illustrious philosophers saluted each other with a great appearance of cordiality and mutual respect; and the conversation was immediately introduced by the following remark from Dr. Franklin:

Franklin.—Mr. President, I was employed as you entered in reflecting upon the chapter in your celebrated work on law, in which you analyse the British Constitution. Notwithstanding the high

respect with which I am disposed to receive everything which proceeded from your pen, I confess that I can hardly agree with you in all your remarks upon this subject.

Montesquieu.—Consider, my dear Doctor, at the time when that chapter was written, a political observer had not all the lights to guide him that are now to be found in the world, or that were at hand even during your lifetime. The great age of revolutions, which was destined to reform the science of Government, had not then arrived. We were only beginning to see our way clear a little, by the twilight that was just announcing it. We had not then had the benefit of your example, my dear Doctor, and that of your countrymen, to correct our theories. Although most of my remarks on the British Constitution are substantially correct, I should still qualify them considerably, and state some of them in different language, if I were to write them over again.

Franklin.—Among the points susceptible of qualification you would perhaps include the introductory remark, that it is unnecessary to theorize on the form of government most favorable to liberty, since the problem has been resolved in practice by the British Constitution. This conclusion, my dear President, seems to be a little unphilosophical. The most that could be said with propriety on the strength of one example would seem to be that liberty is compatible with this form of government. No general conclusion can be drawn with safety from a single instance. If the English are free, it may perhaps be in spite of their form of government; and this is even intimated by yourself in another passage of your works, where you observe that the Government of England is a Republic masked under the form of a Monarchy. . . . .

Montesquieu.—Why, Doctor, this was rather a manner of expression, and not to be taken quite in earnest. I merely meant to be understood that as the English nation furnished one of the most remarkable examples of the enjoyment of practical liberty, the forms in use there must be of great

weight in illustrating the theory of the subject. I committed a more substantial error in stating as the principle of English liberty, and of the British Constitution, the existence of three distinct powers in the administration, engaged by their nature in perpetual conflict. Such a state of things could not possibly be permanent, and would produce, while it lasted, nothing but disorder. In fact, it never has existed in England. . . . In considering a necessary discord of its principal components parts as the essential ingredient and great excellence of the British Constitution, I made a twofold mistake: first in supposing a state of facts directly contrary to the reality; and secondly, as was very natural, in accounting for my false principles . . . Since then we are agreed that the principle of the British Constitution does not lie in the balance of three conflicting powers, as is commonly thought, in what do you suppose it to consist?

Franklin.—It would be impossible, my dear President, to define it with more exactness and precision than you have done yourself in the short passage I have already quoted from the earliest—and I say it without disparagement to your later and graver productions—the best of your works. The British Government is a Republic disguised under the form of a Monarchy. It is the essential principle of this Government that the sovereign power, which is exercised ostensibly by King, Lords, and Commons, is possessed in reality by the third of these branches, which is the representative of the people.

Montesquieu.—Do you conceive then that the King and the House of Peers have no influence on the Government?

Franklin.—In order to answer this question, it is necessary to distinguish them as the possessors of hereditary titles, and their interest as great proprietors. In the latter point of view their weight is very considerable, since their possessions are very large. In the former whether they are regarded as an order of nobles or an hereditary magistracy—their influence is altogether null. . . . The personal nullity of the King has long been

formally recognized in principle. To say that the King can do no wrong is as much as to say that the King can do nothing. The institution of the royal office on this footing is only a mode of regulating the appointment of the actual executive officers called the Ministers. . . . The King, however, in his nominations is only an indirect organ of the House of Commons. It is easy to see that the House of Lords is a mere pageant ; or, at most, another House of Commons quite inferior in importance to the first. But in every country effective power is attached to the possession of property. Where property is equally divided among the members of a society, political power is also equally divided, and the government is in substance democratic. Where property is very unequally divided, and a great proportion centres in a few hands, the political power is divided in the same way, and the government is aristocratic. As far as there may be said to exist a real aristocracy, it coincides to a considerable degree with the nominal one ; since the hereditary nobles are among the largest proprietors in the Kingdom. . . . It would seem therefore, Mr. President, that in attributing the establishment of hereditary ranks, titles, and magistracies to the necessity of protecting certain individuals, distinguished by birth, wealth, and honors, from the jealousy of the people, you have exactly inverted the natural order of causes and effects. Wealth is the real essence of aristocracy, and itself affords security to rank and titles. It is clear, therefore, that rank and titles could not have been established for the purpose of protecting wealth.

Montesquieu.—True, Doctor, the rank and titles are only the formal expression of the real state of things that constitutes aristocracy, which is the concentration of large estates in a few hands, and the connection of political power with the possession of them. To what, then, do you attribute the existence of this phenomenon ? Do you regard it as a voluntary institution, or as a necessary consequence of the progress of society ?—*N. A. Review*, April, 1821.

EVERETT, EDWARD, an American statesman and orator, born at Dorchester, Mass., in 1794, died at Boston in 1865. He graduated at Harvard in 1811, at the age of seventeen, and soon afterwards became tutor in the college, pursuing at the same time his studies in divinity. In 1812 he delivered the Phi Beta Kappa Poem at Harvard, his subject, which was treated rather playfully, being "American Poets," as they would be in time, not as they then were; for as yet no American had printed any poem of considerable merit.

FUTURE POETS OF AMERICA.

When the warm bard his country's worth would tell,
To Mas-sa-chu-setts's length his lines must swell;
Would he the gallant tales of war rehearse,
'Tis graceful Bunker fills the polished verse;
Sings he, dear land, those lakes and streams of thine,
Some mild Mem-phre-ma-gog murmurs in his line,
Some A-mer-is-cog-gin dashes by his way,
Or smooth Con-nect-i-cut softens in his lay,
Would he one verse of easy movement frame,
The map will meet him with a hopeless name;
Nor can his pencil sketch one perfect act,
But vulgar history mocks him with a fact.

But yet, in soberer mood, the time shall rise,
When bards will spring beneath our native skies;
Where the full chorus of creation swells,
And each glad spirit, but the poet, dwells,
Where whispering forests murmur notes of praise;
And headlong streams their voice in concert raise.
Where sounds each anthem, but the human tongue,
And nature blooms unrivaled but unsung.
Oh yes! in future days our Western lyres,
Turned to new themes, shall glow with purer fires,
Clothed with the charms to grace their later rhyme,
Of every former age and foreign clime. . . . .

Haste happy times, when through these wide domains
Shall sound the concert of harmonious strains ;
Through all the clime the softening notes be spread,
Sung in each grove, and in each hamlet read.
Fair maids shall sigh, and youthful heroes glow,
At songs of valor and at tales of woe ;
While the rapt poet strikes, along his lyre,
The virgin's beauty and the warrior's fire.
Thus each successive age surpass the old,
With happier bards to hail it than foretold,
While Poesy's star shall, like the circling sun,
Its orbit finish where it first begun.

—*Phi Beta Kappa Poem*, 1812.

This poem, written at eighteen, certainly gave promise that Everett's name might stand high on the list of American poets. This promise was never fulfilled. He wrote little verse; though one poem, *Alaric the Visigoth*, makes good his claim to rank among the poets in our English tongue. The poem is founded upon a passage in an old chronicler, which reads: "Towards the close of this year, 410, while engaged in the siege of Cosentia, Alaric was seized with an illness which proved fatal after a very short duration. He was buried, with his treasures, in the bed of the river Busentinus, which was diverted from its channel for that purpose, and all the prisoners who were engaged in the work were put to death, in order that the place of his sepulchre might remain unknown."

ALARIC THE VISIGOTH.

When I am dead, no pageant train
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
Stain it with hypocritic tear;
For I will die as I did live,
Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust
  Upon the spot where I repose;
Ye shall not fawn before my dust,
  In hollow circumstance of woes;
Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,
Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile with servile toil,
  Your monuments upon my breast,
Nor yet within the common soil
  Lay down the wreck of power to rest,
Where man can boast that he has trod
On him that was "The Scourge of God."

But ye the mountain stream shall turn,
  And lay its secret channel bare,
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
  A resting-place forever there:
Then bid its everlasting springs
Flow back upon the King of kings;
And never be the secret said
Until the deep gives up its dead.

My gold and silver ye shall fling
  Back to the clods that gave them birth—
The captured crowns of many a king,
  The ransom of a conquered earth:
For e'en though dead will I control
The trophies of the Capitol.

But when beneath the mountain tide
  Ye've laid your monarch down to rot,
Ye shall not rear upon its side
  Pillar or mound to mark the spot:
For long enough the earth has shook
Beneath the terrors of my look;
And now that I have run my race,
The astonished realms shall rest a space.

My course was like a river deep,
  And from the Northern hills I burst,
Across the world in wrath to sweep;
  And where I went the spot was curst:
No blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fail
  Beneath the terror of the Goth!
Their iron-breasted legions quail
  Before my ruthless sabaoth,
And low the queen of empires kneels,
And grovels at my chariot-wheels.

Not for myself did I ascend
  In judgment my triumphal car;
'Twas God alone on high did send
  The avenging Scythian to the war,
To shake abroad, with iron hand,
The appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge I reared
  O'er guilty king and guilty realm;
Destruction was the ship I steered,
  And Vengeance sat upon the helm
When launched in fury on the flood,
I ploughed my way through seas of blood,
And in the stream their hearts had spilt,
Washed out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp
  I poured the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help
  In vain within their seven-hilled towers.
I quenched in blood the brightest gem
That glittered in their diadem;
And struck a darker, deeper dye
In the purple of their majesty;
And bade my Northern banners shine
Upon the conquered Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done—
  I go to Him from whom I came;
But never yet shall set the sun
  Of glory that adorns my name;
And Roman hearts shall long be sick
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done;
  But darker ministers of fate,
Impatient round the eternal Throne,
  And in the caves of Vengeance wait;
And soon mankind shall blench away
Before the name of Attila.

In 1813 Edward Everett became pastor of the Brattle Street (Unitarian) Church in Boston, and speedily attained a high reputation for the eloquence of his discourses. In 1814 he was chosen Eliot Professor of Greek in Harvard College, and went to Europe to better fit himself for the duties of this office. He remained in Europe about four years, pursuing a wide course of study; and in 1819 entered upon his duties at Harvard. He also edited the *North American Review* for some four years, during which period he contributed largely to its pages, and subsequently when the editorship passed into the hands of his brother, Alexander H. Everett. In 1822 he married the daughter of Peter C. Brooks, one of the wealthiest men of Boston, a biography of whom was written by him some thirty years later.

Mr. Everett's political career began in 1824, when he was elected to Congress, in which he served for ten successive years. He declined a re-election in 1834, and in 1835 was elected Governor of Massachusetts, holding the office by successive re-elections for four years. In 1840 he was sent as Minister Plenipotentiary to England. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, died in October, 1852, and Mr. Everett filled that position during the remaining four months of Mr. Fillmore's administration. In 1853 he was elected United States Senator; but impaired health compelled him to resign his seat within a year.

Mr. Everett took an active part in the discussion of the political questions of the time; but he was more especially noted as an orator at literary and other public occasions. Collections of his *Speeches and Addresses* have been made at several periods. The second collection, in two volumes, made in 1850, contains more than eighty Addresses ; a third volume appeared in 1858, and a fourth volume

in 1869. One of the best of these is the Phi Beta Kappa Oration, delivered at Harvard on July 4, 1826, being the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. On that day, within a few hours of each other, Jefferson and Adams, of whom the orator had just feelingly spoken, passed from earth.

THE MEN AND DEEDS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Often as it has been repeated, it will bear another repetition; it ought especially to be repeated on this day:—the various addresses, petitions, and appeals, the correspondence, the resolutions, the legislative and popular debates from 1764 to the declaration of independence present a maturity of political wisdom, a strength of argument, a gravity of style, a manly eloquence, and a moral courage of which unquestionably the modern world affords no other example. This meed of praise, substantially accorded at the time by Lord Chatham in the British Parliament, may well be repeated by us. For most of the venerated men to whom it is paid, it is but a pious tribute to departed worth. The Lees and the Henrys, Otis, Quincy, Warren, and Samuel Adams—the men who spoke those words of thrilling power which raised and directed the storm of modern resistance, and rang like a voice of fire across the Atlantic—are beyond the reach of our praise. To most of them it was granted to witness some of the fruits of their labors: such fruits as revolutions do not often bear. Others departed at an untimely hour, or nobly fell in the onset; too soon for this country, too soon for everything but their own undying fame.

But all are not gone; some still survive among us to hail the jubilee of the independence they declared. Go back to that day when Jefferson and Adams composed the sub-committee who reported the Declaration of Independence. Think of the mingled sensations of that proud but anxious day, compared to the joy of this. What reward, what crown, what treasure, could the world and all its kingdoms afford compared with having been

united in that commission, and living to see its most wavering hopes turned into glorious reality?

Venerable men, you have outlived the dark days which followed your more than heroic deed; you have outlived your more than strenuous contention who should stand first among the people whose liberty you had vindicated. You have lived to bear to each other the respect which the nation bears to you both; and each has been so happy as to exchange the honorable name of a leader of a party for that more honorable one, the Father of his Country. While this our tribute of respect, on this jubilee of our independence is paid to the gray hairs of the venerable survivor [Adams] in our neighborhood, let it not less heartily be sped to him [Jefferson] whose hand traced the lines of that sacred charter which, to the end of time, has made this day illustrious. And is an empty profession of respect all that we owe to the man who can show the original draught of the Declaration of Independence of the United States, in his own handwriting? Ought not a title-deed like this to become the acquisition of the nation? Ought it not to be laid up in the public archives? Ought not the price at which it is bought to be a provision for the ease and comfort of the old age of him who drew it? Ought not he who at the age of thirty declared the independence of his country, at the age of eighty to be secured by his country in the enjoyment of his own?

Nor would we, on the return of this eventful day, forget the men who, when the conflict of council was over, stood forward in that of arms. Yet let me not, by faintly endeavoring to sketch, do deep injustice to the story of their exploits. The efforts of a life would scarce suffice to draw this picture in all its astonishing incidents, in all its mingled colors of sublimity and woe, of agony and triumph. But the age of commemoration is at hand. The voice of our fathers' blood begins to cry to us from beneath the soil which it moistened. Time is bringing forward, in their proper relief, the men and deeds of that high-souled day. The generation of contemporary worthies is gone; the crowd of the unsignalized great and good dis-

appears; and the leaders in war, as well as in the cabinet, are seen in fancy's eye to take their stations on the mount of remembrance. They come from the embattled cliffs of Abraham; they start from the heaving sods of Bunker's Hill; they gather from the blazing lines of Saratoga and Yorktown, from the blood-dyed waters of the Brandywine, from the dreary snows of Valley Forge, and all the hard-fought fields of the war. With all their wounds and all their honors, they rise and plead with us for their brethren who survive; and command us, if indeed we cherish the memory of those who bled in our cause, to show our gratitude, not by sounding words, but by stretching out the strong arm of the country's prosperity to help the veteran survivors gently down to their graves.—*Phi Beta Kappa Oration, July* 4, 1826.

EWBANK. THOMAS, an Anglo-American manufacturer and author, born at Durham, England, in 1792, died at New York in 1870. He was apprenticed to a tin and copper-smith, and in 1819 emigrated to New York, where he established himself as a manufacturer of metallic tubing. In 1835 he retired from active business, and devoted himself to scientific and literary pursuits. From 1849 to 1852 he was U. S. Commissioner of Patents. His principal works are: *Descriptive and Historical Account of Hydraulic and other Machines* (1842), *The World a Work-shop* (1855), *Life in Brazil*, giving an account of a visit to that country in 1845-1846 (1856), *Thoughts on Matter and Force* (1858), and *Reminiscenses in the Patent Office* (1859).

FUNERAL CUSTOMS AT RIO JANEIRO.

As soon as a person dies the doors and windows are closed—the only occasion, it is said, when the front entrance of a Brazilian dwelling is shut. The undertaker is sent for, and as the cost of funerals is graduated to every degree of display, he is

told to prepare one of so many *milreis.** **Everything** is then left to him. The corpse is always laid out in the best room, is rarely kept more than thirty-six hours, and not often more than twenty-four —the number required by law. If the deceased was married, a festoon of black cloth and gold is hung over the street-door; if unmarried, lilac and black; for children, white or blue and gold. Coffins for the married are invariably black, but never for young persons; theirs are red, scarlet, or blue. Priests are inhumed or borne to the tomb in coffins on which a large cross is portrayed; lay people cannot have the use of these. In fact, few persons, rich or poor, are buried in coffins; their principal use being to convey the corpse to the cemetery, and then, like the hearse, they are returned to the undertaker.

Fond of dress while living, Brazilians are buried in their best, except when from religious motives other vestments are preferred. Punctilious to the last degree, they enforce etiquette on the dead. These must go into the next world in becoming attire: married females draped in black, with black veils, their arms folded, and their hands resting on the opposite elbows; the unmarried in white robes, veils, and chaplets of white flowers; their hands closed as if in adoration, with palm-branches between them. The hands of men and boys are crossed upon the breast, and if not occupied with other symbols, a small cup is placed in them, and removed at the tomb. Official characters are shrouded in official vestments: priests in their robes, soldiers in their uniforms, members of the brotherhoods in their albs, sisters of the same societies in those appropriate to them, *e.g.* those of the Carmo, in black gowns, blue cloaks, and a blue slip for the head.

Children under ten or eleven, are set out as friars, nuns, saints, and angels. When the corpse of a boy is dressed as St. John, a pen is placed in one hand and a book in the other. When consigned to the tomb as St. José, a staff crowned with flowers, takes the place of the pen—for Jo-

* The value of the *milrei* is about 50 cents.

seph had a rod that budded like Aaron's. If a child is named after St. Francis or, St. Anthony, he generally has a monk's gown and cowl for his winding-sheet. Of higher types, St. Michael the Archangel is a fashionable one. The little body wears a tunic, short skirts gathered at the waist by a belt, a golden helmet (made of gilt pasteboard, and tight red boots. His right hand rests on the hilt of a sword. Girls are made to represent Madonnas and other popular characters. When supplementary locks are required, the undertaker supplies them, as well as rouge for the cheeks and pearl powders for the neck and arms.

Formerly it was the custom to carry young corpses upright in procession through the streets, when, but for the closed eyes, a stranger could hardly believe the figure before him—with ruddy cheeks, hair blowing in the wind, in silk stockings and shoes, and his raiment sparkling with jewels, grasping a palm-branch in one hand, and resting the other quite naturally on some artificial support —could be a dead child. But how was the body sustained in a perpendicular position? "Generally in this way," said Senhora P——, who had often assisted on such occasions, "a wooden cross was fixed on the platform, and against it the body was secured by ribbons at the ankles, knees, under the arms, and at the neck." Twenty-five years ago this practice was common; it is now confined chiefly to the interior.

No near relative accompanies a corpse to the cemetery. It is given at the door into the hands of friends, to whom its final and respectful disposal is confided. No refreshments of any kind are furnished,

On the death of a father, mother, husband, wife, son, or daughter, the house is closed for seven days, during which the survivors indulge in private grief; they wear mourning twelve months. For brothers and sisters, the house is closed four days, the period of mourning four months. On the last of the four or seven days, mourners attend mass, and then resume the business of life. For first cousins, uncles, and aunts, the established

rule is to wear mourning two months; for second cousins, one; for other relatives, from eight to fifteen days. By an old law, survivors can be compelled thus to respect the dead according to degrees of consanguinity. The poor contrive, by aid of friends. and sometimes by selling what articles of furniture or clothing they can spare, to comply with the general custom.

Widows never lay aside their weeds unless they marry. Till recently they were never known to dance, such an act being deemed scandalous, no matter how long their husbands had been dead. And now the old people shake their heads, and repeat an ancient apothegm: "Widows should ever mourn their first love, and never take a second." They complain of modern degeneracy and the disappearance of old Portuguese virtue. But the young folks contend that they are as good as their grand-dams, and insist that if widows seldom remain such now, it was much the same formerly, as the proverb more than intimates: "*Viuve rica cazada fica.*" Clusters of a small purple flower are here known as "Widows' Tears." They bloom but once a year, and soon dry up.

When the corpse of a husband is laid out, custom requires his surviving partner to appear before consoling friends in a black woolen gown, train, and cap, crape veil, a fan in one hand, and a handkerchief in the other. Old Senhora P——, who ought to know, says the *mouchoir* often hides smiles as well as tears; and further that some widows have no cause to cry—their losses being no losses at all. Those who cry loudest, she remarked, are the soonest comforted; and mentioned a Senhora who, on the fifth day, being told that her beauty, as well as her health, was suffering, looked up and naívely said, "If that is the case, I will stop;" and she did.

Visits of condolence are attended with fashionable formalities. Unless you call in deep mourning you are thought disrespectful. A full dress of black is a *sine qua non* for both lady and gentlemen visitors: unless near neighbors, etiquette requires a carriage and footman. Enlightened Bra-

zilians are awake to the evils of these expensive follies, and, as in other lands, are making efforts to reform them.

With the exception of holy water the priests are paid for everything. When a person is not interred in the parish he lived in, the fee is exacted all the same. In these cases the Vicar attends in a carriage, immediately behind the corpse, till it reaches its destination. He then bows to his reverend brother into whose charge he delivers the body, according to ecclesiastical or civil rule, and retires receiving the legal fee of twenty *milreis*—the rich frequently giving more. Previous to the transfer the doctor's certificate of the cause of death must be obtained, and countersigned by the Vicar, for which the latter receives two milreis—he often gets twenty.

Whatever they may be in life, lay people are profitable to priests when they cease to live. Masses—many or few—are then to be offered for them; and masses are always paid for. The usual charge for one at which a family attends soon after a burial, is two dollars—the wealthy, of course, not being limited to that. For subsequent ones a special agreement is made. J—s observed that he and another gentleman were executors of an acqaintance who left five hundred milreis to be expended in masses for the repose of his spirit. They agreed with a priest, and, as usual, at so much for each. Now every mass to be effective, must be performed fasting and before noon; and in the case referred to, one only was to be celebrated in one day, and for the exclusive benefit of the soul of the payer. In a very short time the priest brought in his bill, ready receipted, and asked for his money. Objections were raised on the ground that half the period had not elapsed which was necessary honestly to perform his agreement. He insisted that all he had bargained for had been properly done. They winced, but paid him.—*Life in Brazil. Chap. VI.*

EWING, JULIANA HORATIA (GATTY), an English author, born in 1841, died in 1885. She was the daughter of a Yorkshire clergy-

man, and began her story-telling for the amusement of her brothers and sisters. When about twenty years of age, she published several short stories in *The Monthly Packet*, and in 1886 became one of the chief contributors to *Aunt Judy's Magazine for Children*, established by her mother, Mrs. Gatty. Her marriage in 1867 to Major Alexander Ewing, and her removal to Fredericton, New Brunswick, did not interrupt her writing. Many of her verses and her charming tales for young people, which appeared first in *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, have been republished in book-form. Among them are *Melchior's Dream, Brothers of Pity, and Other Tales, The Brownies, Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances, Old Fashioned Fairy Tales, Lob-Lie-by-the-Fire, Jan of the Windmill, Six to Sixteen, A Great Emergency and Other Tales, Master Fritz, We and the World,* and *Jackanapes.*

MADAM LIBERALITY.

Plum-cakes were not plentiful in her home when Madam Liberality was young, and such as there were, were of the "wholesome" kind—plenty of breadstuff, and the currants and raisins at a respectful distance from each other. But, few as the plums were, she seldom ate them. She picked them out very carefully, and put them into a box which was hidden under her pinafore.

When we grown-up people were children, and plum-cake and plum-pudding tasted very much nicer than they do now, we also picked out the plums. Some of us ate them at once, and had then to toil slowly through the cake or pudding, and some valiantly dispatched the plainer portion of the feast at the beginning, and kept their plums for other people. When the vulgar meal was over—that commonplace refreshment ordained and superintended by the elders of the household—Madam Liberality would withdraw into a corner, from which she issued notes of invitation to all

the dolls. They were "fancy written" on curl-papers, and folded into cocked-hats.

Then began the real feast. The dolls came, and the children with them. Madam Liberality had no toy tea-sets or dinner-sets, but there were acorn-cups filled to the brim, and the water tasted deliciously, though it came out of the ewer in the night-nursery, and had not even been filtered. And before every doll was a flat oyster-shell covered with a round oyster-shell, a complete set of complete pairs which had been collected by degrees, like old family plate. And, when the upper shell was raised, on every dish lay a plum. It was then that Madam Liberality got her sweetness out of the cake. She was in her glory at the head of the inverted tea-chest, and if the raisins would not go round, the empty oyster-shell was hers, and nothing offended her more than to have this noticed. That was her spirit then and always. She could "do without" anything, if the wherewithal to be hospitable was left to her. . . . .

It may seem strange that Madam Liberality should ever have been accused of meanness, and yet her eldest brother did once shake his head at her and say, "You're the most meanest and the *generousest* person I ever knew!" And Madam Liberality wept over the accusation, although her brother was then too young to form either his words or his opinions correctly. But it was the touch of truth in it which made Madam Liberality cry. To the end of their lives she and Tom were alike, and yet different in this matter. Madam Liberality saved, and pinched, and planned, and then gave away, and Tom gave away without the pinching and saving. This sounds much handsomer, and it was poor Tom's misfortune that he always believed it to be so; though he gave away what did not belong to him, and fell back for the supply of his own pretty numerous wants upon other people, not forgetting Madam Liberality. Painful experience convinced Madam Liberality in the end that his way was a wrong one, but she had her doubts many times in her life whether there were not something unhandsome in her own decided talent for economy. Not that economy

was always pleasant to her. When people are very poor for their position in life, they can only keep out of debt by stinting on many occasions when stinting is very painful to a liberal spirit. And it requires a sterner virtue than good nature to hold fast the truth that it is nobler to be shabby and honest, than to do things handsomely in debt. —*A Great Emergency and Other Tales.*

McALISTER GAES HAME.

John Brown remained by his friend, whose painful fits of coughing, and of gasping for breath, were varied by intervals of seeming stupor. When a candle had been brought in and placed near the bed, the Highlander roused himself and asked:

"Is there a Bible on yon table? Could ye read a bit to me, laddie?"

There is little need to dwell on the bitterness of heart with which John Brown confessed: "I can't read big words, McAlister."

"Did ye never go to school?" said the Scotchman.

"I didn't learn," said the poor boy; "I played."

"Aye, aye. Wee'l, ye'll learn when ye gang hame," said the Highlander, in gentle tones.

"I'll never get home," said John Brown passionately. "I'll never forgive myself. I'll never get over it that I couldn't read to ye when ye wanted me, McAlister."

"Gently, gently," said the Scotchman. "Dinna daunt yoursel' over much wi' the past, laddie; and for me—I'm not that presoomtious to think I can square up a misspent life as a man might compound wi's creditors. Gin He forgi'es me, He'll forgi'e; but it's not a prayer up or a chapter down that'll stan' between me and the Almighty. So dinna fret yoursel', but let me think while I may."

And so, far into the night the Highlander lay silent, and John Brown watched by him. It was just midnight when he partly raised himself, and cried: "Whisht, laddie! do ye hear the pipes?"

The dying ears must have been quick, for John Brown heard nothing; but in a few minutes he heard the bagpipes from the officers' mess; where

they were keeping Hogmenay. They were playing the old year out with "Auld Lang Syne," and the Highlander beat the time out with his hand, and his eyes gleamed out of his rugged face in the dim light, as cairngorms glitter in dark tartan. There was a pause after the first verse, and he grew restless, and turning doubtfully to where John Brown sat, as if his sight were failing, he said: "Ye'll mind your promise, ye'll gang hame?" And after a while he repeated the last word "Hame!"

But as he spoke there spread over his face a smile so tender and so full of happiness, that John Brown held his breath as he watched him. As the light of sunrise creeps over the face of some rugged rock, it crept from chin to brow, and the pale blue eyes shone tranquil, like water that reflects heaven. And when it had passed it left them still open, but gems that had lost their way.—*Lob-Lie-by-the-Fire.*

FABER, FREDERICK WILLIAM, an, English clergyman and author, born in 1814, died in 1863. He was educated at Oxford; was ordained Deacon in 1837, Priest in 1839, and in 1843 became Rector of Eltham; but two years later he formally united with the Roman Catholic communion, to which he had for several years been strongly inclined. In 1848 he joined the "Oratorians" at Brompton, of which religious House he became Superior in 1850. His writings in verse and prose were numerous. His principal poems published before leaving the Anglican Church were *The Cherwell Water Lily* (1840), *Sir Lancelot* (1844, re-written in 1858), and *The Rosary and other Poems* (1845). After becoming a Roman Catholic he wrote many *Hymns.* In 1857 he put forth a collected edition of all the poems which he had published. Several of his hymns, such as "O come and mourn with me awhile," "Hark! hark, my soul," "Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go," have found a place in Protestant as well as Catholic

hymnals. Of Faber's devotional works in prose, the most popular are *All for Jesus* (1853), *The Blessed Sacrament* (1855), and *The Precious Blood* (1860).

DOCTRINE AND ADORATION.

We began with reflecting on the mystery of the Precious Blood because all devotion starts best with doctrine. The incredibilities of divine love become more credible when we have learned them first as dogmas. It was also the more necessary to begin with doctrine in the case of a "devotion," which claims to be an adoration also. We then turned from God to man, and strove to form a right estimate of the Precious Blood by studying from various points of view our extreme need of it, and our immeasurable wretchedness without it. We then traversed its empire, learned its character by studying the method of its government, and judged of its magnificence by the splendor of its dominion. Our next step was to unfold its chronicles. We found there a whole revelation of God, and much of the secret history of His eternity. We discovered there our own place in creation by discovering our place in the procession of the Precious Blood. From its history we passed to its biography, to that notable characteristic of it which especially reveals its spirit—its prodigality. We saw how God's prodigalities are not excesses, but most extraordinary magnificences; and also how our poverty is so extreme that we can only live on from day to day by being economical of God's most exuberant liberalities. As we had begun with doctrine and adoration, we have had to end with practice and devotion. The history, the characteristics, and the spirit of the devotion to the Precious Blood have been the concluding subjects of our reflections.—*The Precious Blood.*

In 1869 was published *The Life and Letters of Frederick William Faber*, edited by Father Edward Bowden. Some of these letters, although not written for publication, are of special interest as showing the progress of his

feeling towards Roman Catholicism. On St. Alban's Day [June 17], 1843, he writes from Rome to his friend the Rev. J. B. Morris, who also subsequently became a Roman Catholic:

FABER AND POPE PIUS IX.

The Rector of the English College accompanied me [to the Vatican, where he went by appointment for a private presentation to the Pope], and told me that as Protestants did not like kissing the Pope's foot, I should not be expected to do it. We waited in the lobby of the Vatican library for half an hour, when the Pope arrived, and a prelate opened the door, remaining outside. The pope was perfectly alone, without a courtier or a prelate, standing in the middle of the library, in a plain white cassock, and a white silk skull-cap (white is the papal color). On entering I knelt down, and again, when a few yards from him, and lastly, before him. He held out his hand, but I kissed his foot; there seemed to be a mean puerility in refusing the customary homage.

With Dr. Baggs for interpreter, we held a long conversation: He spoke of Dr. Pusey's suspension for defending the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist, with amazement and disgust; he said to me: "You must not mislead yourself in wishing for unity, yet waiting for your *Church* to move. Think of the salvation of your own soul." I said I feared self-will and *individual* judging. He said: "You are all individuals in the English Church; you have only external communion, and the accident of being all under the Queen. You know this; you know all doctrines are taught amongst you anyhow. You have good wishes, may God strengthen them! You must think for yourself and for your soul. He then laid his hand on my head, and said: "May the grace of God correspond to your good wishes, and deliver you from the nets (*insidie*) of Anglicanism, and bring you to the true Holy Church." I left him almost in tears, affected as much by the earnest, affectionate demeanor of the good old man, as by his blessing and his prayer. I shall remember St. Alban's day in 1843 to my life's end. . . .

As to myself, nothing retains me [in the Anglican Church] but the fear of self-will. I grow more and more Roman every day, but I hope not wilfully. I used—and blessed it was—to invoke the Saints; but since the day last Lent, when you said you feared it was not justifiable on our system, I have desisted: for, please God, I will obey in all things while I can. But I do not know what the end will be indeed; I hardly dare read the Articles; their weight grows heavier on me daily. I hope our Blessed Lady's intercession may not cease for any of us, because we do not seek it, since we desist for obedience sake.—*Life and Letters.*

A few weeks later he again writes to Morris:

DOUBTING AND SUFFERING.

Whatever be the end of my doubts, I can already rejoice in one thing, namely, I have *suffered.* One of the Saints said "*Patire e morire*—To suffer and die;" but Sta. Maria Maddalena de'Pazzi went further, "*Vivere e patire*—To live and suffer." . . . If we are not now in the One Church, but in a concubine (so long as it be a *doubt*), we may hope, in the endurance of that last mercy, Purgatory, to be knitted into that true Body; but if it grows beyond a doubt—what then? You will say, *Suffer, suffer, suffer.* If it be so, I must go on, and God will reveal this also to me. If I try to pray, if I kneel without words in acknowledgment of God's Presence, if I try to love Christ, if I meditate on the Passion, all is in the mist and in the dark. I think "All must begin with the One Church; are you in it? If not, of what good is all this? You have had it put before you. Look at her Catholicity, unity, sanctity, fruitful missions, clear miracles, wonderful Saints, ancient things. You pray in vain, because you have not really humbled yourself before the Church thus revealed to you; you confess in vain, you communicate in vain; all are shadows." So thoughts rush upon me. If in happy times I say "*Amore amoris Tui mundo moriar qui amore amoris mei dignatus es in Cruci mori,*" then comes the chilling question, "Why are you not

in the communion where he was who said that, and lived upon it?"

But you will answer: "You think too much about the salvation of your own soul, and too little about the Church. But, my dear J——, I have not the consolation of thinking that I am running the risk (most dreadful idea) for the Church, but of harming a number of misbelievers by not following the light given me to show me where the Church is. . . . It comes to this: To stay is misery at present, and I *dare not* go away.—*Life and Letters.*

In January, 1846, two months after he had been formally received into the Roman Catholic communion, Mr. Faber wrote a letter to a friend justifying the step which he had taken.

REASONS FOR LEAVING THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

Why should it seem to you so unnatural that those who have left you should feel anything rather than loyalty and affection to a system, or anything but kindly reminiscences of a dreadful position which they were forced from by the simple fear of everlasting ruin? Where do I owe my Christian allegiance? Is it not to the Church of my baptism? And surely *you*, at least, cannot be so foolish as to suppose that any one is baptized into any particular, insular, national, or provincial part or branch of the Church, or into anything short of the Catholic Church of Christ. It is there my allegiance is due, and it is there your allegiance is due also.

A false system took me from my mother as soon as I had either sense to do overt acts of schism, or wilfulness to commit a mortal sin. That system nurtured me in hatred of the Holy See; it nurtured me in false doctrine; it has had the strength of my youth, and formed the character of my mind, and educated me in strange neglect as well of doctrinal instruction as of moral safeguards. And now, do I owe allegiance to the mother from whose breasts I was torn, and whose face was so long strange to me? or to her who tore me from her, and usurped a name that was not hers, and whose fraud I have discovered?

No! I owe my allegiance to the Church into which I was baptized, the Church wherein my old forefathers died, the Church wherein I can help my later fathers who died away from her in their helpless ignorance. And like the stolen child who has found his mother, her loving reception and the outbreak—the happy outbreak—of his own instinct tell him, and have told him, more truly than all the legal proofs of parentage can do, that this, and this only, is the true mother who bore him years ago to God, and welcomes him now, in a way that humbles him most of all—without suspicion, probation, or reproof. —*Life and Letters.*

O COME AND MOURN WITH ME AWHILE.

O come and mourn with me awhile;
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently he hangs:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

How fast his hands and feet are nailed;
His throat with parching thirst is dried;
His failing eyes are dimmed with blood:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Seven times he spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Come, let us stand beneath the Cross;
So may the blood from out his side
Fall gently on us, drop by drop:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied:
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since Thou for us art crucified.

MY GOD, HOW WONDERFUL THOU ART.

My God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright;
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light.

How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless powers,
And awful purity.

O how I fear Thee, Living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

Yet I may love Thee, too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done,
With me, thy sinful child.

Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And ever gaze on Thee.

HARK! HARK, MY SOUL.

Hark! hark, my soul; Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truths those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
  "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:"
And through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
  The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
  The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
  Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
  The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
  And heaven—the heart's true home—will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
  Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
  And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

SWEET SAVIOUR, BLESS US ERE WE GO.

Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go;
  Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
  With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

The day is gone, its hours have run,
  And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
  The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways,
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

For all we love—the poor, the sad,
The sinful—unto Thee we call;
O let thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus and our All.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

FABER, GEORGE STANLEY, an English clergyman and theological writer, uncle of Frederick W. Faber, born in 1773, died in 1854. He studied at Oxford, became a Fellow and tutor of Lincoln College, and in 1801 was appointed Bampton lecturer. He gave up his Fellowship in 1803, and for two years acted as curate to his father, the Rector of Calverley, in Yorkshire. He afterwards held several vicarages, and in 1831 was made prebendary of Salisbury, and in 1832 master of Sherburne Hospital. He wrote numerous works, all of a theological character, many of them relating specially to the subject of the prophecies. The most important of these are: *Horæ Mosai-*

cæ (1801, enlarged in 1818); *On the Mysteries of the Cabiri* (1803), *The Origin of Pagan Idolatry* (1816), *Difficulties of Infidelity* (1823), *Difficulties of Romanism* (1826), *The Sacred Calendar of Prophecy* (1828), *Papal Infallibility* (1851), and *The Revival of the French Emperorship Anticipated from the Necessity of Prophecy* (1853).

INFIDELITY PUT ON THE DEFENSIVE.

In their various controversies with infidel writers, the advocates of Revelation have generally contented themselves with standing upon the *defensive.* Against the enemies of their faith they have rarely taken *offensive* operations. Difficulties, indeed, they have removed, and objections they have answered, when started by the ingenuity of a deistical opponent; but they have, for the most part, neglected to urge the manifold objections and the serious difficulties which attend upon his own system. Hence, so far as I can judge, they have needlessly given him the advantage which an assailant will always *seem* to possess over a person assailed.

With this view of the question, it is not my purpose to consider the sundry matters which from time to time have been brought forward by deistical authors against the Holy Scriptures. Such a task in the present state of the controversy may well be deemed superfluous, for, in truth, it would be merely to repeat and answer objections which have been made and answered again aud again. I am rather inclined to state a few of the numerous difficulties with which the infidel scheme is itself encumbered. Whence, unless indeed they can be satisfactorily removed, there will arise a strong presumption that, at some time, and in some place, and after some manner, the Supreme Being has expressly revealed himself to his creature man; and as the Christian Dispensation—viewed as grounding itself upon the preceding Patriarchal and Levitical Dispensations—is the only form of religion which, with any reasonable show of argument, can claim to be a revelation from heaven, we

may possibly be brought to a conclusion, that, however much has been said by infidels respecting the easy faith of those who have embraced the Gospel, there is, after all, more real credulity in the disbelief of Christianity than in the belief of it.—*Difficulties of Infidelity*, Sect. I.

ALLEGED IMPOSSIBILITY OF A REVELATION.

The best possible ground for deistical infidelity is the position that "In the very nature of things, a revelation from heaven cannot take place."

If this position has ever been seriously maintained by any writer of the deistical school, the difficulty inseparably attendant upon it will be found in the necessary consequence which it involves; a consequence no less formidable than an eventual denial of God's omnipotence. That such is, indeed, its necessary consequence, will appear from the following syllogism:

God can do everything which is not in itself a contradiction: but it can never be shown that a revelation from God to man implies any contradiction. Therefore a revelation from God to man is abstractedly possible. From the terms of this syllogism it is evident that the abstract possibility of a revelation from God to man cannot be denied without a concomitant denial of God's omnipotence. A denial, therefore, of God's omnipotence is the necessary consequence of maintaining the position before us. Whence it follows that the present position, involving a denial of God's omnipotence, involves also, in the creed both of the deist and the Christian, a gross and palpable absurdity. . . .—*Difficulties of Infidelity*, Sect. I.

ALLEGED INSUFFICIENCY OF THE EVIDENCE OF A REVELATION.

A third possible ground of Infidelity is the position that "the evidences upon which our reception of every system claiming to be a revelation from heaven is demanded, are so weak and unsatisfactory that they are insufficient to command our reasonable assent."

Should this position be assumed by the unbeliever, while we disclaim the vindication of any theological system, except that which is propounded in the Bible, as being a matter wholly foreign to the question at issue between us, we have a clear right to expect and demand a regular confutation of the arguments which are advanced in our best treatises on the evidences of Judaism and Christianity; for it is nugatory to say that the evidences in favor of the Bible being a divine revelation are weak and unsatisfactory, while yet no regular confutation of the arguments upon which those evidences rest is pretended to be brought forward.

To start difficulties is one thing; to answer arguments another. The work which we have a right to demand is a work in which the author shall go regularly through the treatises (we will say) of Leslie and Paley; taking argument after argument, necessarily showing their utter inconclusiveness, and then bringing out the triumphant conclusion that "the evidences of a Divine revelation are too weak and unsatisfactory to command our reasonable assent."

Let this be done; and we may allow the present ground of Infidelity to be tenable. But simply to assert that the evidences are insufficient, while not an attempt is made to give a regular answer to the various arguments which have been brought forward by writers on the evidences, is plainly an assertion without proof. If the evidences are indeed insufficient, it must doubtless be easy to answer the arguments. Why, then, has no reply been given to them? Why is a mere naked, gratuitous assertion made as to the insufficiency of the evidences, while the arguments yet remain unanswered? Such silence is not a little suspicious; and it is difficult to refrain from conjecturing that vague assertion is found to be more easy than regular confutation; and a starting of insulated difficulties less toilsome than a formal reply to a series of close reasoning. . . .—*Difficulties of Infidelity*, Sect. I.

THE BELIEVER'S THEORY AS TO A REVELATION.

In the present stage of the argument, then, the believer admits Christianity to be a revelation from God, on the following several grounds: 1. A revelation from heaven is, in the abstract, a circumstance clearly possible. 2. From a consideration of the wisdom of the Creator, and the ignorance of the created, the fact of a divine revelation is highly probable. 3. The evidence in favor of Christianity being a divine revelation is so strong that it cannot be reasonably controverted; more especially as the arguments upon which the evidence rests have never yet been confuted.—Mere difficulties, even if unanswerable, cannot set aside direct and positive evidence. Still less, therefore, can they set it aside when they have been fully and completely solved.—5. Numerous pretended revelations, like copious issues of base coin, are no proof of the non-existence of what is genuine; but the false may be readily distinguished from the true by a careful and honest examination of their respective evidences.—Finally, as our unassisted reason is an insufficient teacher—a matter long since acknowledged by the wisest of the Greeks—a revelation from God is no less necessary in the abstract than the claim of Christianity to be received as such a revelation is well founded in the concrete.—*Difficulties of Infidelity*, Sect. I.

THE UNBELIEVER'S THEORY AS TO A REVELATION.

On the other hand—still in the present stage of the argument—the unbeliever denies Christianity to be a revelation from God on the following several grounds:

Although a revelation may perhaps in itself be possible, yet the fact of one is very highly improbable: because it is to the last degree unlikely that an all-wise Creator should deem it necessary to give any instructions to a rational but inevitably ignorant being whom he had created. The evidence in favor of Christianity being a divine revelation is insufficient, though no infidel has hitherto been able to confute the arguments on which it rests.—Insulated objections to a fact, notwithstanding they have been fre-

quently answered, are quite sufficient, with a reasonable inquiry, to set aside the very strongest unanswered evidence.—As *many* pretended revelations are confessedly impostures, therefore *all* alleged revelations must clearly be impostures likewise.—Lastly, as our unassisted reason is held by some philosophers to be a sufficient teacher, while others declare it to be wholly insufficient, a revelation from God is quite unnecessary; nor ought any claim of this character to be admitted, though it may rest on the very strongest unconfuted arguments.—*Difficulties of Infidelity*, Sect. I.

FINAL SUMMATION OF THE CASE.

These are some of the numerous difficulties which encumber the theory of the Infidel—difficulties from which he can never extricate himself, because they are essentially inherent in the hypotheses which he has most unhappily and most illogically been induced to adopt. They have now been stated and discussed at considerable length, and (it is hoped) also with fairness and impartiality. On a careful review of the whole argument, the cautious reader must judge for himself whether, after all the captious objections which have at various times been started by Infidel writers, the disbelief of Christianity does not involve a higher degree of credulity than the belief in it: whether, in point of rationality it be not more difficult to pronounce it an imposture, than to admit it as a revelation from heaven.—*Difficulties of Infidelity*, Sect. VIII.

FABYAN, or FABIAN, ROBERT, an English chronicler, born about 1450, died in 1512. He seems to have received a fair education, became a member of the Draper's Company, was chosen an alderman of London, and afterwards sheriff. He is principally known by the *Chronicle*, "*whiche he hymself nameth the Concordaunce of Hystoryes*," from the time when "Brute entryed firste the Ile of Albion" to the year 1485, the work being continued by

unknown hands down to the year 1559. The *Chronicle* was first printed in 1516, again in 1533, 1542, 1559, 1811, carefully edited by Sir Henry Ellis. It is divided into seven portions, to each of which is appended a poem under the title of "The Seven Joys of the Blessed Virgin." The *Chronicle* is of no special value except the last portion, in which the author minutely narrates events which occurred very near his own time.

JACK CADE'S INSURRECTION, 1450.*

And in the month of June this year, the commons of Kent assembled them in great multitude, and chose to them a Captain, and named him Mortimer, and cousin to the Duke of York; but of most he was named Jack Cade. This kept the people wondrously together, and made such ordinances among them that he brought a great number of people unto the Black Heath, where he devised a bill of petitions to the king and his council, and showed therein what injuries and oppressions the poor commons suffered by such as were about the king, a few persons in number, and all under color to come to his above. The king's council, seeing this bill, disallowed it, and counselled the king, which by the 7th day of June had gathered to him a strong host of people, to go again' his rebels, and to give unto them battle. Then the king, after the said rebels had holden their field upon Black Heath seven days, made toward them. Whereof hearing, the Captain drew back with his people to a village called Sevenoaks, and there embattled. Then it was agreed by the king's council that Sir Humphrey Stafford, knight, with William his brother, and other certain gentlemen, should follow the chase, and the

* In this extract the spelling has been modernized. The first sentence stands thus in the early editions: "And in the moneth of Juny this yere, the comons of Kent assemblyd them in grete multytude, and chase to them a capitayne, and named hym Mortymer, and cosyn to the Duke of York; but of moste he was named Jack Cade. This kepte the people wondrouslie togader."

king with his lords should return unto Greenwich, weening to them that the rebels were fled and gone. But, as before I have shewed, when Sir Humphrey with his company drew near unto Sevenoaks, he was warned of the Captain that there abode with his people. And when he had counselled with the other gentlemen, he, like a manful knight, set upon the rebels, and fought with them long; but in the end the Captain slew him and his brother, with many other, and caused the rest to give back. . . .

And so soon as Jack Cade had thus overcome the Staffords, he anon apparelled him with the knight's apparel, and did on him his bryganders set with gilt nails, and his salet and gilt spurs; and after he had refreshed his people, he returned again to Black Heath, and there pight again his field, as heretofore he had done, and lay there from the 29th day of June, being St. Peter's day, till the first day of July. In which season came unto him the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Duke of Buckingham, with whom they had long communication, and found him right discreet in his answers; howbeit they could not cause him to lay down his people, and to submit him unto the king's grace.

In this while the king and the queen, hearing of the increasing of his rebels, and also the lords fearing their own servants, lest they would take the Captain's party, removed from London to Killingworth, leaving the city without aid, except only the Lord Scales, which was left to keep the Tower, and with him a manly and warly man named Matthew Gowth. Then the Captain of Kent thus hoving at Black Heath, to the end to blind the more the people, and to bring him in fame that he kept good justice, beheaded there a petty captain of his named Paris, for so much as had offended again' such ordinances as he had established in his host. And hearing that the king and all his lords were thus departed, drew him near unto the city; so that upon the first day of July he entered the borough of Southwark, being then Wednesday, and lodged him there that night, for he might not be suffered to enter the city. . . .

And the same afternoon, about five of the clock,

the Captain with his people entered by the bridge; and when he came upon the drawbridge, he hewed the ropes that drew the bridge in sunder with his sword, and so passed into the city, and made in sundry places thereof proclamations in the king's name, that no man, upon pain of death, should rob or take anything per force without paying therefor. By reason whereof he won many hearts of the commons of the city; but all was done to beguile the people, as after shall evidently appear. He rode through divers streets of the city, and as he came by London Stone, he strake it with his sword, and said: "Now is Mortimer lord of this city." And when he had thus shewed himself in divers places of the city, and shewed his mind to the mayor for the ordering of his people, he returned into Southwark, and there abode as he before had done; his people coming and going at lawful hours when they would. Then upon the morn, being the third day of July and Friday, the said Captain entered again the city, and caused the Lord Saye to be fette from the Tower, and led into the Guildhall, where he was arraigned before the mayor and other of the king's justices. Then the Lord Saye desired that he might be judged by his peers. Whereof hearing, the Captain sent a company of his unto the hall, the which per force took him from his officers, and so brought him unto the standard in Cheap, where, or he were half shriven, they strake off his head; and that done, pight it upon a long pole, and so bare it about with them. . . .

Then toward night he returned into Southwark, and upon the morn re-entered the city, and dined that day at a place in St. Margaret Patyn parish, called Gherstis House; and when he had dined, like an uncurteous guest, robbed him, as the day before he had Malpas. For which two robberies, albeit that the porail and the needy people drew unto him, and were partners of that ill, the honest and thrifty commoners cast in their minds the sequel of this matter, and feared lest they should be dealt with in like manner, by means whereof he lost the people's favour and hearts. For it was to be thought if he had not executed that robbery, he might have gone

fair and brought his purpose to good effect, if he had intended well; but it is to deem and presuppose that the intent of him was not good, wherefore it might not come to any good conclusion.

Then, upon the fifth day of July, the Captain being in Southwark, caused a man to be beheaded, for cause of displeasure to him done, as the fame went; and so he kept him in Southwark all that day; howbeit he might have entered the city if he had wold. And when night was coming, the mayor and citizens, with Matthew Gowth, like to their former appointment, kept the passage of the bridge, being Sunday, and defended the Kentish men, which made great force to re-enter the city. Then the Captain, seeing this bickering begun, yode to harness and called his people about him, and set so fiercely upon the citizens that he drave them back from the stulpes in Southwark, or bridge-foot, unto the drawbridge. Then the Kentishmen set fire upon the drawbridge. In defending whereof many a man was drowned and slain. . . .

But it was not long after that the Captain with his company was thus departed that proclamations were made in divers places of Kent, of Sussex, and Sowtherey, that who might take the aforesaid Jack Cade, either alive or dead, should have a thousand mark for his travail. After which proclamation thus published, a gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Iden, awaited so his time that he took him in a garden in Sussex, where in the taking of him the said Jack was slain; and so being dead was brought into Southwark the —— day of the month of September, and then left in the King's Bench for that night. And upon the morrow the dead corpse was drawn through the high streets of the city unto Newgate, and there headed and quartered, whose head was then sent to London Bridge, and his four quarters were sent to four sundry towns of Kent.

FAIDIT, GAUCELM, a French troubadour, who probably flourished about 1200, although some authorities place him half a century later. About all that is known of him is that, having

lost his fortune in gaming, he became a "Jongleur," and after the death of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, travelled from place to place for many years. More than fifty poems attributed to him have been preserved.

RICHARD OF THE LION HEART.

And must thy chords, my lute, be strung
To lays of woe so dark as this?
And must the fatal truth be sung—
The final knell of hope and bliss—
Which to the end of life shall cast
A gloom that will not cease—
Whose clouds of woe, that gather fast,
Each accent shall increase?
Valor and fame are fled, since dead thou art,
England's King Richard of the Lion Heart!

Yes!—dead!—whole ages may decay,
Ere one so true and brave
Shall yield the world so bright a ray
As sunk into thy grave!
Noble and valiant, fierce and bold,
Gentle, and soft, and kind,
Greedy of honor, free of gold,
Of thought, of grace, refined:
Not he by whom Darius fell,
Arthur, or Charlemagne,
With deeds of more renown can swell
The minstrel's proudest strain;
For he of all that with him strove,
The conqueror became,
Or by the mercy of his love,
Or the terror of his name . . .

O, noble King! O, Knight renowned!
Where now is battle's pride,
Since in the lists no longer found,
With conquest at thy side?
Upon thy crest and on thy sword
Thou show'dst where glory lay,
And sealed, even with thy lightest word,
The fate of many a day.

Where now the open heart and hand
  All service that o'erpaid?
The gifts that of a barren land
  A smiling garden made?
And those whom love and honest zeal
  Had to thy fate allied,
Who looked to thee in woe and weal,
  Nor heeded aught beside?
The honors thou couldst well allow,
  What hand shall now supply?
What is their occupation now?—
  To weep thy loss—and die!

The haughty pagan now shall raise
  The standard high in air,
Who lately saw thy glory's blaze,
  And fled in wild despair.
The Holy Tomb shall linger long
  Within the Moslem's power,
Since God hath willed the brave and strong
  Should wither in an hour.
Oh for thy arm, on Syria's plain,
To drive them to their tents again!

Has Heaven a leader still in store
  That may repay thy loss?
Those fearful realms who dares explore,
  And combat for the Cross?
Let him—let all—remember well
  Thy glory and thy name—
Remember how young Henry fell,
  And Geoffrey, old in fame!
Oh, he who in thy pathway treads,
  Must toil and pain endure;
His head must plan the boldest deeds,
  His arm must make them sure!

—*Transl. of* COSTELLO.

FAIRFAX, EDWARD, an English poet, born about 1580, died about 1632. He was a son of Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton, in Yorkshire; and lived the life of a quiet country gentleman of fair estate. He wrote several works,

among which were a series of ten *Eclogues* and *a Discourse on Witchcraft, as it was acted in the Family of Mr. Edward Fairfax, in* 1621; this was printed in 1859, edited by Richard Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton. Fairfax is known by his translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, which was published in 1600, under the title *Godfrey of Bulloigne; or, the Recoverie of Jerusalem, done into English heroicall verse, by Edw. Fairfax, Gent.* Few translations have ever received such high commendation from great poets, among whom are Waller, Dryden, Collins, and Milton.

ARMIDA AND HER ENCHANTED CASTLE.

And with that word she smiled, and ne'ertheless
Her love-toys still she used, and pleasures bold;
Her hair—that done—she twisted up in tress,
And looser locks in silken laces rolled:
Her curls in garland-wise she did up dress,
Wherein, like rich enamel laid on gold,
The twisted flow'rets smiled, and her white breast
The lilies there that spring with roses dressed.

The jolly peacock spreads not half so fair
The eyèd feathers of his pompous train;
Nor golden Iris so bends in the air
Her twenty-colored bow, through clouds of rain,
Yet all her ornaments, strange, rich, and rare,
Her girdle did in price and beauty stain;
Not that, with scorn, which Tuscan Guilla lost,
Nor Venus' cestus could match this for cost.

Of mild denays, of tender scorns, of sweet
Repulses, war, peace, hope, despair, joy, fear;
Of smiles, jests, mirth, woe, grief, and sad regret;
Sighs, sorrows, tears, embracements, kisses dear,
That, mixèd first, by weight and measure meet;
Then, at an easy fire, attempered were;
This wondrous girdle did Armida frame,
And, when she would be lovèd, wore the same.

RINALDO AT MOUNT OLIVET AND THE ENCHANTED WOOD.

It was the time, when 'gainst the breaking day,
  Rebellious night yet strove, and still repined;
For in the east appeared the morning gray,
  And yet some lamps in Jove's high palace shined,
When to Mount Olivet he took his way,
  And saw as round about his eyes he twined,
Night's shadows hence, from thence the morning's
  shine,
This bright, that dark; that earthly, this divine.

Thus to himself he thought: How many bright
  And 'splendent lamps shine in heaven's temple high!
Day hath his golden sun, her moon the night,
  Her fixed and wandering stars the azure sky:
So framèd all by their Creator's might.
  That still they live and shine, and ne'er will die,
Till in a moment, with the last day's brand
They burn, and with them burn sea, air, and land.

Thus as he musèd, to the top he went,
  And there kneeled down with reverence and fear;
His eyes upon heaven's eastern face he bent;
  His thoughts above all heavens uplifted were—
"The sins and errors which I now repent,
  Of my unbridled youth, O Father dear,
Remember not, but let thy mercy fall
And purge my faults and my offences all."

Thus prayèd he: with purple wings up-flew,
  In golden weed, the morning's lusty queen,
Begilding with the radiant beams she threw,
  His helm, the harness, and the mountain green;
Upon his breast and forehead gently blew
  The air, that balm and nardus breathed unseen,
And o'er his head, let down from clearest skies,
A cloud of pure and precious dew there flies.

The heavenly dew was on his garments spread,
  To which compared, his clothes pale ashes seem,
And sprinkled so that all that paleness fled,
  And thence of purest white bright rays outstream:

So cheerèd are the flowers, late witherèd,
With the sweet comfort of the morning beam;
And so, returned to youth, a serpent old
Adorns herself in new and native gold.

The lovely whiteness of his changèd weed
The prince perceivèd well and long admired;
Toward the forest marched he on with speed,
Resolved, as such adventures great required;
Thither he came, whence, shrinking back for dread
Of that strange desert's sight, the first retired;
But not to him fearful or loathsome made
That forest was, but sweet with pleasant shade.

A dreadful thunder-clap at last he heard,
The aged trees and plants well-nigh that rent,
Yet heard the nymphs and syrens afterward,
Birds, winds, and waters sing with sweet consent;
Whereat amazed, he stayed and well prepared,
For his defence, heedful and slow forth-went,
Nor in his way his passage aught withstood,
Except a quiet, still, transparent flood:

On the green banks, which that fair stream inbound,
Flowers and odors sweetly smiled and smelled,
Which reaching out his stretched arms around,
All the large desert in his bosom held,
And through the grove one channel passage found;
This in the wood, that in the forest dwelled;
Trees clad the streams, streams green those trees aye made,
And so exchanged their moisture and their shade.

FALCONER, WILLIAM, a British poet born at Edinburgh about 1730, lost at sea in 1769. He was the son of a barber; entered the merchant service at an early age, and in his eighteenth year became second mate of the *Britannia*, a vessel engaged in the Levant trade. The vessel was wrecked off Cape Colonna, in Greece, and all on board perished except Falconer and two others. This casualty forms the subject of his poem *The Shipwreck*, first

published in 1762, afterwards in 1764 and 1769, with considerable changes and additions. The poem was dedicated to the Duke of York, who procured for the author an appointment as midshipman on board the *Royal George*. The ship being paid off in a few months, Falconer served for awhile as purser on another vessel in the royal navy. He then engaged in literary labor, his principal work being an elaborate *Universal Marine Dictionary*, published in 1769. This procured for him the appointment of purser on board the *Aurora*, which had been commissioned to carry out several officers of the East India Company. The vessel sailed in October, 1769, reached the Cape of Good Hope, whence she set sail for India on the 27th of December. Nothing was afterwards heard of her; and she is supposed to have foundered at sea.

AN EVENING AT SEA.

The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanced obliquely o'er the woodland scene.
Creation smiles around; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay.
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain;
The golden lime and orange there were seen,
On fragrant branches of perpetual green.
The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy ocean, hushed, forgets to roar,
But trembling, murmurs on the sandy shore:
And lo! his surface, lovely to behold!
Glows in the west, a sea of living gold!
While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains:
Above, beneath, around, enchantment reigns!
While yet the shades, on time's eternal scale,
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale;

While yet the songsters of the vocal grove
With dying numbers tune the soul to love,
With joyful eyes the attentive master sees
The auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.
Now radiant Vesper leads the starry train,
And night slow draws her veil o'er land and main;
Round the charged bowl the sailors form a ring;
By turns recount the wondrous tale, or sing;
As love or battle, hardships of the main,
Or genial wine, awake their homely strain:
Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

THE SHIPWRECK OFF CAPE COLONNA.

But now Athenian mountains they descry,
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high.
Beside the Cape's projecting verge is placed
A range of columns long by time defaced;
First planted by devotion to sustain,
In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane.
Foams the wild beach below with maddening rage,
Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.
With mournful look the seamen eyed the strand,
Where death's inexorable jaws expand;
Swift from their minds elapsed all dangers past,
As, dumb with terror, they beheld the last.
Now on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,
In mute suspense they mount into the wind.
The steersmen now received their last command
To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand.
Twelve sailors on the foremast, who depend,
High on the platform of the top ascend:
Fatal retreat! for while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down-pressed by watery weight the bowsprit bends,
And from above the stem deep-crashing rends.
Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie;
The foremast totters, unsustained on high;
And now the ship, fore lifted by the sea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee;
While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
Drags the maintop-mast from its post away.

Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain
Through hostile floods their vessel to regain.
The waves they buffet, till, bereft of strength,
O'erpowered, they yield to cruel fate at length.
The hostile waters close around their head,
They sink forever, numbered with the dead!
Those who remain their fearful doom await,
Nor longer mourn their lost companions' fate.
The heart that bleeds with sorrows all its own,
Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan. . . .
And now, lashed on by destiny severe,
With horror fraught, the dreadful scene drew near,
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!
In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For now the audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shattered top half buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging, thunders on the ground;
Earth groans, air trembles, and the deeps resound!
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And, quivering with the wound, in torment reels;
So reels, convulsed with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murderer's blows.
Again she plunges; hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock!
Down on the vale of death with dismal cries,
The fated victims, shuddering, roll their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion rends the solid oak:
Till, like the mine in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn, her frame divides,
And, crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides. . . .
As o'er the surf the bending mainmast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung;
Some on a broken crag were struggling cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast;
Awhile they bore the o'erwhelming billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;

Till, all benumbed and feeble, they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below;
Some from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges die without a groan;
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend;
Now on the mountain wave on high they ride,
Then down they plunge beneath the involving tide;
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive:
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And pressed the stormy beach—a lifeless crew!

FANE, JULIAN, an English poet, born at London in 1827, died in 1870. In 1852 he published a small volume of *Poems*, and in 1861, in conjunction with Robert Lytton Bulwer ("Owen Meredith") he put forth *Tannhäuser; or, The Battle of the Bards.* He had been accustomed to write a sonnet to his mother (*ad Matrem*) upon her birthday. Of the last of these—that dated in 1870—Lord Lytton says, in his *Life of Fane:* "On the evening of the 12th of March, 1870, his physical suffering was excessive. The following day was the birthday of his mother. She found what she dared not, could not anticipate. There lay upon the table a letter with two sonnets. They were the last words ever written by Julian Fane."

AD MATREM: MARCH 13, 1862.

Oft in the after days, when thou and I
Have fallen from the scope of human view,
When, both together, under the sweet sky
We sleep beneath the daisies and the dew,
Men will recall thy gracious presence bland,
Conning the pictured sweetness of thy face;
Will pore o'er paintings by thy plastic hand,
And vaunt thy skill, and tell thy deeds of grace,
Oh may they then, who crown thee with true bays,
Saying, "What love unto her son she bore!"
Make this addition to thy perfect praise:
"Nor ever yet was mother worshipped more!"

So shall I live with thee, and thy dear fame
Shall link my love unto thine honored name.

AD MATREM: MARCH 13, 1864.

Music, and frankincense of flowers, belong
To this sweet festival of all the year.
Take, then, the latest blossom of my song,
And to Love's canticle incline thine ear.
What is it that Love chants? thy perfect praise.
What is it that Love prays? worthy to prove.
What is it Love desires? thy length of days.
What is it that Love asks? return of love.
Ah, what requital can Love ask more dear
Than by Love's priceless self to be repaid?
Thy liberal love increasing year by year,
Hath granted more than all my heart hath prayed,
And prodigal as Nature, makes me pine
To think how poor my love compared with thine.

AD MATREM: MARCH 13, 1870.

When the vast heaven is dark with ominous clouds,
That lower their gloomful faces to the earth;
When all things sweet and fair are cloaked in shrouds,
And dire calamity and care have birth;
When furious tempests strip the woodland green,
And from bare boughs the hapless songsters sing;
When Winter stalks, a spectre, on the scene,
And breathes a blight on every living thing;
Then, when the spirit of man, by sickness tried,
Half fears, half hopes, that death be at his side,
Out leaps the sun, and gives him life again.
O mother, I clasped Death; but seeing thy face,
Leapt from his dark arms to thy dear embrace.

FANSHAWE (ANNE HARRISON), LADY, an English writer, born in 1625, died in 1680. About 1644 she was married to Sir Richard Fanshawe (1608–1666), who bore a prominent part in the political and diplomatic history of his time. He was also a poet of some repute, especially for his spirited translations of the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, and the *Lusiad* of

Camöens, besides others from Latin, Italian, and Spanish. A volume made up his *Letters* was printed in 1724. Not long after his death Lady Fanshawe wrote her *Memoirs*, in which her husband figures largely. These were first printed in 1829, under the editorial care of Sir N. Harris Nicolas.

LADY AND SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE: 1545.

My husband had provided very good lodgings for us [at Bristol], and as soon as he could come home from the council, where he was at my arrival, he, with all expressions of joy, received me in his arms, and gave me a hundred pieces of gold, saying: "I know thou that keeps my heart so well will keep my fortune, which from this I will ever put into thy hands as God shall bless me with increase;" and now I thought myself a perfect queen, and my husband so glorious a crown, that I more valued myself to be called by his name than born a princess; for I knew him very wise and very good, and his soul doted on me—upon which confidence I will tell you what happened.

My Lady Rivers, a brave woman, and one that had suffered many thousand pounds' loss for the king, and whom I had a great reverence for, and she a kindness for me as a kinswoman, in discourse she tacitly commended the knowledge of state affairs, and that some women were very happy in a good understanding thereof, as my Lady Aubigny, Lady Isabel Thynne, and divers others, and yet none was at first more capable than I; that in the night she knew there came a post from Paris from the queen, and that she would be extremely glad to hear what the queen commanded the king in order to his affairs, saying if I would ask my husband privately he would tell me what he found in the packet, and I might tell her.

I, that was young and innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth "What news?" began to think there was more inquiring into public affairs than I thought of, and that it being a fashionable thing would make me more beloved of my hus-

band, if that had been possible, than I then was. When my husband returned home from council, and went with his handful of papers into his study for an hour or more, I followed him; he turned hastily and said: "What wouldst thou have, my life?" I told him, I heard the prince had received a packet from the queen, and I guessed it was that in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it. He smilingly replied: "My love, I will immediately come to thee; pray thee, go, for I am very busy." When he came out of his closet, I revived my suit; he kissed me, and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing; he as usual sat by me, and drank often to me, which was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed, I asked again, and said I could not believe he loved me if he refused to tell me all he knew; but he answered nothing, but stopped my mouth with kisses. So we went to bed; I cried, and he went to sleep.

Next morning early, as his custom was, he called to rise, but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply; he rose, came on the other side of the bed, and kissed me, and drew the curtains softly and went to court. When he came home to dinner, he presently came to me as usual, and when I had him by the hand, I said: "Thou dost not care to see me troubled;" to which he, taking me in his arms, answered: "My dearest soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that; but when you ask me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee; for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart in which the trust I am in may not be revealed; but my honor is my own; which I cannot preserve if I communicate the prince's affairs; and pray thee, with this answer rest satisfied."

So great was his reason and goodness, that, upon consideration, it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day until the day of his death, I never thought fit to ask him any business, but what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate or family.

FARADAY, MICHAEL, an English physicist, born in 1791, died in 1867. He was the son of a poor blacksmith, and at the age of fourteen was apprenticed to a bookbinder. While thus employed he attended some of the chemical lectures of Humphry Davy, of which he took notes. These he transmitted to Davy, asking his assistance to "escape from trade and enter into the service of science." The result was that Faraday, in his twenty-third year, became the assistant of Davy in the laboratory of the Royal Institution. In 1825, upon the retirement of Sir Humphry, he was appointed director of the laboratory, and in 1833 he was made the first Fullerian Professor of Chemistry, a position which he held until his death; so that his connection with the Royal Institution lasted fifty-four years. His investigations were especially directed to the sciences of Chemistry and Electricity, in which his discoveries have been exceeded in value by no other man. Besides almost innumerable papers in the transactions of learned societies and in scientific journals, his principal works are: *Chemical Manipulations* (1827), *Researches in Electricity* (1831–55), *Researches in Chemistry and Physics* (1859), *Lectures on the Forces of Matter* (1860), and *Lectures on the Chemical History of a Candle* (1861). He was a man of sincere piety, a member and elder of a small religious Society, known as "Sandemanians." His views on the relations between science and religion are expressed in a lecture on "Mental Education" delivered before the Royal Institution in 1854, and printed at the end of his *Researches in Chemistry and Physics.* Of this lecture he says: "These observations are so immediately connected in their nature and origin with my own intellectual life, considered either as cause or consequence, that I have thought the close

of this volume not an unfit place for their reproduction."

NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL BELIEF.

Before entering upon the subject I must make one distinction which, however it may appear to others, is to me of the highest importance. High as man is placed above the creatures around him, there is a higher and far more exalted position within his view: and the ways are infinite in which he occupies his thoughts about the fears, or hopes, or expectations of a future life. I believe that the truth of that future cannot be brought to his knowledge by any exertion of his mental powers, however exalted they may be; that it is made known to him by other teaching than his own, and is received through simple belief in the testimony given. Let no one suppose for an instant that the self-education I am about to commend in respect to the things of this life extends to any considerations of the hope set before us, as if man by reasoning could find out God. It would be improper here to enter upon this subject further than to claim an absolute distinction between religious and ordinary belief.

I shall be reproached with the weakness of refusing to apply those mental operations, which I think good in respect of high things, to the very highest. I am content to bear the reproach. Yet even in earthly matters I believe that "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead;" and I have never seen anything incompatible between those things which can be known by the spirit of man which is within him and those higher things concerning the future which he cannot know by that spirit.

FORCE AND THE ATOMIC THEORY OF MATTER.

I have long held an opinion almost amounting to a conviction, in common, I believe, with many other lovers of natural knowledge that the various forms under which the forces of matter are made manifest,

have one common origin; in other words, are so directly related and so mutually dependent, that they are convertible, as it were, into one another, and possess equivalents of power in their action. . . . The atomic view of the constitution of matter would seem to involve necessarily the conclusion that matter fills all space, or at least all space to which gravitation extends; foı gravitation is a property of matter dependent on a certain force, and it is this force which constitutes the matter. In that view, matter is not mutually penetrable; but each atom extends, so to say, throughout the whole of the solar system, yet always retaining its own centre of force.

Faraday has been called "the prince of popular lecturers." As early as 1842 he commenced a course of lectures on chemistry to juvenile audiences, and these lectures are described as the most perfect examples of extemporaneous speaking. Not a little of the charm of these lectures was found in his facility of making experiments, in which he was himself as earnest as a child playing with its toys. Among his most popular courses of lectures were those on *The Chemical History of a Candle.*

FOOD AS A FUEL.

What is all this process going on within us which we cannot do without, either day or night, which is so provided for by the Author of all things, that He has arranged that it shall be independent of all will? If we restrain our respiration, as we can to a certain extent, we should destroy ourselves. When we are asleep, the organs of respiration, and the parts that are associated with them, still go on with their action, so necessary is this process of respiration to us, this contact of air with the lungs. I must tell you in the briefest possible manner, what this process is. We consume food: the food goes through that strange set of vessels and organs within us, and is brought into various parts of the system, into the digestive parts especially; and alternately the portion which is so

changed is carried through our lungs by one set of vessels, while the air that we inhale and exhale is drawn into and thrown out of the lungs by another set of vessels, so that the air and the food come close together, separated only by an exceedingly thin surface: the air can thus act upon the blood by this process, producing precisely the same results in kind as we have seen in the case of the candle. The candle combines with parts of the air, forming carbonic acid, and evolves heat; so in the lungs there is this curious, wonderful change taking place. The air entering, combines with the carbon (not carbon in a free state, but, as in this case, placed ready for action at the moment), and makes carbonic acid, and is so thrown out into the atmosphere, and thus this singular result takes place. we may thus look upon the food as fuel. Let me take that piece of sugar, which will serve my purpose. It is a compound of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, similar to a candle, as containing the same elements, though not in the same proportion; the proportions in sugar being these: Carbon, 72; hydrogen, 11, oxygen, 88 = 99.

This is, indeed, a very curious thing, which you can well remember, for the oxygen and hydrogen are in exactly the proportions which form water, so that sugar may be said to be compounded of 72 parts of carbon and 99 parts of water; and it is the carbon in the sugar that combines with the oxygen carried in by the air in the process of respiration, so making us like candles; producing these actions, warmth, and far more wonderful results besides, for the sustenance of the system, by a most beautiful and simple process. To make this still more striking, I will take a little sugar; or to hasten the experiment I will use some syrup, which contains about three-fourths of sugar and a little water. If I put a little oil of vitriol on it, it takes away the water and leaves the carbon in a black mass. You see how the carbon is coming out, and before long we shall have a solid mass of charcoal, all of which has come out of sugar. Sugar, as you know, is food, and here we have absolutely a solid lump of carbon where you would not have expected it. And if I make arrangements so as to

oxidize the carbon of sugar, we shall have a much more striking result. Here is sugar, and I have here an oxidizer—a quicker one than the atmosphere; and so we shall oxidize this fuel by a process different from respiration in its form, though not different in its kind. It is the combustion of the carbon by the contact of oxygen which the body has supplied to it. If I set this into action at once, you will see combustion produced. Just what occurs in my lungs—taking in oxygen from another source, namely, the atmosphere—takes place here by a more rapid process.

You will be astonished when I tell you what this curious play of carbon amounts to. A candle will burn some four, five, six, or seven hours. What, then, must be the daily amount of carbon going up into the air in the way of carbonic acid! What a quantity of carbon must go from each of us in respiration! What a wonderful change of carbon must take place under these circumstances of combustion or respiration! A man in twenty-four hours converts as much as seven ounces of carbon into carbonic acid; a milch cow will convert seventy ounces, and a horse seventy-nine ounces, solely by the act of respiration. That is, the horse in twenty-four hours burns seventy-nine ounces of charcoal, or carbon, in his organs of respiration, to supply his natural warmth in that time. All the warm-blooded animals get their warmth in this way, by the conversion of carbon, not in a free state, but in a state of combination. And what an extraordinary notion this gives us of the alterations going on in our atmosphere. As much as five million pounds, or 548 tons of carbonic acid is formed by respiration in London alone in twenty-four hours. And where does all this go? Up into the air. If the carbon had been like the lead which I showed you, or the iron, which, in burning produces a solid substance, what would happen? Combustion could not go on. As charcoal burns it becomes a vapor, and passes off into the atmosphere, which is the great vehicle, the great carrier for conveying it away to other places. Then what becomes of it? Wonderful is it to find that the change produced by respiration, which seems so injurious to us (for we cannot breathe air twice over), is the very life

and support of plants and vegetables that grow upon the surface of the earth. It is the same also under the surface, in the great bodies of water; for fishes and other animals respire upon the same principle, though not exactly by contact with the open air. —*Chemical History of a Candle.*

FARIA E SOUZA, MANOEL DE, a Portuguese historian and poet, born in 1590, died in 1649. Though Portuguese by birth, he was for much of his life a resident of Spain, and most of his works are in the Spanish language. In Portuguese he wrote only a few sonnets and eclogues.

YOUTH AND MANHOOD.

Now past for me are April's maddening hours
  Whose freshness feeds the vanity of youth;
  A Spring so utterly devoid of truth,
Whose fruit is error, and deceit whose flowers.
  Gone, too, for me, is Summer's sultry time,
When idly, reasonless, I sowed those seeds
Yielding to manhood charms, now proving weeds
  With gaudy colors, poisoning as they climb.
And well I fancy that they both are flown,
  And that beyond their tyrant reach I'm placed;
  But yet I know not if I yet must taste
Their vain attacks: my thoughts still make me own
  That fruits of weeds deceitful do not die,
  When feelings sober not as years pass by.
  —*Transl. of* ADAMSON.

FARINI, CARLO LUIGI, an Italian author and statesman, born in 1822, died in 1866. He studied medicine at Bologna, and first became known as the author of several medical treatises and a contributor to scientific periodicals. His connection with political affairs occasioned his proscription in 1842. Soon after the accession of Pius IX. to the pontificate Farini was recalled. In 1848 he was in the suite of Charles Albert, and after the flight of the

King protested against the proclaiming of a republic. He was Minister of Public Instruction in 1850, and was afterwards a member of the Supreme Council. His influence was powerful in promoting the union of Central Italy to the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel II. In 1861 he became Minister of Commerce and Public Works, and in 1862 President of the Council. Farini has been called "the mind of Italy, as Garibaldi was its sword." His work *Il Stato Romano*, a history of Rome from 1815 to 1850, was translated into English by W. E. Gladstone in 1859. Farini also wrote *Storia d'Italia*, a continuation of Botta's work.

THE SURRENDER OF MILAN.

In any other sort of war, Charles Albert would have been able, from that point, to pass beyond the Po, and use it as a screen; and according to circumstances, either to hold his ground in the Duchies, or to throw himself afresh into Lombardy, or to re-enter Piedmont by its proper line of defence, that is, from Alessandria to Genoa, or from the Po to the sea. But political reasons and respects were always to prevail in that war of ours: accordingly the King still designed to cover a part of Lombardy, and to defend Milan. From the Mincio to that city, he could not make head against the enemy at any one point. The Oglio was incapable of defence. The Adda might, indeed, have been defended for awhile under cover of Pizzighetone and Lodi; but a division which guarded the passage allowed it to be surprised, and, being cut off from the bulk of the army, was forced to throw itself into Piacenza. In vain was an effort made to halt and fight at Lodi, for our men would not hold their ground, and it was necessary to continue the march to Milan, which they reached on the 3d of August. The bulk of the enemy was still in good condition, but in front of it hurried thousands upon thousands of fugitives, who flung away their arms, and carried terror among the inhabitants both of

town and country, so that they too fled in distress. History shows that an army defeated on the Mincio, or towards the Ticino, has hardly ever been able to make head in Lombardy. So it was this time also. Milan had little of victuals and less of ammunition; the ground about it had not been cleared of numerous obstructions to the defence. A few trenches had barely been dug on the bastions, and towards the *Piazza d'Arme*. The six or seven thousand troops who had been there, raw conscripts, had gone with Garibaldi to defend Brescia and the environs; yet part of the National Guard and of the people panted for battle. Under the walls of Milan, the Piedmontese army was reduced to 25,000 men, having diminished by one half in seven days; for one division, with the great park of artillery, had, as I have said, crossed the Po, and 15,000 fugitives ran for their lives by the roads to the Po and the Ticino.

Radetzki had left 3,000 men at Cremona, and had despatched 10,000 to Pavia. These might at any instant join the 35,000 whom, on the morning of the 4th of August, he brought before Milan, with the intention of either shutting up the King in the city, or compelling him to continue his retreat. The Piedmontese were placed in order of battle before the city, in a curved line, at ten or fifteen furlongs distance from it. The engagement began at ten, and was well contested on both sides, until the Austrians, having broken the Piedmontese line, charged some battalions in flank, took six cannon, and obliged our men to retreat towards the city. The Piedmontese had, however, fought gallantly, and the most resolute of the citizens of Milan had likewise shown courage and intrepidity in the highest degree. The bells rang the alarm; barricades were erected; there was every appearance of preparing for a desperate defence. But when the army was seen driven back upon the city, the courage of the greater part gave way. A place not very strong always, in modern wars, falls, after a short time into the hands of an enemy, if he is in force, and resolved to win it, at whatever cost, by fire and sword, and if it does not possess an army able to keep him at arms' length.

But our army was already beaten, so that nothing remained but to expose it, and the city with it, to utter annihilation; that is to say, to lose the sole nucleus of strength for Italy, without saving Milan.

A formidable host of 45,000 foes, drunken with victory and revenge, were panting to chastise the rebellious city. The King designed to save it by offering to the Marshal to give it up, and retire upon the Ticino. The Marshal assented; allowing two days for the retreat, and one for those of the Milanese, who might wish it, to depart; he also promised to respect property and persons. On the morning of the 5th, the arrangement was known in Milan, and a fierce tumult arose, such that the very skies rang with the shouts of "Treachery!" such as gave the republicans and the partisans of Radetzki admirable opportunity for inflaming the public mind, and stirring up the high-spirited youth and the daring commonalty against the King; such as showed that those in power at Vienna were right when they affirmed that dangers far more serious than any from the Austrian army overhung Charles Albert. For the rioters, surrounding the palace of the King, and cursing him for a traitor, designed to obstruct his egress. Torn in spirit by such a spectacle, and likewise moved by the complaints of the municipality, Charles Albert cancelled the agreement, and told the Milanese that if they determined to die beneath the ruins of their city, he too would bury himself with them. But municipal magistrates faltered, and decided on sending to Radetzki a request to maintain the agreement. It was then arranged that the Austrians should enter the next day, the 6th of August, at noon. The rioters, who wished to obstruct the King's departure, grew hotter in their passion, pillaged and overturned his carriages, tried to pierce into the palace and set fire to it, fired musketry against the windows, and obliged him to wait for night in order to get out, and further, to have some companies of infantry to clear the way. Amid the darkness, the war of bells, and musket-shots, the King escaped the rage of the maniacs that menaced his life. That gang, which tried the long-

suffering of God by such an enormity, deserves the brand of infamy, whether it were composed of the offspring of the republican sects, or of the hirelings of Austria. But what brand can be deep enough for men that, in such extremities of vanquished Italy, drew upon her God's malediction, by aiming Italian arms at the breasts of brothers, who had entered Lombardy, to shed their blood for the common liberty, and by hunting out for slaughter the very first monarch, as God is witness! that in the round of centuries, had offered up to our unhappy country the holocaust of his life, his fame, his throne, his children? It is to be hoped that no party, no sect, was responsible for any deliberate contrivance of such outrages; and that, for the less disgrace of Italy, they may be imputed to the blind fury of the scum of men without a name assorted together by terror, by the enemy's gold, by cupidity; such dregs as are common to all nations.—*The Roman State. Transl. of* W. E. GLADSTONE.

FARJEON, BENJAMIN LEOPOLD, an English novelist, born in London in 1833. For some years he was a journalist and theatrical manager in New Zealand. He returned to London in 1869. His first novel, *Grif* (1870), had great success. His reputation was increased by the publication of *Joshua Marvel* and *Blade-o'-Grass* (1871). He has since published many novels, and is also a successful lecturer and reader. Among his works are *Golden Grain*, *Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses*, *The Duchess of Rosemary Lane*, *An Island Pearl*, *Jessie Trim*, *The King of No Land*, *Shadows on the Snow*, *London's Heart*, *The Bells of Penraven*, *Great Porter Square*, *The Sacred Nugget*, *Solomon Isaacs*, *Love's Harvest*, *Love's Victory*, *Goutran*, *Little Make-Believe*, and *Golden Land; or, Links from Shore to Shore.*

JOSHUA'S COURTSHIP.

It was all settled without a word passing between them. I don't believe there ever was such another courtship. They were sitting in Mrs. Marvel's kitchen, only four of them—father, mother, Ellen, and Joshua. It really looked like a conspiracy, that no other person came into the kitchen that night; but there they were, conspiracy or no conspiracy. There was Mrs. Marvel, knitting a pair of stockings for Joshua; not getting along very fast with them, it must be confessed, for her spectacles required a great deal of rubbing, and there was Mr. Marvel, smoking his pipe, throwing many a furtive look in the direction of Joshua and Ellen, who were sitting next to each other, happy and silent. There is no record of how long they sat thus without speaking; but suddenly, although not abruptly, Joshua put his arm round Ellen's waist, and drew her closer to him. It was only a look that passed between them; and then Joshua kissed Ellen's lips, and she laid her head upon his breast. "Mother! father! look here!"

Mrs. Marvel rose, all of a tremble, and laid her hand upon Ellen's head, and kissed the young lovers. But Mr. Marvel behaved quite differently. He cast one quick, satisfied look at the two youngsters; and then he turned from them and continued smoking as if nothing unusual had occurred.

"Well, father!" exclaimed Joshua, rather surprised at his father's silence.

"Well, Josh!" replied Mr. Marvel.

"Do you see this?" asked Joshua, with his arm round Ellen's waist.

Ellen, blushing rosy red, looked shyly at Mr. Marvel; but he looked stolidly at her in return.

"Yes, I see it, Josh," said Mr. Marvel, without any show of emotion.

"And what do you say to it?"

"What do I say to it, Josh?" replied Mr. Marvel, with dignity. "Well, I believe I am your father; and, as such, I think you should ask me if I was agreeable. I thought it proper to ask *my* father, Josh. It isn't because I'm a wood-turner—"

"No, no, father," interrupted Joshua; "I made a mistake. Ellen and I thought—"

"Ellen and you thought," repeated Mr. Marvel.

"That if you were agreeable—" continued Joshua.

"That if I was agreeable," repeated Mr. Marvel.

"And if you will please to give your consent—" said Joshua, purposely prolonging his preamble.

"And if I would be pleased to give my consent," repeated Mr. Marvel, with a chuckle of satisfaction.

"That as we love each other very much, we would like to get married."

"That's dutiful," said Mr. Marvel, laying down his pipe oracularly. "I'm only agreeable, Josh, because I'm old, and because I'm married. As I said to mother the other night, when we were talking the matter over— ah, you may stare; but we knew all about it long ago; didn't we, mother? Well, as I was saying to mother the other night, if I was a young man, and mother wasn't in the way, I'd marry her myself, and you might go a-whistling. Shiver my timbers, my lass!" he cried, breaking through the trammels of wood turning and becoming suddenly nautical, "come and give me a kiss!"

Which Ellen did; and so the little comedy ended happily. Joshua having a right now to sit with his arm around Ellen's waist, availed himself of it, you may be sure. If Ellen went out of the room, he had also a right to go and inquire where she was going; and this, curiously enough, happened four or five times during the night. If anything could have added to the happiness of Mr. Marvel—except being anything but a wood-turner, which at his age was out of the question—it was this proceeding of Joshua's. Every time Joshua followed Ellen out of the room, Mr. Marvel looked at his wife with pleasure beaming from his eyes. "It puts me in mind of the time I came a-courting you, mother," he said. "How the world spins round! It might have been last night when you and me was saying good-bye at the street-door.—*Joshua Marvel.*

NAMING THE CHILD.

There was not a garden in Stony Alley. Not within the memory of living men had a flower been

known to bloom there. There were many poor patches of ground, crowded as the neighborhood was, which might have been devoted to the cultivation of a few bright petals; but they are allowed to lie fallow, festering in the sun. Thought of graceful form and color had never found expression there. Strange, therefore, that one year, when Summer was treading close upon the heel of Spring, sending warm, sweet winds to herald her coming, there should spring up in one of the dirtiest of all the back-yards in Stony Alley, two or three blades of grass. How they came there was a mystery. No human hand was accountable for their presence. It may be that a bird flying over the place, had mercifully dropped a seed, or that a kind wind had borne it to the spot. But however they came, there they were, these blades of grass, peeping up from the ground shyly, and wonderingly, and giving promise of brighter color even in the midst of the unwholesome surroundings. Our little castaway—she was no better—now three years of age, was sprawling in this dirty back-yard with a few other children—all of them regular students of Dirt College. Attracted by the little bit of color, she crawled to the spot where it shone in the light, and straightway fell to watching it, and inhaling quite unconsciously whatever of grace it possessed. Once or twice she touched the tender blades, and seemed to be pleased to find them soft and pliant. The other children, delighted at having the monopoly of a gutter that ran through the yard, did not disturb her; and so she remained during the day, watching and wondering, and fell asleep by the side of the blades of grass, and dreamed, perhaps, of brighter colors and more graceful forms than had ever yet found place in her young imagination. The next day she made her way again to the spot, and seeing that the blades had grown a little, wondered and wondered, and unconsciously exercised that innate sense of worship of the beautiful which is implanted in every nature, and which causes the merest babes to rejoice at light and shapes of beauty and harmony of sound. . . .

She grew to love these emerald leaves, and watched them day after day, until the women round about

observed and commented upon her strange infatuation. But one evening when the leaves were at their brightest and strongest, a man, running hastily through the yard, crushed the blades of grass beneath his heel, and tore them from the earth. The grief of the child was intense. She cast a passionate yet bewildered look at the man, and picking up the torn, soiled blades, put them in the breast of her ragged frock, in the belief that warmth would bring them back to life. She went to bed with the mangled leaves in her hot hand; and when she looked at them the next morning, they bore no resemblance to the bright leaves which had been such a delight to her. She went to the spot where they had grown, and cried without knowing why; and the man who had destroyed the leaves happening to pass at the time, she struck at him with her little fists. He pushed her aside rather roughly with his foot; and Mrs. Manning seeing this, and having also seen the destruction of the leaves, and the child's worship of them, blew him up for his unkindness. He merely laughed, and said he wouldn't have done it if he had looked where he was going, and that it was a good job for the child that she wasn't a blade o' grass herself, or she might have been trodden down with the others. The story got about the alley, and one and another, at first in fun and derision, began to call the child Little Blade-o'-Grass, until, in course of time, it came to be recognized as her regular name, and she was known by it all over the neighborhood. So, being thus strangely christened, Little Blade-o'-Grass grew in years and ignorance, and became a worthy member of Dirt College, in which school she was matriculated for the battle of life.—*Blade-o'-Grass.*

FARNHAM, ELIZA WOOLSON (BURHAUS), an American philanthropist and author, born in 1815, died in 1864. In her twenty-first year she went to Illinois. While there she married Thomas W. Farnham. After her return to New York, in 1841, she was engaged for three years in philanthropic work among women in

the prisons. In 1844 she was appointed matron of the female department of the State Prison at Sing Sing. Four years afterwards she removed to Boston, and was for some time connected with the Institution for the Blind in that city. She next lived several years in California, then studied medicine for two years, and in 1859 organized a society for the aid and protection of destitute women emigrating to the West, several times accompanying parties of women there. During her residence at Sing Sing she published *Life in Prairie Land*, and supervised an edition of Sampson's *Criminal Jurisprudence.* In 1856 she published *California Indoors and Out*, in 1859 *My Early Days*, and in 1864 *Woman and her Era*, a work on the position and rights of women. *The Ideal Attained*, a work of fiction, was published in 1865, after her death.

MORNING ON THE PRAIRIES.

We are within the borders of a little grove. Before us stretches a prairie; boundless on the south and east, and fringed on the north by a line of forest, the green top of which is just visible in a dark waving line between the tender hue of the growing grass and the golden sky. South and east, as far as the eye can stretch, the plain is unbroken save by one "lone tree," which, from time immemorial, has been the compass of the red man and his white brother. The light creeps slowly up the sky; for twilight is long on these savannahs. The heavy dews which the cool night has deposited glisten on the leaves and spikes of grass, and the particles, occasionally mingling, are borne by their own weight to the earth. The slight blade on which they hung recovers then its erect position, or falls into its natural curve, with a quick but gentle motion, that imparts an appearance of life to that nearest you, even before the wind has laid his hand on the pulseless sea beyond. A vast ocean, teeming with life, redolent with sweet odors! It yields no sound save the one which first arrested our

attention, and this is uttered without ceasing. It is not the prolonged note of one, but the steady succession of innumerable voices. It comes up near you, and travels on, ringing more and more faintly on the ear, till it is returned by another line of respondents, and comes swelling in full chorus, stronger and nearer, till the last seems to be uttered directly at your feet.

But the light is gaining upon the gray dawn. Birds awaken in the wood behind us, and salute each other from the swinging branches. Insects begin their busy hum. And now, the sun has just crowded his rim above a bank of gorgeous clouds, and pours a flood of dazzling light across the grassy main. Each blade becomes a chain of gems, and, as the light increases, and the breath of morning shakes them, they bend, and flash, and change their hues, till the whole space seems sprinkled with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, amethysts, and all precious stones. . . . The sun is fairly up. The flashing gems have faded from the grass-tops; the grouse has ceased his matin song; the birds have hailed the opening day, and are gayly launching from the trees; the curtain, which has hung against the eastern sky, is swept away, and the broad light pours in resistless.—*Life in Prairie Land.*

FARNHAM, THOMAS JEFFERSON, an American traveller and author, husband of the preceding, born in 1804, died in 1848. In 1839 he organized an expedition across the continent to Oregon. He then went to California, and was active in procuring the release of American and English citizens imprisoned by the Mexican Government. He is the author of *Travels in Oregon Territory* (1842), *Travels in California and Scenes in the Pacific*, and *A Memoir of the Northwest Boundary Line* (1845), and *Mexico; Its Geography, People and Institutions* (1848).

POETS OF THE OCEAN.

What man in his senses loves the Ocean? The mermaids are all porpoises, and their songs all

grunts! The deep sounds of the ocean's pealing organ are the rude groans of the winds, and the dashing rage of far-rolling surges, rapping madly at the bows. The tufts of dancing foam on the bitter wastes—desert, heaving, unsympathizing, cold, homeless! Love of Ocean! Poetry of Ocean! It is a pity I cannot love it—see in its deep still lower realm, or in its lonely tumults, or its surface when the air is still, its heat, thirst, and death, its vast palpitating tomb, the shady hand and veiled smile of loveliness! —that I cannot believe Old Ocean has a heart, which sends its kindly beatings up and down all the shores of earth! . . . . There is, however, a certain class of beings who hold a very different opinion: there are the regular old *Salts;* men who from boyhood have slept in the forecastle, eaten at the windlass, sung at the halyards, danced on the yards to the music of the tempest, and hailed the tumult of the seas as a frolic in which they had a joyful part. We respect these poets. Indeed, the ocean to them is a world, the theatre of their being; and by inhabiting it all their days, these singular men become changed from participants in the delights of natural life on land to creatures of memory. Memory! that mental action which sifts the past of its bitterest evils, and gives only the blossom and the fruit to after-time. These they enjoy in the midnight watch, at dawn, in the storm, the calm, and in visions of sleep; but forever upon the deep; on the great expanse of the sea! Is it wonderful, then, that they should love it? that their affections become poetry? See them seated at their meal before the mast; their wide pants lap over their sprawled limbs; the red flannel shirt peers out at the wrists, and blazes over their broad chests between the ample dimensions of the heavy pea-jacket; and crowning all is the tarpaulin with its streaming band, cocked on one side of the head; and grouped in the most approved style of a thoroughly lazy independence, they eat their meal. At such times, if the weather be fine, studding-sails out, and top-gallants pulling, they speak of the ship as a lady, well decked, and of beautiful bearing, gliding like a nymph through the gurgling waters. If the breeze be strong, and

drives her down on her beams, they speak of her as bowing to her Lord and Master, while she uses his might to bear her on to her own purposes. And if the tempest weighs on the sea, and the fierce winds howl down upon her dead ahead, and the storm-sail displays over the forechains its three-sided form, and the ship lays up to the raging elements, breasting every swoop of wave and blast, she is still a lady, coming forth from her empire of dependent loveliness to bow before an irresistible force, only to rise again, and present the sceptre of Hope to dismayed man. These *Salts* believe in the poetry of the sea, and of the noble structures in which they traverse its pathless immensity.—*Travels in California.*

FARQUHAR, GEORGE, a British comic dramatist, born at Londonderry, Ireland, in 1678; died at London in 1707. He was the son of a clergyman, and in his sixteenth year went as a sizar to Trinity College, Dublin, under the patronage of the Bishop of Dromore. He remained here only a short time, and in the next year appeared upon the Dublin stage. While acting in a fencing scene he carelessly inflicted a severe wound upon his antagonist; whereupon he abandoned the stage, and received from the Earl of Orrery a lieutenant's commission in his regiment. A few months afterwards he went to London, and began his career as a dramatist. His first comedy, *Love in a Bottle*, was brought upon the stage while he was a minor. During the remaining ten years of his life he produced about a dozen comedies, the best of which, *The Beaux' Stratagem*, was written in six weeks, and he died very soon afterwards in great poverty. He had early contracted an unfortunate marriage, and to a fellow actor and friend he wrote: "Dear Bob, I have nothing to leave thee to perpetuate my memory but two helpless girls. Look upon them sometimes, and

think of him that was to the last moment of his life thine, George Farquhar." A pension of £30 a year was bestowed upon his two infant daughters, one of whom lived to receive it for fully sixty years. The best that can be said of Farquhar's comedies is that the worst of them are not as indecent as those of Wycherly and Congreve.

BONIFACE AND AIMWELL.

Boniface.—This way, this way, sir.

Aimwell.—You're my landlord, I suppose?

Bon.—Yes, sir, I'm old Will Boniface; pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

Aim.—Oh, Mr. Boniface, your servant.

Bon.—Oh, sir, what will your servant please to drink, as the saying is?

Aim.—I have heard your town of Lichfield much famed for ale; I think I'll taste that.

Bon.—Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire; 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy, and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style.

Aim.—You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon.—As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll show you such ale. Here, tapster, broach number 1706, as the saying is. Sir, you shall taste my anno domini. I have lived in Lichfield, man and boy, about eight-and-fifty years, and I believe have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aim.—At a meal, you mean, if one may guess by your bulk?

Bon.—Not in my life, sir; I have fed purely upon ale: I have ate my ale, drank my ale; and I always sleep upon my ale. [*Enter Tapster with a tankard.*] Now, sir, you shall see — Your worship's health. [*Drinks.*]—Ha! delicious, delicious; fancy it Burgundy; only fancy it—and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Aim.—[*Drinks.*] 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon.—Strong! it must be so, or how would we be strong that drink it?

Aim.—And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord?

Bon.—Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, sir; but it killed my wife, poor woman, as the saying is.

Aim.—How came that to pass?

Bon.—I don't know how, sir; she would not let the ale take its natural course, sir; she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is; and an honest gentleman, that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh—but the poor woman was never well after; but, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim.—Why, was it the usquebaugh that killed her?

Bon.—My Lady Bountiful said so. She, good lady, did what could be done; she cured her of three tympanies; but the fourth carried her off; but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

Aim.—Who is that Lady Bountiful you mentioned?

Bon.—Odds my life, sir, we'll drink her health. [*Drinks.*] My Lady Bountiful is one of the best of women. Her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a year; and I believe she lays out one-half on't it in charitable uses for the good of her neighbors.

Aim.—Has the lady any children?

Bon.—Yes, sir, she has a daughter by Sir Charles; the finest woman in all our county, and the greatest fortune. She has a son, too, by her first husband, 'Squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t'other day; if you please, sir, we'll drink his health. [*Drinks.*]

Aim.—What sort of man is he?

Bon.—Why, sir, the man's well enough; says little, thinks less, and does nothing at all, faith; but he's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

Aim.—A sportsman, I suppose?

Bon.—Yes, he's a man of pleasure; he plays at

whist, and smokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.

Aim.—A fine sportsman, truly!—and married, you say?

Bon.—Ay; and to a curious woman, sir. But he's my landlord, and so a man, you know, would not—Sir, my humble service. [*Drinks.*] Though I value not a farthing what he can do to me; I pay him his rent at quarter day; I have a good running trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her— But no matter for that.

Aim.—You're very happy, Mr. Boniface. Pray, what other company have you in town?

Bon.—A power of fine ladies; and then we have the French officers.

Aim.—Oh, that's right; you have a good many of those gentlemen. Pray, how do you like their company?

Bon.—So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of 'em. They're full of money, and pay double for everything they have. They know, sir, that we paid good round taxes for the making of 'em; and so they are willing to reimburse us a little; one of 'em lodges in my house. [*Bell rings.*] I beg your worship's pardon; I'll wait on you in half a minute.—*The Beaux' Stratagem.*

FARRAR, FREDERICK WILLIAM, an English clergyman and author, born at Bombay, India, in 1831. After studying at King William's College, Isle of Man, and at King's College, London, he became a classical exhibitioner of the University of London in 1850, graduated there; was successively a Scholar and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his Bachelor's degree in 1854, having distinguished himself in his class and taken a prize for English verse. He subsequently gained other prizes. He took Holy Orders in 1854. After some years' experience as one of the Assistant Masters at Harrow, he held the Head Mastership of Marlborough

College from 1871 till 1876. In 1870 he preached the Hulsean Lectures, and in 1873 was nominated one of the Queen's Chaplains in Ordinary. He became a Canon of Westminster in 1876, and Archdeacon of Westminster in 1883. Among his works are *Eric, or Little by Little* (1858), *Julian House* (1869), and *St. Winifred's ; or, the World of School* (1863), *The Origin of Language* (1860), *Chapters on Language* (1865), *Families of Speech* (1870), since revised and published with *Chapters on Language* under the title of *Language and Languages* (1878), *A Lectur· on Public School Education* (1867). *The Fall of Man, and Other Sermons* (1865), *The Witness of History to Christ* (1871), *The Silence and Voices of God* (1873), *The Life of Christ* (1874), *Eternal Hope* (1878), *Life of St. Paul* (1879), *Early Days of Christianity* (1882), *Seekers after God* (1883), *The Messages of the Books* (1885), and *The History of Interpretation* (1886), the last-named work being the Bampton Lectures for 1885.

THE HILL OF NAZARETH.

It has been implied that there are but two spots in Palestine where we may feel an absolute moral certainty that the feet of Christ have trod, namely—the well-side at Shechem, and the turning of that road from Bethany over the Mount of Olives from which Jerusalem first bursts upon the view. But to these I would add at least another—the summit of the hill on which Nazareth is built. That summit is now unhappily marked, not by any Christian monument, but by the wretched, ruinous, crumbling *wely* of some obscure Mohammedan saint. Certainly there is no child of ten years old in Nazareth now, however dull and unimpressionable he may be, who has not often wandered up to it; and certainly there could have been no boy at Nazareth in olden days who had not followed the common instinct of humanity by climbing up those thymy hill-slopes to the lovely and

easily accessible spot which gives a view of the world beyond. The hill rises six hundred feet above the level of the sea. Four or five hundred feet below lies the happy valley. The view from this spot would in any country be regarded as extraordinarily rich and lovely; but it receives a yet more indescribable charm from our belief that here, with his feet among the mountain flowers, and the soft breeze lifting the hair from his temples, Jesus must often have watched the eagles poised in the cloudless blue, and have gazed upwards as He heard overhead the rushing plumes of the long line of pelicans, as they winged their way from the streams of Kishon to the Lake of Galilee. And what a vision would be outspread before Him, as He sat at spring-time on the green and thyme-besprinkled turf! To Him every field and fig-tree, every palm and garden, every house and synagogue, would have been a familiar object; and most fondly of all among the square flat-roofed houses would his eye single out the little dwelling-place of the village carpenter. To the north, just beneath them, lay the narrow and fertile plain of Asochis, from which rise the wood-crowned hills of Naphtali, and conspicuous on one of them was Safed, "the city set upon a hill;" beyond these, on the far horizon, Hermon upheaved into the blue the huge splendid mass of his colossal shoulder, white with eternal snows. Eastward, at a few miles distance, rose the green and rounded summit of Tabor, clothed with terebinth and oak. To the west He would gaze through that diaphanous air on the purple ridge of Carmel, among whose forests Elijah had found a home; and on Caifa and Accho, and the dazzling line of white sand which fringes the waves of the Mediterranean, dotted here and there with the white sails of the "ships of Chittim." Southward, broken only by the graceful outlines of Little Hermon and Gilboa, lay the entire plain of Esdraelon, so memorable in the history of Palestine and of the world, across which lay the southward path to that city which had ever been the murderess of the prophets, and where it may be that even now, in the dim foreshadowing of prophetic vision, He foresaw the agony in the garden,

the mockings and scourgings, the cross and the crown of thorns.

The scene which lay there outspread before the eyes of the youthful Jesus was indeed a central spot in the world which He came to save. It was in the heart of the Land of Israel, and yet—separated from it only by a narrow boundary of hills and streams—Phœnicia, Syria, Arabia, Babylonia, and Egypt lay close at hand. The Isles of the Gentiles, and all the glorious regions of Europe, were almost visible over the shining waters of that Western sea. The standards of Rome were planted on the plain before Him; the language of Greece was spoken in the towns below. And however peaceful it then might look, green as a pavement of emeralds, rich with its gleams of vivid sunlight, and the purpling shadows which floated over it from the clouds of the latter rain, it had been for centuries a battle-field of nations. Pharaohs and Ptolemies, Emirs and Arsacids, Judges and Consuls, had all contended for the mastery of that smiling tract. It had glittered with the lances of the Amalekites; it had trembled under the chariot-wheels of Sesostris; it had echoed the twanging bowstrings of Sennacherib; it had been trodden by the phalanxes of Macedonia; it had clashed with the broadswords of Rome; it was destined hereafter to ring with the battle-cry of the Crusaders, and thunder with the artillery of England and of France. In that plain of Jezreel, Europe and Asia, Judaism and Heathenism, Barbarism and Civilization, the Old and the New Covenant, the history of the past and the hopes of the present, seemed all to meet. No scene of deeper significance for the destinies of humanity could possibly have arrested the youthful Saviour's gaze.—*The Life of Christ.*

THE GREATNESS OF ST. PAUL.

How little did men recognize his greatness! Here was one to whom no single man that has ever lived, before or since, can furnish a perfect parallel. If we look at him only as a writer, how immensely does he surpass, in his most casual Epistles, the greatest authors, whether Pagan or Christian, of his own and

succeeding epochs. The Younger Pliny was famous as a letter-writer, yet the younger Pliny never produced any letter so exquisite as that to Philemon. Seneca, as a moralist, stood almost unrivalled, yet not only is clay largely mingled with his gold, but even his finest moral aphorisms are inferior in breadth and intensity to the most casual of St. Paul's. Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius furnish us with the purest and noblest specimens of stoic loftiness of thought, yet St. Paul's chapter on charity is worth more than all they ever wrote. If we look at the Christian world, the very greatest worker in each realm of Christian service does but present an inferior aspect of one phase only of Paul's many-sided pre-eminence. As a theologian, as one who formulated the doctrines of Christianity, we may compare him with St. Augustine and St. Thomas of Aquinum; yet how should we be shocked to find in him the fanciful rhetoric and dogmatic bitterness of the one, or the scholarly aridity of the other! If we look at him as a moral reformer, we may compare him with Savonarola; but in his practical control of even the most thrilling spiritual impulses—in making the spirit of the prophet subject to the prophet—how grand an exemplar might he not have furnished to the impassioned Florentine! If we consider him as a preacher, we may compare him to St. Bernard; yet St. Paul would have been incapable of the unnatural asceticism and heresy-hunting hardness of the great abbot of Clairvaux. As a reformer who altered the entire course of human history, Luther alone resembles him; yet how incomparably is the Apostle superior to Luther in insight, in courtesy, in humility, in dignity, in self-control! As a missionary we might compare him to Xavier, as a practical organizer to St. Gregory, as a fervent lover of souls to Whitefield, and to many other saints of God in many of his endowments; but no saint of God has ever attained the same heights in so many capacities, or received the gifts of the Spirit in so rich an outpouring, or borne in his mortal body such evident brand-marks of the Lord. In his lifetime he was no whit behind the very chiefest of the Apostles, and he towers above the very

greatest of all the Saints who have since striven to follow the example of his devotion to the Lord.—*Life and Work of St. Paul.*

THE STUDY OF PAGAN MORALISTS.

A sceptical writer has observed, with something like a sneer, that the noblest utterances of Gospel morality may be paralleled from the writings of heathen philosophers. The sneer is pointless, and Christian moralists have spontaneously drawn attention to the fact. The divine origin of Christianity does not rest on its morality alone. By the aid of light which was within them, by deciphering the law written on their own consciences, however much its letters may have been obliterated or dimmed, Plato, and Cicero, and Seneca, and Epictetus, and Aurelius were enabled to grasp and to enunciate a multitude of great and memorable truths; yet they themselves would have been the first to admit the wavering uncertainty of their hopes and speculations, and the absolute necessity of a further illumination. So strong did that necessity appear to some of the wisest among them, that Socrates ventures in express words to prophesy the future advent of some heaven-sent Guide. Those who imagine that without a written revelation it would have been possible to learn all that is necessary for man's well-being, are speaking in direct contradiction even of those very teachers to whose writings they point as a proof of their assertion. . . .

The morality of Paganism was, on its own confession, *insufficient.* It was tentative, where Christianity is authoritative; it was dim and partial, where Christianity is bright and complete; it was inadequate to rouse the sluggish carelessness of mankind, where Christianity came in with an imperial and awakening power; it gives only a *rule*, where Christianity supplies a *principle.* And even where its teachings were absolutely coincident with those of Scripture, it failed to ratify them with a sufficient sanction; it failed to announce them with the same powerful and contagious ardor; it failed to furnish an absolutely faultless and vivid example of their practice; it failed

to inspire them with an irresistible motive; it failed to support them with a powerful comfort under the difficulties which were sure to be encountered in the aim after a consistent and holy life. . . .

What advantage, then, can we gain by studying in Pagan writers truths which are expressed more nobly, more clearly, and infinitely more effectually in our own sacred books? Before answering the question, let me mention the traditional anecdote of the Caliph Omar. When he conquered Alexandria, he was shown its magnificent library, in which were collected untold treasures of literature, gathered together by the zeal, the labor, and the liberality of a dynasty of kings. "What is the good of all those books?" he said. "They are either in accordance with the Koran, or contrary to it. If the former, they are superfluous; if the latter, they are pernicious. In either case, let them be burnt." Burnt they were, as legend tells; but all the world has condemned the Caliph's reasoning as a piece of stupid Philistinism and barbarous bigotry.

Perhaps the question as to the *use* of reading Pagan ethics is equally unphilosophical; at any rate, we can spare but very few words to its consideration. The answer obviously is, that God has spoken to men, "at sundry times and in divers manners," with a richly variegated wisdom. Sometimes He has taught truth by the voice of Hebrew prophets, sometimes by the voice of Pagan philosophers. And *all* His voices demand our listening ear. If it was given to the Jew to speak with diviner insight and intenser power, it is given to the Gentile also to speak at times with a large and lofty utterance, and we may learn truth from men with alien lips and another tongue. They, too, had the dream, the vision, the dark saying upon the harp, the "daughter of a voice," the mystic flashes upon the graven gems. And such truths come to us with a singular force and freshness, with a strange beauty, as the doctrines of a less brightly illuminated manhood; with a new power of conviction from their originality of form, which, because it is less familiar to us, is well calculated to arrest our attention after it has been

paralyzed by familiar repetitions. We cannot afford to lose these heathen testimonies to Christian truth; or to hush the glorious utterances of Muse and Sibyl which have justly outlived "the drums and tramplings of a hundred triumphs." We may make them infinitely profitable to us. If St. Paul quotes Aratus, and Menander, and Epimenides, and perhaps more than one lyrical melody besides, with earnest appreciation—if the inspired Apostle could both learn himself and teach others out of the utterances of a Cretan philosopher and an Attic comedian—we may be sure that many of Seneca's apophthegms would have filled him with pleasure, and that he would have been able to read Epictetus and Aurelius with the same noble admiration which made him see with thankful emotion that memorable altar TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.—*Seekers after God.*

FAWCETT, EDGAR, an American poet and novelist, born in New York, in 1847. He was educated at Columbia College. Among his publications are, *Short Poems for Short People* (1871), *Ellen Story* (1876), *Purple and Fine Linen* (1878), *A False Friend*, a drama, and *A Hopeless Case* (1880), *A Gentleman of Leisure* (1881), *An Ambitious Woman* (1883), *Tinkling Cymbals*, *Rutherford*, and *Song and Story*, a volume of poems (1884), *Social Silhouettes* (1885), *Romance and Revery*, poems, and *The House at High Bridge* (1886), and *The Confessions of Claude* (1887).

THE GENTLEMAN WHO LIVED TOO LONG.

At length I awoke one evening to the fact that I had not seen the old gentleman for several weeks. Learning his residence, I called there. I found him lying back in an arm-chair, quite alone. The chamber bore no signs of poverty, but it was grim and stiff in all its appointments. It needed the evidence of a woman's touch. I thought of the dead and gone Elizabeth. How different everything would have been if— But, good heavens! of what

was I thinking? Elizabeth, even if she had married Beau Billington, might have lived to a good old age and still long ago have been in her grave. The old invalid smiled when he saw me; but while I sat down beside him and took his hand, he gave me no further sign or recognition. His old voluble tongue was silent forever. His paralysis had affected him most of all in that way. Every morning he would be dressed and go to his chair, walking feebly, but still walking. And there he would sit all day never speaking, yet smiling his dim, vacant, pathetic smile, if the doctor or landlady or valet addressed him. He was quite deserted by all his friends. No; I should say he had no friends left to desert him. He had lived too long. There was no one to come except me. And I, strangely enough, was a Manhattan—a kinsman of his long lost-Elizabeth. Of course, if he had had any kindred here, it would have been otherwise. But there was not a soul to whom one could say, "Old Beau Billington is dying at last, and the tie of blood makes it your duty to seek him out and watch beside him." As for his kindred in other cities or States, no one knew them. And if any had been found there, they would doubtless have been perfect strangers to him, the children and grand-children of vanished cousins. He had lived too long!

Often during the days that followed, while I sat beside his arm-chair, I told myself that there was infinitely more sadness in a fate like his than in having died too early. The gods had never loved any human life of which they were willing to make so lonely and deserted a wreck as this. At last, one spring evening, at about six o'clock, I chanced to be sitting in his chamber. He had dozed much during the day, they told me; but I fancied that, as I took his hand and looked into his hazel eyes, there was a more intellectual gleam on his face than he had shown for weeks past. A window was open near his arm-chair; the air was bland as June that evening, though as yet it was only early May. I had brought some white and pink roses, and had set them in a vase on the table at his side, and now their

delicious odor blent in some subtile way with the serenity of the chamber, the peace and repose of its continual occupant, the drowsy hum of the great city as it ceased from its daily toil, and the slant, vernal afternoon light.

Suddenly he turned and looked at me; and I at once saw a striking change in his face. I could not have explained it; I simply understood it, and that was all. I bent over his chair, taking his hand. It occurs to me now, as I recall what happened, that I could not possibly have been mistaken in the single faintly-uttered word which appeared to float forth from under his snow-white mustache. And that word (unless I curiously underwent some delusion) was "*Elizabeth.*"

The next instant his eyes closed. And then, only a short time later, I stood by his arm-chair and smelt the roses as they scented the sweet, fresh spring twilight and thought, with no sense of death's chill or horror, perhaps there is a blessing, after all, in having lived too long, if one can pass away at the end as peacefully as "Old Beau Billington."—*Social Silhouettes.*

CRITICISM.

"Crude, pompous, turgid," the reviewers said;
  "Sham passion and sham power to turn one sick!
Pin-wheels of verse that sputtered as we read—
  Rockets of rhyme that showed the falling stick!"

But while, assaulted of this buzzing band,
  The poet quivered at their little stings,
White doves of sympathy o'er all the land
  Went flying with his fame beneath their wings!

And every fresh year brought him love that cheers,
  As Caspian waves bring amber to their shore.
And it befell that after many years,
  Being now no longer young, he wrote once more.

"Cold, classic, polished," the reviewers said;
  "A book you scarce can love howe'er you praise
We missed the old careless grandeur as we read,
  The power and passion of his younger days!"

SLEEP'S THRESHOLD.

What footstep but has wandered free and far
  Amid that Castle of Sleep whose walls were planned
  By no terrestrial craft, no human hand,
With towers that point to no recorded star?
Here sorrows, memories and remorses are,
  Roaming the long dim rooms or galleries grand;
  Here the lost friends our spirits yet demand
Gleam through mysterious doorways left ajar.
But of the uncounted throngs that ever win
  The halls where slumber's dusky witcheries rule,
    Who, after wakening, may reveal aright
By what phantasmal means he entered in?—
  What porch of cloud, what vapory vestibule,
    What stairway quarried from the mines of night?
  —*Song and Story.*

INDIAN SUMMER.

Dulled to a drowsy fire, one hardly sees
  The sun in heaven, where this broad smoky round
  Lies ever brooding at the horizon's bound;
And through the gaunt knolls, on monotonous leas,
Or through the damp wood's troops of naked trees,
  Rustling the brittle ruin along the ground,
  Like sighs from souls of perished hours, resound
The melancholy melodies of the breeze!
  So ghostly and strange a look the blurred world wears,
  Viewed from this flowerless garden's dreary squares,
That now, while these weird vaporous days exist,
  It would not seem a marvel if where we walk,
  We met, dim-glimmering on its thorny stalk,
Some pale intangible rose with leaves of mist.
  —*Song and Story.*

GOLD.

No spirit of air am I, but one whose birth
Was deep in mouldy darkness of mid-earth.

Yet where my yellow raiments choose to shine,
What power is more magnificent than mine?

In hall or hut, in highway or in street,
Obedient millions grovel at my feet.

The loftiest pride to me its tribute brings;
I gain the lowly vassalage of kings!

How many a time have I made honor yield
To me its mighty and immaculate shield!

How often has virtue, at my potent name,
Robed her chaste majesty in scarlet shame!

How often has burning love, within some breast,
Frozen to treachery at my cold behest!

Yet ceaselessly my triumph has been blent
With pangs of overmastering discontent.

For always there are certain souls that hear
My stealthy whispers with indifferent ear.

Pure souls that deem my smile's most bland excess
For all its lavish radiance, valueless!

Rare souls, from my imperious guidance free,
Who know me for the slave that I should be!

Grand souls, that from my counsels would dissent,
Though each were tempted with a continent!
—*Romance and Revery.*

FAWCETT, HENRY, an English statesman and author, born in 1833, died in 1884. He graduated with high mathematical honors at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, in 1856. Two years afterwards, while out shooting, he was deprived, by an accident of the sight of both eyes. In 1863 he published a *Manual of Political Economy*, and in the same year he was elected Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge. He became a member of Parliament in 1865, and in 1868 was re-elected. *The Economic Position of the British Laborer* was published by him in 1866, revised edition of the *Manual of Political Economy*, with additional chapters on *National Education* and the *Poor Laws and their Influence on Pauperism*, in 1869, *Pauperism, its Causes and Remedies*, in 1871, and a

collection of his *Speeches* in 1873. In 1880 he was appointed Postmaster-General.

MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT, author, born in 1847, became the wife of Henry Fawcett, and was of great assistance to him in his work. She published a *Political Economy for Beginners* in 1870, and *Tales in Political Economy*, in 1874. A volume of *Essays on Political Economy*, the joint work of her husband and herself, appeared in 1872.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

However strong may be the objections to the general principle of State intervention, yet an exception can be justly made in favor of compulsory education. Ignorance is an evil which will not cure itself; coercion must be applied in order to eradicate it. Moreover interference on behalf of children rests entirely on different grounds from interference on behalf of grown-up people. There is a constant danger that the latter may be encouraged to rely too little upon their own efforts, and too much upon the help obtained from others; the former, however, have no power to help themselves. If the parent neglects his duty to his children, they may suffer an irreparable injury which they have no power to ward off; the State consequently becomes their natural and proper protector. In order, therefore, to justify compulsory education, it is only necessary to show that a child suffers a grave injury if he is permitted to grow up in ignorance. A few words will suffice to indicate the nature and extent of the injury thus inflicted. In the first place, it is obvious that ignorance greatly limits the area of enjoyment; it cuts a man off from many of the truest and most lasting pleasures; all literature, all philosophy, and all science are closed to him; many things which to one who is educated are blessings fruitful of good, often become to one who is ignorant positive misfortunes. Thus, one of the greatest reproaches against our present industrial economy, is that it yields so little leisure to those who live by daily toil. Leisure may be a priceless boon

to those who can properly use it, but spare time hangs so heavily upon those who are able to read, that in order to get rid of it they often have no other resource but the public-house. The uneducated have also to pass through life with crippled powers; they have not a fair chance of contending in that struggle for existence upon which all have to embark who are obliged to earn their own livelihood. Few, if any, industrial operations are so entirely mechanical that a man will perform them equally well whether his mental powers have been developed, or have been permitted to remain dormant. Ignorance, therefore, takes away a considerable part of the power which an individual possesses to acquire the means of living.—*Pauperism: Its Causes and Remedies.*

FAWKES, Francis, an English poet, born in 1721, died in 1777. He was educated at Cambridge, entered into Holy Orders, became successively curate of Bramham, Croydon, vicar of Orpington, rector of Hayes, and, finally, one of the chaplains to the Princess of Wales. He published *Bramham Park, a Poem* (1745), a volume of *Poems and Translations* (1760), and *Partridge Shooting, a Poem* (1767). His translations from Anacreon, Bion, Musæus, Theocritus, and other minor Greek poets, were highly esteemed. His best original poem is the following convivial song:

THE BROWN JUG.

Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale—
In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale—
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathomed a bowl;
In bousing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly topers he bore off the bell.

It chanced as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his flower-woven arbor, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrows away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,

His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body when long in the grouud it had lain,
And time into clay had resolved it again,
A potter fouud out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he formed this brown jug,
Now sacred to friendship, and mirth, and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale!

FAY, THEODORE SEDGWICK, an American author, born in New York, in 1807. He was admitted to the bar in 1828, but devoted himself to literature, becoming one of the editors of the *New York Mirror*. From 1837 to 1853 he was Secretary of the American Legation at Berlin, and subsequently Minister Resident in Switzerland. Among his writings are: *Dreams and Reveries* (1832), *Norman Leslie* (1835), *Sidney Clifton* (1839), *The Countess Ida* (1840), *Hoboken* (1843), *Robert Rueful* (1844), *Ulric, or the Voices, a Poem* (1851), and two works on *Geography* (1867, 1873).

ON THE RHINE.

Oh come, gentle pilgrim from the far-distant strand,
Come gaze on the pride of the old German land.
On that vision of nature, that vision divine,
Of the past and the present, the exquisite Rhine.
As soft as a smile, and as sweet as a song,
Its famous old billows roll murmuring along.
From its source on the mount whence it flashes in the sea,
It flashes with beauty as bright as can be.
With the azure of heaven its first waters flow,
And it leaps like an arrow escaped from the bow;
While reflecting the glories its hillsides that crown,
It then sweeps in grandeur by castle and town.
And when from the red gleaming towers of Mayence,
Enchanted thou'rt borne, in bewildering trance,
By death-breathing ruin, by life giving wine,
By thy dark frowning turrets, old Ehrenbreitstein!
To where the half magic Cathedral looks down
On the crowds at its base of the ancient Cologne;
While in rapture thy dazzled and wondering eyes
Scarce follow the pictures, as bright, as they rise,

As the dream of thy youth, which thou vainly
wouldst stay.
But they float, from thy longings, like shadows away.
Thou wilt find on the banks of the wonderful stream
Full many a spot that an Eden doth seem.
And thy bosom will ache with a secret despair,
That thou canst not inhabit a mansion so fair;
And fain thou wouldst linger eternity there.
—*Ulric, or the Voices.*

A WEARIED NOBLEMAN.

The young Lord D—— yawned. Why did the young lord yawn? He had recently come into ten thousand a year. His home was a palace. His sisters were angels. His cousin was in love with him. He himself was an Apollo. His horses might have drawn the chariot of Phœbus, but in their journey around the globe would never have crossed above grounds more Eden-like than his. Around him were streams, lawns, groves, and fountains. He could hunt, fish, ride, read, flirt, swim, drink, muse, write, or lounge. All the appliances of affluence were at his command. The young Lord D—— was the admiration and the envy of all the country. The young Lord D——'s step sent a palpitating flutter through many a lovely bosom. His smile awakened many a dream of bliss and wealth. The Lady S——, that queenly woman, with her majestic bearing, and her train of dying adorers, grew lovelier and livelier beneath the spell of his smile; and even Ellen B——, the modest, beautiful creature, with her large, timid, tender blue eyes, and her pouting red lips — that rosebud — sighed audibly, only the day before, when he left the room —and yet—and yet—the young Lord D—— yawned.

It was a rich, still hour. The afternoon sunlight overspread all nature. Earth, sky, lake, and air were full of its dying glory, as it streamed into the apartment where they were sitting, through the foliage of a magnificent oak, and the caressing tendrils of a profuse vine that half buried the veranda beneath its heavy masses of foliage.

"I am tired to death," said the sleepy lord.

His cousin Rosalie sighed.

"The package of papers from London is full of news, and—" murmured her sweet voice, timidly.

"I hate news."

"The poetry in the *New Monthly* is—"

"You set my teeth on edge. I have had a surfeit of poetry."

"Ellen B—— is to spend the day with us to-morrow."

Rosalie lifted her hazel eyes full upon his face.

"Ellen B——?" drawled the youth; "she is a child, a pretty child. I shall ride over to Lord A——'s."

Rosalie's face betrayed that a mountain was off her heart.

"Lord A—— starts for Italy in a few weeks," said Rosalie.

"Happy dog!"

"He will be delighted with Rome and Naples."

"Rome and Naples," echoed Lord D——, in a musing voice.

"Italy is a delightful, heavenly spot," continued his cousin, anxious to lead him into conversation.

"So I'm told," said Lord D——, abstractedly.

"It is the garden of the world," rejoined Rosalie.

Lord D—— opened his eyes. He evidently was just struck with an idea. Young lords with ten thousand a year are not often troubled with ideas. He sprang from his seat. He paced the apartment twice. His countenance glowed. His eyes sparkled.

"Rose—"

"Cousin—"

What a beautiful break. Rose trembled to the heart. Could it be possible that he was—

He took her hand. He kissed it eagerly, earnestly, and enthusiastically.

She blushed and turned away her face in graceful confusion.

"Rose!"

"Dear, *dear* cousin!"

"I have made up my mind."

"Charles!"

"To-morrow?—"

"Heavens!"

"I will start for Italy."—*The Countess Ida.*

FEDERALIST, THE, a series of 85 political essays published between October, 1787, and August, 1788, in two New York newspapers. *The Independent Journal* and *The New York Packet*, besides a few in *The Daily Advertiser*. It was doubtful whether the newly-drafted Constitution for the United States would receive the ratification of the State of New York. John Jay, Alexander Hamilton, and James Madison concerted to write a series of essays explaining the intent of the proposed Constitution, and urging its ratification by the State of New York. No. 1, which was introductory to the series, was written by Hamilton; Jay followed with Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, issued in rapid succession, when he received an injury which disqualified him for mental exertion for several months. He, however, recovered in time to write No. 64, when the proposed series was drawing to a close. These papers were all addressed "To the People of the State of New York," and bore the common signature of "Publius." They were recognized as an authoritative exposition of the principles and intent of the Constitution, and as the ablest advocate of its adoption. They were first put forth in a separate volume in 1788; several editions of which, with some slight corrections, appeared from time to time; up to 1852, there were in all about twenty editions issued. In 1863 Mr. Henry Dawson published the commencement of a critical edition, which was to consist of two large volumes; but only the first volume was printed. He undertook to reproduce the essays precisely as they originally appeared in the newspapers. A year later Mr. John C. Hamilton put forth another critical edition, in which he adopted the somewhat modified text which had the sanction of at least Jay and Madison. In 1886

Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge edited a complete edition of the works of Alexander Hamilton, in six volumes; *The Federalist* constituting Vol. VI. He follows the original, not the amended text.

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

DANGERS FROM FOREIGN POWERS.

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

observed that there are pretended as well as just causes of war. . . .

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

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

One government can collect and avail itself of the talents and experience of the ablest men in whatever part of the Union they may be found. It can move on uniform principles of policy. It can harmonize, assimilate, and protect the several parts and members, and extend the benefit of its foresight and precautions to each. In the formation of treaties it will regard the interests of the whole, and the particular interests of the parts as connected with that of the whole. It can apply the resources and power of the whole to the defense of any particular part, and that more easily and expeditiously than State governments or separate Confederacies can possibly do, for want of concert and unity of system. It can place the militia under one plan of discipline, and by putting their officers in a proper line of subordination to the chief magistrate, will in a manner consolidate them into one corps, and thereby render them more efficient than if divided into thirteen, or into three or four distinct independent bodies.

What would the militia of Britain be if the English militia obeyed the government of England, if the Scotch militia obeyed the government of Scotland,

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

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

Apply these facts to our own case. Leave America divided into thirteen—or, if you please, into three or four—independent governments: what armies could they raise and pay, what fleets could they ever hope to have? If one was attacked would the others fly to its succor, and spend their blood and money in its defense? Would there be no danger of their being flattered into neutrality by specious promises, or seduced by a too great fondness for peace, to decline hazarding their tranquillity and present safety for the sake of neighbors of whom they perhaps have been jealous, and whose importance they are content to see diminished? Although such conduct would not be wise, it would nevertheless be natural. The history of the States of Greece, and other countries, abounds with such instances; and it is not improbable that what has so often happened would, under similar circumstances, happen again.

But admit that they might be willing to help the invaded State or Confederacy. How, and when, and in what proportion, shall aids of men and money be

afforded? Who shall command the allied armies, and from which of the associates shall he receive his orders? Who shall settle the terms of peace; and in case of disputes what umpire shall decide between them, and compel acquiescence? Various difficulties and inconveniences would be inseparable from such a situation; whereas one government, watching over the general and common interests, combining and directing the powers and resources of the whole, would be free from all these embarrassments, and conduce far more to the safety of the people.

But whatever may be our situation—whether firmly united under one National government, or split into a number of Confederacies—certain it is that foreign nations will know and view it exactly as it is; and they will act towards us accordingly. If they see that our National government is efficient and well administered, our trade prudently regulated, our militia properly organized and disciplined, our resources and finances discreetly managed, our credit re-established, our people free, contented, and united—they will be much more disposed to cultivate our friendship than to provoke our resentment. If, on the other hand, they find us either destitute of an effectual government (each State doing right or wrong as to its rulers may seem convenient), or split into three or four independent, and probably discordant, Republics or Confederacies, one inclining to Britain, another to France, and a third to Spain—and perhaps played off against each other by the three—what a poor pitiful figure will America make in their eyes! How liable would she become, not only to their contempt, but to their outrage; and how soon would dear-bought experience proclaim that when a people or a family so divide, it never fails to be against themselves. . . . Let candid men judge then whether the division of America into any given number of independent sovereignties would tend to secure us against the hostilities and improper interference of foreign nations.—*The Federalist*, No. 4.—Jay.

OBJECTIONS URGED AGAINST THE CONSTITUTION.

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

Such a patient, and in such a situation, is America at this moment. She has been sensible of her malady. She has obtained a regular and unanimous advice from men of her own deliberate choice. And she is warned by others against following this advice, under pain of the most fatal consequences. Do the monitors deny the reality of her danger? No. Do they deny the necessity of some speedy and powerful remedy? No. Are they agreed—are any two of them agreed—in their objections to the remedy proposed, or

in the proper one to be substituted? Let them speak for themselves.

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

the weight on that side will not be sufficient to keep it upright and firm against its opposite propensities.

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

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

considers it as a fundamental condition that the appointment should be made by the President himself.

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

It is a matter both of wonder and regret that those who raise so many objections against the new Constitution should never call to mind the defects of that which is to be exchanged for it. It is not necessary that the former should be perfect; it is sufficient that the latter should be more imperfect. No man would refuse to give brass for silver or gold, because the latter had some alloy in it. No man would refuse to quit a shattered and tottering habitation for a firm and commodious building, because the latter had not a porch to it; or because some of the rooms might be a little larger or smaller, or the ceiling a little higher or lower than his fancy would have planned them.

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

I shall be told that however dangerous this mixture of powers may be in theory, it is rendered harmless by the dependence of Congress on the States for the means of carrying them into practice; that, however large the mass of powers may be, it is in fact a lifeless mass. Then I say, in the first place, that the Confederation is chargeable with the still greater folly of declaring certain powers in the Federal Government to be absolutely necessary, and at the same time rendering them absolutely nugatory; and, in the next place, that if the union is to continue, and no better

government be substituted, effective power must either be granted to or assumed by the existing Congress; in either of which events the contrast just stated will hold good. But this is not all. Out of this lifeless mass has already grown an excrescental power which tends to realize all the dangers that can be apprehended from a defective construction of the supreme government of the union. . . .

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

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

PRESIDENTIAL RE-ELIGIBILITY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Would it promote the peace of the community, or

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

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

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

perience to experience, and would tend to unhinge and set afloat the already settled train of the administration.

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

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

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

As to the second supposed advantage, there is still greater reason to entertain doubts concerning it, especially if the exclusion were to be perpetual. In this case, as already intimated, a man of irregular ambition—of whom alone there could be reason in any case to entertain apprehension—would with infinite reluctance yield to the necessity of taking his leave for ever of a post in which his passion for power and pre-eminence had acquired the force of habit. And if he had been fortunate or adroit enough to conciliate the good-will of the people, he might induce them to consider as a very odious and unjustifiable restraint upon themselves a provision which was calculated to debar them of the right of giving a fresh proof of their attachment to a favorite. There may be conceived circumstances in which this disgust of the people, seconding the thwarted ambition of such a favorite, might occasion greater danger to liberty than could ever reasonably be dreaded from the possibility of a perpetuation in office, by the voluntary suffrages of the community, exercising a Constitutional privilege.

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

FELTHAM, OWEN, an English moralist, born about 1609, died about 1677. He was secretary to the Earl of Thomond, under whose roof he wrote, at the age of eighteen, a little volume of *Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political*. This became very popular, and during his lifetime at least nine editions were issued, each containing large additions. To his latest editions were appended *Lusoria*, a collection of forty poems. Several later editions of the *Resolves* have been printed, the last in 1840. He was also the author of several minor works in prose and verse.

LIMITATION OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

Learning is like a river whose head being far in the land, is at first rising little, and easily viewed; but still as you go, it gapeth with a wider bank, not without pleasure and delightful winding, while it is on both sides set with trees, and the beauties of various flowers. But still the further you follow it, the deeper and the broader 'tis; till at last it inwaves itself in the unfathomed ocean; there you see more water, but no shore—no end of that liquid, fluid vastness. In many things we may sound Nature, in the shallows of her revelations. We may trace her to her second causes: but, beyond them, we meet with nothing but the puzzle of the soul, and the dazzle of the mind's dim eyes. While we speak of things that are, that we may dissect, and have power and means to find the causes, there is some pleasure, some certainty. But when we come to metaphysics, to long-buried antiquity, and unto unrevealed divinity, we are in a sea, which is deeper than the short reach of the line of man. Much may be gained by studious inquisition; but more will ever rest, which man cannot discover.—*Resolves.*

MEDITATION.

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

NO MAN CAN SEEM GOOD TO ALL.

I never yet knew any man so bad, but some have thought him honest and afforded him love; nor ever any so good, but some have thought him evil and hated him. Few are so stigmatical as that they are not honest to some; and few, again, are so just, as that they seem not to some unequal; either the ignorance, the envy, or the partiality of those that judge, do constitute a various man. Nor can a man in himself always appear alike to all. In some, nature hath invested a disparity; in some, report hath fore-blinded judgment; and in some, accident is the cause of disposing us to love or hate. Or, if not these, the variation of the bodies' humors, or, perhaps, not any of these. The soul is often led by secret motions, and loves she knows not why. There are impulsive privacies which urge us to a liking, even against the parliamental acts of the two houses, reason and the common sense; as if there were some hidden beauty, of a more magnetic force than all that the eye can see; and this, too, more powerful at one time than another. Undiscovered influences please us now, with what we would sometimes contemn. I have come to the same man that hath now welcomed me with a free expression of love and courtesy, and another time hath left me unsaluted at all; yet, knowing him well, I have been certain of his sound affection; and have found this not an intended neglect, but an indisposedness, or a mind seriously busied within. Occasion reins the motions of the stirring mind. Like men that walk in their sleep, we are led about, we neither know whither nor how.—*Resolves.*

AGAINST READINESS TO TAKE OFFENSE.

We make ourselves more injuries than are offered us; they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts, that were never meant so by the heart of him that speaketh. The apprehension of wrong hurts more than the sharpest part of the wrong done. So, by falsely making ourselves patients of wrong, we become the true and first actors. It is not good, in matters of discourtesy, to dive into man's mind, beyond his own comment; nor to stir upon a doubtful

indignity without it, unless we have proofs that carry weight and conviction with them. Words do sometimes fly from the tongue that the heart did neither hatch nor harbor. While we think to revenge an injury, we many times begin one; and after that, repent our misconceptions. In things that may have a double sense, it is good to think the better was intended; so shall we still both keep our friends and quietness.—*Resolves.*

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

might choose his co-workers. Under his influence all irritation soon subsided.

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

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

In 1694, probably through the influence of Madame de Maintenon, the abbacy of St. Valery was given him. In this year he addressed an anonymous letter to the King, Louis XIV., setting forth the manifold abuses of his reign. It is not probable that Louis suspected the authorship of the letter; for in the following year he raised Fénelon to the Archbishopric of Cambray. Fénelon accepted the promotion on the condition that he should be permitted to devote nine months of the year to the duties of the archbishopric, giving only three months to the care of the education of the princes. He also resigned the abbacy of St. Valery.

Fénelon was not long to enjoy the royal favor. He had some years before become acquainted with Madame Guyon, and was strongly attracted by the doctrine of "Quietism" of which she was the eloquent supporter. The upshot of the matter was that the teachings of Madame Guyon were denounced by the ecclesiastical authorities. Fénelon, about the time of his elevation to the Archiepiscopal See of Cambray, became involved in the controversy which ensued; and at length wrote the *Explication des Maximes des Saints sur la Vie Interieur*. The French prelates, notable among whom was Bossuet, took strong ground against the *Maxims*. Fénelon was deprived of his place as preceptor in the royal family, and was ordered to retire to his See of Cambray. The teachings of Fénelon were laid before Pope Innocent III., who submitted the matter to the College of Cardinals, who drew up a list of twenty-three articles as worthy of condemnation, and their decision was sanctioned by the Pope. Fénelon yielded unhesitatingly to this decision of the highest ecclesiastical authority; but he was not restored to favor at court. Just about this time was printed his *Adventures of Telemachus*, which he had written many years before for the amusement and instruction of his royal pupils. Some one who had the manuscript for copying sold it to a publisher, by whom it was surreptitiously printed in 1699. Louis, not unnaturally, conceived the work to be a satire upon himself and his Court, and ordered every copy to be destroyed; and Fénelon was ordered to confine himself strictly to his own diocese. Here the remaining fifteen years of his life were spent in the exercise of every virtue. The works of Fénelon embrace many subjects: theology, philosophy, literature, history, oratory, spirit-

uality. They have been collected in twenty octavo volumes. His letters are many and interesting. *Telemachus* has been translated into nearly all the languages of Europe. After *Telemachus* his *Demonstration of the Existence of God* is his most important work.

ANCIENT TYRE.

Near this delightful coast, the island on which Tyre is built emerges from the sea. The city seems to float upon the waters, and looks like the sovereign of the deep. It is crowded with merchants of every nation, and its inhabitants are themselves the most eminent merchants of the world. It appears, at first, not to be the city of any particular people, but to be common to all as the centre of their commerce. There are two large moles, which, like two arms stretched out into the sea, embrace a spacious harbor, which is a shelter from every wind. The vessels in this harbor are so numerous as almost to hide the water in which they float; and the masts look at a distance like a forest. All the citizens of Tyre apply themselves to trade; and their wealth does not render them impatient of that labor by which it is increased. Their city abounds with the finest linen of Egypt, and cloth that has been doubly dyed with the Tyrian purple—a color which has a lustre that time itself can scarce diminish, and which they frequently heighten by embroidery of gold and silver. The commerce of the Phœnicians extends to the Straits of Gades; they have even entered the vast ocean by which the world is encircled, and made long voyages upon the Red Sea to islands which are unknown to the rest of mankind, from whence they bring gold, perfumes, and many animals that are to be found in no other country. . . .

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

"You see the means," answered Narbal; "the situation of Tyre renders it more fit for commerce

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

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

"By the same means," said he, "that I have established it here. Receive all strangers with readiness and hospitality; let them find safety, convenience, and liberty in your ports; and be careful never to disgust them by avarice or pride. He that would succeed in a project of gain must never attempt to gain too much; and upon proper occasions must know how

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

"It must, indeed, be confessed, that the glory even of Tyre has for some time been obscured. O my dear Telemachus, hadst thou beheld it before the reign of Pygmalion, how much greater would have been thy astonishment. The remains of Tyre only are now to be seen; ruins which have yet the appearance of magnificence, but will shortly be mingled with the dust. O unhappy Tyre! to what a wretch art thou subjected; thou, to whom, as to the sovereign of the world, the sea so lately rolled the tribute of every nation! Both strangers and subjects are equally dreaded by Pygmalion; and instead of throwing open our ports to traders of the most remote countries, like his predecessors, without any stipulation or inquiry, he demands an exact account of the number

of vessels that arrive, the countries to which they belong, the name of every person on board, the manner of their trading, the species and value of their commodities, and the time they are to continue upon his coast; but this is not the worst, for he puts in practice all the little artifices of cunning to draw the foreign merchants into some breach of his innumerable regulations, that under the appearance of justice he may confiscate their goods. He is perpetually harassing those persons whom he imagines to be most wealthy; and increasing, under various pretences, the incumbrances of trade, by multiplying taxes. . . . And thus commerce languishes; foreigners forget, by degrees, the way to Tyre, with which they were once so well acquainted; and if Pygmalion persists in a conduct so impolitic and so injurious, our glory and our power will be transferred to some other nation, which is governed upon better principles."—*Telemachus—Transl. of* HAWKSWORTH.

SIMPLICITY.

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

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

us gradually; we approach step by step to this simplicity.

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

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

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

FREEDOM OF THE WILL.

Another mystery that I bear within me, and that renders me incomprehensible to myself, is that on the one hand I am free, and on the other, dependent. Independence is the supreme perfection. The Creator must be the cause of all the modifications of His creation. The being who is dependent for his nature must be so for all its operations. Thus God is the cause of all the combinations and movements of

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

This is the foundation of all merit and demerit; it is this that makes the justice of reward or punishment. Hence it is that we exhort, reprove, menace, or promise. This is the foundation of all government, of all instruction, and of all rules of conduct. Everything in human life brings us to this conclusion, that there is nothing over which we have such entire control, as our own wills; and that we have this free will, this power of election, between two things equally in our reach. It is this truth that the shepherds sing among the mountains, that merchants and artisans take for granted in their negotiations, that the actor represents on the stage; the magistrate

recognizes it in his decisions, and learned doctors teach it in their schools; it is what no man of sense can seriously doubt. This truth imprinted on our hearts is acknowledged in the practice of those philosophers who attempt to overthrow it by their chimerical speculations. The internal evidence of this truth is like that we have of those first principles, which have no need of demonstration, and by which we prove other truths less certain.—*Transl. of* ELIZA L. FOLLEN.

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

DAME PASTON'S LETTER OF INSTRUCTIONS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thirdly, in the same wise, I charge you, my dear son, alway, as ye be bounded by the commandment of God, to do, to love, to worship your lady and mother, and also that ye obey alway her commandments, and to believe her counsels and advices in all your works, the which dreaded not, but shall be best and truest to you. And if any other body would stir you to the contrary, to flee the counsel in any wise, for ye shall find it naught and evil.

Furthermore, as far as father may and can, I charge you in any wise to flee the company and counsel of proud men, of covetous men, and of flattering men, the more especially and mightily to withstand them, and not to draw nor to meddle with them, with all your might and power. And to draw to you and to your company good and virtuous men, and such as be of good conversation, and of truth, and by them shall ye never be deceived, nor repent you of. Moreover, never follow your own wit in no wise, but in all your works, of such folks as I write of above, asketh your advice and counsel, and doing thus, with the mercy of God, ye shall do right well, and live in

right much worship and great heart's rest and ease: And I will be to you as good lord and father as my heart can think.

And last of all, as heartily and as lovingly as ever father blessed his child in earth, I give you the blessing of our Lord and of me, which of his infinite mercy increase you in all virtue and good living. And that your blood may, by His grace, from kindred to kindred multiply in this earth to His service, in such wise as, after the departing from this wretched world here, ye and they may glorify Him eternally among His angels in heaven.

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

FENNER, Cornelius George, an American clergyman and poet, born at Providence, R. I., in 1822; died at Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1847. The year before his early death he published a little volume entitled *Poems of Many Moods.*

GULF-WEED.

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

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

Hearts there are on the sounding shore,
Something whispers soft to me,
Restless and roaming for evermore,
Like this weary weed of the sea;

Bear they yet on each beating breast
The eternal type of the wondrous whole:
Growth unfolding amid unrest,
Grace informing with silent soul.

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

DEVELOPMENT OF CIVIL SOCIETY.

Mankind have twice within the compass of history ascended from rude beginnings to very high degrees

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

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

stubborn natives of Europe, by a total destruction of what the love of ease and of pleasure had produced.

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

FERGUSON, SIR SAMUEL, an Irish lawyer and poet, born at Belfast in 1810. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; was admitted to the Irish Bar in 1838, and to the Inner Bar in 1859. He was appointed Deputy Keeper of the Public Records of Ireland in 1867, and in 1878 received the honor of knighthood on account of his antiquarian and literary merits. Besides numerous contributions, in verse and prose, to *Blackwood* and the *Dublin University Magazine*, he has published *Lays of the Western Gael* (1865), *Cougal, a Poem* (1872), *Poems* (1880), and *Shaksperian Brevities* (1882).

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

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

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

Leap out, leap out, my masters! leap out, and lay on load!
Let's forge a goodly Anchor, a bower thick and broad.
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road;

The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of ocean poured
From stem to stern, sea after sea, the mainmast by the board;
The bulwalks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains!
But courage still, brave mariners, the bower still remains;
And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save where ye pitch sky high,
Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing—here am I!"

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time;
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime!
But while ye swing your sledges, sing; and let the burden be:
"The Anchor is the Anvil-King, and royal craftsmen we!"
Strike in, strike in; the sharks begin to dull their rustling red!
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped;
Our Anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bow, or an oozy couch of clay:
Our Anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,
For the Yo-heave-o, and the Heave-away, and the sighing seaman's cheer,
When weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far, from love and home;
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.
In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last:
A shapely one he is, and strong as e'er from cat was cast.
O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasure would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!
O deep sea diver, who might then behold such rights as thou?
The hoary monsters' palaces! Methinks what joys 'twere now
To go plump plunging down amid the assembly of the whales.
And feel the charmed sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;
To leave the subtle wonder-fish, a bony blade forlorn;
And for the ghastly-grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to scorn;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where, 'mid Norwegian isles,
He lies, a lubber anchorage, for sudden shallowed miles,
The snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls.
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far-astonished shoals
Of his black browsing ocean-calves; or haply in his cove,
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undiné's love,
To find the long-haired mermaidens; or hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent upon cerulean sands.

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

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

Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand,
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland—

Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—
Oh, though our Anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory, whose bones he goes among.

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

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

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

AN EDINBURGH SUNDAY.

On Sunday, here an altered scene
O' men and manners meets our een.
Ane wad maist trow, some people chose
To change their faces wi' their clo'es,
And fain wad gar ilk neighbor think
They thirst for guidness as for drink;
But there 's an unco dearth o' grace,
That has nae mansion but the face,
And never can obtain a part
In benmost corner of the heart.
Why should religion mak us sad
If good frae virtue 's to be had?
Na: rather gleefu' turn your face,
Forsake hypocrisy, grimace;
And never hae it understood
You fleg mankind frae being good.
In afternoon, a' brawly buskit,
The joes and lasses lo'e to frisk it.
Some tak a great delight to place
The modest bon-grace ower the face;
Though you may see, if so inclined,
The turning o' the leg behind.
Now, Comely-Garden and the Park
Refresh them, after forenoon's wark:
Newhaven, Leith, or Canonmills,
Supply them wi' their Sunday's gills;
Where writers aften spend their pence,
To stock their heads wi' drink and sense.
While danderin' cits delight to stray,
To Castle-hill or public way.
Where they nae other purpose mean,
Than that fool cause o' being seen,
Let me to Arthur's seat pursue,
Where bonny pastures meet the view,
And mony a wild-lorn scene accrues,
Befitting Willie Shakespeare's muse
If Fancy there would join the thrang,
The desert rocks and hills amang,
To echoes we should lilt and play,
And gie to mirth the livelang day.
Or should some cankered biting shower
The day and a' her sweets deflower,

To Holyrood house let me stray,
And gie to musing a' the day;
Lamenting what auld Scotland knew,
Bien days for ever frae her view.
O Hamilton, for shame! the Muse
Would pay to thee her couthy vows,
Gin ye wad tent the humble strain,
And gie 's our dignity again!
For, oh, wae 's me! the thistle springs
In domicile o' ancient kings,
Without a patriot to regret
Our palace and our ancient state.
—*Auld Reekie.*

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

MISS VIOLET MACSHAKE.

As soon as she recognized her grand nephew, Mr. Douglas, she welcomed him with much cordiality, shook him long and heartily by the hand, patted him on the back, looked into his face with much seeming satisfaction; and, in short, gave all the demonstrations of gladness usual with gentlewomen of a certain age. Her pleasure, however, appeared to be rather an *impromptu* than a habitual feeling; for, as the surprise wore off, her visage resumed its harsh and sarcastic expression, and she seemed eager to efface any agreeable impression her reception might have excited.

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

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

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

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

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

"You have not asked after any of your Glenfern

friends," said Mr. Douglas, hoping to touch a more sympathetic cord.

"Time eneugh—wull ye let me draw my breath, man—fowk canna say awthing at ance. An' ye but to hae an Inglish wife tu, a Scotch lass wadna ser' ye. An' yer wean I'se warran' it's ane o' the warld's wonders—it's been unco lang o' comin'—he, he!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Iainers!" repeated she, with a contemptuous
n; "what ca ye' mainers noo, for I dinna ken?
ane gangs bang intill their neebor's hoos, and
oot o't, as it war a chynge-hoos; an' as for the
ter o't, he's no o' sae muckle vaalu as the flunky
his chyre. I' my grandfather's time, as I hae
l him tell, ilka maister o' a family had his ain
in his ain hoos, ay! an' sat wi' his hat on his
afore the best o' the land, an' had his ain dish
as ay helpit first, and keepit up his owthority
man sude du. Paurents war paurents than—
s dardna set up their gabs afore them than as
du noo. They ne'er presumed to say their
s war their ain i' thae days—wife and servants,
ners an' childer, a trummelt i' the presence o'
heed."

re a long pinch of snuff caused a pause in the
ady's harangue. Mr. Douglas availed himself
e opportunity to rise and take leave.

Do, what's takin' ye awa', Archie, in sic a hurry?
oon there," laying her hand upon his arm, "an'
ye, an' tak a glass o' wine an' a bit breed; or
be," turning to Mary, "ye wad rather hae a drap
to warm ye? What gars ye look sae blae,
? I'm sure it's no cauld; but ye're just like the
ye gang a' skiltin' about the streets half-naked,
han ye maun sit an' birsle yoursels afore the
t hame."

e had now shuffled along to the further end of
oom, and opening a press, took out wine and a
ful of various-shaped articles of bread, which
anded to Mary.

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

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

Canna ye sit still a wee, man, an' let me speer
my auld freens at Glenfern? Hoo's Grizzy, an'
y, an' Nicky?—aye workin' awa' at the peels an'
drogs—he, he! I ne'er swallowed a peel nor

gied a doit for drogs a' my days, an' see an ony o' them 'll rin a race wi' me whan they're naur five-score."

Mr. Douglas here paid some compliments upon her appearance, which were pretty graciously received; and added that he was the bearer of a letter from his aunt Grizzy, which he would send along with a roebuck and brace of moor-game.

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

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

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