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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. XVI

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OF

UNIVERSAL LITERATURE.

O'BRIEN, FITZ JAMES, an Irish-American *littérateur*, born at Limerick in 1828, died at Cumberland, Maryland, in 1862. He was educated at the University of Dublin. On leaving college he went to London, and in a couple of years ran through an inheritance of £8,000. He had in the mean time made some successful experiments in authorship; and in 1852 came to New York, where he entered upon a brilliant career as a contributor to magazines, writing with facility upon a variety of topics, both in prose and verse.

Toward the close of 1861, he joined a New York regiment, and was not long afterward appointed upon the staff of General Lander. At a skirmish on February 26, 1862, he received a wound in the shoulder, which was not thought to be serious; but through unskilful surgical treatment, he died on April 6th. A volume made up from some of his *Poems and Stories*, edited by William Winter, was published in 1881. The following poem, which is among his latest, was written early in the autumn of 1851, when he was about to break off his "Bohemian" way of life, and

essay a new career. Those who can read between the lines will perceive that it is in a way autobiographical, and that the "Loss" deplored is not that of any woman, but of his own better self, as it might have been, and might perhaps again be.

OF LOSS.

Stretched, silver-spun the spider's nets;
  The quivering sky was white with fire;
The blackbird's scarlet epaulets
  Reddened the hemlock's topmost spire.

The mountain in his purple cloak,
  His feet with misty vapors wet,
Lay dreamily, and seemed to smoke
  All day his giant calumet.

From farm-house bells the noonday rung,
  The teams that plowed the furrows stopped;
The ox refreshed his lolling tongue,
  And brows were wiped, and spades were dropped;

And down the field the mowers stepped,
  With burning brows and figures lithe,
As in their brawny hands they swept
  From side to side the hissing scythe;

Till sudden ceased the noonday task,
  The scythe 'mid blades of grass lay still,
As girls with can and cider-flask,
  Came romping gayly down the hill.

And over all these swept a stream
  Of subtle music—felt, not heard—
As one conjures in a dream
  The distant singing of a bird.

I drank the glory of the scene,
  Its autumn splendor fired my veins;
The woods were like an Indian Queen
  Who gazed upon her old domains.

And, ah! methought I heard a sigh
  Come softly through her leafy lips;

A mourning over days gone by,
That were before the white man's ships.

And so I came to think on Loss—
I never much could think on Gain—
A poet oft will woo a cross
On whom a crown is pressed in vain.

I came to think—I know not how—
Perchance through sense of Indian wrong—
Of losses of my own, that now
Broke for the first time into song.

A fluttering strain of feeble words
That scarcely dared to leave my breast;
But, like a brood of fledgling birds,
Kept hovering round their natal nest.

"O loss!" I sang, "O early loss!
O blight that nipped the buds of spring!
O spell that turned the gold to dross!
O steel that clipped the untried wing!

"I mourn all days, as sorrows he
Whom once they called a merchant-prince,
Over the ships he sent to sea,
And never, never, heard of since.

"To ye, O woods, the annual May
Restores the leaves ye lost before;
The tide that now forsakes the bay,
This night will wash the widowed shore.

"But I shall never see again
The shape that smiled upon my youth;
A misty sorrow veils my brain,
And dimly looms the light of Truth.

"She faded, fading woods, like you!
And fleeting shone with sweeter grace,
And as she died the colors grew
To softer splendors in her face.

"Until one day the hectic flush
Was veiled with death's eternal snow;
She swept from earth amid a hush,
And I was left alone below!"

While thus I moaned, I heard a peal
Of laughter through the meadows flow,

I saw the farm-boys at their meal,
  I saw the cider circling go.

And still the mountain calmly slept,
  His feet with valley-vapors wet;
And, slowly circling, upward crept
  The smoke from out his calumet.

Mine was the sole discordant breath
  That marred this dream of peace below;
"O God," I cried, "give, give me death,
  Or give me grace to bear thy blow!"

ELISHA KENT KANE.

(Died February 15, 1857.)

Aloft upon an old basaltic crag, [Pole,
Which, scalped by keen winds that defend the
Gazes with dead face on the seas that roll
Around the secret of the mystic zone,
A mighty nation's star-bespangled flag,
Flutters alone.

And underneath, upon the lifeless front
Of that drear cliff, a simple name is traced:
Fit type of him who, famishing and gaunt,
But with a rocky purpose in his soul,
Breasted the gathering snows,
Clung to the drifting floes,
By want beleaguered, and by winter chased,
Seeking the brother lost amid that frozen
  waste.

Not many months ago we greeted him,
Crowned with the icy honors of the North.
Across the land his hard-won fame went forth:
And Maine's deep woods were shaken limb by
  limb; [prim,
And his own mild Keystone State, sedate and
Burst from its decorous quiet as he came;
Hot southern lips, with eloquence aflame,
Sounded his triumph; Texas, wild and grim,
Proffered its horny hand; the large-lunged
  West,
From out its giant breast,
Yelled its frank welcome. And from main to
  main,
Jubilant to the sky.

Thundered the mighty cry,
"Honor to Kane!"

In vain—in vain beneath his feet we flung
The reddening roses! All in vain we poured
The golden wine, and round the shining board
Sent the toast circling till the rafters rung
With the thrice-tripled honors of the feast!
Scarce the buds wilted and the voices ceased,
Ere the pure light that sparkled in his eyes.
Bright as auroral fires in Southern skies,
Faded and faded. And the brave young heart
That the relentless Arctic winds had robbed
Of all its vital heat, in that long quest
For the lost Captain, now within his breast
More and more faintly throbbed.
His was the victory; but, as his grasp
Closed on the laurel crown with eager clasp,
Death launched a whistling dart;
And ere the thunders of applause were done
His bright eyes closed forever on the sun!
Too late, too late the splendid prize he won
In the Olympic race of Science and of Art!

Like to some shattered being that, pale and lone,
Drifts from the white North to a Tropic zone,
And, in the burning day
Wastes, peak by peak, away,
Till on some rosy even
It dies with sunlight blessing it; so he
Tranquilly floated to a southern sea,
And melted into Heaven!

He needs no tears, who lived a noble life.
We will not weep for him who died so well;
But we will gather round the hearth, and tell
The story of his life:—
Such homage suits him well
Better than funeral pomp or passing bell.
What tale of peril and self-sacrifice!
Prisoned amidst the fastnesses of ice,
With hunger howling o'er the wastes of snow;
Night lengthening into months; the ravenous
floe
Crunching the massive ships, as the white bear
Crunches his prey; the insufficient share

Of loathsome food ;
The lethargy of famine, the despair
Urging to labor, nervously pursued ;
Toil done with skinny arms, and faces hued
Like pallid masks, while dolefully behind
Glimmered the fading embers of a mind !
That awful hour, when through the prostrate
band
Delirium stalked, laying his burning hand
Upon the ghastly foreheads of the crew ;
The whispers of rebellion—faint and few
At first, but deepening ever till they grew
Into black thoughts of murder :—such the
throng
Of horrors round the Hero. High the song
Should be that hymns the noble part he played !
Sinking himself, yet ministering aid
To all around him. By a mighty will
Living defiant of the wants that kill,
Because his death would seal his comrades' fate ;
Cheering with ceaseless and inventive skill
Those Polar winters, dark and desolate,
Equal to every trial—every fate—
He stands, until spring, tardy with relief,
Unlocks the icy gate,
And the pale prisoners thread the world once
more,
To the steep cliffs of Greenland's pastoral shore,
Bearing their dying chief.

Time was when he should gain his spurs of gold
From royal hands, who wooed the knightly
state :
The knell of old formalities is tolled,
And the world's knights are now self-consecrate.
No grander episode doth chivalry hold
In all its annals, back to Charlemagne,
Than that long vigil of unceasing pain,
Faithfully kept, through hunger and through
cold,
By the good Christian Knight, Elisha Kane !

OEHLENSCHLAGER, ADAM GOTTLOB, a Danish dramatist and poet, born at Copenhagen in 1779; died there in 1850. His father was steward of the royal palace at Fredericksburg, where the son passed his early life. At the age of twelve he began to write dramatic pieces. which were performed by himself and his schoolmates. In 1803 he published a volume of poems This was followed by his drama of *Aladdin*, which gained for him a travelling stipend from the Government. He thoroughly mastered the German language, into which he translated those of his works which were originally written in Danish. He went to Italy, where he became intimate with the Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen. Returning to Denmark in 1810, he was made Professor of Æsthetics in the University of Copenhagen. His *Works*, which include dramas, poems, novels, and translations, fill forty-one volumes in German and twenty-one in Danish. He is best known by his dramas, twenty-four in all, of which nineteen are upon Scandinavian subjects. Many of them have been translated into English by Theodore Martin and others. Among the best of his works are: *Aladdin*, *Hakon Jarl*, *Palnatoke*, *Axel and Valborg*, *Correggio*, *Canute the Great*, *The Varangians in Constantinople*, *Land Found and Lost*, based upon the early voyages of the Northmen in America, *Dina*, and *The Gods of the North*. A complete edition of his *Poetiske Skrifter* (Poetical Writings) was published at Copenhagen in thirty-two volumes (1857–65).

"ALADDIN:" DEDICATION TO GOETHE.

Born in far Northern clime,
Came to mine ears sweet tidings in my prime
From fairy land;
Where flowers eternal blow,
Where Power and Beauty go,
Knit in a magic band.

Oft, when a child, I'd pore
In rapture on the Saga lore;
When on the wold
The snow was falling white,
I, shuddering with delight,
Felt not the cold.

When with his pinion chill
The Winter smote the castle on the hill,
It fanned my hair.
I sat in my small room,
And through the lamp-lit gloom
Saw Spring shine fair.

And though my love in youth
Was all for Northern energy and truth,
And Northern feats,
Yet for my fancy's feast
The flower-apparelled East
Unveiled its sweets.

To manhood as I grew, [I flew];
From North to South, from South to North
I was possest
By yearnings to give voice in song
To all that had been struggling long
Within my breast.

I heard bards manifold;
But at their minstrelsy my heart grew cold;
Dim, colorless, became
My childhood's visions grand:
Their tameness only fanned
My wilder flame.

Who did the young bard save?
Who to his eye a keener vision gave
That he the child
Amor beheld, astride
The lion, far-off ride,
Careering wild?

Thou, great and good! Thy spell-like lays
Did the enchanted curtain raise
From fairy-land,
Where flowers eternal blow,
Where Power and Beauty go,
Knit in a loving band.

Well pleased thou heardest long
Within thy halls the stranger minstrel's song.
Taught to aspire
By thee, my spirit leapt
To bolder heights, and swept
The German lyre.

Oft have I sung before;
And many a hero of our Northern shore,
With grave, stern mien,
By sad Melpomené
Called from his grave, we see
Stalk o'er the scene.

And greeting they will send
To friend Aladdin cheerily as a friend.
The oak's thick gloom
Prevails not wholly where
Warbles the nightingale, and fair
Flowers waft perfume.

On thee, to whom I owe
New life, what shall my gratitude bestow?
Nought has the bard
Save his own song! And this
Thou dost not—trivial as the tribute is—
With scorn regard.

Transl. of THEODORE MARTIN.

ON TRACE OF THE MAGIC LAMP.

[NOUREDDIN, the enchanter, is seated by a table on which is a little chest filled with white sand. Upon this sand he half-consciously traces lines; then speaks.]

Noureddin.—A wondrous treasure! The greatest in the world?—
Hid in a cavern?—Where?—In Asia?—
And where in Asia?—Hard by Ispahan!
Deep in the earth; high over-arched with rocks;

Girt round with lofty mountains. Holy Allah!
What mighty mystery begins to dawn
Upon me? Shall I reach the goal, at last,
At midnight hour, after the silent toil
Of forty weary years? I question further:—
What is this matchless prize?—A copper
lamp!
How's this? An old rust-eaten copper lamp!—
And what, then, is its virtue?—How!—"Concealed,
Known but to him that owns it." And shall I
(Scarce dares my tongue give the bold question
voice),
Shall I, then, e'er the happy owner be?
See! the fine sand, like water interblends,
And of the stylus leaves no trace behind.
All's dark!—Yet stay!—With surging waves
it heaves,
This arid sea, as when the tempest sweeps
With eddying blast through Biledulgerid.
What mean these furrows?—I am to draw
forth
A poem that lies eastward in the hall,
Old, dust-begrimed; and, wheresoe'er my eyes,
When I so open it, chance to fall,
I am to read, and all shall then be clear.

[He rises slowly, and takes an old folio, which he opens, and reads.]

"Fair Fortune's boons are scattered wide and far,
In single sparkles only found and rare,
And all her gifts in few combinéd are.

"Earth's choicest flowerets bloom not everywhere:
Where mellows ripe the vine's inspiring tide,
With bane and bale doth Nature wrestle there.

"In the lush Orient's sultry palm-groves glide
Fell serpents through rank herbage noiselessly,
And there death-dealing venom doth abide.

"Darkness and storm deface the Northern sky;
Yet there no sudden shock o'erwhelms the land,
And steadfast cliffs the tempest's rage defy.

"Life's gladsome child is led by Fortune's hand;
And what the sage doth moil to make his prize,
When in the sky the pale stars coldly stand,

"From his own breast leaps forth in wondrous wise.
Met by boon Fortune midway, he prevails,
Scarce weeting how, in whatsoe'er he tries.

"'Tis ever thus that Fortune freely hails
Her favorite, and on him her blessings showers,
Even as to heaven the scented flower exhales.

"Unwooed she comes at unexpected hours;
And little it avails to rack thy brain,
And ask where lurk her long reluctant powers,

"Fain wouldst thou grasp – Hope's portal shuts amain
And all thy fabric vanishes in air;
Unless foredoomed by Fate thy toils are vain,
Thy aspirations doomed to meet despair."

These lines were woven in a mortal's brain,
A sorry rhymer's, little conversant
With Nature's deep and tender mysteries:
Kindly she tenders me the hidden prize.
Is it that she, with woman's waywardness,
May make a mock of me? Not so: on fools
She wastes not her sage accents; the pure light
Is not a meteor-light that leads astray.
With a grave smile, her finger indicates
Where lies the treasure she has marked for
mine.—

Yes! I divine the hidden import well
Of that enigma she prepared for me;
In the unconscious poets' mystic song
The needful powers are by no *one* possessed;
To lift great loads must many hands combine:
To me 'twas given, with penetrating soul,
To fathom Nature's inmost mysteries;
But I am not the outward instrument.
"Life's gladsome child!"—That means some
creature gay,
By nature dowered, instead of intellect,
With body only, and mere youthful bloom.
A young, dull-witted boy shall be my aid;
And, all unconscious of its priceless worth,
Secure and place the treasure in my hands.
Is it not so, thou mighty Solomon?

[Traces lines in the sand.]

Yes, yes, it is! A fume of incense will
Disclose to me the entrance to the rock.
And a rose-cheeked, uneducated boy
Will draw the prize for my advantage forth,
As striplings do in Europe's lotteries.
O holy prophet, take my fervent thanks!
My mind's exhausted with its deep research.

The goal achieved, my overwearied frame
Longs for repose. Now, will I sleep in peace.
To-morrow—by the magic of my ring
I stand in Asia. The succeeding day
Beholds me here, and with the wondrous lamp!
Transl. of THEODORE MARTIN.

THE SCANDINAVIAN WARRIORS AND BARDS.

Oh! great was Denmark's land in time of old!
Wide to the South her branch of glory spread;
Fierce to the battle rushed her heroes bold,
Eager to join the revels of the dead;
While the fond maiden flew with smiles to fold
Round her returning warrior's vesture red
Her arm of snow, with nobler passion fired,
When to the breast of love, exhausted, he retired.

Nor bore they only to the field of death
The bossy buckler and the spear of fire;
The bard was there, with spirit-stirring breath,
His bold heart quivering as he swept the wire,
And poured his notes, amid the ensanguined heath,
While panting thousands kindled at his lyre.
Then shone the eye with greater fury fired,
Then clashed the glittering mail, and the proud foe retired.

And when the memorable day was past,
And Thor triumphant on his people smiled,
The actions died not with the day they graced;
The bard embalmed them in his descant wild,
And their hymned names, through ages uneffaced,
The weary hours of future Danes beguiled:
When even their snowy bones had mouldered long,
On the high column lived the imperishable song.
And the impetuous harp resounded high
With feats of hardiment done far and wide;

While the bard soothed with festive minstrelsy
 The chiefs reposing after battle-tide.
Nor would stern themes alone his hand employ:
 He sang the virgin's sweetly tempered pride,
And hoary eld, and woman's gentle cheer,
And Denmark's manly hearts, to love and friendship dear.

Transl. of WALKER.

ON LEAVING ITALY.

Once more among the old gigantic hills with vapors clouded o'er;
The vales of Lombardy grow dim behind, the rocks ascend before.

They beckon me, the giants, from afar; they wing my footsteps on;
Their helms of ice, their plumage of the pine, their cuirasses of stone.

My heart beats high, my breath comes freer forth—why should my heart be sore?
I hear the eagle's and the vulture's cry, the nightingale's no more.

Where is the laurel? Where the myrtle's bloom? Bleak is the path around.
Where from the thicket comes the ringdove's cooing? Hoarse is the torrent's sound.

Yet should I grieve, when from my loaded bosom a weight appears to flow?
Methinks the muses come to call me home from yonder rocks of snow.

I know not how—but in yon land of roses my heart was heavy still;
I startled at the warbling nightingale, the zephyrs on the hill.

They said the stars shone with a softer gleam—it seemed not so to me.
In vain a scene of beauty beamed around: my thoughts were o'er the sea.

Transl. in For. Quart. Review.

OHNET, GEORGES, a French editor, dramatist and novelist, born in Paris in 1848. He was successively editor of *Le Pays* and of *Le Constitutionnel*, and was remarked for his vivacity and polemical spirit. Among his earlier works are a drama, *Regina Sarpi* (1875), and a comedy *Marthe* (1877). Several of his novels have been dramatized. One of these *Le Maitre de Forges* (1882), was played a whole year. This and other romances—*Serge Panine*, *Le Comtesse Sarah*, *Lise Fleuron*, *La Grandea Marnière*, *Les Dames de Croix-Mort*—wers put forth as a series under the title *Le. Batailles de la Vie*. *Noir et Rose* (1887) is a collection of stories. *Volonté* (1888), is directed against pessimism. *La Conversion du Professeur Rameau*, and *Le Dernier Amour* (1890), are his most recent works.

THE INVENTOR AND THE BANKER.

"Do not fear to ask too much. I will agree to whatever you wish. I am so sure of success."

Success! This one word dissipated the shadows in which the tyrant of La Neuville was losing himself. Success! The word typical of the inventor. He remembered the furnace of which he had heard so much. It was on the future of this invention that the marquis based his hopes of retrieving himself. It was by means of this extraordinary consumer that he proposed to again set going the work at the Great Marl-Pit, to pay his debts, to rebuild his fortune. The banker began to understand the situation. Carvajan became himself again.

"No doubt it is your furnace about which you are so anxious?" he said, looking coldly at the marquis. "But I must remind you that I am here to receive money and not to lend it—to terminate one transaction and not to commence another. Is that all you had to say to me?"

But the inventor, with the obstinacy and candor of a maniac, began to explain his plans, and to enumerate his chances of success. He forgot to whom he was addressing himself, and at what a terrible crisis he had arrived ; he thought of nothing but his invention, and how best to describe its merits. He drew the banker into the corner of the laboratory, where the model stood, and proposed to set it going to describe how it acted ; and, as he spoke, he became more and more excited, until he was simply overflowing with enthusiasm and confidence.

Carvajan's cold, cutting voice put a sudden stop to his ecstasies. "But under what pretext do you intend me to lend you money to try the merits of your invention ? You already owe me nearly four hundred thousand francs, my dear sir, a hundred and sixty thousand of which are due to me this very morning. Are you in a position to pay me ?"

The marquis lowered his head.

"No, sir," he whispered.

"Your servant then. And in future pray remember not to trouble people simply to talk trash to them, and that when a man can't pay his debts, he oughtn't to give himself the airs of a genius. Ha, ha, the consumer, indeed ! By the way, it belongs to me now like everything else here. And if it is worth anything, I really don't see why I shouldn't work it myself—"

"You !"

"Yes, I, marquis. I think the moment has come when you may as well give up all attempt at diplomacy. All that there is left for you to do is to pack up your odds and ends and say good-bye to your country house."

The tyrant planted himself in front of Monsieur de Clairefont, and, his face lighted up with malicious glee, resumed :

"Thirty years ago you had me thrown out of your house. To-day it is my turn. A bailiff is below taking an inventory." He burst into an

insulting laugh, and thrusting his hands into his pockets with insolent familiarity, walked up and down the room with the airs of a master.

The marquis had listened to his harangue with stupefaction. The illusions he had still preserved fled in a second, as the clouds before the breath of the storm-wind. His reason returned to him, he regained his judgment, and blushed at having lowered himself so far as to make proposals to Carvajan. He no longer saw in him the lender, always ready for an advantageous investment—he recognized the bitter, determined enemy of his family.

"I was mistaken," he said, contemptuously. "I thought I still possessed enough to tempt your cupidity."

"Oh, insolence," returned the banker, coldly. "That is a luxury in which your means will not permit you to indulge, my dear sir. When a man's in people's debt he should try to pay them in other coin than abuse."

"You are able to take advantage of my position, sir," said the marquis, bitterly. "I am at your mercy, and I ought not to be surprised at anything since my own children have been the first to forsake me. What consideration can I expect from a stranger when my daughter closes her purse to me, and my son leaves me to fight the battle alone? But let us put an end to this interview. There is nothing more to be said on either side."

Carvajan made a gesture of surprise, then his face lighted up with diabolical delight.

"Excuse me," he said. "I see you have fallen into an error, and that I must undeceive you. You are accusing your son and daughter wrongfully. No doubt you asked Mademoiselle de Clairefont to relieve you from your embarrassments and she refused, as you pretend. She had very good reasons for her refusal—the money you asked she gave long ago. So you complain of her ingratitude? Well, then, let me tell you that she has ruined herself for you, and secretly, and imploring that you should

not be told the use she had made of her fortune. And that is what you call closing her purse to you!"

The marquis did not utter a word, did not breathe one sigh. A wave of blood rushed to his head, and he turned first crimson, then livid. He only looked at Carvajan as might a victim at his murderer. He felt as though his heart were being wrung within his breast. He took a few steps, then, forgetting that his tormentor was still present, mechanically seated himself in his arm-chair and leaning his head against the back, moved it restlessly from side to side.

But the mayor followed him, taking an exquisite delight in the agony of his enemy, and overpowering and crushing him with the weight of his hatred.

"As for your son," he went on, "if he is not with you now, you may be sure it is through no want of inclination on his part. He was arrested yesterday and taken to Rouen under escort of two gendarmes." . . .

His brain reeled, and he stared wildly at the monster who was gloating over his agony. "If Heaven is just, you will be punished through your son," he cried. "Yes, since you have no pity for mine, yours will show no regard for you. Scoundrel! You are the parent of an honest man. He it is who will chasten you!"

These words uttered by the marquis with the fire of madness, made Carvajan shudder with fear and rage.

"Why do you say that to me?" he cried.

He saw the old man walking aimlessly to and fro, with haggard eyes, and wild gesticulation. "I believe he is going mad!" he whispered to Tondeur.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the marquis. "My enemies themselves will avenge me. Yes, the son is an honorable man—he has already left his father's house once—he will loath what he will see being done around him."

Suddenly he turned on Carvajan.

"Go out of here, you monster!" he exclaimed. "Your work is done. You have robbed me of my fortune, you have robbed me of my honor. There is but my model left, and that you shall not have!"

He ran to his table, tore up his designs and trampled them underfoot. Then, seizing a heavy hammer, he hurried to the stove, and laughing horribly all the time, tried to break it. Carvajan in his exasperation stepped forward to stop him. But the old man turned round with hair bristling and mouth foaming.

"Stay where you are or I'll kill you!" he cried.

"Sacrédié! I'm not afraid!" returned the banker. And he was on the point of rushing forward to save the stove from the destructive rage of the inventor, when the door was thrown open and Mademoiselle de Clairefont appeared. She had heard from below the marquis's high, excited tones.

"Father!" she cried.

She sprang to him, took the hammer from him and clasped him in her arms.—*Antoinette* (*La Grande Marnière*).

OLIPHANT, Laurence, an English author, born in 1829; died in 1888. His father was for many years Chief Justice of Ceylon, and the son, while quite young, made a tour in India, visiting, in company with Sir Jung Bahadoor, the native court of Nepaul, an account of which he published in his *Journey to Katmandhu.* He afterwards studied at the University of Edinburgh, and was admitted to the Scottish and the English bar. In 1852 he travelled in Southern Russia, visiting the Crimea. He succeeded in entering the fortified port of Sebastopol, of which he gave the earliest full account in his *Russian Shores of the Black Sea* (1855). In 1855 he became private secretary to Lord Elgin, Governor-General of Canada, travelled in British America and the Northwestern parts of the United States, and published *Minnesota and the Far West* (1856). In 1857 he accompanied Lord Elgin, who had been appointed British Envoy to China and Japan, and wrote a valuable *Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan* (1860). In 1861, while acting as *Chargé d'Affaires* in Japan, he was severely wounded by an assassin, and retired from the diplomatic service. From 1865 to 1868 he was a member of Parliament for the Scottish burgh of Stirling. He subsequently took part in efforts to establish Christian Socialistic Communities in the United States; and was afterwards made Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Canada. During the latter years of his life he resided in Palestine. Among his miscellaneous writings are: *Transcaucasian Campaign of Omer Pasha* (1856), *Piccadilly, a Fragment of Contemporaneous Biography* (1870). *The*

Land of Gilead (1882), *Travesties, Social and Political* (1882), *Altiora Peto, a Novel* (1883), *Episodes in a Life of Adventure* (1887), *Haifa, or Life in Modern Palestine* (1887), *and Scientific Religion* (1888).

REVOLUTIONS AND THE GOVERNMENT IN CHINA.

Any person who has attentively observed the working of the anomalous and altogether unique system under which the vast empire of China is governed, will perceive that, although ruling under altogether different conditions, supported not by physical force, but by a moral prestige, unrivalled in power and extent, the emperor of China can say, with no less truth than Napoleon, "*L'Empire c'est moi.*" Backed by no standing army worth the name, depending for the stability of his authority neither upon his military genius nor administrative capacity, he exercises a rule more absolute than any European despot, and is able to thrill with his touch the remotest provinces of the Empire; deriving his ability to do so from that instinct of cohesion and love of order by which his subjects are super-eminently characterized.

But while it happens that the wonderful endurance of a Chinaman will enable him to bear an amount of injustice from his Government which would revolutionize a Western state, it is no less true that the limits may be passed; when a popular movement ensues, assuming at times an almost Constitutional character. When any *émeute* of this description takes place, as directed against a local official, the Imperial Government invariably espouses the popular cause, and the individual, whose guilt is inferred from the existence of disturbance, is at once degraded. Thus a certain sympathy or tacit understanding seems to exist between the Emperor and his subjects as to how far each may push their prerogatives; and, so long as neither exceeds these limits, to use their own expression, "the wheels of the chariot of

Imperial Government revolve smoothly on their axles." So it happens that disturbances of greater or less import are constantly occurring in various parts of the country. Sometimes they assume the most formidable dimensions, and spread like a running fire over the Empire; but if they are not founded on a real grievance, they are not supported by popular sympathy, and gradually die out, the smouldering embers kept alive, perhaps, for some time by the exertions of the more lawless part of the community, but the last spark ultimately expires, and its blackened trace is in a few years utterly effaced.—*Narrative of the Mission of the Earl of Elgin.*

A VISIT ON MOUNT CARMEL.

My host, who came out to meet me, led me to an elevated platform in front of the village mosque, an unusually imposing edifice. Here, under the shade of a spreading mulberry-tree, were collected seven brothers, who represented the family, and about fifty other members of it. They were in the act of prayer when I arrived —indeed, they are renowned for their piety. Along the front of the terrace was a row of water-bottles for ablutions, behind them mats on which the praying was going forward, and behind the worshippers a confused mass of slippers. When they had done praying, they all got into their slippers. It was a marvel to me how each knew his own.

They led me to what I supposed was a place of honor, where soft coverlets had been spread near the door of the mosque. We formed the usual squatting circle, and were sipping coffee, when suddenly every one started to his feet; a dark, active little man seemed to dart into the midst of us. Everybody struggled frantically to kiss his hand, and he passed through us like a flash to the other end of the platform, followed by a tall negro, whose hand everybody, includng ssmy aristocratic host, seemed also anxious to kiss. I had not recovered from my

astonishment at this proceeding, when I received a message from the new-comer to take a place by his side. I now found that he was on the seat of honor, and it became a question, until I knew who he was, whether I should admit his right to invite me to it, thus acknowledging his superiority in rank—etiquette in these matters being a point which has to be attended to in the East, however absurd it may seem among ourselves. I therefore for the moment ignored his invitation, and asked my host, in an off-hand way, who he was. He informed me that he was a mollah, held in the highest consideration for his learning and piety all through the country, upon which he, in fact, levied a sort of religious tax; that he was here on a visit, and that in his own home he was in the habit of entertaining two hundred guests a night, no one being refused hospitality. His father was a dervish, celebrated for his miraculous powers, and the mantle thereof had fallen upon the negro, who had been his servant, and who also was much venerated, because it was his habit to go to sleep in the mosque, and be spirited away, no one knew whither, in the night; in fact, he could become invisible almost at will.

Under these circumstances, and seeing that I should seriously embarrass my host if I stood any longer on my dignity, I determined to waive it, and joined the saint. He received me with supercilious condescension, and we exchanged compliments till dinner was announced, when my host asked whether I wished to dine alone or with the world at large. As the saint had been too patronizing to be strictly polite, I thought I would assert my right to be exclusive, and said I would dine alone, on which he, with a polite sneer, remarked that it would be better so, as he had an objection to eating with any one who drank wine, to which I retorted that I had an equal objection to dining with those who ate with their fingers. From this it

will appear that my relations with the holy man were getting somewhat strained.

I was, therefore supplied with a pyramid of rice and six or seven elaborately cooked dishes all to myself, and squatted on one mat, while a few yards off the saint, my host, and all his brothers squatted on another. When they had finished their repast their places were occupied by others, and I counted altogether more than fifty persons feeding on the mosque terrace at my host's expense. Dinner over, they all trooped in to pray, and I listened to the monotonous chanting of the Koran till it was time to go to bed. My host offered me a mat in the mosque, where I should have a chance of seeing the miraculous disappearance of the negro; but as I had no faith in this, and a great deal in the snoring, by which I should be disturbed, I slept in a room apart as exclusively as I had dined.

I was surprised next morning to observe a total change in the saint's demeanor. All the supercilious pride of the previous evening had vanished, and we soon became most amiable to each other. That he was a fanatic hater of the Giaour I felt no doubt, but for some reason he had deemed it politic to adopt an entirely altered demeanor. It was another illustration of the somewhat painful lesson which one has to learn in one's intercourse with Orientals. They must never be allowed to outswagger you.—*Haifa.*

OLIPHANT, MARGARET ORME (WILSON), a British novelist and biographer, born at Liverpool in 1831. She was of Scottish parentage, married into a Scottish family, and most of her earlier novels were Scottish in their scene and character. Her first novel, *Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside*, appeared in 1849; this was followed for more than forty years by many others, among which are: *Adam Græme of Mossgray* (1852), *Liliesleaf* (1855), *Chronicles of Carlingford* (1866), *The Minister's Wife* (1869), *Squire Arden* (1871), *A Rose in June* (1874), *Young Musgrave* (1877), *He that Will not when he May* (1880), *A Little Pilgrim* (1882), *The Ladies Lindores* (1883), *Oliver's Bride* (1886), in conjunction with T. B. Aldrich, *The Second Son* (1888), *Joyce* (1888), *Neighbors on the Green*, and *A Poor Gentleman* (1889). Among her works in biography and general literature are: *Life of Edward Irving* (1862), *Historical Sketches of the Reign of George* II., originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine* (1869), *St. Francis of Assisi* (1870), *Memoir of Count Montalembert* (1872), *The Makers of Florence* (1876), *The Literary History of England*, during the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries (1886), *Foreign Classics for English Readers* (1887), *The Makers of Venice* (1887), and a *Biography of Laurence Oliphant* (1889).

AN ENGLISH RECTOR AND RECTORY.

"Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things. Let the child alone—she will never be young again if she should live a hundred years."

These words were spoken in the garden of

Dinglefield Rectory on a very fine summer day a few years ago. The speaker was Mr. Damerel, the Rector, a middle-aged man, with very fine, somewhat worn features, a soft, benignant smile, and, as everybody said who knew him, the most charming manner in the world. He was a man of very elegant mind, as well as manners. He did not preach often, but when he did preach all the educated persons of his congregation felt that they had very choice fare indeed set before them. I am afraid the poor people liked the curate best; but then the curate liked them best, and it mattered very little to any man or woman of refinement what sentiment existed between the cottage and the curate. Mr. Damerel was perfectly kind and courteous to everybody, gentle and simple, who came in his way, but he was not fond of poor people in the abstract. He disliked everything that was unlovely; and, alas! there are a great many unlovely things in poverty.

The rectory garden at Dinglefield is a delightful place. The house is on the summit of a little hill, or rather tableland, for in the front, towards the green, all is level and soft, as becomes an English village; but on the other side the descent begins toward the lower country, and from the drawing-room windows and the lawn, the view extended over a great plain, lighted up with links of river, and fading into unspeakable hazes of distance, such as were the despair of every artist, and the delight of the fortunate people who lived there, and were entertained day by day with the sight of all the sunsets, the mid-day splendors, the flying shadows, the soft prolonged twilights. Mr. Damerel was fond of saying that no place he knew so lent itself to idleness as this. "Idleness! I speak as the foolish ones speak," he was wont to say; "for what occupation could be more ennobling than to watch those gleams and shadows—all Nature spread out before you, and demanding attention, though

so softly that only those who have ears hear. I allow, my gentle Nature here does not shout at you, and compel your regard, like her who dwells among the Alps, for instance. My dear, you are always so practical; but so long as you leave me my landscape I want little more."

Thus the Rector would discourse. It was only a very little more he wanted—only to have his garden and lawn in perfect order, swept and trimmed every morning, like a lady's boudoir, and refreshed with every variety of flower; to have his table not heavily loaded with vulgar English joints, but daintily covered, and oh! so delicately served; the linen always fresh, the crystal always fine; the ladies dressed as ladies should be; to have his wine—of which he took very little—always fine, of choice vintage, and with a *bouquet* which rejoiced the heart; to have plenty of new books; to have quiet, undisturbed by the noise of the children, or any other troublesome noise which broke the harmony of Nature; and especially undisturbed by bills and cares, such as, he declared, at once shorten life and take all pleasure out of it. This was all he required and surely never man had tastes more moderate, more innocent, more virtuous and refined.

The little scene to which I have thus abruptly introduced the reader took place in the most delicious part of the garden. The deep stillness of noon was over the sunshiny world; part of the lawn was brilliant in light; the very insects were subdued out of the buzz of activity by the spell of the sunshine; but here, under the lime-tree, there was a grateful shade, where everything took breath. Mr. Damerel was seated in a chair which had been made expressly for him, and which combined the comfort of soft cushions with such a rustic appearance as became its habitation out of doors; under his feet was a soft Persian rug, in colors blended with all the harmony which belongs to the Eastern loom; at his side a pretty carved table, with a raised rim, with

books upon it, and a thin Venice glass containing a rose.

Another rose—the Rose of my story—was half-sitting, half-reclining on the grass at his feet—a pretty, light figure in a soft muslin dress, almost white, with bits of soft rose-colored ribbons here and there. She was the eldest child of the house. Her features I do not think were at all remarkable, but she had a bloom so soft, so delicate, so sweet, that her father's fond title for her, "a Rose in June," was everywhere acknowledged as appropriate. A rose of the very season of roses was this Rose. Her very smile, which went and came like breath, never away for two minutes together, yet never lasting beyond the time you took to look at her, was flowery too—I can scarcely tell why. For my own part, she always reminded me not so much of a garden rose in its glory, as of a bunch of wild roses, all blooming and smiling from the bough—here pink, here white, here with a dozen ineffable tints. In all her life she had never had occasion to ask herself was she happy. Of course she was happy! Did she not live, and was not that enough?—*A Rose in June.*

EDWARD IRVING.

Chalmers and Irving were, with the exception of Robert Hall, the two greatest preachers of their day. Irving had passed a year or two as Chalmers's assistant at Glasgow before he went to London, in 1822. and where the world found him out, and in his obscure chapel he became almost the most noted of all the notabilities of town. Even now, when his story is well known, and his own journals and letters have proved the nobleness and sincerity of the man, it is difficult for the world to forget that it once believed him after having followed and stared at him as a prodigy—an impostor or a madman. And it is well known that the too lofty and unworldly strain of his great mind

separated him from that homely standing-ground of fact, upon which alone our mortal footsteps are safe; and from the very exaltation of his aspiring soul brought him down into humiliation, subjection to pettier minds, and to the domination of a sect created by his impulse, yet reigning over him.

The eloquence of Irving was like nothing else known in his day. Something of the lofty parallelism of the Hebrew, something of the noble English of our Bible, along with that solemn national form of poetic phraseology, "such as grave lovers do in Scotland use," composed the altogether individual style in which he wrote and spoke. It was no assumed or elaborated style, but the natural utterance of a mind cast in other moulds than those common to the men of the nineteenth century, and in himself at once a primitive prophet, a medieval leader, and a Scotch Borderer, who had never been subject to the trimming and chopping influence of society. It is said that a recent publication of his sermons has failed to attract the public; and this is comprehensible enough, for large volumes of sermons are not popular literature. But the reader who takes the trouble to overcome the disinclination which is so apt to arrest us on the threshold of such a study, will find himself carried along by such a lofty simplicity, by such a large and noble manliness of tone, by the originality of a mind incapable of doubt taking God at His word, instinct with, that natural faith in all things divine which is, we think, in its essence one of the many inheritances of genius,—though sometimes rejected and disowned—that he will not grudge the pains. He who held open before the orphan that grand refuge of the "fatherhood of God," which struck the listening statesman with wondering admiration; he who, in intimating a death, "made known to them the good intelligence that our brother has had a good voyage, so far as we could follow him or hear tidings of him," saw everything around him with mag-

nified and ennobled vision, and spoke of what he saw with the grandeur yet simplicity of a seer—telling his arguments and his reasonings as if they had been a narrative, and making a great poetic story of the workings of the mind and its labors and consolations.

In the most abstruse of his subjects this method continues to be always apparent. The sermon is like a sustained and breathless tale, with an affinity to the minute narrative of Defoe or of the primitive historians. The pauses are brief, the sentences long, but the interest does not flag. Once afloat upon the stream, the reader—and in his day how much more the hearer!—finds it difficult to release himself from the full flowing tide of interest in which he looks for the accustomed breaks and breathing-places in vain. *Literary History of England.*

SAVONAROLA AND LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

It was in the villa of Carregi, amid the olive-gardens, that Lorenzo lay, dying among the beautiful things he loved. As Savonarola took his way up the hill, with the old monk those duty it was to accompany him, he told the monk that Lorenzo was about to die. This was, no doubt, a very simple anticipation, but everything Savonarola said was looked upon by his adoring followers as prophecy. When the two monks reached the beautiful house from which so often the Magnificent Lorenzo had looked out upon his glorious Florence, and in which his life of luxury, learned and gay, had culminated, the Prior was led to the chamber in which the owner of all these riches lay hopeless and helpless, in what ought to have been the prime of his days, with visions of sacked cities and robbed orphans distracting his dying mind, and no aid to be got from either beauty or learning. "Father," said Lorenzo, "there are three things which drag me back, and throw me into despair, and I

know not if God will ever pardon me for them." These were the sack of Volterra, the robbery of the Monte delle Fanciulle, and the massacre of the Pazzi. To this Savonarola answered by reminding his penitent of the mercy of God. The dramatic climax is wanting in the account given by Politian; but we quote it in full from the detailed and simple narrative of Burlamacchi:—

"Lorenzo," said Savonarola, "be not so despairing, for God is merciful to you, if you will do the three things I will tell you." Then said Lorenzo, "What are these three things?" The Padre answered, "The first is that you should have a great and living faith that God can and will pardon you." To which Lorenzo answered, "This is a great thing, and I do believe it." The Padre added, "It is also necessary that everything wrongfully acquired should be given back by you, in so far as you can do this, and still leave to your children as much as will maintain them as private citizens." These words drove Lorenzo nearly out of himself; but afterwards he said, "This also will I do." The Padre then went on to the third thing, and said, "Lastly, it is necessary that freedom and her popular government, according to republican usage, should be restored to Florence." At this speech Lorenzo turned his back upon him, nor ever said another word. Upon which the Padre left him, and went away without other confession——

We do not know where to find a more remarkable scene. Never before, as far as we can ascertain, had these two notable beings looked at each other face to face, or interchanged words. They met at the supreme moment of the life of one, to confer there upon the edge of eternity, and to part—but not in a petty quarrel, each great in his way; the Prince turning his face to the wall in the bitterness of his soul; the Friar drawing his cowl over his head, solemn, unblessing, but not unpitiful. They separated after their one inter-

view. The Prince had sought the unwilling Preacher in vain when all went well with Lorenzo; but the Preacher "grieved greatly," as he afterwards said, not to have been sooner when at last they met; and Savonarola recognized in the great Medici a man worth struggling for—a fellow and peer of his own.

Thus Lorenzo died at forty-four, in the height of his days, those distracting visions in his dying eyes—the sacked city, the murdered innocents of the Pazzi blood, the poor maidens robbed in their orphanage. He had been victorious and splendid all his days; but the battle was lost at last; and the prophet by the side of his princely bed intimated to him, in that last demand, to which he would make no answer, the subversion of all his work, the downfall of his family, the escape of Florence from the skillful hands which had held her so long. The spectator, looking on at this strange and lofty conflict of the two most notable figures of the time, feels almost as much sympathy for Lorenzo—proud and sad, refusing to consent to that ruin which was inevitable—as with the patriotic monk, lover of freedom as of truth, who could no more absolve a despot at his end than he could play a courtier's part during his life.

As that cowled figure traversed the sunny marbles of the loggia, in the glow of the April morning, leaving doubt and bitterness behind, what thoughts must have been in both hearts! The one, sovereign still in Florence, reigning for himself and his own will and pleasure, proudly and sadly turned his face to the wall, holding fast his sceptre, though his moments were numbered. The other, not less sadly—a sovereign too, to whom that sceptre was to fall, and who should reign for God and goodness—went forth into the Spring sunshine, life blossoming all about him, and the fair City of Flowers lying before him, white campanile and red dome glistening in the early light,—life with the one, death with the other; but Nature,

calm and fair, and this long-lived, everlasting Earth, to which men, great and small, are things of a moment, encircling both. Lorenzo de' Medici died, leaving as such men do, the deluge after him, and a foolish and feeble heir to contend with Florence, aroused and turbulent, and all the troubles and stormy chances of Italian politics; while the Prior of San Marco retired to his cell and his pulpit, from which for a few years thereafter he was to rule over his city and the spirits of men—a reign more wonderful than any which Florence ever saw.—*The Makers of Florence.*

OMAR KHAYYÁM, a Persian poet, born about 1050; died about 1125. He was born when Edward the Confessor reigned in England, and was approaching manhood when William the Norman conquered the island. He lived through the English reigns of William the Conqueror, William Rufus, Henry I., and Stephen, and far into that of Henry II., the first English Plantagenet. *Khayyám* means "the Tent-maker," and it is probable that Omar maintained himself by that craft until the sun of fortune rose for him. He was in youth a pupil of the most famous philosopher of Khorasan; he and two of his fellow-students entered into a compact that if either of them rose to fortune he should share it with the others. Nizam-ul-Mulk, one of the three, came, in time, to be Vizier of the mighty Alp Arslan, and his successor. Malek, son and grandson of Tegrul Beg, the Tartar founder of the Seljouk dynasty. He was not unmindful of the youthful compact, and proffered every advancement to the others. But Omar had no aspirations for political greatness. He devoted himself to study, especially of astronomy, and when the Vizier undertook to reform the confused Mohammedan calendar, Omar was one of those to whom the work was confided. The result of their labors is thus described by Gibbon: "The reign of Malek was illustrated by the *Gelalæan era;* and all errors, whether past or future, were corrected by a computation of time which surpasses the Julian and approaches the accuracy of the Gregorian style."

Omar Khayyám was a speculative philosopher and poet, as well as an astronomer.

Of his Rubáyát "Stanzas," only one manuscript, written at Shiras, in 1460, exists in England; it contains 158 quatrains, the first, second, and fourth lines usually, though not invariably, rhyming together. About two-thirds of this manuscript was translated into English by Edward Fitzgerald in 1872. A superb edition of this translation was published in 1884 at Boston, in a large folio volume, profusely illustrated by Elihu Vedder; the illustrations occupying some ten times as much space as the text. If we could conceive of the Greek Anacreon, and the Roman Lucretius combined into one being, we should have something like the Persian Omar Khayyám. Of him and his poem Mr. Fitzgerald says:

"Having failed of finding any Providence but destiny, and any world but this, he set about making the most of it, preferring rather to soothe the soul into acquiescence with things as he saw them than to perplex it with vain disquietude after what they might be. . . . I have arranged the *Rubáyát* into a sort of Eclogue, with perhaps a little less than equal proportion of the 'Drink and make-merry,' which recurs over-frequently in the original. Either way, the result is sad enough. Saddest, perhaps, when most ostentatiously merry; more apt to move sorrow than anger towards the old Tent-maker, who, after vainly endeavoring to unshackle his steps from destiny, and to catch some glimpses of to-morrow, falls back upon to-day (which has outlasted so many to-morrows) as the only ground he has got to stand upon, however momently slipping from under his feet."—Mr. Vedder arranges

the quatrains somewhat differently from Mr. Fitzgerald, whose order of enumeration we follow.

SELECTIONS FROM THE "RUBAYAT."

I.

Wake! for the Sun who scattered into flight
The stars before him from the field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heaven, and strikes
The Sultan's turret with a shaft of Light.

II.

Before the phantom of False-Morning died,
We thought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
"When all the Temple is prepared within,
Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?"

III.

And as the cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted, "Open then, the door!
You know how little time we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more."

XLI

Perplexed no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
And lose your fingers in the kisses of
The Cypress-slender minister of Wine.

XLII.

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
Ends—in what all begins and ends—in "Yes!"
Think then you are To-day what Yesterday
You were—To-morrow you shall be not less.

XLIII.

So when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you at the river-brink,
And offering his cup invite your Soul
Forth to your lip to quaff—you shall not shrink.

XLIV.

Why, if the Soul can fling the dust aside
And naked on the air of Heaven ride,

Were't not a shame—were't not a shame for him
In the clay carcase crippled to abide?

XLV.

'Tis but a tent where takes his one-day's rest
A Sultan to the realm of death addrest,
The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferbásh
Strikes, and prepares it for another guest.

XLVI.

And fear not lest Existence, closing your
Account and mine, should know the like no more.
The Eternal Saki from that bowl has poured
Millions of bubbles like us—and will pour.

XLVII.

When You and I behind the veil are past,
Oh! but the long, long while the World shall last,
Which of our coming and departure heeds
As the Seven Seas should heed a pebble cast.

XLVIII.

A moment's halt—a momentary taste
Of Being from the well amid the waste—
And lo! the phantom caravan has reached
The *Nothing* it set out from.—Oh, make haste!

XLIX.

Would you that spangle of Existence spend
About the Secret—quick about it, friend!
A Hair perhaps divides the False and True,
And upon what, prithee, does Life depend?

L.

A Hair, perhaps, divides the False and True;
Yes; and a single letter were the clew—
Could you but find it—to the Treasure-house,
And, peradventure, to the Master too;

LI.

Whose secret Presence through Creation's veins
Running, quicksilver-like, eludes your pains,
Taking all shapes from Fish to Moon,
They change and perish all—but He remains,

LII.

A moment guessed; then back behind the fold.
Immured of darkness, round the Drama rolled,
Which, for the pastime of Eternity,
He does Himself conclude, enact, behold.

LIII.

But if in vain down on the stubborn floor
Of Earth, and up to Heaven's unopening door
You gaze To-day, while You are *You*, how then
To-morrow You, when shall be *You* no more?

LIV.

Waste not your hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavor and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none—or bitter fruit.

LV.

You know, my friends, with what a brave carouse
I made a second marriage in my house;
Divorced old barren Reason from my bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to spouse.

LVI.

For *Is* and *Isn't* with rule and line.
And *Up-and-down* by logic I define,
Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but Wine.

LVII.

Ah! but my computations, people say,
Reduced the Year to better reckoning.—Nay,
'Twas only striking from the calendar
Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday.

LVIII.

And lately by the Tavern-door agape
Came shining through the dark an Angel-shape,
Bearing a vessel on his shoulder; and
He bade me taste of it: and 'twas the Grape!

LIX.

The Grape. that can with logic absolute
The two-and-seventy jarring sects confute;

The sovereign Alchemist that, in a truce,
Life's leaden metal into gold transmutes

LXIII.

Oh, threats of Hell and hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain—this Life flies;
One thing is certain, and the rest is Lies:
The flower that once has blown for ever dies.

LXIV.

Strange, is it not, that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the road,
Which to discover we must travel too?

LXV.

The revelations of devout and learned,
Who rose before us and as prophets burned,
All are but stories which, awoke from sleep,
They told their fellows, and to sleep returned.

LXVI.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell;
And by-and-by my Soul returned to me,
And answered, "I myself am Heaven and Hell."

LXVII.

Heaven's but the Vision of fulfilled Desire,
And Hell the Shadow of a soul on fire,
Cast on the darkness into which ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

LXVIII.

We are no other than a moving row
Of magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with this sun-illumined lantern, held
In midnight by the Master of the Show;

LXIX.

Impotent Pieces of the game He plays,
Upon his checker-board of Nights and Days,
Hither and thither moves and checks and mates,
And one by one back in the closet lays.

LXX.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But right or left, as strikes the Player, goes;
And He that tossed you down into the field,
He knows about it all—He knows, He knows.

LXXX.

The moving Finger writes—and having writ,
Moves on; nor all your piety and wit,
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

LXXXI.

And that unveiled bowl they call the sky,
Whereunder crawling, cooped, we live and die,
Lift not your hands to it for help—for *It*
As impotently rolls as you or I.

LXXXII.

With the first clay they did the last man knead,
And there of the last harvest sowed the seed;
And the first morning of Creation wrote
What the last dawn of Reckoning shall read.

XC.

What! out of senseless *Nothing* to provoke
A conscious *Something* to resent the yoke
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
Of everlasting penalties if broke!

XCI.

O Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the road I was to travel in,
Thou wilt not with predestined evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my fall to Sin!

XCII.

O Thou, who Man of baser earth didst make,
And even with Paradise devise the Snake,
For all the sin wherewith the face of Man
Is blackened, Man's forgiveness give—and take!

OPIE, Amelia (Alderson), an English tale-writer and poet, born in 1769; died in 1853. In 1798 she married John Opie, the painter, who died in 1807. She was brought up a Unitarian, but in 1827 became a member of the "Society of Friends." She did not commence her literary career until past thirty, when she put forth her *Father and Daughter* (1801). Her tales, generally grouped into series of three or four volumes, appeared at intervals until 1828, and were greatly admired in their day. Among these are: *Simple Tales* (1806), *Temper* (1812), *New Tales* (1818), *Tales of the Heart* (1820), *Madeline* (1822), *Illustrations of Lying* (1825), *Detraction Displayed* (1828.) She also published from time to time several volumes of verse not destitute of poetical merit.

THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

Stay Lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
  And hear a helpless orphan's tale.
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake;
  'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
  And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
  And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child! how pleased was I
  When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
  And see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother sought;
  She could not bear to see my joy,
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
  And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud;
  My mother, shuddering, closed her ears;
"Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd;
  My mother answered with her tears.

"Why are you crying thus?" said I,
"While others laugh and shout with joy?"
She kissed me; and, with such a sigh,
She called me her poor orphan boy.

"What is an orphan boy?" I cried,
As in her face I looked and smiled;
My mother, through her tears replied,
"You'll know too soon, ill-fated child!"
And now they've tolled my mother's knell,
And I'm no more a parent's joy.
O Lady, I have learned too well
What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

Oh! were I by your bounty fed!—
Nay, gentle Lady, do not chide!—
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
Lady, you weep! Ha! this to me?
You'll give me clothing, food, employ?
Look down, dear parents; look and see
Your happy, happy, orphan boy!

O'REILLY, JOHN BOYLE, an Irish-American journalist and poet, born in County Meath, Ireland, in 1844; died in 1890. He took part in the revolutionary movement of 1863, and afterwards entered a cavalry regiment in the British army. In 1866 he was tried for treason, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. This sentence was subsequently commuted to transportation for twenty years, and he was sent to the penal colony of West Australia. In 1869 he made his escape, by the aid of the captain of an American whaling vessel. Taking up his residence at Boston he became editor of the *Pilot*. He has published *Songs from the Southern Seas* (1872), *Songs, Legends, and Ballads*, (1878), *Moondyne; a Story from the Under-World* (1879), *Statues in the Block* (1881), and *The Ethics of Boxing* (1888).

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

O beauteous Southland! land of yellow air
  That hangeth o'er thee slumbering, and doth hold
The moveless foliage of thy waters fair
  And wooded hills, like aureole of gold!

O thou, discovered ere the fitting time,
  Ere Nature in completion turned thee forth!
Ere aught was finished but thy peerless clime,
  Thy virgin breath allured the amorous North.

O land! God made thee wondrous to the eye,
  But His sweet singers thou hast never heard;
He left thee, meaning to come by-and-by,
  And give rich voice to every bright-winged bird.

He painted with fresh hues thy myriad flowers,
  But left them scentless. Ah! their woful dole,
Like sad reproach of their Creator's powers—
  To make so sweet, fair bodies, void of soul.

He gave thee trees of odorous, precious wood;
 But 'mid them all bloomed not one tree of
  fruit;
He looked, but said not that His work was good
 When leaving thee all perfumeless and mute.

He blessed thy flowers with honey. Every bell
 Looks earthward, sunward, with a yearning
  wist,
But no bee-lover ever notes the swell
 Of hearts, like lips, a-hungering to be kissed.

O strange land, thou art virgin! thou art more
 Than fig-tree barren! Would that I could
  paint
For others' eyes the glory of the shore
 Where last I saw thee! But the senses faint.

In soft, delicious dreaming when they drain
 Thy wine of color. Virgin fair thou art,
All sweetly fruitful, waiting with soft pain
 The spouse who comes to wake thy sleeping
  heart.

DYING IN HARNESS.

Only a fallen horse, stretched out there on the
  road,
Stretched in the broken shafts, and crushed by
  the heavy load;
Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering
  eyes
Watching the 'frighted teamster goading the
  beast to rise.

Hold! for his toil is over—no more labor for
  him,
See the poor neck outstretched, and the patient
  eyes grow dim;
See on the friendly stones how peacefully rests
  the head—
Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is
  to be dead;
After the weary journey, how restful it is to
  lie
With the broken shafts and the cruel load,
  waiting only to die.

Watchers, he died in harness—died in the
shafts and straps—
Fell, and the burden killed him : one of the
day's mishaps—
One of the passing wonders marking the city
road—
A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or
goad.

Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your
steps awhile,
What is the symbol ? Only death—why should
we cease to smile
At death for a beast of burden ? On, through
the busy street,
That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the
hurrying feet.

What was the sign ? A symbol to touch the
tireless will ?
Does He who taught in parables speak in
parables still ?
The seed on the rock is wasted—on heedless
hearts of men,
That gather and sow and grasp and lose—labor
and sleep—and then—
Then for the prize !—A crowd in the street of
ever-echoing tread—
The toiler, crushed by the heavy load, is there in
his harness—dead !

MY NATIVE LAND.

It chanced me upon a time to sail
Across the Southern Ocean to and fro ;
And, landing at fair isles, by stream and vale
Of sensuous blessing did we ofttimes go.
And months of dreamy joys, like joys in sleep,
Or like a clear, calm stream o'er mossy stone,
Unnoted passed our hearts with voiceless sweep,
And left us yearning still for lands unknown.
And when we found one,—for 'tis soon to find
In thousand-isled Cathay another isle.—
For one short noon its treasures filled the mind,
And then again we yearned, and ceased to
smile.

And so it was, from isle to isle we passed,
Like wanton bees or boys on flowers or lips;
And when that all was tasted, then at last
We thirsted still for draughts instead of sips.

I learned from this there is no Southern land
Can fill with love the hearts of Northern men.
Sick minds need change; but when in health they stand
'Neath foreign skies, their love flies home again.
And thus with me it was: the yearning turned
From laden airs of cinnamon away,
And stretched far westward, while the full heart burned
With love for Ireland, looking on Cathay!
My first dear love, all dearer for thy grief!
My land, that has no peer in all the sea,
For verdure, vale, or river, flower or leaf,—
If first to no man else, thou'rt first to me.
New loves may come with duties, but the first
Is deepest yet,—the mother's breath and smiles,
Like that kind face and breast where I was nursed
Is my poor land, the Niobe of isles.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE MAYFLOWER.

[From Poem at the Inauguration of the Plymouth Monument, August 1, 1889.]

Here, where the shore was rugged as the waves,
Where frozen Nature dumb and lifeless lay,
And no rich meadows bade the Pilgrims stay,
Was spread the symbol of the life that saves:
To conquer first the outer things; to make
Their own advantage, unallied, unbound;
Their blood the mortar-building from the ground;
Their cares the statutes, making all anew;
To learn to trust the many, not the few;
To bend the mind to discipline; to break
The bonds of old convention, and forget
The claims and barriers of class; to face
A desert land, a strange and hostile race,
And conquer both to friendship by the debt

That Nature pays to justice, love, and toil :—
Here on this Rock, and on this sterile soil,
Began the kingdom not of Kings, but Men,
Began the making of the world again.
Here centuries sank, and from the hither brink
A New World reached and raised an Old
World link,
When England's hands, by wider vision taught,
Threw down the feudal bars the Norman
brought,
And here revived, in spite of sword and stake,
The ancient freedom of the Wapentake.
Here struck the seed—the Pilgrims' roofless
town,
Where equal rights and equal bonds were set,
Where all the People equal-franchised met,
Where doom was writ of Privilege and Crown,
Where human breath blew all the idols down,
Where crests were naught, where vulture flags
were furled,
And Common Men began to own the world.

ORIGEN, a Father of the Church, respecting the exact place of whose birth and death there is some question. The most probable representation is that he was born at Alexandria, Egypt, in 185, and died at Tyre in 254. As he was of Greek descent, and wrote in Greek, he may properly be designated as a Grecian. He was by birth a Christian, and, his father having suffered martyrdom, he, with his mother and her seven children, was left in poverty. He in time opened a school at Alexandria, which became famous. He lived a life of the utmost austerity. After many and varied experiences, which need not here be detailed, he opened, in 231, what we may call a theological seminary at Cæsarea, in Palestine. When the Decian persecution broke out, in 251, Origen was imprisoned and put to torture; but was eventually released, and died soon afterward.

Origen has been styled "the father of Biblical criticism and exegesis." Jerome says of him: "He was a man of immortal genius, who understood logic, geometry, arithmetic, music, grammar, rhetoric, and all the sects of the philosophers." But the main subject of his labors belongs to the domain of theology, upon which he was a voluminous writer, even though the statement that he wrote 6,000 books may be set down as an exaggeration. His extant works (some of them being fragments, and others existing only in an early translation into Latin) are the *Hexapla* ("*Sixfold*," because it contained, in parallel columns, the Hebrew text, written in Greek character, the Septuagint version, and those of Aquila, Symmachus, and Theodo-

tion); *Commentaries* on the Scriptures; and the treatises on *Principles*, on *Prayer*, on *Martyrdom*, and *Against Celsus*.

On certain speculative points Origen advanced views quite different from those which have come to be generally accepted throughout Christendom. To set these forth at length, and in the words of Origen, would require a volume. We shall therefore present the summaries as given by Cave (*Hist. Lit.*) and Schaff (*Church History*).

UNENDING METEMPSYCHOSES AND PROBATIONS.

Origen was accused of maintaining that the death of Christ was advantageous not to men only, but to angels, devils, nay, even to the stars and other insensible things, which he supposed to be possessed of a rational soul, and, therefore, to be capable of sin; that all rational natures—whether devils, human souls, or any other, were created by God from eternity, and were originally pure intelligences, but afterwards, according to the various use of their free-will, were dispersed among the various orders of angels, men, or devils. That angels and other supernatural beings were clothed with subtile and ethereal bodies, which consisted of matter, although in comparison with our grosser bodies they may be called incorporeal and spiritual. That the souls of all rational beings, after putting off one state, pass into another, either superior or inferior, according to their respective behavior. And that thus, by a kind of perpetual transmigration, one and the same soul may successively—and even often—pass through all the orders of rational beings. And that hence the souls of men were thrust into the prison of bodies for offences committed in some former state; and that when loosed from hence, they will become either angels or devils as they shall have deserved. That, however, neither the punishment of men or devils,

nor the joys of the saints, shall be eternal; but that all shall return to their original state of pure intelligences, to begin the same round over and over again.—CAVE, *Hist. Lit.*

THE FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST.

Origen brings the Son as near as possible to the essence of the Father, not only making him the absolute personal Wisdom, Truth, Righteousness, Reason, but also expressly predicating eternity of him, and propounding the Church dogma of the Eternal Generation of the Son. This Generation he usually presents as proceeding from the Will of the Father; but he also conceives it as proceeding from his Essence; and hence, at least in one passage, in a fragment on the epistle to the Hebrew, he applies the term *homoousios* to the Son—thus declaring him co-equal in substance with the Father. This idea of Eternal Generation, however, has a peculiar form in him, from its close connection with his doctrine of an eternal creation. He can no more think of the Father without the Son than of an almighty God without creation, or of light without radiance. Hence he describes this Generation not as a single instantaneous act, but, like creation, ever going on. But on the other hand, he distinguishes the Essence of the Son from that of the Father; speaks of a difference of Substance; and makes the Son decidedly inferior to the Father.

Origen ascribes to the Holy Ghost eternal existence; exalts him, as he does the Son, far above all creatures, and considers him as the source of all charisms—especially as the principle of all illumination and holiness of believers under the Old Covenant and the New. But he places the Spirit in essence, dignity, and efficiency below the Son, as far as he places the Son below the Father. And though he grants, in one passage, that the Bible nowhere calls the Holy Ghost a creature, yet, according to another somewhat obscure sentence, he himself inclines to the view—which

however, he does not avow—that the Holy Ghost had a beginning (though, according to his system, not in time but from eternity), and is the first and most excellent of all things produced by the Logos.

In the same connection he adduces three opinions concerning the Holy Ghost: one, regarding him as not having an origin; another, ascribing to him no separate personality; and a third, making him a being originated by the Logos. The first of these opinions he rejects, because the Father alone is without origin. The second he rejects, because in Matt. xii. 32, the Spirit is plainly distinguished from the Son. The third he takes for the true and Scriptural view, becanse everything was made by the Logos.—SCHAFF, *Church History.*

ORIGEN'S THEOLOGICAL SYSTEM.

Following the direction which Justin Martyr, and especially Clement of Alexandria, had pursued, Origen sought to create, with the aid of the philosophy of his day, a science of Christian doctrine whose systematic structure should be equal to the systems of the philosophers. In doing this, he held very positively to the fundamental doctrines of Christianity as they had been handed down and defined in opposition to the heretics, especially the Gnostic heretics. But he found truths in the philosophical systems, and tried to show that they were borrowed from the Bible, predicating, however a general revelation of the Logos.—*Schaff-Herzog-Encylopedia of Religious Knowledge.*

ORTON, JAMES, an American physicist, born at Seneca Falls, N. Y., in 1830; died on Lake Titicaca, among the Andes, in 1877. He graduated at Williams College in 1855, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1848. After travelling in Europe, he entered the Congregational ministry; but in 1867 he was made Instructor in Natural Science at Rochester University; in 1869 Professor of Natural Philosophy at Vassar College. In the latter year he headed a scientific expedition to South America, going first to Quito, thence descending the Amazon to its mouth, thus crossing the continent from West to East, nearly upon the line of the equator. In 1873 he headed a similar expedition, crossing the continent from East to West. In 1876 he undertook an exploration of the river Beni, by which the great Andean Lake Titicaca discharges its waters into the Amazon; but died while crossing that lake.—His works are: *Miners' Guide* (1849), *The Proverbialist and the Poet* (1852), *The Andes and the Amazon* (1870), *Underground Treasures* (1872), *Liberal Education of Women* (1873), *Comparative Zoölogy* (1875).

THE GENESIS OF THE ANDES AND THE AMAZON.

Three cycles ago an island rose from the sea where now expands the vast continent of South America. It was the culminating point of the highland of Guiana. For ages this granite peak was the sole representative of dry land south of the Canada hills. In process of time a cluster of islands rose above the thermal waters. They were the small beginings of the future mountains of Brazil. Long-protracted æons elapsed without adding a page to the geology of South America. All the

great mountain chains were at this time slumbering beneath the ocean. The city of New York was sure of its site, but huge dinotheri wallowed in the mire where now stand the palaces of Paris, London, and Vienna.

At length the morning breaks upon the last Day of Creation, and the fiat goes forth that the proud waves of the Pacific, which have so long washed the tablelands of Guiana and Brazil, should be stayed. Far away towards the setting sun the white surf beats in long lines of foam against the low, winding archipelago—the western outline of the Western Continent. Fierce is the fight for the mastery between sea and land, between the denuding power of the waves and the volcanic forces underneath. But slowly—very slowly, yet surely—rises the long chain of islands by a double process. The submarine crust of the earth is cooling, and the rocks are folded up as it shrivels ; while the molten material from within, pushed out through the crevices, overflows, and helps to build up the sea-defiant wall. A man's life would be too short to count even the centuries consumed in this operation. The coast of Peru has risen 80 feet since it felt the tread of Pizarro. Suppose the Andes to have risen at this rate uniformly and without interruption, 70,000 years must have elapsed before they reached their present altitude. But when we consider that, in fact, it was an intermitted movement—alternate upheaval and subsidence—we must add an unknown number of millennia.

Three times the Andes sank hundreds of feet beneath the ocean level, and again were slowly brought up to their present height. The suns of uncounted ages have risen and set upon these sculptured forms, though geologically recent, casting the same line of shadows century after century. A long succession of brute races roamed over the mountains and plains of South America, and died out ere man was created. In these pre-Adamite times, long

before the Incas ruled, the mastodon and the megatherium, the horse and the tapir, dwelt in the high valley of Quito; yet all these passed away before the arrival of the aborigines. The wild horses now feeding on the pampas of Buenos Ayres were imported 330 years ago.

And now the Andes stand complete in their present gigantic proportions, one of the grandest and most symmetrical mountain chains in the world. Starting from the Land of Fire, it stretches northward, and mounts upward, until it enters the Isthmus of Panama, where it bows gracefully to either ocean; but soon resumes, under another name, its former majesty, and loses its magnificence only where the trappers chase the fur-bearing animals over the Arctic plains. Nowhere else does Nature present such a continuous and lofty chain of mountains, unbroken for 8,000 miles, save where it is rent asunder by the Magellanic Straits, and proudly tosses up a thousand pinnacles into the region of eternal snow. . . .

The moment the Andes rose, the great continental valley of the Amazon was stretched out and moulded in its lap. The tidal waves of the Atlantic were dashing against the Cordilleras, and a legion of rivulets were busily ploughing up the sides into deep ravines; the sediment, by this incessant wear and tear, was carried eastward, and spread out, stratum by stratum, till the shallow sea between the Andes and the islands of Guiana and Brazil was filled up with sand and clay. Huge glaciers (thinks Agassiz) afterwards descending, moved over the inclined plane, and ground the loose rock to powder. Eddies and currents, throwing up sand-banks as they do now, gradually defined the limits of the tributary streams, and directed them into one main trunk, which worked for itself a wide, deep bed, capable of containing the accumulated flood. Then and thus was created the Amazon.—*The Andes and the Amazon.*

OSGOOD, FRANCES SARGENT (LOCKE), an American poet, born at Boston in 1811; died at Hingham, Mass., in 1850. In 1835 she married Samuel S. Osgood, a portrait-painter, with whom she shortly went to London, where they remained four years, during which she wrote for various magazines; and published *The Casket of Fate*, and *A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England*. In 1840 they returned to America, taking up their residence in New York. She published: *Poetry of Flowers and Flowers of Poetry* (1841), *Poems* (1846), *The Floral Offering* (1847), and an illustrated volume of *Poems* (1849). A complete edition of her poems was published in 1850. Shortly after her death a memorial volume was put forth by her friends, with a *Life* by Rufus W. Griswold.

LABORARE EST ORARE.

Labor is Rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
  Rest from the world sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on the pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping-willow.
  Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

Labor is Health: Lo, the husbandman reaping:
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping;
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
  Free as a sunbeam, the swift sickle guides.
Labor is Wealth: In the sea the pearl groweth;

Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon
floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth,
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not though shame, sin, and anguish are
round thee;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound
thee,
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod.
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower be it ever so lowly;
Labor! all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy
God.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that came
o'er us:
Hark how Creation's deep musical chorus
Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps
glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is Worship!" the robin is singing;
"Labor is Worship!" the wild bee is ringing.
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great
heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving
shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing
flower;
From the small insect the rich coral bower:
Only man in the plan shrinks from his
part.

Labor is Life: 'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust
assaileth.

Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is Glory: The flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark Future brightens;
Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune.

The following are the last verses written by Mrs. Osgood.

PASSING TO THE HEREAFTER.

You 've woven roses round my way,
And gladdened all my being;
How much I thank you none can say,
Save only the All-seeing.

May He who gave this lovely gift—
This love of lovely doings—
Be with you whereso'er you go,
In every hope's pursuings.

I'm going through the eternal gates,
Ere June's sweet roses blow:
Death's lovely angel bids me there,
And it is sweet to go.

OSGOOD, KATE PUTNAM, an American author, born in Fryeburg, Me., in 1841. She is a sister of James Ripley Osgood, the publisher. At an early age she contributed to magazines under the signature of Kate Putnam, and subsequently under her full name. In 1869 she went to Europe, where she studied and travelled until her return to this country in 1874. She is best known by her poem *Driving Home the Cows*, which was published in *Harper's Magazine* in March, 1865. This was widely copied, and was one of the few poems of worth suggested by the civil war.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass
  He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
  Then fastened the meadow-bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
  He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
  And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
  He never could let his youngest go:
Two already were lying dead
  Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
  And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun
  And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

Across the clover, and through the wheat,
  With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
  And the blind bats flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
  And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;

And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming one by one:

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue,
And worn and pale from the crisping hair
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes,
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb;
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

OUT OF PRISON.

From crowds that scorn the mounting wings,
The happy heights of souls serene,
I wander where the blackbird sings,
And over bubbling, shadowy springs,
The beech-leaves cluster, young and green.

I know the forest's changeful tongue,
That talketh all the day with me·
I trill in every bobolink's song,
And every brooklet bears along
My greeting to the chainless sea!

The loud wind laughs, the low wind broods;
   There is no sorrow in the strain!
Of all the voices of the woods,
That haunt these houseless solitudes,
   Not one has any tone of pain.

In merry round my days run free,
   With slender thought for worldly things:
A little toil sufficeth me;
I live the life of bird and bee,
   Nor fret for what the morrow brings.

Nor care, nor age, nor grief have I,
   Only a measureless content!
So time may creep, or time may fly;
I reck not how the years go by,
   With Nature's youth forever blent.

They beckon me by day, by night,
   The bodiless elves that round me play!
I soar and sail from height to height;
No mortal, but a thing of light
   As free from earthly clog as they.

But when my feet, unwilling, tread
   The crowded walks of busy men,
Their walls that close above my head
Beat down my buoyant wings outspread,
   And I am but a man again.

My pulses spurn the narrow bound!
   The cold hard glances give me pain!
I long for wild, unmeasured ground,
Free winds that wake the leaves to sound,
   Low rustles of the summer rain!

My senses loathe their living death—
   The coffined garb the city wears!
I draw through sighs my heavy breath,
And pine till lengths of wood and heath
   Blow over me their endless airs.

OSGOOD, Samuel, an American clergyman and author born at Charlestown, Mass., in 1812; died at New York in 1880. He graduated at Harvard in 1832, and at the Cambridge Divinity School in 1835. After being minister of several Unitarian Churches he in 1849 succeeded Orville Dewey as minister of the Church of the Messiah, New York. In 1870 he took orders in the Episcopal Church, but did not assume any parochial charge. His principal works, besides numerous translations from the German, are :—*Studies in Christian Biography* (1851), *Milestones in our Life-Journey* (1855), *Student Life* (1860), and *American Leaves*, consisting of papers originally published in periodicals (1867).

OUR SCHOOLMASTERS.

Our Schoolmasters were great characters in our eyes, and the two who held successively the charge of the Grammar department made a great figure in our wayside chat. The first of them was a tall, fair-haired man, with an almost perpetual smile, though it was not easy to decide whether this smile was the expression of his good-nature or the mask of his severity ; he wore it much the same when he flogged an offender as when he praised a good recitation. He seemed to delight in making a joke of punishment, and it was a favorite habit of his to fasten upon the end of his rattan the pitch and gum taken from the mouths of the masticating urchins, and then, coming upon their idleness unaware, he would insert the glutinous implement in their hair, not to be withdrawn without an adroit jerk and the loss of some scalp-locks. Poor fellow ! his easy nature probably ruined him, and he left school, not long to follow any industrious calling. When a few years afterwards I met him in Boston, with

marks of broken health and fortune in his face and dress, the sight was shocking to old associations, as if a dignity quite sacerdotal had fallen into the dust.—*Milestones in our Life-Journey.*

OUR DOCTOR.

Our Doctor was a most emphatic character; a man of decided mark in the eye alike of friends and enemies. He was very impatient of questions, and very brief yet pithy in his advice. He lost his brevity, however, the moment that other subjects were broached, and he could tell a good story with a dramatic power that would have made him famous on the stage. He was renowned as a surgeon, and could guide the knife within a hair's breadth of a vital nerve or artery with his left hand quite as firmly as with his right. This ambi-dexterity extended to other faculties, and he was quite as keen at a negotiation as at an amputation. He was no paragon of conciliation, and many of the magnates of the profession appeared to have little liking for him, and sometimes called him a poor scholar, rude in learning and taste, but lucky in his mechanical tact. But he beat them out of this notion, as of many others, by giving an anniversary discourse before the State Medical Association, which won plaudits from his severest rivals for its classical elegance as well as its professional learning and sagacity. It was said that the wrong-side of him was very wrong and very rough; but those of us who knew him as a friend, tender and true, never believed that he had any wrong-side.—*Milestones in our Life-Journey.*

OUR MINISTER.

Our Minister had the name of being the wise man of the town; and I do not remember to have heard a word of disparagement of his mind or motives, even among those who questioned the soundness of his creed. His

voice has always been as no other man's to many of us, whether heard as for the first time at a father's funeral, as by me when a child of five years old, or in the pulpit from year to year. He came to the parish when quite young, and when theological controversy was at its full height. A polemic style of preaching was then common, and undoubtedly in his later years of calm study and broad and spiritual philosophizing, he would have read with some good-natured shakes of the head the more fiery discourses of his novitiate. There was always something peculiarly impressive in his preaching. Each sermon had one or more pithy sayings that a boy could not forget. It was evident that our Minister was a faithful student and indefatigable thinker. When the best books afterwards came in our way, we found that the guiding lines of moral and spiritual wisdom had already been set before us, and we had been made familiar with the well-winnowed wheat from the great fields of humanity. Every thought, whether original or from books, bore the stamp of the preacher's own individuality; and we may well endorse the saying, that upon topics of philosophic analysis and of prudent morals he was without a superior, if not without a rival, in our pulpits.—*Milestones in our Life-Journey.*

THE PRACTICAL MAN.

The truly practical man, first of all brings to his aid the forces of a sound judgment; and in its light he notes calmly and keenly the goods and the ills at stake, and studies carefully the best way to shun the ill and choose the good. He is strong at once from this very point of view: and because he is forewarned he is forearmed. His judgment, observant of substantial good, is wisdom; and, as studious of the best means to win that good, it is prudence. With wisdom and prudence for his counsellors, he judges Fortune's threats and promises by a scale of substantial values, and measures the way to their true value by a scale of reasonable

probabilities; so he escapes a multitude of tricks. Not in the gambler's madness nor the lounger's alarms, but with a firm yet cautious eye, he scans the prizes to be gained or lost, and chooses prudent means to wise ends. The great wilderness of uncertain chances is no longer a wilderness to him; for he knows to what point he is to travel, with wisdom for his star and compass, and with prudence for his pathfinder and guide. To him, thus wise and prudent, there is a gradual opening of the truth that there is over all chances a prevailing Law; and over the combination of events, as over the revolutions of the globe, there is a presiding purpose. Probabilities become to him clearer and clearer; and in his own vocation, as well as in the great mission of life, a light shines upon the road that he is to tread, until its dim shadows vanish into day.

He is not, indeed, infallible, for to err is human; but he has studied chances till he has found the main chance; and in his ruling policy the element of certainty is so combined with the element of risk that the risk serves to quicken and vitalize the whole combination, as the oxygen of the atmosphere—in itself so inebriating and consuming—gives spirit and life when mingled in moderate proportion with the more solid and nutritious nitrogen. To change the figure—he aims to live and work in the temperate zone of sound sense and solid strength, and he is not in danger of running off into tropical fevers or polar icebergs; for he is content to be warm without being burned, and to be cool without being frozen.—*American Leaves.*

THE AGE OF ST. AUGUSTINE, AND OUR OWN.

Could the legend told of seven young men of that age, who came forth from a cave at Ephesus, where they had been immured by the pagan Emperor Decius, and whence they were said to have emerged, awakened from nearly two centuries of slumber, to revisit the scenes of their

youth, and to behold with astonishment the cross displayed triumphant where once the Ephesian Diana reigned supreme :—could this legend be virtually fulfilled in Augustine — dating the slumber from the period of his decease; could the great Latin Father have been saved from dissolution, and have sunk into a deep sleep in the tomb where Possidius and his clerical companions laid him, with solemn hyms and eucharistic sacrifice, while Geneseric and his Vandal were storming the city gate ; and could he but come forth in our day, and look upon our Christendom, would he not be more startled than were the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus ?

There indeed roll the waves of the same great sea; there gleam the waters of the river on which so many times he had gazed, musing upon its varied path from the Atlas Mountains to the Mediterranean, full of lessons of human life ; there stretches the landscape in its beauty, rich with the olive and the fig-tree, the citron and the jujube.

But how changed are all else. The ancient Numidia is ruled by the French, the countrymen of Martin and Hilary ; it is the modern Algiers. Hippo is only a ruin, and near its site is the bustling manufacturing town of Bona. At Constantine, near by, still lingers a solitary church of the age of Constantine, and the only building to remind Augustine of the churches of his own day. In other places, as at Bona, the mosque has been converted into the Christian temple, and its mingled emblems might tell the astonished saint how the cross had struggled with the crescent, and it had conquered. Go to whatever church he would, on the 28th of August, he would hear a mass in commemoration of his death ; and might learn that similar services were offered in every country under the sun, and in the imperial language which he so loved to speak.

Let him go westward to the sea-coast, and he finds the new city of Algiers ; and if he

arrived at a favorable time he might hear the cannon announcing the approach of the Marseilles steamer, see the people throng the shore for the last French news, and thus contemplate at once the mighty agencies of the world—powder, print, and steam. Although full of amazement, it would not be all admiration. He would find little in the motley population of Jews, Berbers, and French, to console him for the absence of the loved people of his charge, whose graves not a stone would appear to mark.

Should he inquire into the state of theology through Christendom, in order to trace the influence of his favorite doctrines of Original Sin and Elective Grace, he would learn that they had never in their decided forms been favorites with the Catholic Church; that the imperial Mother had canonized his name and proscribed his peculiar creed; and that the principles that fell with the walls of the hallowed Port Royal had found their warmest advocates in Switzerland, in Scotland, and far America — beyond the Roman communion. He would recognize his mantle on the shoulders of Calvin and his followers.—Knox of Scotland, and those mighty Puritans who, trusting in God and His foreseeing will, colonized our own New England.

The *Institutes* of Calvin would assure him that the modern age possessed thinkers clear and strong as he, and the work of Edwards *On the Will* would probably move him to bow his head, as before a dialectician of a logic more adamantine than his own, and make him yearn to visit the land of a divine who united an intellect so mighty with a spirit so humble and devoted. Should he come among us, he would find multitudes to accept his essential principles, though few, if any, in his views of the doom of infants or of the limited offer of redemption. He would think much of our orthodoxy quite Pelagian, even when tested by the opinion of present champions of the ancient faith.—*Studies in Christian Biography*.

OSSOLI, SARAH MARGARET (FULLER) MARCHIONESS D', an American author, born at Cambridgeport, Mass., in 1810; died by shipwreck off the coast of Long Island, in 1850. Her early education was conducted by her father, and she was taught Latin and Greek at an early age. Her father dying suddenly in 1835, she undertook the maintenance of her younger brothers and sisters, which she accomplished by teaching in schools, and subsequently by taking private pupils. In 1840 *The Dial*, a transcendental magazine, was established, of which she was for two years the editor. Near the close of 1844 she became literary critic of the *New York Tribune*. In 1846 she accompanied a party of her friends to Europe, taking up her residence the next year at Rome. In December, 1847, she was married to the Marquis Ossoli, a young Italian nobleman of a somewhat impoverished family. During the siege of Rome by the French she devoted herself to the care of the sick and wounded in the hospitals. The city having surrendered in June, 1849, she, with her husband and child made their way to a village in the Abruzzi, and subsequently to Florence and Leghorn. At Leghorn, on May 17, 1850, they took passage for the United States on board a small sailing vessel, there being in all only five passengers. After a voyage of ten weeks they were off the coast of Long Island. A violent storm sprang up, and the vessel was driven upon the low sandy shore of Fire Island. She, and her husband and child were drowned; and in the wreck was lost the manuscript of a work on *The Roman Republic*. Her various writings, edited by her brother,

Rev. Arthur B. Fuller (1822–1862), were published in 1855. They include *Summer on the Lakes* (1843), *Woman in the Nineteenth Century* (1844), and *Papers on Literature and Art* (1846). Her *Life* has been written by William Henry Channing, with chapters by Emerson, Clarke, and others (1852), by Julia Ward Howe (1883,) and by Thomas W. Higginson (1884).

THE HEROIC IN THE ROMAN CHARACTER.

In accordance with this discipline in heroic common-sense was the influence of those great Romans whose thoughts and lives were my daily food during those plastic years. The genius of Rome displayed itself in Character, and scarcely needed an occasional wave of the touch of Thought to show its lineaments, so marble-strong they gleamed in every light. Who that has lived with these men but admires the plain force of Fact, of Thought passed into Action? They take up things with their naked hands. There is just the man, and the block he casts before you—no divinity, no demon, no unfulfilled aim, but just the man, and Rome, and what he did for Rome. Everything turns your attention to what a man can become, not by yielding himself freely to impressions, not by letting nature play freely through him, but by a single thought, an earnest purpose, an indomitable will; by hardihood, self-command, and force of expression.

Architecture was the art in which Rome excelled; and this corresponds with the feeling these men of Rome excited. They did not grow; they built themselves up, or were built up by the fate of Rome, as a temple for Jupiter Stator.

The ruined Roman sits among the ruins; he flies to no green garden; he does not look to Heaven; if he is defeated, if he is less than he meant to be, he lives no more. The names which end in *-us* seem to speak with lyric

cadence. That measured cadence, that tramp and march, which are not stilted, because they indicate real force, yet which seem so when compared with any other language, make Latin a study in itself of mighty influence. The language alone, without the literature, would give one the *thought* of Rome. Man present in nature, commanding nature too sternly to be inspired by it; standing like the rock amid the sea, or moving like fire over the land, either impassive or irresistible; knowing not the soft mediums or fine flights of life; but by the force which he expresses, piercing to the centre.—*Papers on Literature and Art.*

ROMAN MANFULNESS.

We are never better understood than when we speak of a "Roman Virtue," a "Roman Outline." There is somewhat indefinite, somewhat unfulfilled in the thought of Greece, of Spain, of modern Italy; but *Rome!* it stands by itself, a clear Word. The power of Will, the dignity of a fixed Purpose, is what it utters. Every Roman was an Emperor. It is well that the Infallible Church should have been founded on this Rock; that the presumptuous Peter should hold the keys, as the conquering Jove did, before his thunderbolts, to be seen of all the world. Apollo tends flocks with Admetus; Christ teaches by the lonely lake, or plucks wheat as he wanders through the fields some Sabbath morning. They never came to this stronghold; they could not have breathed freely where all became stone as soon as spoken; where divine youth found no horizon for its all-promising glance; but every Thought put on, before it dared to issue to the day in Action, its *toga virilis.* Suckled by this wolf-man gains a different complexion from that which is fed by the Greek honey. He takes a noble bronze in camps and battle-fields; the wrinkles of councils well beseem his brow, and the eye cuts its way like a sword. The Eagle should never have been used as a symbol

by any other nation; it belonged to Rome.—*Papers on Literature and Art.*

THE HISTORY AND LITERATURE OF ROME.

The History of Rome abides in the mind, of course, more than the literature. It was degeneracy for a Roman to use the pen; his life was in the day. The "Vaunting" of Rome, like that of the North American Indians, is her proper literature. A man rises; he tells us who he is, and what he has done; he speaks of his country and her brave men; he knows that a conquering God is there, whose agent is his own right hand; and he should end like the Indian, "I have no more to say." It never shocks us that the Roman is self-conscious. One wants no universal truths from him, no philosophy, no creation, but only his life—his Roman life—felt in every pulse, realized in every gesture. The universal heaven takes in the Roman only to make us feel his individuality the more. The Will, the Resolve of Man!—it has been expressed—fully expressed.

I steadily loved this ideal in my childhood; and this is probably the cause why I have always felt that man must know how to stand firm on the ground before he can fly. In vain for me are men more, if they are less, than Romans. Dante was far greater than any Roman; yet I feel he was right to make the Mantuan his guide through Hell, and to Heaven.—*Papers on Literature and Art.*

ENCOURAGEMENT.

For the Power to whom we bow
Has given its pledge that, if not now,
They of pure and steadfast mind,
By faith exalted, truth refined,
Shall hear all music loud and clear,
Whose first notes they ventured here.
Then fear not thou to wind the horn,
Though elf and gnome thy courage scorn.
Ask for the castle's king and queen—

Though rabble rout may rush between,
Beat thee senseless to the ground,
In the dark beset thee round—
Persist to ask and it will come,
Seek not for rest in humbler home:
So shalt thou see what few have seen,
The palace home of King and Queen.

ORPHEUS.

Each Orpheus must to the depths descend,
For only thus the Poet can be wise,
Must make the sad Persephone his friend,
And buried love to second life arise;
Again his love must lose through too much love,
Must lose his life by living life too true,
For what he sought below is passed above,
Already done is all that he would do;
Must tune all being with his single lyre,
Must melt all rocks free from their prima pain
Must search all Nature with his own soul's fire,
Must bind anew all forms in heavenly chain.
If he already sees what he must do,
Well may he shade his eyes from the far-shining view.

OTIS, JAMES, an American Revolutionary patriot, born at Barnstable, Mass., in 1725; died at Andover in 1783. He graduated at Harvard in 1743, studied law, and in 1748 commenced practice at Plymouth. Two years afterward he removed to Boston, and soon rose to the first rank in his profession. His public career began about 1761, when he held the lucrative office of Advocate-general for the Crown. He resigned this position when called upon to defend certain royal revenue officers; and, declining to receive any fee, became counsel for the merchants of Boston who protested against the revenue-writs. In his plea, which was quite as much a political speech as a legal argument, Otis took the broad ground that the American people were not bound to yield obedience to laws in the making of which they had no share. John Adams, who heard this speech, afterward declared that on that day "the child Independence was born." In 1764 Otis put forth a bulky pamphlet entitled *The Rights of the Colonies Asserted and Proved*, which evinces how moderate were the demands of the most advanced Colonies, ten years before the outbreak of the war of the Revolution, in which Otis himself was prevented from taking any prominent part. In the summer of 1769 he made a newspaper attack upon some of the royal revenue officers. While sitting in a coffee-house, he was assailed by a gang of these, was savagely beaten, and received a sword-cut on the head from the effects of which he never recovered. During the remaining fourteen years of his life he was, with some lucid intervals, insane. He was in time taken to the house of his sister at Andover. On

May 23, 1783, while standing at the doorway during a thunder-shower he was struck by lightning and died on the spot. Otis possessed considerable classical knowlege, and in 1760 published *Rudiments of Latin Prosody*, which was used as a text-book at Harvard. He also wrote a work on *Greek Prosody*, which was never published. He comes down in literary history wholly by the memory of his great speech in 1761, and by his *Rights of the Colonies*. The *Life of James Otis* has been written by William Tudor (1823).

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION AND THE COLONIES.

The sum of my argument is: that civil government is of God; that the administrators of it were originally the whole people; that they might have devolved it on whom they pleased; that this devolution is fiduciary, for the good of the whole; that by the British Constitution this devolution is on the King, Lords, and Commons, the supreme, sacred, and uncontrollable legislative power, not only in the realm, but through the dominions; that by the abdication of King James II. the original compact was broken to pieces; that by the Revolution of 1688, it was renewed, and more firmly established, and the rights and liberties of the subject in all parts of the dominions more fully explained and confirmed; that in consequence of this establishment and the Acts of Succession and Union, his Majesty George III. is rightful King and Sovereign, and, with his Parliament, the supreme legislative of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging.

That this Constitution is the most free one, and by far the best now existing upon earth; that by this Constitution, every man in the dominions is a free man; that no part of his Majesty's dominions can be taxed without their consent; that every part has a right to be represented in the supreme or some subordinate

legislature; that the refusal of this would seem to be a contradiction in practice to the theory of the Constitution; that the colonies are subordinate dominions, and are now in such a state as to make it best for the good of the whole that they should not only be continued in the enjoyment of subordinate legislation, but be also represented in some proportion to their numbers and estates, in the grand legislature of the nation; that this would firmly unite all parts of the British empire in the greatest peace and prosperity, and render it invulnerable and perpetual.—*Rights of the British Colonies Asserted and Proved.*

THE RIGHT TO VOTE.

No good reason can, however, be given in any country why every man of a sound mind should not have his vote in the election of a representative. If a man has but little property to protect and defend, yet his life and liberty are things of some importance. Mr. J——s argues only from the vile abuses of power, to the continuance and increase of such abuses. This, it must be confessed, is the common logic of modern politicians and vote sellers. To what purpose is it to ring everlasting changes to the colonists on the cases of Manchester, Birmingham and Sheffield, which return no members? If those, now so considerable, places are not represented, they ought to be.—*Considerations on Behalf of the Colonists.*

OTWAY, THOMAS, an English dramatist, born in Suffolk, in 1651; died at London, 1685. He was the son of a clergyman, and was sent to Oxford; but left the university without taking a degree, and went to London. In 1672 he made an unsuccessful appearance upon the stage, and never again appeared upon the boards. During the next five years he produced several dramas which met with good success. In 1677 he procured a cornetship in a regiment of horse which was sent to Flanders. He was discharged in disgrace, returned to London in a state of extreme destitution, and began again to write for the stage. But his way of life was such that he was always in poverty. Besides some eight or ten dramas, he wrote a few poems. The only work of his which deserves remembrance is the tragedy of *Venice Preserved* (produced in 1682), which ranks high among our dramas of the second class, and still holds a place on the stage.

PIERRE (*in prison*) AND JAFFIER.

Pierre.—What whining monk art thou? what holy cheat?
That wouldst encroach upon my credulous ears
And cant'st thus vilely? Hence! I know thee not!

Jaf.—Not know me, Pierre!

Pierre.—No; know thee not! What art thou?

Jaf.—Jaffier, thy friend; thy once loved, valued friend!
Though now deservedly scorned and used most hardly.

Pierre.—Thou Jaffier! thou my once loved, valued friend!
By heavens, thou liest! The man so called my friend

Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant;
Noble in mind, and in his person lovely;
Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart;
But thou, a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,
Poor in thy soul, and loathsome in thy aspect!
All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
Prithee, avoid; no longer cling thus round me,
Like something baneful that my nature's chilled at.

Jaf.—I have not wronged thee; by these tears I have not.

Pierre.—Hast thou not wronged me? Darest thou call thyself
Jaffier—that once loved, valued friend of mine;
And swear thou hast not wronged me? Whence these chains?
Whence the vile death which I may meet this moment?
Whence this dishonor but from thee, thou false one?

Jaf.—All's true. Yet grant me one thing, and I've done asking.

Pierre.—What's that?

Jaf.—To take thy life on such conditions
The council have proposed. Thou and thy friends
May yet live long, and to be better treated.

Pierre.—Life! ask my life! confess! record myself
A villain for the privilege to breathe,
And carry up and down this cursed city
A discontented and repining spirit,
Burdensome to itself, a few years longer;
To lose it, maybe, at last, in a lewd quarrel
For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art!
No; this vile world and I have long been jangling,
And cannot part on better terms than now,
When only men like thee are fit to live in't.

Jaf.—By all that's just——
Pierre.— Swear by some other power,
For thou hast broke that sacred oath already.
Jaf.—Then by that hell I merit, I'll not leave thee
Till to thyself at least thou'rt reconciled,
However thy resentments deal with me.
Pierre.—Not leave me!
Jaf.—No; thou shalt not force me from thee.
Use me reproachfully and like a slave;
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head: I'll bear it all with patience;
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty;
Lie at thy feet, and kiss them, though they spurn me;
Till, wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,
And raise me to thy arms with dear forgiveness.
Pierre.—Art thou not——
Jaf.—What?
Pierre.— A traitor?
Jaf.— Yes.
Pierre.— A villain?
Jaf.— Granted.
Pierre.—A coward, a most scandalous coward;
Spiritless, void of honor; one who has sold
Thy everlasting fame for shameless life?
Jaf.—All, all, and more; my faults are numberless.
Pierre.—And wouldst thou have me live on terms like thine?
Base as thou'rt false——
Jaf.—No. To me that's granted;
The safety of thy life was all I aimed at,
In recompense for faith and trust so broken.
Pierre.—I scorn it more because preserved by thee;
And as when first my foolish heart took pity
On thy misfortune, sought thee in thy miseries,
Relieved thee from thy wants, and raised thee from the state
Of wretchedness in which thy fate had plunged thee,

To rank thee in my list of noble friends,
All I received, in surety for thy truth,
Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,
Given with a worthless pledge thou since hast
stolen;
So I restore it back to thee again,
Swearing by all those powers which thou hast
violated,
Never from this cursed hour to hold commun-
ion,
Friendship, or interest with thee, though our
years
Were to exceed those limited the world.
Take it—farewell—for now I owe thee nothing.
Jaf.—Say thou wilt live, then.
Pierre.— For my life, dispose it
Just as thou wilt; because 'tis what I'm tired
with.
Jaf.—O Pierre!
Pierre.— No more!
Jaf.—My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
But languish after thine, and ache with
gazing.
Pierre.—Leave me! Nay, then, thus I
throw thee from me;
And curses great as is thy falsehood catch
thee!

Venice Preserved.

In Otway's poems are some pretty passages of description. Here is one.

A MORNING IN SPRING.

Wished Morning's come; and now upon the
plains
And distant mountains, where they feed their
flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born
day.
The lusty swain comes with his well-filled scrip
Of healthful viands which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the field his daily toil,

And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits.
The beasts that under the warm hedges slept,
And weathered out the cold bleak night are up;
And, looking towards the neighboring pasture, raise
Their voice, and bid their fellow brutes good-morrow.
The cheerful birds, too, on the tops of trees,
Assemble all in choirs; and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

PARTING.

Where am I? Sure I wander 'midst Enchantment,
And never more shall find the way to rest.
But, O Monimia! art thou indeed resolved
To punish me with everlasting absence?
Why turn'st thou from me? I'm alone already!
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach
Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining;
Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,
Where all the treasure of my soul's embarked!
Wilt thou not turn? O could those eyes but speak!
I should know all, for love is pregnant in them!
They swell, they press their beams upon me still!
Wilt thou not speak? If we must part for ever,
Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And please myself with, while my heart is breaking.

The Orphan.

OVERBURY, SIR THOMAS, an English courtier, born in 1581; died in 1613. He was a friend and adviser of Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester, and afterwards Earl of Somerset, the favorite of James I. He earnestly opposed the projected marriage of Rochester with the infamous Countess of Essex, and the guilty pair procured his committal, on a trumped-up charge, to the Tower, where he was secretly poisoned. The whole affair forms one of the most scandalous episodes in English history. Overbury wrote two didactic poems, *The Wife* and *The Choice of a Wife*, and several prose pieces, the best of which are *Characters*, being "Witty Descriptions of the Properties of Sundry Persons."

THE FAIR AND HAPPY MILKMAID.

She is a country wench that is so far from making herself beautiful by art that one look of hers is able to put all face-physic out of sight. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellences stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoils of the silk-worm, she is decked in innocence—a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions. Nature hath taught her, too, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she riseth, therefore, with Chanticleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk press makes the milk whiter or sweeter; for never came almond-glove or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps

them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents, all the year round, of June, like a new-made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labor, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of Fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at the next fair, and in choosing her garments counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and bee-hive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers—but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste that she dares tell them. Only a Friday's dream is all her superstition; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is that she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.—*Characters.*

A FRANKLIN.

His outside is an ancient yeoman of England, though his inside may give arms with the best gentleman, and never fee the herald. There is no truer servant in the house than himself. Though he be master, he says not to his servants, "Go to field," but, "Let us go;" and with his own eyes doth fatten his flock, and set forward all manner of husbandry. He is taught by Nature to be contented with a little. His own fold yields him both food and raiment. He is pleased with any nourishment God sends, whilst curious gluttony ransacks, as it were, Noah's ark for food, only

to feed the riot of one meal. He is never known to go to law; understanding to be law-bound among men is like to be hide-bound among his beasts; they thrive not under it, and that such men sleep as unquietly, as if their pillows were stuffed with lawyers' pen-knives. When he builds, no poor tenant's cottage hinders his prospect; they are indeed his alms-houses, though there be painted on them no such superscription. He never sits up late but when he hunts the badger, the vowed foe of his lambs, nor uses cruelty but when he hunts the hare; nor subtlety but when he setteth snares for the snipes, or pitfalls for the blackbirds; nor oppression but when in the month of July he goes to the next river and shears his sheep. He allows of honest pastime, and thinks not the bones of the dead anything bruised, or the worse for it, though the country lasses dance in the churchyard after even-song. Rock Monday, and the wake in summer, shrovings, the wakeful catches on Christmas-eve, the hokey, or seed-cake—these he yearly keeps, yet holds them no relics of Popery. He is not so inquisitive after the news derived from the privy-closet, when the finding of an eyry of hawks in his own ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good strain, are tidings more pleasant and profitable. He is lord-paramount within himself, though he holds by never so mean a tenure; and dies the more contentedly (though he leave his heir young), in regard he leaves him not liable to a covetous guardian. Lastly, to end him, he cares not when his end comes; he needs not fear his audit, for his *quietus* is in heaven.—*Characters.*

OVID (Publius Ovidius Naso), a Roman poet, born at Sulmo, about ninety miles north of Rome, in 43 B.C., died in 18 A.D., at Tomi (the modern Kostendje), on the Black Sea, near the mouths of the Danube. His father, a man of noble descent but moderate fortune, sent Ovid, with a brother just a year older than himself, to Rome, to fit them for the profession of advocate. Ovid, though somewhat against the grain, applied himself fairly well to his legal studies; but the bent of his mind was towards poetry. He says, "Whatever I sought to say was still in verse." When he was about twenty, his brother died; and the father consented that the remaining son, now sole heir of the estate, should devote himself to the cultivation of his poetical talents, making him a moderate allowance. He studied for a while at Athens, travelled for a year in Asia Minor and Sicily, and then returned to Rome. He did not, however, altogether give up the idea of public life, and held some minor official posts. On reaching his twenty-fourth year he became eligible to the quæstorship, the lowest grade in the magistracy. He declined to become a candidate, and entered upon his literary career.

His early poems—most of which he subsequently destroyed—were censured for their immorality. He himself declares that though his verse was loose his life was pure—an assertion by no means borne out by what he almost incidentally reveals. Up to the time when he was well advanced in middle age he seems to have lived the life of a "young man about town." He had been twice married. Of his first wife he says that she was "a good-for-nothing;"

of the second, he merely observes that he had "no fault to find with her." He was close upon fifty when he married for the third time. This wife was of good family and had a kind of indirect connection with ladies of the imperial court. He makes frequent mention of her in his later poems, and always in terms of the warmest affection. He had meanwhile come to be a prosperous man, having a city mansion near the Capitol and a country-seat.

He had just entered upon his forty-second year when he was surprised by a rescript from the Emperor Augustus, directing him to leave Rome and take up his abode at Tomi, on the extremest verge of the empire. The reason assigned was the alleged corrupting tendency of certain poems of his, the *Art of Love* being specially mentioned. But as the latest of these had been put forth more than ten years, this charge was a mere pretext. It seems clear that he had become cognizant of a matter disgracefully affecting some members of the family of the emperor. He writes, "Why did I see something? Why did I make my eyes guilty? Why did I become, all unwittingly, acquainted with guilt? Because my eyes unknowingly beheld a crime, I am punished. To have had the power of sight, this my sin." It has been plausibly conjectured that he knew of the conduct of Julia, the profligate grand-daughter of Augustus; and that his offense was that he had held his tongue about the matter; whence it was inferred that he was an accessory to the offense. It is a historical fact that almost coincident with the exile of Ovid, Julia was banished from Rome. Whatever was the offense of

Ovid, it was one that rankled in the mind of Augustus as long as he lived, and was never forgotten or condoned, though Ovid over and over again begged that the sentence should be remitted, or at least, that some less unendurable place of exile should be assigned to him. One altogether inexplicable circumstance is that the punishment was limited to exile at Tomi. His property was not confiscated, the income of it being regularly transmitted to him; and he was allowed unrestricted communication with his friends at Rome. Nor was he sent under guard, but went by the route which he chose, and at such rate as suited him. He was simply ordered to go to Tomi, and to Tomi he went. He left Rome in December, and did not arrive at Tomi until September. Here the remaining eight years of his life were passed. During all these years he never saw his wife, for she neither accompanied nor followed him.

Several works which Ovid mentions as having been written by him are lost, among which is the tragedy of *Medea*, of which Quintilian says that "it proves how much the author could have achieved if he had chosen to moderate rather than to indulge his cleverness." If more of his works had perished the world would not have been a loser. His extant works are: *The Epistles of Heroines*, *The Loves*, *The Remedies for Love*, *The Epistles from Pontus*, *The Art of Love*, *The Metamorphoses*, *The Fasti*, and *The Tristia.* Only the four last of these call for special mention.

The *Art of Love* may be assigned to Ovid's thirty-fifth year. Taken as a whole, it may be properly designated as an inde-

cent poem, although, as in the case of Byron's *Don Juan*, it contains by way of episode many passages of great beauty. Ovid himself gave notice that no decent person—at least no modest woman—should read it. A considerable part of this poem has been very loosely translated by Dryden—loosely in a double sense, for Dryden has put additional grossness of his own into the grossest passages.

The *Fasti* may be designated as a sort of Handbook of the Roman Calendar, as a poetical Almanac, or as a Ritual in verse. Its composition undoubtedly ran through several years, being nearly completed at the time of Ovid's exile to Tomi, but revised, with perhaps some additions, there. It gives the seasons of every special religious worship and the reasons therefor. As we have it, it consists of six books, one for each of the six months from January to June. It is said, though not upon unquestionable authority, that there were six more books, one for each of the remaining months. If so, it is not easy to account for the loss of these, for the poem was undoubtedly a popular one, and must have had a "very wide circulation." Interspersed throughout the Calendar proper are numerous episodes which relieve the necessarily dry details. Thus, under the month of January, the ancient god Janus is made to tell why his temple was open in time of war, and was closed when Rome was at peace with all the rest of the world—an event which is said to have occurred only three times during the Commonwealth, and which now occurred as here recorded, about the time of the birth of our Saviour.

THE CLOSING OF THE TEMPLE OF JANUS.

"In war, all bolts drawn back, my portals stand,
Open for hosts that seek their native land;
In peace fast closed they bar the outward way,
And still shall bar it under Cæsar's sway."—
He spake. Before, behind, his double gaze
All that the world contained at once surveys,
And all was peace; for now with conquered wave
The Rhine, Germanicus, thy triumph gave.
Peace, and the friends of peace immortal make,
Nor let the lord of earth his work forsake.

Transl. of ALFRED CHURCH.

The Metamorphoses, also a work of years, was completed before Ovid's banishment. It is the longest of the poems of Ovid, and is upon the whole his best. The general scope of the poem is to tell of human forms changed into animals, plants, or lifeless shapes, as narrated in myth and legend. He tells how, in a fit of vexation, he undertook to destroy the whole poem. "As for the verses," he writes from Tomi, "which told of changed forms—an unlucky work which its author's banishment interrupted—these in the hour of my departure I put, sorrowing, as I put many other of my good things, into the flames with my own hands; but," he added, "as they did not perish altogether, but still exist, I suppose there were several copies of them." A considerable portion of the *Metamorphoses* has been translated by Dryden in his best manner. The poem opens with an account of the primeval Chaos, and its reduction to form.

THE PRIMEVAL CHAOS.

Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
And heaven's high canopy which covers all,
Once was the face of Nature—if a face—
Rather a rude and undigested mass,

A lifeless lump, unfashioned and unframed,
Of jarring seeds, and justly Chaos named.
No sun was lighted up the world to view;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew;
Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky,
Nor poised did on her own foundations lie;
Nor seas about the shore their arms had thrown;
But earth, and air, and water were as one.
Thus all was void of light, and earth unstable,
And water's dark abyss unnavigable.
No certain form on any was imprest;
All were confused, and each disturbed the rest;
For hot and cold were in one body fixed,
And soft with hard, and light with heavy mixed.

But God or Nature, while they thus contend,
To these intestine discords put an end.
Then earth from air and seas from earth were driven,
And grosser air sunk from æthereal heaven.
Thus disembroiled they take their proper place;
The next of kin contiguously embrace,
And foes are sundered by a larger space.
The force of fire ascended first on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted sky.
Then air succeeds, in lightness next the fire,
Whose atoms from unactive earth retire.
Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
Of ponderous, thick, unwieldy seeds along.
About her coasts unruly waters war,
And, rising in a ridge, insult the shore.

Thus when the God—whatever God was he—
Had formed the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal portion might be found,
He moulded earth into a spacious round;
Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to blow,
And bade the congregated waters flow.
He adds the running springs and standing lakes,
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes.
Some parts in earth are swallowed up; the most

In ample oceans disembogued, are lost.
He shades the woods, the valleys he restrains
With rocky mountains and extended plains.
Transl. of DRYDEN.

After all other living creatures had been formed, Man—the ruler of all—comes into being.

THE ADVENT OF MAN.

Something yet lacked—some holier being, dowered
With lofty soul, and capable of rule
And governance of all besides; and Man
At last had birth, whether from seed divine
Of Him, the Artificer of all things, and Cause
Of the amended world; or whether earth,
Yet new, and late from æther separate, still
Retained some lingering germs of kindred heaven,
Which wise Prometheus, with the plastic aid
Of water borrowed from the neighboring stream,
Formed in the likeness of the all-ordering Gods;
And, while all other creatures sought the ground,
With downward aspect grovelling, gave to Man
His port sublime, and bade him scan, erect,
The heavens, and front with upward gaze the stars.
And thus earth's substance, rude and shapeless erst,
Transmuted, took the novel form of Man.
Transl. of ALFRED CHURCH.

Ovid goes on to picture the four ages—the Golden, the Silver, the Brass, and the Iron—which successively ensued.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

The Golden Age was first, which, uncompeld,
And without rule, in faith and truth exceld,
As then there was nor punishment nor fear,
Nor threatning laws in brass prescribed were;
Nor suppliant crouching prisoners shook to see
Their angrie judge. . . . .

In firm content
And harmless ease their happy days were spent;
The yet-free earth did of her own accord
(Untorn with ploughs) all sorts of fruit afford.
Content with Nature's unenforced food,
They gather wildings, strawbries of the wood,
Sour cornels what upon the brambles grow,
And acorns which Jove's spreading oaks bestow;
'Twas always Spring; warm Zephyrus sweetly
blew
On smiling flowers which, without setting, grew.
Forthwith the earth corn unmanured bears,
And every year renews her golden ears;
With milk and nectar were the rivers fill'd
And yellow honey from green elms distill'd.
Transl. of GEORGE SANDYS.

The translation of the *Metamorphoses* from which the foregoing passage is taken has a special interest as being the first book written in the North American colonies. It was printed in London in 1665, in a large folio dedicated to King Charles I. Captain John Smith's *True Relation* and his *Description of New England* were indeed printed some years earlier; but they are hardly more than pamphlets, and were probably written in England. George Sandys, born in 1561, died in 1629, was an English gentleman who had won high reputation by his travels in the Levant and the Holy Land. In 1621 he came to Virginia as treasurer of the colony. In the dedication of the translation of the *Metamorphoses* he says that the work was "limned by that imperfect light that was snatched from the hours of night and repose; and was produced among wars and tumults." Dryden, long afterward said that Sandys was "the best versifier of his age."

One of the best-told transformations in the *Metamorphoses* is that of Arachne into a

spider. Arachne—so runs the legend—was a Lycian maiden, famous for her deftness in spinning, weaving, and embroidery. Some who see her handiwork aver that Pallas must have been her instructor; but she disdains such compliment, boasts that her skill is all her own, and only wishes that Pallas herself would enter into trial with her. Pallas, thus challenged, appears in the form of an aged woman, and warns the maiden to be content with excelling all mortal competitors, but to beware of entering into a trial of skill with the immortal gods. Arachne scouts at the kindly warning, and repeats her challenge. Whereupon the goddess resumes her proper shape, and the contest begins.

PALLAS AND ARACHNE AT THE LOOM.

The looms were set, the webs were hung;
Beneath their fingers, nimbly plied,
The subtle fabrics grew; and warp and woof,
Transverse, with shuttle and with slay compact,
Were pressed in order fair. And either girt
Her mantle close, and eager wrought; the toil
Itself was pleasure to the skilful hands
That knew so well their task. With Tyrian hue
Of purple blushed the texture, and all shades
Of color, blending imperceptibly
Each into each. So, when the wondrous bow—
What time some passing shower hath dashed the sun—
Spans with its mighty arch the vault of heaven,
A thousand colors deck it, different all,
Yet all so subtly interfused that each
Seems one with that which joins it, and the eye
But by the contrast of the extremes perceives
The intermediate change.—And, last, with thread
Of gold-embroidery pictured on the web,
Lifelike expressed, some antique fable glowed.

Transl. of ALFRED CHURCH.

Pallas had taken for the subject of her tapestry-picture her own contest with Neptune as to which should be the name-giver of the fair town which was to be forever known, as Athens, from one of her appellations. Arachne, in scornful mood, had chosen to depict the immortal gods in their lowest sensual performances. Her work, however, was so perfect that Pallas herself could detect no imperfection, any more than in her own. Doubly enraged, at her own failure to surpass Arachne, and at the gross insult that had been given to all the celestial hierarchy, Pallas smote her competitor over and over again full in the face. Arachne, stung beyond endurance by this ignominy, tried to hang herself. The result of all is thus told by Ovid:—

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ARACHNE.

The high-souled maid
Such insult not endured, and round her neck
Indignant twined the suicidal noose,
And so had died. But, as she hung, some ruth
Stirred in the breast of Pallas. The pendant form
She raised, and "Live!" she said; "but hang thou still
Forever, wretch; and through all future time,
Even to thy latest race bequeath thy doom!"—
And as she parted sprinkled her with juice
Of aconite. With venom of that drug
Infected, dropped her tresses; nose and ear
Were lost; her form, to smallest bulk compressed,
A head minutest crowned; to slenderest legs,
Jointed on either side her fingers changed;
Her body but a bag, whence still she draws
Her filmy threads, and with her ancient art
Weaves the fine meshes of her Spider's web.

Transl. of ALFRED CHURCH.

The *Tristia*, or "Sorrows" of Ovid are a series of poems composed during the early years of his exile, and transmitted from time to time to his friends at Rome. They touch upon all sorts of topics, but running through all is a thread of supplication for a remission, or at least a mitigation, of his punishment, which he hoped would somehow reach the ears of the mighty Augustus. To us the most interesting parts of these poems are those in which he describes the wintry horrors of the region to which he had been exiled. These, we judge, are best expressed in the excellent prose translation of H. T. Riley. Making all due allowances for poetical exaggeration—though Ovid expressly avers that he wrote truthfully and from his own observation and experience—there can be no doubt that the climate of the region (now known as the Dobrudga) has greatly changed since Ovid's time. The mean temperature is about that of Spain, though in the winter it is much colder, by reason of the fierce winds which have swept over the vast northern steppes. Neither the lower course of the Danube nor the Black Sea is now frozen over. The vine flourishes, grass abounds in summer, and large crops of grain are produced; whereas Ovid's description would well apply to Nova Zembla, Spitzbergen, or the shores of Hudson Bay.

OVID'S PLACE OF BANISHMENT.

If any one remembers the banished Nasso, and if without me my name survives in "the City," let him know that I am living in the midst of barbarism, exposed under stars that never set in the ocean. The Sauromatæ—a savage race —the Bessi and the Getæ surround me: names how unworthy of my genius to mention!

When the air is mild we are defended by the intervening Danube, while it flows; by its waves it repels invasion. But when dire Winter has put forth his rugged face, and the earth has become white with ice—when Boreas is at liberty, and snow has been sent upon the regions under the Bear—then it is true that these nations are distressed by a shivering climate. The snow lies deep, and as it lies neither sun nor rains melt it; Boreas hardens it, and makes it endure forever. Hence, when the former ice has not melted, fresh succeeds; and in many places it is wont to last for two years.

So great is the strength of the North wind, when aroused, that it levels high towers to the ground, and carries off roofs borne away. The inhabitants poorly defend themselves from the cold by skins and sewed breeches; and of the whole body the face is the only part exposed. Often the hair, as it is moved, rattles with the pendent icicle, and the white beard shines with the ice that has been formed upon it. Liquid wine becomes solid, and preserves the form of the vessel. They do not drink draughts of it, but take bites.

Why should I mention how the frozen rivers become hard, and how the brittle water is dug out of the streams? The Danube itself—which is no narrower than the Nile—mingles through many months with the vast ocean. It freezes as the wind hardens its azure streams, and it rolls to the sea with covered waters. Where ships had gone, men now walk on foot; and the hoof of the horse indents the waters hardened by freezing. Samaritan oxen drag the uncouth wagons along strange bridges as the waters roll beneath.

Indeed (I shall hardly be believed, but inasmuch as there is no profit in untruths, an eyewitness ought to receive full confidence) I have seen the vast sea frozen with ice, and a slippery crust covered the unmoved waters. To have seen is not enough. I have trodden upon the hardened ocean, and the surface of the water was under my foot, not wetted by it. The ships

stand hemmed in by the frost as though by marble, and no oar can cleave the stiffened water.

When the Danube has been made solid by the drying Northern blasts, the barbarous enemy is carried over on his swift steed. An enemy, strong in horses, and in the arrow that flies from afar, depopulates the neighboring region far and wide. Some take to flight; and no one being left to protect the fields, the unguarded property becomes a prey. Some of the people are driven along as captives, with their arms fastened behind their backs, looking back in vain upon their fields and their homes; some die in torments, pierced by poisoned arrows. What the enemy cannot carry with them they destroy; and the flames consume the unoffending cottages.

Even when there is peace, there is alarm from the apprehension of war. This region either beholds the enemy, or is in dread of a foe which it does not behold. The earth, deserted, becomes worthless; left untilled in ruinous neglect. Here the luscious grape does not lie hidden under the shade of the leaves, and the fermenting new wine does not fill the deep vats. The country does not bear fruit. You may behold naked plains without trees, without herbage: places, alas! not to be visited by a fortunate man! Since the great globe is so wide, why has this land been found out for the purpose of my punishment? —*Transl. of* RILEY.

OWEN, SIR RICHARD, an English anatomist, born at Lancaster in 1804. He studied medicine at Edinburgh and Paris, and in 1826 commenced general practice at London; but having been appointed Assistant Curator of the Hunterian Museum, he devoted himself exclusively to the study of comparative anatomy. In 1836 he succeeded Sir Charles Bell as Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the College of Surgeons; he resigned this position in 1856, on being appointed Superintendent of the Natural History Department in the British Museum. He has been especially active in all the great sanitary movements of his time. Of his numerous works in his special department of study we name but a few: *History of British Fossils* (1846), *History of British Fossil Reptiles* (1849–51), *Principles of Comparative Osteology* (1855), *On the Anatomy of Vertebrates* (1866), *The Fossil Reptilia of South Africa* (1876), *The Fossil Mammals of Australia, and the Extinct Marsupials of Great Britain* (1877). Besides these are numerous monographs upon various scientific subjects.

THE BRITISH MAMMOTH.

Most of the largest and best preserved tusks of the British mammoth have been dredged up from the submerged drift, near the coasts. In 1827 an enormous tusk was landed at Ramsgate; although the hollow implanted base was wanting, it still measured nine feet in length, and its greatest diameter was eight inches. The outer crust was decomposed into thin layers, and the interior portion had been reduced to a soft substance resembling putty. A tusk dredged up from the Goodwin Sands, which measured six feet six inches in length, and twelve inches in greatest circumference, probably belonged to a female mammoth.

Captain Martin, in whose possession it is, describes its curvature as being equal to a semicircle turning outwards on its line of projection. This tusk was sent to a cutler by whom it was sawn into five sections; but the interior was found to be fossilized, and unfit for use. But the tusks of the extinct elephant which have thus reposed for thousands of years in the bed of the ocean which washes the shore of Britain are not always so altered by time and the action of surrounding influences as to be unfit for the purposes to which recent ivory is applied. . . .

Mr. Robert Bald has described a portion of a mammoth tusk, thirty-nine inches long and thirteen inches in circumference, which was found imbedded in diluvial clay at Clifton Hall, between Edinburgh and Falkirk, fifteen or twenty feet from the present surface. Two other tusks of nearly the same size have been discovered at Kilmains in Ayrshire, at the depth of seventeen and a half feet from the surface, in diluvial clay. The state of preservation of these tusks was nearly equal to that of the fossil ivory of Siberia. The tusks of the mammoth found in England are usually more decayed; but Dr. Buckland alludes to a tusk from argillaceous diluvium on the Yorkshire coast, which was hard enough to be used by the ivory-turners.

The tusks of the mammoth are so well preserved in the frozen drift of Siberia, that they have long been collected in great numbers for the purposes of commerce. In the account of the mammoth's bones and teeth of Siberia, published more than a century ago in the *Philosophical Transactions*, tusks are cited which weighed two hundred pounds each, and are used as ivory, to make combs, boxes, and such other things; being but a little more brittle, and easily turning yellow by weather or heat. From that time to the present there has been no intermission in the supply of ivory furnished by the extinct elephants of a former world.—*History of British Fossils.*

OWEN, ROBERT DALE, an American author, born in Scotland in 1801; died in 1858. He was the son of Robert Owen, the social reformer, with whom he came to America in 1823, and soon afterward took up his residence at New Harmony, Indiana. In 1835, he was elected to the Indiana Legislature, and in 1843 to Congress. In 1845 he introduced the Bill organizing the Smithsonian Institution, of which he was made one of the Regents, and chairman of its building committee. In 1853 he was appointed Chargé d'Affaires at Naples, and 1855 was made Minister there. He wrote several books relating to education and social reforms; and became a believer in the doctrines of "Spiritualism." His principal works relating to this subject are: *Footprints on the Boundaries of Another World* (1860), *The Debatable Land between this World and the Next* (1872), *Threading my Way*, an autobiography (1874).

ANTECEDENT PROBABILITY OF SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

If some Leverrier of Spiritual Science had taken note twenty-five years ago of certain perturbing agencies of which the effects were visible throughout the religious world, he might have made a prediction more important than that of the French astronomer in regard to the as yet undiscovered planet Uranus. For even then it could have been discovered—what, however, is much more evident to-day—that an old belief was about to disappear from civilized society: a change which brings momentous results in its train. This change is from belief in the Exceptional and the Miraculous to a settled conviction that it does not enter into God's economy, as manifested in His works, to deal except mediately through the instrumentality of Natural Laws; or to suspend or change those

laws on special occasions, or—as men do—to make temporary laws for a certain age of the world, and discontinue these through a succeeding generation. In other words, the civilized world is gradually settling down to the assurance that the Natural Law is universal, invariable, persistent.

The advent of this change conceded—a thoughtful observer, endowed with a prophetic faculty, might have foreshadowed some of its consequents. If Natural Law be invariable, then either the wonderful works ascribed to Christ and his disciples were not performed, or else they were not miracles. If they were not performed, then Christ lent himself to deception. This theory disparages his person, and discredits his teachings. But if they were performed under Natural Law, and if Natural Laws endure from generation to generation, then, inasmuch as the same laws under which these signs and wonders occurred must exist still—we may expect somewhat similar phenomena at any time.

But an acute observer, looking over the whole ground might have detected more than this. He would have found two antagonistic schools of religious opinion: the one, basing spiritual truth on the Miraculous and the Infallible, chiefly represented in a Church of vast power, fifteen hundred years old, which has held her own against bold and active adversaries, and even increased in the relative as well as the actual number of her adherents for the last three hundred years. The other, dating back three hundred and fifty years only, affiliating more or less with the spirit of the age, and so placing herself in the line of progress; yet with less imposing antecedents, with fewer adherents, and, alas! weakened in influence by a large admixture of Indifferentism, and still more weakened in influence by intestine dissensions on questions of vital moment, even on the religious *shibboleth* of the day—the question of Uniform Rule or Miracle; many of the latter Church

still holding to the opinion that to abandon the doctrine of the Miraculous is to deny the works of Christ.

Apparently a very unequal contest—the outlook quite discouraging. Yet if our observer had abiding faith in the ultimate prevalence alike of the doctrine of Christianity and of Natural Law, he might, in casting about for a way out of the difficulty, have come upon a practical solution.

History would inform him that the works of Christ and his disciples, mistaken by the Jews for miracles, effectively arrested the attention of a semi-barbarous age, incapable of appreciating the intrinsic value and the moral beauty of the doctrines taught. And analogy might suggest to him that if phenomena more or less resembling these could be witnessed at the present day, and if they were not weighted down by claims to be miraculous, they might produce on modern indifference a somewhat similar impression. . . .

Guided by such premises as these, our supposed observer of twenty-five years since, though living at a time when the terms "Medium" and "Manifestation" (in their modern sense) had not yet come up, might have predicted the speedy appearance and recognition among us of Spiritual Phenomena resembling those which attended Christ's ministry and the Apostles' labors. . . .

The occurrence among us of Spiritual Phenomena under Law not only tends to reconcile Scripture and sound philosophy; not only helps to attest the doctrine of the universal reign of Law; not only explains and confirms the general accuracy of the Gospel narrative—but it does much more than this. It supplies to a struggling religious minority, greatly in want of aid, the means of bringing to light even before unbelievers in Scripture, the great truth of Immortality; and it furnishes to that same minority, contending against greatly superior numbers, other powerful argumentative weapons urgently needed in society.—*The Debatable Land.*

OXENFORD, JOHN, an English author, born in Camberwell, near London, England, in 1812; died in 1877. He was admitted to the bar in 1833, and devoted much time to dramatic criticism for the press. He translated poems and wrote songs, which have been set to music. Among his works for the stage are: *My Fellow Clerk* (1835), *A Day Well Spent* (1836), *Porter's Knot* (1869), and £456, 11*s*. 3*d*. (1874). He published translations of the *Autobiography of Goethe*, the *Conversations of Eckermann with Goethe*, (1850), the *Hellas of Jacob* (1855), and a collection of songs from the French entitled *The Illustrated Book of French Songs*, (1855).

A CONVERSATION WITH GOETHE.

To-day, after dinner, Goethe read me the first scene of the second act of "Faust." The effect was great, and gave me a high satisfaction. We are once more transported into Faust's study, where Mephistopheles finds all just as he had left it. He takes from the hook Faust's old study-gown, and a thousand moths and insects flutter out from it. By the directions of Mephistopheles as to where these are to settle down, the locality is brought very clearly before our eyes. He puts on the gown while Faust lies behind the curtain, in a state of paralysis, intending to play the doctor's part once more. He pulls the bell, which gives such an awful tone among the solitary convent-halls, that the doors spring open and the walls tremble. The servant rushes in, and finds in Faust's seat Mephistopheles, whom he does not recognize, but for whom he has respect. In answer to inquiries he gives news of Wagner, who has now become a celebrated man, and is hoping for the return of his master. He is, we hear, at this moment deeply occupied in his laboratory, seeking to produce a Homunculus.

The servant retires and the Bachelor enters,—the same whom we knew some years before as a shy young student, when Mephistopheles (in Faust's gown) made game of him. He is now become a man, and is so full of conceit that even Mephistopheles can do nothing with him, but moves his chair further and further, and at last addresses the pit.

Goethe read the scene quite to the end. I was pleased with his youthful productive strength and with the closeness of the whole. "As the conception," said Goethe, "is so old —for I have had it in my mind for fifty years —the materials have accumulated to such a degree, that the difficult operation is to separate and reject. The invention of the whole second part is really as old as I say; but it may be an advantage that I have not written it down until now, when my knowledge of the world is so much clearer. I am like one who in his youth has a great deal of small silver and copper money, which in the course of his life he constantly changes for the better, so that at last the property of his youth stands before him pieces of pure gold."

We spoke about the character of the Bachelor. "Is he not meant," said I, "to represent a certain class of ideal philosophers?"

"No," said Goethe, "the arrogance which is peculiar to youth, and of which we had such striking examples after our war for freedom, is personified in him. Indeed, every one believes in his youth that the world really began with him, and that all merely exists for his sake. Thus in the East there was actually a man who every morning collected his people about him, and would not go to work until he commanded the sun to rise. But he was wise enough not to speak his command until the sun of its own accord was really on the point of appearing." Goethe remained awhile absorbed in silent thought; then he began as follows:—

"When one is old one thinks of worldly mat-

ters otherwise than when he is young. Thus I cannot but think that the demons, to tease and make sport with men, have placed among them simple figures which are so alluring that every one strives after them, and so great that nobody reaches them. Thus they set up Raffaelle, with whom thought and act were equally perfect; some distinguished followers have approached him, but none have equalled him. Thus, too, they set up Mozart as something unattainable in music; and thus Shakespeare in poetry. I know what you can say against this thought, but I only mean natural character, the great innate qualities. Thus, too, Napoleon is unattainable. That the Russians were so moderate as not to go to Constantinople is indeed very great; but we find a similar trait in Napoleon, for he had the moderation not to go to Rome."

Much was associated with this copious theme; I thought to myself in silence that the demons had intended something of the kind with Goethe, inasmuch as he is a form too alluring not to be striven after, and too great to be reached.—*The Conversations of Eckermann with Goethe.*

OXENHAM, Henry Nutcombe, an English clergyman and author, born at Harrow in 1829. His father, also a clergyman, was one of the masters at Harrow School, where the boy was prepared for the University. He took his degree of M. A. at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1854, and in the same year entered the Anglican priesthood, which he left in 1857 for that of Rome. He has been a professor in St. Edmund's College, Ware, and master in the Oratory School at Birmingham. Among his works are: *Poems* (1854), *Church Parties* (1857), *Catholic Doctrine of the Atonement* (1865), enlarged and revised in 1881, *Recollections of Ober Ammergau* (1872), *Moral and Religious Estimate of Vivisection* (1879), and *Short Studies, Ethical and Religious* (1884). He has translated from the German, Dr. Döllinger's *First Age of the Church* and *Lectures on Reunion of the Churches*, and Bishop Hefele's *History of the Councils of the Church*, and has contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, *Contemporary*, *Church Quarterly*, *Academy*, and other English periodicals.

THE LAW OF HONOR.

Hallam tells us in the concluding chapter of his *State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, that "there are three powerful spirits which have from time to time moved over the surface of the waters, and given a predominant impulse to the moral sentiments of mankind. These are the spirits of liberty, of religion, and of honor." He goes on to say that "it was the principal business of chivalry to animate and cherish the last of these three," and that the results of the other two have at least been "equalled by the exquisite sense of honor which this institution preserved." And then he adds that, as the institution passed away, "the spirit of

chivalry left behind it a more valuable successor. The character of knight gradually subsided into that of gentleman." And a scrupulous regard for the law of honor, it need hardly be observed, is supposed to constitute, if not the whole duty, the distinctive excellence of a gentleman as such.

There are, however, besides the law of honor, three distinct standards, always separable in idea, though often not separated in fact, by some one or more of which men ordinarily endeavor to regulate their conduct; that is, of course, men who acknowledge some rule of life other than that of mere selfish inclination. These are the law of the land, the law of right or of conscience, and the precepts of a religion claiming to have divine authority. . . . .

Now it is plain at a glance that the law of honor differs essentially in kind from all these three. Each of them affects to enjoin within its own limits a complete standard of duty, and, though civil legislation cannot include all moral obligations, it must at least sanction nothing immoral. But the law of honor enjoins at best certain duties only, arbitrarily selected, and belonging to a particular class; it may even prescribe as duties, and certainly often condones as blameless, what religion, or conscience, or the State, or all of them, condemns as vices. And thus we read of Sir Lancelot :—

> His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
> And faith unfaithful made him falsely true.

It constitutes, as was said before, the code of "a gentleman," while moral obligation holds good equally of a gentleman and a chimney-sweep. Truthfulness and courage, again, are the principal virtues which the law of honor requires of a man, chastity of a woman; but conscience and religion demand truthfulness and chastity of both sexes alike. Or, in a wider sense, honor is the standard of a class, and thus there may be many diverse and incongruous stand-

ards of honor, as there is said to be "honor among thieves." And thus again there is a recognized standard of schoolboy honor, which varies more or less at different times, and even in different schools; according to which, *e. g.*, formerly veracity was a duty owed to a schoolfellow, but not to a master, some kinds of bullying were held legitimate, and fighting was obligatory under certain circumstances, as duelling was, till recently, held obligatory among men. Not indeed that a fight at school is at all the same thing morally as a duel, or open to the same condemnation on moral or religious grounds; far from it. It involves, generally speaking, no serious danger to the combatants, and neither implies nor engenders malice; boys shake hands before standing up to fight, and are all the better friends afterwards. Still there is a certain analogy. In a word, the law of honor is not only imperfect, but sectional; and, according to the dominant spirit of the particular class concerned, it may become positively vicious, just as, not so very long ago, it prescribed duelling, and still prescribes it in some countries, though in this respect we have revised the code during the last half-century in England. It supplies, in short, what is essentially a conventional standard and only accidentally a moral one.—*Short Studies, Ethical and Religious.*

PAGE, THOMAS NELSON, an American author, born at Oakland, Va., in 1853. His early life was passed on the estate, which was part of the original grant of his maternal ancestor, Thomas Nelson. His education was received at Washington and Lee University, and he studied law, taking his degree from the University of Virginia in 1874. He has practised his profession in Richmond, Va., but he has given much time to writing. His stories are written in the negro dialect of Virginia, and are among the most successful of their kind. *Marse Chan*, a tale of the civil war, published in the *Century* in 1884, attracted much attention. Mr. Page is now writing a biography of Thomas Nelson for the series entitled *Makers of America.* His writings have been published in book-form under the title, *In Ole Virginny* (1887). He has also published *Befo' de War*, written in collaboration with A. C. Gordon (1888); and *Two Little Confederates*, which appeared in the *St. Nicholas Magazine* in 1889.

MARSE CHAN.

"Well, jes' den dey blowed boots an' saddles, an' we mounted; an' de orders come to ride 'roun' de slope, an' Marse Chan's company wuz de secon', an' when we got 'roun' dyah, we wuz right in it. Hit wuz de wust place ever dis nigger got in. An' dey said, "Charge 'em!" an' my king! ef ever you see bullets fly, dey did dat day. Hit wuz jes' like hail; an' we wen' down de slope (I long wid de res') an' up de hill right to'ds de cannons. an' de fire wuz so strong dyah (dey had a whole rigiment o' infintrys layin' down dyar onder de cannons); our lines sort o' broke an' stop; de cun'l was kilt, an' I b'lieve dey wuz jes' bout to bre'k all to pieces, when Marse Chan rid up an'

cotch hol' de fleg an' hollers, 'Foller me!' an' rid strainin' up de hill 'mong de cannons. I seen 'im when he went, de sorrel four good lengths ahead o' ev'y urr hoss, jes' like he use' to be in a fox hunt, an' de whole regiment right arfter 'im. Yo' ain' nuver hear thunder! Fust thing I knowed, de roan roll' head over heels, and flung me up 'g'inst de bank, like yo' chuck a nubbin' over 'g'inst de foot o' de corn pile. An dat's what kep' me from bein' kilt. I 'spects Judy she say she think 'twuz Providence, but I think 'twuz de bank. O' co'se, Providence put de bank dyah, but how come Providence nuver saved Marse Chan? When I look 'roun', de roan wuz layin' dyah by me, stone dead, wid a cannon-ball gone mos' th'oo him, an' our men hed done swep' dem on t'urr side from de top o' de hill. 'Twan' 'mo'n a minit, de sorrel come gallupin' back wid his mane flyin', an' de rein hangin' down on one side to his knee. 'Dyah' says I, 'fo' Gord! I 'spects dey done kilt Marse Chan, an' I promised to tek care on him.' I jumped up an' run over de bank, in dyar, wid a whole lot o' dead men, an' some not dead yet, under one o' de guns wid de fleg still in he han' an' a bullet right th'oo he' body, lay Marse Chan. I tu'n him over and call 'im, 'Marse Chan!' but t'wan' no use, he wuz done gone home, sho' nuff. I pick 'im up in my arms wid de fleg still in he han's, an' toted 'im back jes' like I did dat dey when he wuz a baby, an' old master giv 'im to me in my arms, an' sez he could trust me, an' tell me to tek keer on 'im long ez he lived. I kyar'd 'im 'way off de battlefield, out de way o' de balls, and I laid 'im down onder a big tree till I could git somebody to ketch de sorrel for me. He wuz cotched arfter a while, an' I hed some money, so I got some pine plank an' made a coffin dat evenin', an' wrapt Marse Chan's body up in de fleg, an' put' im in de coffin; but I did'n nail de top on strong, cause I knowed old missis 'd wan' see im; an I got a' ambulance an' set out for home dat night. We reached

dyah de next evein' arfter travellin' all dat night an' all nex' day.

"Hit 'peared like somethin' had tole ole missis we wuz comin' so; for when we got home she wuz waitin' for us—done drest up in her bes' Sunday clo'es, an' stan'n' at de head o' de big steps, an' ole marster settin' in his big cheer—ez we druv up de hill to'ds de house, I drivin' de ambulance an' de sorrel leadin' 'long behine wid de stirrups crost over de saddle. She come down to de gate to meet us. We took de coffin out de ambulance an kyar'd it right into de big parlor wid de pictures in it, whar dey use' to dance in old times when Marse Chan waz a schoolboy, an' Miss Anne Chahmb'lin use' to come over an' go wid ole missis into her chamber an' tek her things off. In dyar we laid de coffin on two o' de cheers, an' ole missis never said a wud; she jes' looked so ole and white.

"When I had tell 'em all 'bout it, I tu'ned right 'round' an' rid over to Cun'l Chahmb'lin's cause I knowed dat was what Marse Chan he'd a' wanted me to do. I didn' tell nobody whar I wuz gwin' 'cause yo' know none on 'em hadn' never speak to Miss Anne, not sence de duil, an' dey didn' know 'bout de letter.

"When I rid up in de yard, dyar wuz Miss Anne a-stan'in on de poach watchin' me ez I rid up. I tied my hoss to de fence, an' walked up de parf. She knowed by de way I walked dyar wuz somethin' de motter, an' she wuz mighty pale. I drapt my cap down on de een o' de steps an' went up. She nuver opened her mouf; jes' stan' right still an' keep her eyes on my face. Fust, I couldn' speak; den I cotch my voice, an' I say, 'Marse Chan, he done got he furlough!'

"Her face wuz mighty ashy, an' she sort of shook, but she didn' fall. She tu'ned round an' said, 'Git me de ker'ige!' Dat wuz all.

"When de ker'ige come roun', she had put on her bonnet, an wuz ready. Ez she got in she

sez to me, 'Hev yo' brought him home?' An' we drove 'long, I ridin' behind.

"When we got home, she got out, an' walked up de big walk—up to de poach by herse'f. Ole missis had done fin' de letter in Marse Chan's pocket, wid de love in it, while I wuz 'way, an' she wuz a waitin' on de poach. Dey say dat wuz de fust time ole missis cry when she fin' de letter, an' dat she sut'n'y did cry over it, pintedly . . .

"Well, we buried Marse Chan dyar in de ole grabeyard, wid de fleg wrapped roun' 'im, an' he face lookin' like it did dat mawnin' down in de lo groun's, wid de new sun shinin' on it so peaceful.

"Miss Anne she nuver went home to stay arfter dat; she stay wid ole marster an' ole missis ez long ez dey lived. Dat warn' so mighty long, cause ole marster he died dat fall, when dey wuz follerin' fur wheat—I had jes married Judy den—an' ole missis she warn' long behine him. We buried her by him nex' summer. Miss Anne she went in de hospitals toreckly arfter ole missis died; an' jes' 'fo' Richmond fell she come home sick wid de fever. Yo' nuver would 'a' knowed her fur de same Miss Anne—she wuz light ez a piece o' peth, an' so white, 'cep' her eyes an' her sorrel hyar, an she kep' on gittin' whiter an' weaker. Judy she sut'n'y did nuss her faithful. But she nuver got no betterment! De fever an' Marse Chan's bein' kilt hed done strain her, an' she died jes' fo' de folks wuz sot free.

"So we buried Miss Anne right by Marse Chan in a place whar ole missis hed tole us to leave, an' dey's bofe on 'em sleep side by side over in de ole grabeyard at home.

"An' will yo' please tell me, Marster? Dey tells me dat de Bible say dyar won' be marryin' nor givin' in marriage in heaven, but I don' b'lieve it signifies dat—does you?"

PAGET, VIOLET (VERNON LEE *pseud.*), an English author, born in 1856. Since 1871 she has lived in Italy, where she has studied art and literature. She is a frequent contributor to magazines and reviews, and has written several stories and novels under the pen name of "Vernon Lee." Her *Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy* (1880), was reviewed by the *Athenæum*, which said: "These studies show a wide range of knowledge of the subject, precise investigation, abundant power of illustration, and healthy enthusiasm." Her other books are *Belcaro, Essays on Æsthetical Questions* (1882), *The Prince of a Hundred Soups* (1883), *Ottilie: an Eighteenth Century Idyl* (1883), *Euphorion*, essays (1884), *The Countess of Albany* (1884), *Miss Brown* (1884), *Baldwin* (1886), *Juvenilia* (1887), and *Hauntings* (1890).

SEEKING NEW SCENES.

The next evening, among the lamentations of Mrs. Simson's establishment, Anne Brown set off for Cologne. This first short scrap of journey moved her very much: when the train puffed out of the station and the familiar faces were hidden by out-houses and locomotives, the sense of embarking on unknown waters rushed upon Anne; and when, that evening, her maid bade her good-night at the hotel at Cologne, offering to brush her hair and help her to undress, she was seized with intolerable home-sickness for the school—the little room she had just left—and she would have implored any one to take her back. But the next few days she felt quite different: the excitement of novelty kept her up, and almost made it seem as if all these new things were quite habitual; for there is nothing stranger than the way in which excitement settles one in novel posi-

tions, and familiarizes one with the unfamiliar. Seeing a lot of sights on the way, and knowing that a lot more remained to be seen, it was as if there was nothing beyond these three or four days—as if the journey would have no end; that an end there must be, and what the end meant seemed a thing impossible to realize. She scarcely began to realize it when the ship began slowly to move from the wharf at Antwerp; when she walked up and down the deserted and darkened deck, watching the widening river under the clear blue spring night, lit only by a ripple of moonlight, widening mysteriously out of sight, bounded only by the shore-lights, with here and there the white or blue or red light of some ship, and its long curl of smoke, making her suddenly conscious that close by was another huge moving thing, more human creatures in this solitude, till at last all was mere moonlight-permeated mist of sky and sea. And only as the next day—as the boat cut slowly through the hazy, calm sea—was drawing to its close, did Anne begin to feel at all excited. At first as she sat on the deck, the water, the smoke, the thrill of the boat, the people walking up and down, the children wandering about among the piles of rope, and leaning over the ship's sides—all these things seemed the only reality. But later, as they got higher up in the Thames, and the unwonted English sunshine became dimmer, a strange excitement arose in Anne—an excitement more physical than mental, which, with every movement of the boat made her heart beat faster and faster, till it seemed as if it must burst, and a lot of smaller hearts to start up and throb all over her body, tighter and tighter, till she had to press her hand to her chest, and sit down gasping on a bench.

The afternoon was drawing to a close, and the river had narrowed; all around were rows of wharves and groups of ships; the men began to tug at the ropes. They were in the great city. The light grew fainter, and the starlight

mingled with the dull smoke-gray of London; and all about were the sad gray outlines of the old houses on the wharves, the water gray and the sky also, with only a faint storm-red where the sun had set. The rigging, interwoven against the sky, was gray also; the brownish sail of some nearer boat, the dull red sides of some steamer hard by, the only color. The ship began to slacken speed and to turn, great puffs and pants of the engine running through its fibres; the sailors began to halloo, the people around to collect their luggage; they were getting alongside of the wharf. Anne felt the maid throw a shawl round her; heard her voice as if from a great distance, saying "There's Mr. Hamlin, Miss;" felt herself walking along as if in a dream, and as if in a dream a figure come up and take her hand, and slip her arm through his, and she knew herself to be standing on the wharf in the twilight, the breeze blowing in her face, all the people jostling and shouting around her. Then a voice said, "I fear you must be very tired, Miss Brown." It was at once so familiar and so strange that it made her start: the dream seemed dispelled. She was in reality, and Hamlin was really by her side. . . .

It is sad to think how little even the most fervently loving among us are able to reproduce, to keep within recollection, the reality of the absent beloved; certain as we seem to be, living as appears the phantom which we have cherished, we yet always find, on the day of meeting, that the loved person is different from the simulacrum which we have carried in our hearts. As Anne Brown sat in the carriage which was carrying her to her new home, the feeling which was strongest in her was not joy to see Hamlin again, nor fear at entering on this new phase of existence, but a recurring shock of surprise at the voice which was speaking to her, the voice which she now recognized as that of the real Hamlin, but which was so indefinably different from the

voice which had haunted her throughout those months of absence. Hamlin was seated by her side, the maid opposite. The carriage drove quickly through a network of dark streets, and then on, on, along miles of embankment. It was a beautiful spring night, and the mists and fogs which hung over river and town were soaked with moonlight, turned into a pale-blue luminous haze, starred with the yellow specks of gas, broken into, here and there, by the yellow sheen from some open hall door or lit windows of a party-giving house; out of the faint blueness emerged the unsubstantial outlines of things—bushes and overhanging tree-branches and distant spectral towers and belfries. . . .

"I hope," said Hamlin, when they had done discussing Vandyke and Rubens and Memling —"I hope you will like the house and the way I have had it arranged," and he added, "I hope you will like my aunt. She is rather misanthropic, but it is only on the surface."

His aunt! Anne had forgotten all about her; and her heart sunk within her as the carriage at last drew up in front of some garden railings. The house door was thrown open, and a stream of yellow light flooded the strip of garden and the railings. Hamlin gave Anne his arm; the maid followed. A woman servant was holding the door open, and raising a lamp above her. Anne bent her head, feeling that she was being scrutinized. She walked speechless, leaning on Hamlin's arm, and those steps seemed to her endless. It was all very strange and wonderful. Her step was muffled in thick dark carpets; all about, the walls of the narrow passage were covered with tapestries, and here and there came a gleam of brass or a sheen of dim mirror under the subdued light of some sort of Eastern lamp, which hung, with yellow sheen of metal disks and tassels, from the ceiling. Thus up the narrow carpeted and tapestried stairs, and into a large dim room, with strange-looking things all about. Some red

embers sent a crimson flicker over the carpet; by the tall fire-place was a table with a shaded lamp, and at it was seated a tall, slender woman, with the figure of a young girl, but whose face, when Anne saw it, was parched and hollowed out, and surrounded by gray hair.

"This is Miss Brown, Aunt Claudia," said Hamlin.

The old lady rose, advanced, and kissed Anne frigidly on both cheeks.

"I am glad to see you, my dear," she said, in a tone which was neither cold nor insincere, but simply and utterly indifferent.

Anne sat down. There was a moment's silence, and she felt the old lady's eyes upon her, and felt that Hamlin was looking at his aunt, as much as to say, "Well, what do you think of her?" and she shrunk into herself.

"You have had a bad passage, doubtless," said Mrs. Macgregor after a moment, vaguely and dreamily.

"Oh, no," answered Anne, faintly, "not at all bad, thank you."

"So much the better," went on the old lady, absently. "Ring for some tea, Walter."—*Miss Brown.*

PAINE, ROBERT TREAT, an American poet, born at Taunton, Mass., in 1773; died at Boston in 1811. He was the son of Robert Treat Paine, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. His name was originally Thomas, but after he had reached man's estate it was legally changed, at his own petition, to that of his father, on the ground that "Thomas Paine," the name of the author of *The Age of Reason*, "was not a Christian name." He graduated at Harvard in 1792, having already acquired reputation by his facility in verse-making. He was placed in the counting-room of a merchant, where he remained only a short time, having become enamored with the stage, and fallen in love with an actress, whom he married at the age of twenty-one. He afterwards studied law, and in 1802 was admitted to the bar in Boston; but the irregular habits, which he had for some time abandoned, soon returned upon him, and were never again shaken off. He had already written several poems which were very popular in their day. That by which he is best known, the ode entitled *Adams and Liberty*, was written for the anniversary of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society in 1799. It consists of nine stanzas, of which we give the first two and the last two. The immediate sale of this poem brought the author some $750—being more than nine dollars a line.

ADAMS AND LIBERTY.

Ye Sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
  For those rights which unstained from your sires had descended,
May you long taste the blessings your valor has bought,

And your sons reap the soil which your
fathers defended.
'Mid the reign of solid Peace,
May your nation increase,
With the glory of Rome, and the wisdom
of Greece:
And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls
its waves.

In a clime whose rich vales feed the marts of
the world,
Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's
commotion,
The trident of Commerce should never be
hurled,
To increase the legitimate powers of the
Ocean.
But should pirates invade,
Though in thunder arrayed,
Let your cannon declare the free charter
of trade:
For ne'er will the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls
its waves.

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple
asunder;
For unmoved at its portal would Washington
stand,
And repulse with his breast the assaults of
the thunder.
His sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct, with the point, every flash
to the deep:
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls
its waves.

Let Fame to the world sound America's voice;
No intrigues can her sons from their Govern-
ment sever;

Her pride are her statesmen; their laws are
her choice,
And shall flourish till Liberty slumber for-
ever.
Then unite heart and hand,
Like Leonidas's band
And swear to the God of the ocean and
land,
That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be
slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea
rolls its waves.

EPILOGUE TO "THE CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER."

Who delves to be a wit must own a mine,
In wealth must glitter ere in taste he shine;
Gold buys him genius, and no churl will rail,
When feasts are brilliant, that a pun is stale.
Tip wit with gold;—each shaft with shouts is
flown;—
He drinks Campaign, and must not laugh
alone.
The grape has point, although the joke be flat!
Pop! goes the cork!—there's epigram in that!
The spouting bottle is the brisk *jet d'eau*,
Which shows how high its fountain head can
throw!
See! while the foaming mist ascends the room,
Sir Fopling rises in the *vif perfume.*

But, ah! the classic knight at length perceives
His laurels drop with fortune's falling leaves.
He vapors cracks and clinches as before,
But other tables have not learned to roar.
At last, in fashion bankrupt as in pence,
He first discovers undiscovered sense—
And finds—without one jest in all his bags,—
A wit in ruffles is a fool in rags.

PAINE, THOMAS, an Anglo-American author, born in Norfolkshire, England, in 1736; died at New York in 1809. His father, a member of the Society of Friends, was a stay-maker by trade, and the son was brought up to that occupation, which he followed at various places, until his twenty-fifth year, after which he was successively a school-teacher, an exciseman, and a tobacconist. In 1774 he went to London, where he became acquainted with Benjamin Franklin, then the Agent for the American Colonies, by whose advice he went to America, reaching Philadelphia early in 1775. He found employment with a printer and bookseller who was about to start a periodical, which Paine was to edit at a salary of £25 a year. In his introductory article he says: "This first number of the *Pennsylvania Magazine* entreats a favorable reception; of which we shall only say that like the early snowdrop, it comes forth in a barren season, and contents itself with foretelling the reader that choice flowers are preparing to appear." The Magazine was continued from January, 1775, to June, 1776. At the suggestion of Benjamin Rush, Paine wrote the pamphlet *Common Sense*, to meet the objections raised against a separation from the Mother Country. This pamphlet, which appeared in February, 1776, produced a marked sensation, and Paine always claimed that it was mainly owing to it that the independence of the Colonies was declared. For it the Pennsylvania Legislature voted him a grant of £500, and the University conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

In 1776 he served as a volunteer in the

army, and was with it during the retreat from New York to the Delaware. On December 19, 1776, appeared the first of his series of brochures, entitled *The Crisis*, of which there were eighteen, the last appearing April 19, 1783, after peace had been finally attained. Paine's services as a writer were duly appreciated. In April, 1777, Congress appointed him Secretary to the Committee on Foreign Affairs; in 1781 he accompanied Laurens in his successful mission to France to procure a loan from the Government. In 1785 Congress, at the suggestion of Washington, made him a grant of $3,000, Pennsylvania gave him £500, and New York presented him with a valuable confiscated estate of 300 acres at New Rochelle, not far from the city of New York. In 1787 he went to England, carrying with him the model of an iron bridge, which attracted much attention. In 1790 Burke put forth his *Reflections on the French Revolution*, to which Paine replied in his *Rights of Man*—the ablest of all his writings. In 1792 the French Department of Calais elected him a member of the National Convention, in the proceedings of which he took an active part. He voted for the condemnation of Louis XVI., but urged that he should not be put to death. "Let the United States," said he "be the safeguard and asylum of Louis Capet." In December, 1793, he was arrested at the instigation of Robespierre, and condemned to the guillotine, from which he escaped by mere accident. His imprisonment lasted eleven months, when, after the downfall of Robespierre, he was set at liberty, through the intervention of Mr. Monroe, our Minister to France.

Paine's *Age of Reason*, the First Part of which was published in 1794, the Second Part in 1796, was at least in part written during this imprisonment. The work may properly be styled as "Deistic," in contradistinction to "Theistic" on one hand, and "Atheistic" on the other. He did not return to the United States until 1802. His *Age of Reason* had brought him into great disfavor, and he had fallen into habits of gross irregularity. He was, moreover, soured by what he esteemed the neglect of the Government and the people to appreciate his great services. He had desired to be buried in the Quaker cemetery, but this being refused, his body was interred upon his farm at New Rochelle. The inscription on his gravestone read: "Here lies Thomas Paine, Author of *Common Sense*."

THE AMERICAN CONDITION AT THE CLOSE OF 1776.

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it *now*, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheaply, we esteem too lightly; 'tis dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to set a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange, indeed, if so celestial an article as Freedom should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right not only to *tax*, but to "*bind us in all cases whatsoever;*" and if being *bound* in that manner is not slavery, then there is not such a thing as slavery

upon earth. Even the expression is impious; for so unlimited a power can belong only to God.

Whether the Independence of this Continent was declared too soon or delayed too long, I will not now enter into as an argument. My own simple opinion is, that had it been eight months earlier it would have been much better. We did not make a proper use of last winter; neither could we, while we were in a dependent state. However, the fault—if it were one—was all our own; we have none to blame but ourselves. But no great good is lost yet. All that Howe has been doing this month past is rather a ravage than a conquest, which the spirit of the Jerseys a year ago would have quickly repulsed, and which time and a little resolution will soon recover. I have as little superstition in me as any man living; but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war, by every decent method which wisdom could invent. Neither have I so much of the infidel in me as to suppose that He has relinquished the government of the world and given us up to the care of devils; and as I do not, I cannot see on what grounds the King of Britain can look up to heaven for help against us. A common murderer, a highwayman, or a house-breaker, has as good a pretence as he.

I shall not now attempt to give all the particulars of our retreat to the Delaware. Suffice it for the present to say that both officers and men, though greatly harassed and fatigued—frequently without rest, covering, or provisions—bore it with a manly and a martial spirit. All their wishes were one—which was that the country would turn out and help them to drive the enemy back. Voltaire has remarked that King William never appeared to full advantage but in difficulties and in action. The same remark may be made on General Wash-

ington; for the character fits him. There is a natural firmness in some minds which cannot be unlocked by trifles, but which, when unlocked, discovers a cabinet of fortitude; and I reckon it among those kind of public blessings, which we do not immediately see, that God hath blessed him with uninterrupted health, and given him a mind that can even flourish upon cares. . . .

I thank God that I fear not. I can see no real cause for fear. I know our situation well, and can see our way out of it. While our army was collected, Howe dared not risk a battle; and it is no credit to him that he decamped from the White Plains, and waited a mean opportunity to ravage the defenceless Jerseys; but it is a great credit to us that, with a handful of men, we sustained an orderly retreat for near an hundred miles, brought all our field-pieces, the greatest part of our stores, and had four rivers to pass. None can say that our retreat was precipitate, for we were three weeks in performing it, that the country might have time to come in. Twice, we marched back to meet the enemy and remained out till dark. The sign of fear was not seen in our camp, and had not some of the cowardly and disaffected inhabitants spread false alarms through the country, the Jerseys never had been ravaged. Once more we are again collected and collecting; our new army at both ends of the continent is recruiting fast, and we shall be able to open the campaign with sixty thousand men, well armed and clothed. This is our situation; and who will may know it. By perseverance and fortitude we have the prospect of a glorious issue; by cowardice and submission, the choice of a large variety of evils: a ravaged country—a depopulated city—habitations without safety, and slavery without hope—our homes turned into barracks and bawdy-houses for Hessians, and a future race to provide for, for whose fathers we shall doubt of. Look on this picture, and weep over

it!—and if there yet remains one thoughtless wretch who believes it not, let him suffer it unlamented.—*The Crisis,* No. I.

BURKE'S PATRICIANISM.

Not one glance of compassion, not one commiserating reflection that I can find throughout his book, has he bestowed on those who lingered out the most wretched of lives—a life without hope, in the most miserable of prisons. It is painful to behold a man employing his talents to corrupt himself. Nature has been kinder to Mr. Burke than he is to her. He is not afflicted by the reality of distress touching his heart, but by the showy resemblance of it striking his imagination. He pities the plumage but forgets the dying bird. Accustomed to kiss the aristocratical hand that hath purloined him from himself, he degenerates into a composition of Art, and the genuine soul of Nature forsakes him. His hero, or his heroine, must be a tragedy victim, expiring in show; and not the real prisoner of misery sliding into death in the silence of a dungeon.—*The Rights of Man.*

PALEY, William, an English divine and author, born at Peterborough in 1743; died in 1805. He graduated in 1763 as senior wrangler at Christ's College, Oxford, of which he became a Fellow, and lectured on Moral Philosophy and Divinity. In 1775 he became rector of Musgrave, and in 1782 was made Archdeacon of Carlisle. It is said that he would have received a bishopric had not King George III. taken offence at a paragraph on *Property*, which is hereinafter quoted, in one of his writings. The principal works of Paley are: *The Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy* (1785), *Horæ Paulinæ* (1790), *A View of the Evidences of Christianity* (1794), *Natural Theology* (1802).

ON PROPERTY.

If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn; and if—instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just what it wanted, and no more—you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap, reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and the refuse, keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps the worst pigeon of the flock; sitting round and looking on, all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about and wasting it; and if a pigeon, more hardy or hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it, and tearing it to pieces: if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practiced and established among men. Among men you see the ninety-and-nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one, and this too, oftentimes, the feeblest and worst of the whole set—a child, a woman, a madman, or a fool; getting for themselves all the while but a little of the coarsest of the provision which their own in-

dustry produces; looking quietly on while they see the fruits of their labor spoiled; and if one of their number take or touch a particle of the hoard, the others joining against him, and hanging him for the theft.

There must be some very important advantage to account for an institution which, in the view given, is so paradoxical and unnatural. The principal of these advantages are the following:—1. It increases the produce of the earth.—2. It preserves the products of the earth to maturity.—3. It prevents contests.—4. It improves the conveniency of living.

Upon these several accounts we may venture, with a few exceptions, to pronounce that even the poorest and worst provided, in countries where property, and the consequences of property, prevail, are in a better situation with respect to food, raiment, houses, and what are called the necessaries of life, than they are in places where most things remain in common. The balance, therefore, upon the whole, must preponderate in favor of property with a great and manifest excess. Inequality of property, in the degree in which it exists in most countries of Europe, abstractly considered, is an evil; but it is an evil which flows from those rules concerning the acquisition and disposal of property, by which men are incited to industry, and by which the object of their industry is rendered secure and valuable.—*Moral and Political Philosophy.*

CREDIBILITY OF ST. PAUL.

Here we have a man of liberal attainments, and, in other points, of sound judgment, who had addicted his life to the service of the gospel. We see him in the prosecution of this purpose travelling from country to country, enduring every species of hardship, encountering every extremity of danger; assaulted by the populace, punished by the magistrates, scourged, beat, stoned, left for dead; expecting, wherever he came, a renewal of the same

treatment, and the same dangers; yet, when driven from one city, preaching in the next; spending his whole time in the employment; sacrificing to it his pleasures, his ease, his safety; persisting in this course to old age, unaltered by the experience of perverseness, ingratitude, prejudice, desertion; unsubdued by anxiety, want, labor, persecutions; unwearied by long confinement, undismayed by the prospect of death.

We have his letters in our hands; we have also a history purporting to be written by one of his fellow-travellers, and appearing, by a comparison with these letters, certainly to have been written by some person well acquainted with the transactions of his life. From the letters, as well as from the history, we gather not only the account which we have stated of *him*, but that he was one out of many who acted and suffered in the same manner; and of those who did so, several had been the companions of Christ's ministry; the ocular witnesses—or pretending to be such—of his miracles and of his resurrection. We moreover find the same person referring, in his letters, to his supernatural conversion, the particulars and accompanying circumstances of which are related in the history; and which accompanying circumstances—if all or any of them be true—render it impossible to have been a delusion. We also find him positively, and in appropriate terms, asserting that he himself worked miracles—strictly and properly so called; the history, meanwhile, recording various passages of his ministry which come up to the extent of this assertion.

The question is, whether falsehood was ever attested by evidence like this. Falsehoods, we know, have found their way into reports, into tradition, into books. But is an example to be met with of a man voluntarily undertaking a life of want and pain, of incessant fatigue, of continual peril; submitting to the loss of his home and country, to stripes and stoning, to

tedious imprisonments, and the constant expectation of a violent death, for the sake of carrying about a story of what, if false, he must have known to be so?—*Horæ Paulinæ.*

THE WORLD MADE WITH A BENEVOLENT DESIGN.

It is a happy world, after all. The air, the earth, the water teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. The insect youth are on the wing; swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify the joy and exultation which they feel in their lately discovered faculties. A bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon; its life appears to be all enjoyment. The whole insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and under every variety of constitution gratified—and perhaps equally gratified—by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them. But the atmosphere is not the only scene of enjoyment for the insect race. Plants are covered with aphides greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it should seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted that this is a state of gratification: what else should fix them so close to the operation, and so long? Other species are running about with an alacrity in their motions which carries with it every mark of pleasure.

If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it, all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess. Suppose each individual to be in a state of positive en-

joyment, what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure we have before our view.

The young of all animals appear to me to receive pleasure simply from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be attained, or any use to be answered by the exertion. A child, without knowing anything of the uses of language, is in a high degree delighted with being able to speak. Its incessant repetition of a few articulate sounds, or perhaps of the single word which it has learned to pronounce, proves this point clearly. Nor is it less pleased with its first successful endeavors to walk—or rather to run, which precedes walking—although entirely ignorant of the importance of the attainment to its future life, and even without applying it to any present purpose. A child is delighted with speaking, without having anything to say; and with walking, without knowing where to go. And, prior to both these, I am disposed to believe that the waking hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision—or, perhaps, more properly speaking, with learning to see.

But it is not for youth alone that the great Parent of creation hath provided. Happiness is found with the purring cat no less than with the playful kitten; in the arm-chair of dozing age, as well as in either the sprightliness of the dance or the animation of the chase. To novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardor of pursuit, succeeds what is, in no inconsiderable degree, an equivalent for them all —perception of ease. Herein is the exact difference between the young and the old. The young are not happy but when enjoying pleasure; the old are happy when free from pain. And this constitution suits with the degree of animal power which they respectively possess. The vigor of youth was to be stimulated to action by the impatience of rest; whilst to the imbecility of age, quietness and repose become positive gratifications.

In one important respect the advantage is with the old. A state of ease is, generally speaking, more attainable than a state of pleasure. A constitution, therefore, which can enjoy ease is preferable to that which can taste only pleasure. This same perception of ease oftentimes renders old age a condition of great comfort. How far the same cause extends to other animal natures cannot be judged of with certainty. In the species with which we are best acquainted—namely, our own—I am far even as an observer of human life, from thinking that youth is its happiest season; much less the only happy one.—*Natural Theology.*

DISTINCTIONS OF CIVIL LIFE LOST IN CHURCH.

The distinctions of civil life are almost always insisted upon too much and urged too far. Whatever, therefore, conduces to restore the level, by qualifying the dispositions which grow out of great elevation or depression of rank, improves the character on both sides. Now things are made to appear little by being placed beside what is great. In which manner, superiorities that occupy the whole field of the imagination, will vanish or shrink to their proper diminutiveness, when compared with the distance by which even the highest of men are removed from the Supreme Being, and this comparison is naturally introduced by all acts of joint worship. If ever the poor man holds up his head, it is at church: if ever the rich man views him with respect it is there: and both will be the better, and the public profited, the oftener they meet in a situation in which the consciousness of dignity in the one is tempered and mitigated, and the spirit of the other erected and confirmed.—*Moral and Political Philosophy.*

PALFREY, JOHN GORHAM, an American publicist and historian, born at Boston in 1796; died at Cambridge in 1881. He graduated at Harvard in 1815, and 1818 he became pastor of the Congregational Church in Brattle Square, Boston, as successor to Edward Everett. From 1831 to 1839 he was Professor of Sacred Literature at Harvard, and from 1835 to 1842 editor of the *North American Review*. He afterwards took a prominent part in politics, acting with the opponents of slavery, and from 1861 to 1866 was postmaster at Boston. Besides sermons, magazine and newspaper essays he published: *Evidences of Christianity*, originally delivered as a course of Lowell Lectures (1843), *Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities* (1838–52), *The Relation between Judaism and Christianity* (1854), and a *History of New England* (the first three volumes 1858–1864, the fourth 1875). The fifth volume, edited by his son, Gen. Francis Winthrop Palfrey, appeared in 1890. In his preface to this volume, Gen. Palfrey states that it is almost wholly printed from the author's manuscript as he left it, subject to careful revision. It brings the history down to the appointment of Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Colonial army in 1775.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

There was no question upon dogmas between Williams and those who dismissed him. The sound and generous principle of a perfect freedom of conscience in religious concerns can therefore scarcely be shown to have been involved in this dispute. At a later period he was prone to capricious changes of religious opinion; but as yet there was no development

of this kind. As long as he was in Massachusetts he was no heretic, tried by the standard of the time and the place. He was not charged with heresy. The questions which he raised—and by raising which he provoked opposition—were questions relating to political rights and to the administration of government. He made an issue with his rulers and his neighbors upon fundamental points of their power and their property, including their power of self-protection against the tyranny from which they had lately escaped. Unintentionally, but effectually, he had set himself to play into the hands of the king and the archbishop; and it was not to be thought of by the sagacious patriots of Massachusetts that in the great work which they had in hand they should suffer themselves to be defeated by such random movements.

For his busy disaffection, therefore, Williams was punished; or, rather, he was disabled for the mischief it threatened, by banishment from the jurisdiction. He was punished much less severely than the dissenters from the popular will were punished throughout the North American Colonies at the time of the final rupture with the mother-country. Virtually, the freemen said to him, "It is not best that you and we should live together, and we cannot agree to it. We have just put ourselves to great loss and trouble for the sake of pursuing our own objects uninterrupted; and we must be allowed to do so. Your liberty, as you understand it, and are bent on using it, is not compatible with the security of ours. Since you cannot accommodate yourself to us, go away. The world is wide, and it is as open to you as it was just now to us. We do not wish to harm you; but there is no place for you among us."

Banishment is a word of ill sound; but the banishment from one part of New England to another, to which, in the early part of their residence, the settlers condemned Williams, was

a thing widely different from that banishment from luxurious Old England to desert New England to which they had condemned themselves. There was little hardship in leaving unattractive Salem for a residence on the beautiful shore of Narragansett Bay, except that the former had a very short start in the date of its first cultivation. Williams, involuntarily separated from Massachusetts, went with his company to Providence the same year that Hooker and Stone and their company, self-exiled, went from Massachusetts to Connecticut. If to the former the movement was not optional, it was the same that the latter chose when it was optional; and it proved advantageous for all parties concerned.—*History of New England.*

In 1872 and 1873 Mr. Palfrey put forth two supplementary volumes less elaborate in details, entitled *A Compendious History of New England*, bringing the narrative down to the meeting of the first Congress of the American Colonies in 1765. In the Preface to the concluding volume of the larger History he sums up what he had done, and intimates what he hoped rather than expected still to do, and which was in a measure accomplished in the *Compendious History.*

THREE CYCLES OF NEW ENGLAND HISTORY.

The cycle of New England is eighty-six years. In the Spring of 1603 the family of Stuart ascended the throne of England. At the end of eighty-six years Massachusetts, having been betrayed to her enemies by Joseph Dudley, her most eminent and trusted citizen, the people on the 19th of April, 1689, committed their prisoner, the deputy of the Stuart king, to the fort in Boston, which he had built to overawe them. Another eighty-six years passed, and Massachusetts had been betrayed to her enemies by her most eminent and

trusted citizen, Thomas Hutchinson, when, at Lexington and Concord, on the 19th of April, 1775, her farmers struck the first blow in the war of American Independence. Another eighty-six years ensued, and a domination of slave holders, more odious than that of Stuarts or of Guelphs, had been fastened upon her, when, on the 19th of April, 1861, the streets of Baltimore were stained by the blood of her soldiers on their way to uphold liberty and law by the rescue of the National Capital.

In the work now finished, which is accordingly a work in itself, I have traversed the first of these three equal periods relating to the history of New England, down to the time of her first revolution. If my years were fewer. I should hope to follow this treatise with another, on the history of New England under the Whig dynasties of Great Britain. But I am not so sanguine as I was when, six years ago, I proposed "to relate, in several volumes, the history of the people of New England." Nor can I even promise to myself that I shall have the resolution to attempt anything further of this kind. Some successor will execute the inviting task more worthily, but not with more devotion, than I have brought to this essay, nor I think, with greater painstaking.

As I part from my work, many interesting and grateful memories are awakened. I dismiss it with little apprehension, and with some substantial satisfaction of mind; for mere literary reputation, if it were accessible to me, would not now be highly attractive. My ambition has rather been to contribute something to the welfare of my country, by reviving the image of the ancient virtue of New England; and I am likely to persist in the hope that in an honest undertaking I shall not appear altogether to have failed.

THE AWAKENING.

A portion of the people of New England deplored the departure of what was, in their estimation, a sort of golden age. Thoughtful and

religious men looked back to the time when sublime efforts of adventure and sacrifice had attested the religious earnestness of their fathers, and, comparing it with their own day of absorption in secular interests, of relaxation in ecclesiastical discipline, and of imputed laxness of manners, they mourned that the ancient glory had been dimmed. The contrast made a standing topic of the election sermons preached before the government from year to year, from the time of John Norton down. When military movements miscarried, when harvests fail, when epidemic sickness brought alarm and sorrow, when an earthquake spread consternation, they interpreted the calamity or the portent as a sign of God's displeasure against their backsliding, and appointed fasts to deprecate his wrath, or resorted to the more solemn expedient of convoking synods to ascertain the conditions of reconciliation to the offended Majesty of Heaven.—*A Compendious History of New England.*

His daughter, SARA HAMMOND PALFREY (born in 1823), has written several works, in prose and verse, usually under the *nom de plume* of "E. Foxton." They are entitled: *Prémices*, poems (1855), *Herman* (1866), *Agnes Winthrop* (1869), *The Chapel* (1880), *The Blossoming Rod* (1887). His son, FRANCIS WINTHROP PALFREY (born in 1831) graduated at Harvard in 1851, and at the Cambridge Law School in 1853. He served in the civil war, rose to the rank of colonel, and, having been severely wounded, was brevetted as brigadier-general, and in 1872 was made register in bankruptcy. Besides contributions to the "Military Papers of the Historical Society of Massachusetts," and to periodicals, he wrote a *Memoir of William F. Bartlett* (1879), *Antietam and Fredericksburg* (1882), and edited Vol. V. of his father's *History of New England.*

PALGRAVE, Sir Francis, an English author, born in 1788; died in 1861. His family name was Cohen, which at his marriage, he exchanged for that of his wife's mother. He was carefully educated at home, but his father's fortunes failing, he was in 1803 articled as clerk to a firm of solicitors, with which he remained until 1822, when he was employed under the Record Commission. In 1827 he was admitted to the bar. He had then contributed articles to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, and had, in 1818, edited a collection of *Anglo-Norman Chansons*. In 1831 he published a *History of England*, and in 1832, *The Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth* and *Observations on Principles of New Municipal Corporations*. In the latter year he was knighted. In 1837 he published *Merchant and Friar*. During the last twenty-three years of his life he held the office of Deputy-keeper of her Majesty's Records. In this capacity he edited: *Curia Regis Records*, *Calendars and Inventories of the Exchequer*, *Parliamentary Writs*, and *Documents Illustrative of the History of Scotland*. His greatest work is a *History of Normandy and of England*, of which the first volume appeared in 1851, the second in 1857, and the third and fourth after the author's death.

THE FATE OF HAROLD.

The victor is now installed: but what has become of the mortal spoils of his competitor? If we ask the monk of Malmesbury, we are told that William surrendered the body to Harold's mother, Githa, by whose directions the corpse of the last surviving of her children was buried in the Abbey of the Holy Cross. Those who lived nearer the time, however, re-

late in explicit terms that William refused the rites of sepulture to his excommunicated enemy. Guillielmus Pictarensis, the chaplain of the Conqueror, a most trustworthy and competent witness, informs us that a body of which the features were undistinguishable, but *supposed* from certain tokens, to be that of Harold, was found between the corpses of his brothers, Gurth and Leofwine, and that William caused this corpse to be interred in the sands of the sea-shore, "Let him guard the coast," said William, "which he so madly occupied;" and though Githa had offered to purchase the body by its weight in gold, yet William was not to be tempted by the gift of the sorrowing mother, or touched by her tears.

In the Abbey of Waltham, they knew nothing of Githa. According to the annals of the Convent, the two Brethren who had accompanied Harold, hovered as nearly as possible to the scene of war, watching the event of the battle: and afterwards, when the strife was quiet in death, they humbly approached William, and solicited his permission to seek the corpse.

The Conqueror refused a purse, containing ten marks of gold, which they offered as the tribute of their gratitude; and permitted them to proceed to the field, and to bear away not only the remains of Harold, but of all who, when living, had chosen the Abbey of Waltham as their place of sepulture.

Amongst the loathsome heaps of the unburied, they sought for Harold, but sought in vain,—Harold could not possibly be discovered —no trace of Harold was to be found; and as the last hope of identifying his remains, they suggested that possibly his beloved Editha might be able to recognize the features so familiar to her affections. Algitha, the wife of Harold, was not to be asked to perform this sorrowful duty. Osgood went back to Waltham, and returned with Editha and the two canons, and the weeping women resumed their miser-

able task in the charnel field. A ghastly, decomposing, and mutilated corpse was selected by Editha, and conveyed to Waltham as the body of Harold; and there entombed at the east end of the choir, with great honor and solemnity, many Norman nobles assisting in the requiem.

Years afterwards, when the Norman yoke pressed heavily upon the English, and the battle of Hastings had become a tale of sorrow, which old men narrated by the light of the embers, until warned to silence by the sullen tolling of the curfew, there was a decrepit anchorite, who inhabited a cell near the Abbey of St. John at Chester, where Edgar celebrated his triumph. This recluse, deeply scarred, and blinded in his left eye, lived in strict penitence and seclusion. Henry I. once visited the aged Hermit, and had a long private discourse with him; and, on his deathbed, he declared to the attendant monks, that the recluse was Harold. As the story is transmitted to us, he had been secretly conveyed from the field to a castle, probably of Dover, where he continued concealed until he had the means of reaching the sanctuary where he expired.

The monks of Waltham loudly exclaimed against this rumor. They maintained most resolutely, that Harold was buried in their Abbey: they pointed to the tomb, sustaining his effigies, and inscribed with the simple and pathetic epitaph: *Hic jacet Harold infelix;* and they appealed to the mouldering skeleton, whose bones, as they declared, showed, when disinterred, the impress of the wounds which he had received. But may it not still be doubted whether Osgood and Ailric, who followed their benefactor to the fatal field, did not aid his escape? — They may have discovered him at the last gasp; restored him to animation by their care; and the artifice of declaring to William, that they had not been able to recover the object of their search, would readily suggest itself as the means of rescuing Harold from the power of the conqueror. The demand of Editha's testimony would confirm

their assertion, and enable them to gain time to arrange for Harold's security; and whilst the litter, which bore the corpse, was slowly advancing to the Abbey of Waltham, the living Harold, under the tender care of Editha, might be safely proceeding to the distant fane, his haven of refuge.

If we compare the different narratives concerning the inhumation of Harold, we shall find the most remarkable discrepancies. It is evident that the circumstances were not accurately known; and since those ancient writers who were best informed cannot be reconciled to each other, the escape of Harold, if admitted, would solve the difficulty. I am not prepared to maintain that the authenticity of this story cannot be impugned; but it may be remarked that the tale, though romantic, is not incredible, and that the circumstances may be easily reconciled to probability. There were no walls to be scaled, no fosse was to be crossed, no warder to be eluded; and the examples of those who have survived after encountering much greater perils, are so very numerous and familiar, that the incidents which I have narrated, would hardly give rise to a doubt, if they referred to any other personage than a King.

In this case we cannot find any reason for supposing that the belief in Harold's escape was connected with any political artifice or feeling. No hopes were fixed upon the usurping son of Godwin. No recollection dwelt upon his name, as the hero who would sally forth from his seclusion, the restorer of the Anglo-Saxon power. That power had wholly fallen —and if the humbled Englishman, as he paced the aisles of Waltham, looked around, and, having assured himself that no Norman was near, whispered to his son, that the tomb which they saw before them was raised only in mockery, and that Harold still breathed the vital air—he yet knew too well that the spot where Harold's standard had been cast down was the grave of the pride and glory of England.—*History of Normandy and of England.*

PALGRAVE, FRANCIS TURNER, an English poet, the eldest son of Sir Francis Palgrave, born at London in 1824. He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford; was for five years Vice-principal of the Training College for Schoolmasters, and was subsequently appointed to a position in the educational department of the Privy Council. In 1886 he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford. His principal poetical works are: *Idylls and Songs* (1854), *Hymns* (1868), *Lyrical Poems* (1871). He also compiled *The Golden Treasury of English Songs* (1861), and has written largely on subjects connected with Art.

FAITH AND SIGHT IN THE LATTER DAYS.

Thou sayest, "Take up thy cross,
  O come, and follow me!"
The night is black, the feet are slack,
  Yet we would follow thee.

But oh, dear Lord, we cry,
  That we thy face could see!
Thy blessed face one moment's space,
  Then might we follow thee.

Dim tracts of time divide
  Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
  How can I follow thee?

Comes faint and far thy voice
  From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
  How should we follow thee?

Unchanging law binds all,
  And Nature all we see;
Thou art a star, far off, too far,
  Too far to follow thee!

Ah, sense-bound heart and blind!
  Is naught but what we see?
Can time undo what once was true?
  Can we not follow thee?

Is what we trace of law
  The whole of God's decree ?
Does our brief span grasp Nature's plan,
  And bid not follow thee ?

Oh, heavy cross—of faith
  In what we cannot see !
As once of yore thyself restore,
  And help to follow thee !

If not as once thou cam'st,
  In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
  That burns to follow thee.

Within our heart of hearts
  In nearest nearness be ;
Set up thy throne within thine own :—
  Go, Lord, we follow thee.

TO A CHILD.

If by any device or knowledge
  The rose-bud its beauty could know,
It would stay a rose-bud forever,
  Nor into its fulness grow.

And if thou could'st know thy own sweetness,
  O little one. perfect and sweet,
Thou would'st be a child forever,
  Completer while incomplete.

PALGRAVE, WILLIAM GIFFORD, an English author, was born at Westminster in 1826; died at Montevideo, Uruguay, in 1888. He was a son of Sir Francis Palgrave. After graduation at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1846, he was appointed a lieutenant in the 8th Bombay Native Infantry. He subsequently became connected with the Order of the Jesuits, and entered the priesthood. He was sent to Syria and Palestine, where he acquired mastery over the Arabic language. In 1860 Napoleon III. summoned him to France to give an account of the Syrian disturbances and massacre, and in 1861 he returned to Palestine charged with the task of exploring Arabia in the service of the Emperor. He acquired such intimate acquaintance with the Arabs that on several occasions he was received into their mosques. Returning to England, he was sent out by the government in 1861 on special service to release Consul Cameron and other prisoners in Abyssinia. From 1866 to 1876 he served as British Consul to several places and as Consul-general to Bulgaria (1878), and to Siam (1880). He was a Fellow of several scientific and literary associations, including the Royal Geographical and Royal Asiatic Societies. His works are: *Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia in* 1862–3 (2 vols., 1865), *Essays on Eastern Questions* (1872), *Hermann Agha: an Eastern Narrative*, a novel (2 vols., 1872), and *Dutch Guiana* (1876). A posthumous work, *Ulysses: or Scenes and Studies in Many Lands*, appeared in 1890.

IN THE DESERT AT NIGHT.

When Moharib had ended his prayer, he took up his cloak, shook it, threw it over his shoulders, and then turned towards us with his ordinary look and manner, in which no trace of past emotion could be discerned. We all left the garden together; there was plenty of occupation for every one in getting himself, his horse, his weapons, and his travelling gear ready for the night and the morrow. Our gathering-place was behind a dense palm-grove that cut us off from the view and observation of the village; there our comrades arrived, one after another, all fully equipped, till the whole band of twelve had re-assembled. The cry of the night-prayers proclaimed from the mosque roof had long died away into silence; the last doubtful streak of sunset faded from the west, accompanied by the thin white crescent of the young moon; night, still cloudless and studded with innumerable stars, depth over depth, reigned alone. Without a word we set forth into what seemed the trackless expanse of desert, our faces between West and South; the direction across which the Emeer Daghfel and his caravan were expected to pass. More than ever did the caution now manifested by my companions, who were better versed than myself in adventures of the kind, impress me with a sense, not precisely of the danger, but of the seriousness of the undertaking. Two of the Benoo-Riah, Harith and Modarrib, whom the tacit consent of the rest designated for that duty, took the advance as scouts, riding far out ahead into the darkness, sometimes on the right, sometimes on the left; in order that timely notice might be given to the rest of us, should any chance meeting or suspicious obstacle occur in the way. A third, Ja'ad-es-Sabāsib himself, acted, as beseemed his name, for guide; he rode immediately in front of our main body. The rest of us held close together, at a brisk walking pace, from which we seldom

allowed our beasts to vary; indeed, the horses themselves, trained to the work, seemed to comprehend the necessity of cautiousness, and stepped on warily and noiselessly. Every man in the band was dressed alike; though I retained, I had carefully concealed, my pistols; the litham disguised my foreign features, and to any superficial observer, especially at night, I was merely a Bedouin of the tribe, with my sword at my side and my lance couched, Benoo-Riah fashion, alongside of my horse's right ear. Not a single word was uttered by any one of the band, as, following Ja'ad's guidance, who knew every inch of the ground, to my eyes utterly unmeaning and undistinguishable, we glided over the dry plain. At another time I might, perhaps, have been inclined to ask questions, but now the nearness of expectation left no room for speech. Besides I had been long enough among the men of the desert to have learnt from them their habit of invariable silence when journeying by night. Talkative at other times, they then become absolutely mute. Nor is this silence of theirs merely a precaution due to the insecurity of the road, which renders it unadvisable for the wayfarer to give any superfluous token of his presence; it is quite as much the result of a powerful, though it may well be most often an unconscious, sympathy with the silence of nature around. Silent overhead, the bright stars, moving on, moving upwards from the east, constellation after constellation, the Twins, the Pleiads, Aldebaran and Orion, the Spread and the Perching Eagle, the Balance, the once-worshipped Dog-Star and beautiful Canopus. I look at them till they waver before my fixed gaze, and looking, calculate by their position how many hours of our long night-march have already gone by, and how many yet remain before daybreak; till the spaces between them show preternaturally dark; and on the horizon below a false eye-begotten shimmer gives a delusive semblance of dawn; then vanishes.

Silent;—not the silence of voices alone, but the silence of meaning change, dead midnight; the Wolf's Tail has not yet shot up its first slant harbinger of day in the east; the quiet progress of the black spangled heavens is monotonous as mechanism; no life is there. Silence; above, around, no sound, no speech; the very cry of a jackal, the howl of a wolf, would come friendly to the ear, but none is heard; as though all life had disappeared forever from the face of the land. Silent everywhere. A dark line stretches thwart before us; you might take it for a ledge, a trench, a precipice, what you will; it is none of these; it is only a broad streak of brown withered herb, drawn across the faintly gleaming flat. Far off on the dim right rises something like a black giant wall. It is not that; it is a thick-planted grove of palms; silent they also, and motionless in the night. On the left glimmers a range of white ghost-like shapes; they are the rapid slopes of sand-hills shelving off into the plain; no life is there.

Some men are silenced by entering a place of worship, a graveyard, a large and lonely hall, a deep forest; and in each and all of these there is what brings silence, though from different motives, varying in the influence they exert in the mind. But that man must be strangely destitute of the sympathies which link the microcosm of our individual existence with the macrocosm around us, who can find heart for a word more than needful, were it only a passing word, in the desert at night.—*Hermann Agha.*

PALMER, EDWARD HENRY, an English orientalist, born at Cambridge, in 1840. He graduated at the University of Cambridge in 1867, accompanied the Sinai Survey expedition in 1868–9, and explored the land of Moab and other regions of the East in 1869–70. In 1871 he was appointed professor of Arabic at Cambridge. He has translated Moore's *Paradise and the Peri* into Persian, the Persian *History of Donna Juliana* into French, and various Persian poems into English. Among his prose writings are: *The Negah, or South Country by Scripture, and the Desert of Et-Tih* (1871), *The Desert of the Exodus, Journeys on Foot in the Wilderness of the Forty Years' Wanderings* (1871), *History of the Jewish Nation* (1875), and *The Song of the Reed and Other Poems* (1877).

MOHAMMED AND THE JEWS.

Scarcely had the world settled down into comparative peace after the successive revolutions caused by the inroads of the Goths and Vandals, than another revolution burst forth and spread with lightning-like rapidity over the whole of the eastern world. Mohammed had raised a protest against the prevailing idolatry and corruption of his people, and the cry, "There is no god, but God" rung through the valleys of the Hejjaz. Hitherto the Arab tribes had been divided into small communities, distracted by petty jealousies, and wasting their rude strength and warlike energies on border raids and cattle-lifting excursions. The eloquent enthusiast with his striking doctrine, struck a new chord in their hearts, and a small number rallied round his standard, to fight, not for temporary possession of coveted ground, nor revenge, but for an idea, for a conviction.

Small success begot confidence and increased

conviction; and the little band fought more fiercely, more enthusiastically than before. And then began to dawn upon them a great truth,—they were a nation; they began to feel their own gigantic strength, and they recognized the fact that disunion and anarchy had alone prevented that strength from displaying itself before. Mohammed was just such a rallying-point as they needed. He himself was an Arab of the Arabs, and knew how to make his new doctrine agreeable to them, by clothing it in a purely Arab dress, and by stating it to be a simple reversion to the primary order of things.

His religion he declared to be that of Abraham, the father of the Semitic race, and he accordingly looked for support and credence from that kindred branch of Abraham's stock, the Jews. Of these, large numbers had settled in Arabia, and had acquired considerable influence and power. Longing for a restoration of their former glory, it is not strange that the Jews were at first dazzled by Mohammed's proposals; for at the opening of his mission a good understanding existed between the prophet and the Jews, several of their learned men assisting him in the literary part of his undertaking. But both parties were deceived. Mohammed fought, perhaps unconsciously, not for the advancement of the Semitic race, or the faith of Abraham, but for the unity and aggrandizement of the Arabs. With this the Jews could never sympathize; as well might Isaac and Ishmael go hand in hand. Finding that his offers and pretensions were refused, Mohammed turned upon the Jews and persecuted them with great rancor.

The Jewish tribe of Kainoka at Medina were the first summoned to profess the new faith, or submit to death. Though unaccustomed to the use of arms, they made a brave resistance for fifteen days, but were at last beaten, plundered, and driven to seek an asylum in Syria. Other tribes presently shared

the same fate, and Judaism ceased to exist in Arabia Proper, although traces of a Jewish origin may still be noted in certain of the Bedawi tribes, particularly in the neighborhood of Kheibar, the last stronghold of which Mohammed dispossessed them.—*History of the Jewish Nation.*

MUSIC AND WINE.

But yestere'en upon mine ear
  There fell a pleasing, gentle strain,
With melody so soft and clear
That straightway sprung the glistening tear,
  To tell my rapturous inward pain.

For such a deep, harmonious flood
  Came gushing as he swept each string,
It melted all my harsher mood,
Nor could my glance, as rapt I stood,
  Fall pitiless on anything.

To make my growing weakness weak,
  The Sáki crossed my dazzled sight,
Upon whose bright and glowing cheek,
And perfumed tresses, dark and sleek,
  Was blended strangely day with night.

"Fair maid!" I murmured as she passed,
  "The goblet which thy bounty fills
Such magic spell hath on me cast,
Methinks my soul is free at last
  From human life and human ills."

Songs from Hafiz, in *The Song of the Reed.*

FALSEHOOD.

Who looks on beauty's treacherous hue,
  Allured by winsome smiles,
And deems it true as well as fair,
  His simple faith ere long must rue.
  But ah! what fowler's net beguiles
A bird when nought but chaff is there?

Songs from Hafiz, in *The Song of the Reed.*

PALMER, JOHN WILLIAMSON, an American physician and author, born at Baltimore, Md., in 1825. His father was Dr. James C. Palmer, fleet-surgeon on board the Union flag-ship "Hartford" in the battle of Mobile Bay. After graduation at the University of Maryland, he studied medicine. In 1849 he went to California, and was the first city physician in San Francisco. Two years later he went to India, where he was appointed surgeon of the East India Company's ship "Phlegethon," in the Burmese war, (1851-2). His experience in California and India resulted in papers contributed to *Putnam's Monthly Magazine*, and the *Atlantic Monthly*, and in two books, *The Golden Dagon: or Up and Down the Irrawaddi* (1853), and *The New and the Old, or California and India in Romantic Aspects* (1859). In 1863 Dr. Palmer became Confederate war-correspondent to the New York *Tribune*. In 1872 he removed to New York, and he is now (1890) on the editorial staff of the *Century Dictionary*. Besides the works already mentioned, he has published several collections of poetry, *The Beauties and the Curiosities of Engraving* (1879), *A Portfolio of Autograph Etchings* (1882), and a novel, *After his Kind* (1886), under the pen-name of "John Coventry." He translated Michelet's works, *L'Amour* and *La Femme* into English, accomplishing the translation of the latter in seventy-two hours. Of his poems the best known are *For Charlie's Sake* and *Stonewall Jackson's Way*.

ASIRVADAM THE BRAHMIN.

Simplicity, convenience, decorum, and picturesqueness distinguish the costume of Asir-

vadam the Brahmin. Three yards of yard-wide fine cotton envelop his loins in such a manner that, while one end hangs in graceful folds in front, the other falls in a fine distraction behind. Over this a robe of muslin, or piña-cloth—the latter in peculiar favor by reason of its superior purity for high-caste wear—covers his neck, breast, and arms, and descends nearly to his ankles. Asirvadam borrowed this garment from the Mussulman; but he fastens it on the left side, which the follower of the Prophet never does, and surmounts it with an ample and elegant waistband, beside the broad Romanesque mantle that he tosses over his shoulder with such a senatorial air. His turban, also, is an innovation—not proper to the Brahmin,—pure and simple, but, like the robe, adopted from the Moorish wardrobe for a more imposing appearance in Sahib society. It is formed of a very narrow strip, fifteen or twenty yards long, of fine stuff, moulded to the orthodox shape and size by wrapping it, while wet, on a wooden block; having been hardened in the sun, it is worn like a hat. As for his feet, Asirvadam, uncompromising in externals, disdains to pollute them with the touch of leather. Shameless fellows, Brahmins, though they be of the sect of Vishnu, go about without a blush in thonged sandals, made of abominable skins; but Asirvadam, strict as a Gooroo, when the eyes of his caste are on him, is immaculate in wooden clogs.

In ornaments, his taste, though somewhat grotesque, is by no means lavish. A sort of stud or button, composed of a solitary ruby, in the upper rim of the cartilage of either ear, a chain of gold, curiously wrought, and intertwined with a string of small pearls, around his neck, a massive bangle of plain gold on his arm, a richly jeweled ring on his thumb, and others, broad and shield-like, on his toes, complete his outfit in these vanities.

As often as Asirvadam honors us with his morning visit of business or ceremony, a slight

yellow line, drawn horizontally between his eyebrows, with a paste compound of ground sandal-wood, denotes that he has purified himself externally and internally by bathing and prayers. To omit this, even by the most unavoidable chance, to appear in public without it, were to incur a grave public scandal; only excepting the season of mourning, when, by an expressive Oriental figure, the absence of the caste mark is accepted for the token of a profound and absorbing sorrow, which takes no thought even for the customary forms of decency. . . . When Asirvadam was but seven years old he was invested with the triple cord by a grotesque, and in most respects absurd, extravagant, and expensive ceremony called the *Upanayana*, or Introduction to the Sciences, because none but Brahmins are freely admitted to their mysteries. This triple cord consists of three thick strands of cotton, each composed of several finer threads. These three strands, representing Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, are not twisted together, but hang separately from the left shoulder to the right hip. The preparation of so sacred a badge is intrusted to none but the purest hands, and the process is attended with many imposing ceremonies. Only Brahmins may gather the fresh cotton; only Brahmins may card, spin, and twist it; and its investiture is a matter of so great cost, that the poorer brothers must have recourse to contributions from the pious of their caste to defray the exorbitant charges of priests and masters of ceremonies. It is a noticeable fact in the natural history of the always insolent Asirvadam, that, unlike Shatrya, the warrior, Vaishya, the cultivator, or Shoodra, the laborer, he is not born into the full enjoyment of his honors, but, on the contrary, is scarcely of more consideration than a Pariah, until, by the *Upanayana*, he has been admitted to his birthright. Yet, once decorated with the ennobling badge of his order, our friend became from that moment something superior,

something exclusive, something supercilious, arrogant, exacting,—Asirvadam, the high Brahmin,—a creature of wide strides without awkwardness, towering airs without bombast, Sanscrit quotations without pedantry, florid phraseology without hyperbole, allegorical illustrations and proverbial points without sententiousness, fanciful flights without affectation, and formal strains of compliment without offensive adulation.

Asirvadam has choice of a hundred callings, as various in dignity and profit as they are numerous. Under native rule he makes a good cooly, because the officers of the revenue are forbidden to search a Brahmin's baggage, or anything he carries. He is an expeditious messenger for no man may stop him; and he can travel cheaply for whom there is free entertainment on every road. In financial straits he may teach dancing to nautch-girls; or he may play the mountebank or the conjurer, and, with a stock of mantras and charms, proceed to the curing of murrain in cattle, pips in chickens, and short-windedness in old women, at the same time telling fortunes, calculating nativities, finding lost treasures, advising as to journeys and speculations, and crossing out crosses in love for any pretty dear who will cross the poor Brahmin's palm with a rupee. He may engage in commercial pursuits; and, in that case, his bulling and bearing at the opium sales will put Wall Street to the blush. He may turn his attention to the healing art; and allopathically, homeopathically, hydropathically, electropathically, or by any other path run a muck through many heathen hospitals. The field of politics is full of charm for him, the church invites his taste and talents, and the army tempts him with opportunities for intrigue,—but, whether in the shape of Machiavelisms, miracles, or mutinies, he is forever making mis chief; whether as messenger. dancing-master, conjurer, fortune-teller, speculator, mountebank,

politician, priest, or Sepoy, he is ever the same Asirvadam, the Brahmin,—sleekest of lackeys, most servile of sycophants, expertest of tricksters, smoothest of hypocrites, coolest of liars, most insolent of beggars, most versatile of adventurers, most inventive of charlatans, most restless of schemers, most insidious of Jesuits, most treacherous of confidants, falsest of friends, hardest of masters, most arrogant of patrons, cruelest of tyrants, most patient of haters, most insatiable of avengers, most gluttonous of ravishers, most infernal of devils,—pleasantest of fellows.

Superlatively dainty as to his fopperies of orthodoxy, Asirvadam is continually dying of Pariah roses in aromatics, pains of caste. If, in his goings and comings, one of the "lilies of Nelufar" should chance to stumble upon a bit of bone or rag, a fragment of a dish, or a leaf from which some one has eaten; should his sacred raiment be polluted by the touch of a dog or a Pariah,—he is ready to faint, and only a bath can revive him. He may not touch his sandals with his hand, nor repose in a strange seat, but is provided with a mat, a carpet, or an antelope's skin, to serve him as a cushion in the houses of his friends. With a kid glove you may put his respectability in peril, and with your patent leather pumps affright his soul within him.

PALMER, Ray, an American hymnologist, born in Little Compton, R. I., in 1808; died in Newark, N. J., in 1887. After graduation at Yale in 1830, he taught in New York and in New Haven. He was licensed to preach by the New Haven West Association of Congregational ministers in 1832, ordained in 1835, and settled in Bath, Me. In 1850 he removed to Albany N. Y., where he preached for sixteen years. In 1866 he became secretary of the Congregational Union, holding this post until 1878. The degree of D.D. was given to him by Union College in 1852. He contributed to religous periodicals and journals, and published several books, including: *Spiritual Improvement, or Aid to Growth in Grace* (1839), republished as *Closet Hours* (1851), *Remember Me* (1855), *Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinions* (1860), *Hymns and Sacred Pieces* (1865), *Hymns of My Holy Hours* (1866), *Home, or the Unlost Paradise* (1868), *Earnest Words on True Success in Life* (1873), *Complete Poetical Works* (1876), and *Voices of Hope and Gladness* (1880). Dr. Palmer ranks among the best of American hymn-writers. His first hymn, *My Faith Looks up to Thee*, written in 1831, but not published until later years, has been translated into twenty languages. Among his other hymns are: *Fount of Everlasting Love* (1832), *Thou who Roll'st the Year Around* (1832), *Away from Earth my Spirit Turns* (1833), *Wake Thee, O Zion! Thy Mourning is Ended* (1834), *And is There, Lord, a Rest?* (1843), and *Lord, Thou on Earth Did'st Love Thine Own* (1864).

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide!
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove!
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

JESUS! THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE.

Jesus! the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
A Saviour of mankind.

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek!

But what to those that find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus—what it is
None but his loved ones know.

THE CHORUS OF ALL SAINTS.

Suggested while hearing Haydn's Imperial Mass.

The choral song of a mighty throng
Comes sounding down the ages;
'Tis a pealing anthem borne along,
Like the roar of the sea that rages;
Like the shout of winds when the storm awakes,
Or the echoing distant thunder,
Sublime on the listening ear it breaks,
And enchains the soul in wonder.

And in that song as it onward rolls
There are countless voices blended,—
Voices of myriads of holy souls
Since Abel from earth ascended;
Of patriarchs old in the world's dim morn,
Of seers from the centuries hoary,
Of angels who chimed when the Lord was born,—
"To God in the highest, glory!"

Of the wise that, led by the mystic star,
Found the babe in Bethlehem's manger,
And gifts, from the Orient lands afar,
Bestowed on the new-born stranger;
Of Mary, the blessed of God Most High;
Of the Marys that watch were keeping
At the cross where He hung for the world to die,
And stood by the sepulchre weeping.

PALMER, WILLIAM PITT, an American poet, born at Stockbridge, Mass., in 1805; died at Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1884. After graduation at Williams, in 1828, he taught in New York city, studied medicine, and became a journalist. He was president of the Manhattan Insurance Company, and on its failure, owing to the Boston and Chicago fires, he was made vice-president of the Irving Insurance Company. He was the author of several poems, including the *Ode to Light*, *Orpheus in Hades*, *The Smack in School*, and *Hymn to the Clouds*. These were published with others in 1880, under the title, *Echoes of Half a Century*.

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

'Mid Berkshire hills, not far away,
A district school one winter's day,
Was humming with the wonted noise
Of three score mingled girls and boys;
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent,
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book;
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose, sharp and clear, a rousing *smack*,
As 'twere a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss!
"What's that?" the startled master cries,
"That, thur," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe—
I thaw him kith Thuthanneh Peathe!"

With frown to make a statue thrill.
The magnate beckoned: "Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.

With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered: "I'm amazed
That *you*, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude—
Before the whole set school to boot—
What evil genius put you to't?"
"'Twas she herself, sir," sobbed the lad;
"I didn't mean to be so bad;
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot!
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not;
But, somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—
thought she kind o'wished me to!"

LINES TO A FRIEND.

With some Chinese Chrysanthemums.

The sunlight falls on hill and dale
With slanter beam and fainter glow,
And wilder on the ruthless gale
The wood-nymphs pour their sylvan woe.

Yet these fair forms of Orient race
Still graced my garden's blighted bowers,
And lent to Autumn's mournful face
The charm of Summer's rosy hours.

When shivering seized the dying year,
They shrunk not from the icy blast;
But stayed, like funeral friends, to cheer
The void from which the loved had passed.

PARDOE, JULIA, an English author, born in 1806, died in 1862. She put forth a volume of poems at the age of fourteen, and a novel two years later. She wrote voluminously in many departments of literature. In 1859 she received from the Crown a pension of £100. Among her works of travel are: *The City of the Sultan* (1836), *The River and the Desert* (1838), *The Beauties of the Bosphorus* (1839), *The City of the Magyar* (1840). Among her novels are: *The Mardyns and the Daventrys* (1835), *The Hungarian Castle* (1842), *Confessions of a Pretty Woman* (1846). Among her historical works are: *Louis XIV., and the Court of France* (1847), *The Court of Francis I.* (1849), *The Life of Mary de Medicis* (1852), *Pilgrimages in Paris* (1858), *Episodes of French History during the Consulate and the Empire* (1859).

THE BEACON LIGHT.

Darkness was deepening o'er the seas,
And still the hulk drove on;
No sail to answer to the breeze,
Her masts and cordage gone.
Gloomy and drear her course of fear,
Each looked but for the grave,
When, full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave.

Then wildly rose the gladdening shout
Of all that hardy crew;
Boldly they put the helm about,
And through the surf they flew.
Storm was forgot, toil heeded not,
And loud the cheer they gave,
As, full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave.

And gayly of the tale they told,
When they were safe on shore:

How hearts had sunk, and hopes grown cold,
Amid the billows' roar,
When not a star had shone from far,
By its pale light to save;
Then, full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave.

Thus, in the night of Nature's gloom,
When sorrow bows the heart,
When cheering hopes no more illume,
And comforts all depart;
Then from afar shines Bethlehem's Star,
With cheering light to save;
And, full in sight, its beacon-light
Comes streaming o'er the grave.

PARK, MUNGO, a Scottish explorer in Africa, born near Selkirk, in 1771; died in Equatorial Africa, in 1806. He studied medicine at the University of Edinburgh and made a voyage to Sumatra as as, sistant-surgeon on an East Indiaman. Upon his return he offered his services to the African Association for an exploration of the river Niger, sailing from Portsmouth in May, 1795. After undergoing numerous hardships, he reached, late in July, 1796, the banks of the Quorra or Joliba, one of the main streams which make up the Niger. Here occurred the touching incident of the hospitality extended to him by an African woman. He was obliged to desist from any further advance into a country occupied by hostile Mohammedan tribes. At length he succeeded in making his way to the coast, and reached England in December, 1797. Soon afterwards he married, and commenced the practice of medicine at Peebles, in Scotland. In 1805 he undertook a second journey to the Niger under the auspices of the British Government. The expedition, of which Park was commander, consisted in all of 44 men, of whom 34 were soldiers of the British garrison at Goree. Before reaching the Niger 31 of the party had died from the pestilential climate. About the middle of November the remnant of the party, now reduced to six men, again set out. Nothing further was heard of him until 1810, when some particulars of his fate were ascertained. At a narrow pass in the river they were attacked by the natives, and all the party were either shot down in the canoe, or were drowned while attempting to swim ashore. Park's expeditions really

accomplished next to nothing in ascertaining the real course of the Niger, which he supposed to be identical with the Congo. A monument in honor of Park was erected at Selkirk in 1859.

THE COMPASSIONATE AFRICAN WOMAN.

I waited more than two hours without having an opportunity of crossing the river [the Joliba], during which time the people who had crossed carried information to Manzongo, the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage, and was coming to see him. He immediately sent one of his chief men, who informed me that the king could not possibly see me until he knew what had brought me into his country, and that I must not presume to cross the river without the king's permission. He therefore advised me to lodge at a distant village, to which he pointed, for the night, and said that in the morning he would give me further instructions how to conduct myself.

This was very discouraging. However, as there was no remedy, I set off for the village, where I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day, without victuals, in the shade of a tree. The night threatened to be very uncomfortable, for the wind rose, and there was a great appearance of a heavy rain; and the wild beasts are so very numerous in the neighborhood that I should be under the necessity of climbing up the tree, and resting amongst the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose, that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labors of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her.

Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat upon the floor, and told me that I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said that she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which, having caused to be half-broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress—pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension—called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing upon me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They lightened their labor by songs—one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these:—

"The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk—no wife to grind his corn. (Chorus.) Let us pity the white man—no mother has he to bring him milk—no wife to grind his corn."

Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat—the only recompense I could make her.—*Park's Travels.*

PARKER, Theodore, an American clergyman, born at Lexington, Mass., in 1810; died at Florence, Italy, in 1860. He worked on his father's small farm until the age of seventeen, when he began to teach during the winter in a district school. In 1830 he entered Harvard College, but studied at home, only being present at the college for examinations. In 1831 he opened a flourishing private school at Watertown, Mass. In 1834 he entered the Divinity School at Cambridge. He had already mastered Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, French, and Spanish; he now added Arabic, Syriac, Danish, and Swedish to the list. In 1837 he became pastor of the Unitarian Church at West Roxbury, Mass. But the views which he had formed in regard to the inspiration of the Bible and some other subjects were not in accord with those held by the denomination, and led to a sharp controversy which in 1845 resulted in the formation of a new religious society at Boston that took the name of the "Twenty-eighth Congregational Society." His labors as minister to this Society were brought to a close in January, 1859, by a sudden attack, while in the pulpit, of bleeding at the lungs. He went to the island of Santa Cruz in February; thence sailed for Europe, passing the winter at Rome; whence, in April, 1860, he proceeded to Florence, where he died on May 10. and was buried in the Protestant cemetery outside the walls.

Mr. Parker published several translations from the German, the most important of which is that, with additions, of De Wette's *Introduction to the Old Testament* (1843). He contributed to *The Dial*, and

other magazines; and from 1847 to 1850 was editor of *The Massachusetts Quarterly*. A collected edition of his *Works*, edited by Frances Power Cobbe, in twelve volumes, was put forth at London in 1865; and another in ten volumes, edited by H. B. Fuller, in 1870. The volume *Historic Americans*, first published in 1870, was first delivered as a series of popular lectures. His *Life and Correspondence*, edited by John Weiss, was published in 1864, and his *Life* by O B. Frothingham, in 1874.

CHARACTERISTICS OF WASHINGTON.

In his person Washington was six feet high and rather slender. His limbs were long; his hands were uncommonly large; his chest broad and full; his head was exactly round, and the hair, brown in manhood, but gray at fifty; his forehead rather low and retreating; the nose large and massy; the mouth wide and firm; the chin square and heavy; the cheeks full and ruddy in early life. His eyes were blue and handsome, but not quick or nervous; he required spectacles to read with at fifty. He was one of the best riders in the United States; but, like some other good riders, awkward and shambling in his walk.

He was stately in his bearing, reserved, distant, and apparently haughty. Shy among women, he was not a great talker in any company, but a careful observer and listener. He read the natural temper of men, but not always aright. He seldom smiled. He did not laugh with his face, but in his body; and while all was calm above, below the diaphragm his laughter was copious and earnest. Like many grave persons he was fond of jokes, and loved humorous stories. He had negro story-tellers to regale him with fun and anecdotes at Mount Vernon. He had a hearty love of farming and of private life.

He was one of the most industrious of men. Not an elegant or accurate writer, he yet took

great pains with style; and after the Revolution, carefully corrected the letters he had written in the French War, more than thirty years before. He was no orator, like Jefferson, Franklin, Madison, and others, who had great influence in American affairs. He never made a speech. The public papers were drafted for him, and he read them when the occasion came.

Washington was no democrat. Like the Federal party he belonged to, he had little confidence in the people. He thought more of the Judicial and Executive departments than of the Legislative body. He loved a strong central power, not local self-government. In his administration as President he attempted to unite the two parties—the Federal party with its tendency to monarchy, and perhaps desire for it, and the Democratic party, which thought the Government was already too strong. There was a quarrel between Hamilton and Jefferson, who unavoidably hated each other. The Democrats would not serve in Washington's Cabinet. The violent, arbitrary, and invasive will of Hamilton acquired an undue influence over the mind of Washington, who was beginning at the age of sixty-four to feel the effects of age; and he inclined more to severe laws and consolidated power; while, on the other part, the nation became more and more democratic. Washington went on his own way, and yet filled the Cabinet with men less tolerant of Republicanism than himself.

Of all the great men whom Virginia has produced, Washington was least like the State that bore him. He is not Southern in many particulars. In character he is as much a New Englander as either Adams. Yet, wonderful to tell, he never understood New England. The slaveholder, bred in Virginia, could not comprehend a state of society where the captain or the colonel came from the same class as the common soldier, and that off duty they should be equals. He thought common soldiers should only be provided with food and clothes, and have

no pay; their families should not be provided for by the state. He wanted the officers to be "gentlemen," and, as much as possible, separated from the soldier. He never understood New England, never loved it, and never did it full justice.

It has been said that Washington was not a great soldier. But certainly he created an army out of the roughest materials; out-generalled all that Britain could send against him; and in the midst of poverty and distress organized victory. He was not brilliant and rapid. He was slow, defensive, and victorious. He made "an empty bag stand upright"—which Franklin says is "hard."

Some men command the world, or hold its admiration, by their Ideas or by their Intellect. Washington had neither original ideas nor a deeply-cultured mind. He commands us by his Integrity, by his Justice. He loved power by instinct, and strong government by reflective choice. Twice he was made Dictator, with absolute power, and never abused the awful and despotic trust. The monarchic soldiers and civilians would have made him a King. He trampled on their offer, and went back to his fields of corn and tobacco at Mount Vernon. The grandest act of his public life was to give up his power; the most magnanimous act of his private life was to liberate his slaves.

Washington was the first man of his type; when will there be another? As yet the American rhetoricians do not dare tell half his excellence. Cromwell is the greatest Anglo-Saxon who was ever a ruler on a large scale. In intellect he was immensely superior to Washington; in integrity immeasurably below him. For one thousand years no king in Christendom has shown such greatness as Washington, or given us so high a type of manly virtue. He never dissembled. He sought nothing for himself. In him there was no unsound spot; nothing little or mean in his character. The whole was clean and present-

able. We think better of mankind because he lived, adorning the earth with a life so noble.

God be thanked for such a man. Shall we make an idol of him, and worship it with huzzas on the Fourth of July, and with stupid rhetoric on other days? Shall we build him a great monument, founding it upon a slave-pen? His glory already covers the continent. More than two hundred places bear his name. He is revered as "The Father of his Country." The people are his memorial.—*Historic Americans.*

THE HIGHER GOOD.

Father, I will not ask for wealth or fame,
  Though once they would have joyed my carnal sense;
I shudder not to bear a hated name,
  Wanting all wealth—myself my sole defence.
But give me, Lord, eyes to behold the truth,
  A seeing sense that knows eternal right,
A heart with pity filled, and gentle ruth,
  A manly faith that makes all darkness light;
Give me the power to labor for mankind;
  Make me the mouth of those that cannot speak;
Eyes let me be to groping men and blind;
  A conscience to the base; and to the weak
Let me be hands and feet; and to the foolish, mind;
  And lead still further on such as Thy kingdom seek.

PARKMAN, FRANCIS, an American historian, born at Boston in 1823. He graduated at Harvard in 1844; studied law for about two years, then travelled for a year in Europe. Early in 1844, and again in 1846, he set out to explore the Rocky Mountain region. During the last expedition he lived for several months among the Dakota Indians and other tribes still more remote, suffering hardships and privations which permanently impaired his health, and before long resulted in partial blindness. He gave an account of his explorations in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. These papers were subsequently published in a volume entitled: *The California and Oregon Trail* (1849). Notwithstanding his enfeebled health and impaired vision he resolved to devote himself to historical labors involving laborious research, the subject chosen being the doings of the Rise and Fall of the French Dominion in North America, with special reference to the efforts of the early Catholic missionaries. The volumes are in a series of monographs, and they were produced without special reference to the chronological order of events. At various times (in 1858, 1868, 1872, 1880, and 1884) he went to France in order to examine the French archives bearing upon his historical labors. The volumes of the "New France" series appeared in the following order: *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* (1851), *Pioneers of France in the New World* (1865), *Jesuits in North America* (1867), *Discovery of the Great West* (1869), *The Old Régime in Canada* (1874), *Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.* (1877), *Montcalm and Wolfe* (1884), and *The Oregon Trail* (1890).

LOUIS XV. AND POMPADOUR.

The manifold ills of France were summed up in King Louis XV. He did not want understanding, still less the graces of person. In his youth the people called him "The Well-beloved," but by the middle of the century they so detested him that he dared not pass through Paris lest the mob should execrate him. He had not the vigor of the true tyrant; but his languor, his hatred of all effort, his profound selfishness, his listless disregard of public duty, and his effeminate libertinism, mixed with superstitious devotion, made him no less a national curse. Louis XIII. was equally unfit to govern, but he gave the reins to the Great Cardinal Richelieu. Louis XV. abandoned them to a frivolous mistress, contented that she should rule on condition of amusing him. It was a hard task; yet Madame de Pompadour accomplished it by methods infamous to him and to her. She gained and long kept the power that she coveted; filled the Bastile with her enemies; made and unmade ministers; appointed and removed generals. Great questions of policy were at the mercy of her caprices. Through her frivolous vanity, her personal likes and dislikes, all the great departments of government changed from hand to hand incessantly; and this at a time of crisis, when the kingdom needed the steadiest and the surest guidance. The King stinted her in nothing. First and last, she cost him thirty millions of francs—answering now to more than as many million dollars.—*Montcalm and Wolfe.*

THE NEW ENGLAND COLONIES.

The four northern colonies were known collectively as New England: Massachusetts may serve as a type of all. It was a mosaic of little village republics, firmly cemented together, and formed into a single body politic through representatives sent to the "General Court" at Boston. Its government, originally

theocratic, now tended towards democracy, ballasted as yet by strong traditions of respect for established worth and ability, as well as by the influence of certain families prominent in affairs for generations. Yet there were no distinct class-lines, and popular power, like popular education, was widely diffused.

Practically Massachusetts was almost independent of the Mother Country. Its people were purely English, of good yeoman stock, with an abundant leaven drawn from the best of the Puritan gentry; but their original character had been somewhat modified by changed conditions of life. A harsh and exacting creed, with its stiff formalism, and its prohibition of wholesome recreation; excess in the pursuit of gain—the only resource left to energies robbed of their natural play; the struggle for existence on a hard and barren soil; and the isolation of a narrow village life—joined to produce in the meaner sorts qualities which were unpleasant, and sometimes repulsive.

Puritanism was not an unmixed blessing. Its view of human nature was dark, and its attitude was one of repression. It strove to crush out not only what is evil, but much that is innocent and salutary. Human nature so treated will take its revenge, and for every vice that it loses find another instead. Nevertheless, while New England Puritanism bore its peculiar crop of faults, it also produced many sound and good fruits. An uncommon vigor, joined to the hardy virtues of a masculine race, marked the New England type. The sinews, it is true, were hardened at the expense of blood and flesh—and this literally as well as figuratively; but the staple of character was a sturdy conscientiousness, an understanding courage, patriotism, public sagacity and a strong good sense.

The New England Colonies abounded in high examples of public and private virtue, though not always under prepossessing forms. There were few New Englanders, however personally modest, who could divest themselves

of the notion that they belonged to a people in an especial manner the object of divine approval; and thus self-righteousness—along with certain other traits—failed to commend the Puritan colonies to the favor of their fellows. Then, as now, New England was best known to her neighbors by her worst side.—*Montcalm and Wolfe.*

THE COLONY OF VIRGINIA.

The great colony of Virginia stood in strong contrast to New England. In both the population was English; but the one was Puritan, with "Roundhead" traditions; and the other, so far as concerned its governing class, was Anglican, with "Cavalier" traditions. In the one, every man, woman, and child could read and write. In the other, Sir William Berkeley once thanked God that there were no free schools, and no prospect of any for a century. The hope had found fruition. The lower classes of Virginia were as untaught as the warmest friend of popular ignorance could wish. New England had a native literature more than respectable under the circumstances, while Virginia had none; numerous industries, while Virginia was all agriculture, with a single crop. New England had a homogeneous society and a democratic spirit, while her rival was an aristocracy.

Virginian society was distinctly stratified. On the lowest level were the negro slaves, nearly as numerous as all the rest together. Next, the indented servants and the "poor whites," of low origin; good-humored, but boisterous, and sometimes vicious. Next, the small and despised class of tradesmen and mechanics. Next, the farmers and lesser planters, who were mainly of good English stock, who merged insensibly into the ruling class of the great land-owners.

It was these last who represented the colony and made the laws. They may be described as the English country Squires transported to a

warm climate, and turned slave-masters. They sustained their position by entails, and constantly undermined it by the reckless profusion which ruined them at last. Many of them were well-born, with immense pride of descent, increased by the habit of domination. Indolent and energetic by turns; rich in natural gifts, and often poor in book-learning; high-spirited, generous to a fault; keeping open house in their capacious mansions, among vast tobacco-fields and toiling negroes; and living in a rude pomp where the fashions of St. James were somewhat oddly grafted on the roughness of the plantation.

What they wanted in schooling was supplied by an education which books alone would have been impotent to give—the education which came with the possession and exercise of political power; and the sense of a position to maintain, joined to a bold spirit of independence and a patriotic attachment to the "Old Dominion." They were few in number; they raced, gambled, drank, and swore; they did everything that in Puritan eyes was most reprehensible, and in the day of need they gave to the United Colonies a body of statesmen and orators which had no equal on the continent.

Montcalm and Wolfe.

THE COLONY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Pennsylvania differed widely from both New England and Virginia. She was a conglomerate of creeds and races, English, Irish, Germans, Dutch, and Swedes; Quakers, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Romanists, Moravians, and a variety of nondescript sects. The Quakers prevailed in the eastern districts: quiet, industrious, virtuous, and serenely obstinate. The Germans were strongest towards the centre of the colony, and were chiefly peasants; successful farmers, but dull, ignorant, and superstitious. Towards the west were the Irish, of whom some were Celts, always quarrelling with their German neighbors, who detested them; but the

greater part were Protestants of Scotch descent, from Ulster ; a vigorous border population.

Virginia and New England had a strong, distinctive character; Pennsylvania, with her heterogeneous population, had none but that which she owed to the sober, neutral tints of Quaker existence. A more thriving colony there was not on the continent. Life, if monotonous, was smooth and contented ; trade and the arts grew. Philadelphia, next to Boston, was the largest town in British America ; and intellectual centre of the middle and southern colonies. Unfortunately for her credit in the approaching French and English war, the Quaker influence made Pennsylvania non-combatant. Politically, too, she was an anomaly ; for though utterly unfeudal in disposition and character, she was under feudal superiors in the persons of the representatives of William Penn, the original grantee.—*Montcalm and Wolfe.*

NEW ENGLAND AND NEW FRANCE.

New France was all head. Under king, noble, and Jesuit, the lank, lean body would not thrive. Even commerce wore the sword, decked itself with badges of nobility, aspired to forest seigniories and hordes of savage retainers.

Along the borders of the sea an adverse power was strengthening and widening, with slow but steadfast growth, full of blood and muscle ;—a body without a head. Each had its strength, each its weakness, each its own modes of vigorous life ; but the one was fruitful, the other barren ; the one instinct with hope, the other darkening with shadows of despair.

By name, local position, and character, one of these communities of freemen stands forth as the most conspicuous representative of this antagonism :—Liberty and Absolutism, New England and New France.—*Pioneers of France in the New World.*

PARNELL, Thomas, a British poet, born at Dublin in 1769; died at Chester, England, in 1717. He was educated at the College of Dublin, took Orders, and was made Archdeacon of Clogher in 1705; but the greater part of his mature life was passed in England, where he became intimate with Swift, Arbuthnot and Pope, whom he assisted in the translation of the Iliad. A selection from his *Poems*, edited by Pope, appeared in 1722. His best pieces are two odes, *A Night-piece on Death*, *The Hymn to Contentment*, and *The Hermit*, which has been pronounced to form "the apex and *chef d'œuvre* of Augustan poetry of England." In *The Hermit*, a venerable recluse leaves his cell, and sets out to survey the busy world. On his journey he falls in with a youth who perpetrates various acts which excite the indignation of the Hermit; but the youth suddenly assumes his proper form of an Angelic Messenger; and, addressing the Hermit, he explains his mysterious proceedings.

THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE JUSTIFIED.

"The Maker justly claims that world He made;
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work His ends.
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts His attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
What strange events can strike with more surprise
Than those which lately caught my wondering eyes?
Yet taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

"The great, vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good,
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of
wine,
Has with the cup the graceless custom lost;
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost,
The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted
door
Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor:
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heaven can bless if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross, the silver runs below.
"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod;
But now the child half-weaned his heart from
God;
Child of his age, for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run,
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee in fits he seemed to go,
And 'twas my ministry that struck the blow.
The poor, fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.—
But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasured heaps he meant to
steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail.—
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind. This trial
o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."
On sounding pinions here the youth with-
drew;
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus looked Elisha when to mount on high
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp, ascending, left the view;
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun:
"Lord! as in heaven, on earth Thy will be done!"
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

From The Hermit.

THE BETTER LIFE.

The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks—as I have vainly done—
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.
Lovely, lasting Peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.
'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sang my wishes to the wood;
And, lost in thought, no more perceived
The branches whisper as they waved.
It seemed, as all the quiet place
Confessed the presence of the Grace;
When thus she spake: "Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still;
Know God, and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow;
Then every Grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest."
Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy.
Raised, as ancient prophets were,

In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleased and blessed with God alone.
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colors of delight,
While silver waters glide along
To please my ear and tune my song,
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And Thee, great source of nature, sing.
  The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrowed light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumbered waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The fields whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain:
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me.
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.
Go, search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes,
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

From Hymn to Contentment.

PARR, HARRIET (HOLME LEE, *pseud.*), an English author, born in York, England, in 1828. She has written many stories and novels, under the pen-name of "Holme Lee," which have been popular. Among them are: *Maud Talbot* (1854), *Gilbert Massenger* (1854), *Thorney Hall* (1855), *Kathie Brande* (1856), *Sylvan Holt's Daughter* (1858), *Against Wind and Tide* (1859), *Hawksview* (1859), *The Worthbank Diary* (1860), *The Wonderful Adventures of Tuflongbo and his Elfin Company in their Journey with Little Content through the Enchanted Forest* (1861). *Warp and Woof; or, The Reminiscences of Doris Fletcher* (1861), *Annis Warleigh's Fortunes* (1863), *In the Silver Age: Essays* (1864), *The Life and Death of Jeanne D'Arc, called the Maid* (1866), *Mr. Wynward's Ward* (1867), *Basil Godfrey's Caprice* (1868), *Contrast; or the Schoolfellows* (1868), *M. and E. de Guèrin* (1870), *For Richer, for Poorer* (1870), *Her Title of Honor* (1871), *The Beautiful Miss Barrington* (1871), *Country Stories, Old and New; in prose and verse* (1872), *Echoes of a Famous Year: the story of the Franco-German War* (1872), *Katherine's Trial* (1873), *The Vicissitudes of Bessie Fairfax* (1874), *This Work-a-day World* (1875), *Ben Miller's Wooing* (1876), *Straightforward* (1878), *Mrs. Denys of Cote* (1880), *A Poor Squire* (1882), and *Loving and Serving* (1883).

JOAN'S HOME.

Joan's time was her own for two hours of an afternoon, and she always spent them upstairs with her books alone. Her room told something of her life. The bare floor, the old clothes-chest, the pallet bed, with a thin, hard mattress, and shell-patterned coverlet, white as

driven snow, her last winter's night handiwork, knitted as she read, were the outward signs of her peasant condition. Her tastes, modest and intellectual, appeared in the garland of small-leaved ivy twisted round the frame of her misty, oval looking-glass, in the woodcuts of good pictures fastened on the walls, and in the books ranged on the mantle-shelf, on the windowsills, and a few, the most precious, on two hanging-shelves edged with scarlet cloth, another gift from her cousin Nicholas. . . .

This afternoon when her book was laid by, the shadow of her self-reproach soon passed. She had a great gift of being happy: of enjoying those good things of earth which nobody envies and nobody covets because they are common to all. Her childhood was a bright, a blessed background to look forward from into life. She stood at her open lattice, gazing over the wide meadows by the Lea, where red herds of cattle were feeding. She saw the blue sky far away, the sweep of distant hills, the darkness of thick woods, and they were pleasure to her. She had a mind free to receive all new impressions of beauty: but her heart was steadfast and strong in keeping its best affection for old types. . . .

At sixteen we all look for a happy life. Joan fell into a dream of one as she stood, and was quite rapt away. The minutes passed swiftly, unconsciously. She did not hear her mother call from the stair's-foot, "Joan, father's got home from Whorlstone." She did not even hear her chamber-door open; and her mother entered, and observed her air and attitude of total abstraction without disturbing her.

"Joan, has thou fallen asleep standing, like the doctor's horse at a gate?" said she, and laid a hand on her shoulder. Then Joan came back to herself, and started into laughing life.

"I don't know what I've been dreaming about, mother—it's a drowsy day, I think;" and drawing a long breath, she stretched her

arms above her head, then flung them wide to shake off her lethargy.

"And thou's not dressed, my love. Father'll like to see thee dressed. Make haste, or they'll be here from Ashleigh afore thou's ready."

"Stay and help me then, mother," pleaded Joan, who dearly liked to be helped by her mother.

"What o' the cakes in the oven? They'll burn if they're not watched. I'll step down an' look at em', an' come back—only don't lose any more time, joy, Father's asked for thee twice."

Joan's was not a coquettish toilette. To be clean as a primrose was its first principle. Her hair, coax it as she would, had a rufflesome look at the best, being curly and not uniform in tint, but brown in meshes and golden in threads, like hair that maturity darkens. The fashion of it, braided above the ear, and knotted in a large coil at the back of her head, was according to Mrs. Paget's instructions, and was never varied. The style and material of her dresses were also according to her godmother's orders—washing prints, rather short in the skirt, for stepping clear over the ground, high to the throat and loose in the sleeve—lilac, as most serviceable, for everyday wear, and pink or blue spotted for summer Sundays. She put on now a new pink spot that had quite a look of May. Her mother fastened it at the neck, and retiring a pace or two to view the effect, pronounced it very neat, only a trifle too short.

"Short skirts an' cardinal capes won't keep you a bairn much longer, Joan; you'll be a woman soon in spite o' godmother," said she, and kissed her tenderly.

"That must have been what I was dreaming of," replied Joan, and as she spoke, again the far-away, abstracted gaze came into her eyes.

But her mother would not let her relapse into musing. She heard voices and feet at the gate; and there were the cousins from Ashleigh.—*Basil Godfrey's Caprice.*

PARSONS, THEOPHILUS, an American author, born at Newburyport, Mass., in 1797; died at Cambridge, Mass., in 1882. He was the son of Theophilus Parsons, a noted jurist of Massachusetts, was graduated at Harvard in 1815, studied law, and practised in Taunton and Boston. For several years he engaged in literary pursuits and founded and edited the *United States Free Press.* From 1847 till 1882, he was Dane professor of law in Harvard, which gave him the degree of LL.D in 1849. He published a memoir of his father (1859), and several works on Swedenborgianism, including three volumes of *Essays* (1845), *Deus Homo* (1867), *The Infinite and the Finite* (1872), and *Outlines of the Religion and Philosophy of Swedenborg* (1875). His law-books include: *The Law of Conscience* (1853; 5th ed. 1864), *Elements of Mercantile Law* (1856), *Laws of Business for Business Men* (1857), *Maritime Law* (1859), *Notes and Bills of Exchange* (1862), *Shipping and Admiralty* (1869), and *The Political, Personal, and Property Rights of a Citizen of the United States* (1875).

THE SEA.

I have spoken of the perpetual swell and heaving of the sea; there is also its tide. Shakespeare tells us that there is a tide in the affairs of men. Certainly there is a tide in the minds of men. He must be very unobservant of himself who does not know that the mind rises and falls, that it swells into fulness and strength, and then fades into emptiness and weakness, we know not how, we know not why. Formerly the tides of the sea were also a great mystery. Slowly did observation disclose that they were under the influence of the moon, and, still later, of the sun. Science,

accepting this fact as the basis of its inquiry, has, for years, been engaged in the investigation of the tides, and cannot yet answer all the questions presented by their flow and ebb. So with the tides of the mind. The philosophy of mind has been occupied with them from the beginning of thought, and has made little or no progress. We, however, are taught now, that the ever-flowing and ebbing tides of the mind are caused and governed by our faith and by our love; first and most, or most directly, by our faith, which has most to do with intellectual things, and which the moon, that gives light only, represents; and also by our love, which the sun, that is the source of heat, represents. Let the science of mind accept this truth as the law of its inquiry, and it may wisely and successfully employ itself in the investigation of the tides of the mind. We have seen that the perpetual motion of the sea tends to preserve it in a healthful condition. Once I was becalmed in mid-ocean for a few days only, and during all of them the great swell of the ocean rose and fell. But in this short time the smooth surface of the sea seemed to put on an oily aspect; unwholesome patches became visible here and there, and in spots it looked thick and turbid. A great poet, with all the truth of poetry, which is sometimes truer than science, has thus described a long, unbroken calm and its effect. Coleridge represents his ancient mariner as reaching a tropical sea, and there—

"Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be,
And we did speak only to break
The silence of that sea.

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion:
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

> The very deep did rot; O Christ!
> That ever this should be!
> Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
> Upon that slimy sea!"

As I read this word-painting, it presents to me a picture of a mind which the sweet influences of heaven, the sun, the moon, and wind of the spirit, are wholly unable to move or stir into any activity. And in that poetry I see how such a mind must stagnate, and putrefy, until "slimy things do crawl upon that slimy sea."

But not this motion only tends to preserve the waters of the sea in their healthy condition, so that they may nourish the immeasurable amount of life which they contain, and continue fit to bear men safely across their surface. For it is the salt in the sea which is its great preservative.

We all know, that to keep food eatable for a great length of time, we salt it down. But salt is just as necessary and useful for food we daily consume. The reason of this, or the effect of salt upon the digestion and health, is not yet fully understood. . . .

Nor let us forget, that it has already been discovered by these physical investigations, that in the depths of the sea, and at their very bottom, there also is life. For it may teach us, that far down in the depths of the human mind, far beyond our reach or our consciousness, there may be forms and modes of life, which may be the beginning of the intellectual life, and the earliest links of that series which comes up afterwards before our consciousness, and gradually constitutes the wide world of our knowledge.—*Essays.*

PARSONS, Thomas William, American poet, born at Boston in 1819. He was educated at the Boston Latin School; and in 1836 visited Italy, where he made Dante a special study. In 1853 he took the degree of M.D. at Harvard; and for several years practised dentistry at Boston. In 1843 he published a translation of the first ten cantos of Dante's *Inferno*, and the remaining cantos in 1867. His original works are: *Ghetto di Roma*, a volume of poems (1854), *The Magnolia* (1867), *The Old House at Sudbury* (1870), *The Shadow of the Obelisk* (1872).

ON A BUST OF DANTE.

See, from this counterfeit of him
  Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim,
  The father was of Tuscan song.
  There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care and scorn abide;
  Small friendship for the lordly throng;
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
  No dream his life was—but a fight;
Could any Beatrice see
  A lover in that Anchorite?
  To that cold Ghibelline's gloomy sight,
Who could have guessed that visions came
  Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
  The cheeks, with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
  But for the patient hope within,
  Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still, though still severe;
  Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
  When wandering once forlorn he strayed,
With no companion save his book,
  To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
  Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the pilgrim guest,
  The single boon for which he prayed
The convent's charity was Rest.

Peace dwells not here : this rugged face
  Betrays no spirit of repose,
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
  The marble man of many woes.
  Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,
  When Hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
  The tyrant canker-worms of earth :
Baron and Duke, in hold and hall,
  Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth.
  He used Rome's Harlot for his mirth ;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime ;
  But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O Time ! whose judgments mock our own,
  The only righteous Judge art thou :
That poor old exile, sad and lone,
  Is Latium's other Virgil now :
  Before his name the nations bow ;
His words are parcels of mankind,
  Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

I watched the swans in that proud Park
  Which England's Queen looks out upon,
I sat there till the dewy dark :—
  And every other soul was gone;
  And sitting, silent, all alone,
I seemed to hear a spirit say :
  Be calm—the night is ; never moan
For friendships that have passed away.

The swans that vanished from thy sight
Will come to-morrow, at their hour;
But when thy joys have taken flight,
To bring them back no prayer hath power.
'Tis the world's law: and why deplore
A doom that from thy birth was fate?
True 'tis a bitter word—"No more!"
But look beyond this mortal state.

Believ'st thou in eternal things?
Thou feelest in thy inmost heart
Thou art not clay—thy soul hath wings;
And what thou seest is but part.
Make this thy medicine for the smart
Of every day's distress; be dumb.
In each new loss, thou truly art
Tasting the power of things to come.

DIRGE.

For one who fell in battle.

Room for a Soldier! lay him in the clover;
He loved the fields, and they shall be his cover;
Make his mound with hers who called him once her lover:
Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it.

Bear him to no dismal tomb under city churches
Take him to the fragrant fields by the silver birches,
Where the whip-poor-will shall mourn, where the oriole perches:
Make his mound with sunshine on it,
Where the bee will dine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the rain will rain upon it.

PARTON, JAMES, an American author, born in England in 1824. At the age of five he was brought to America; was educated at the public schools, in and near New York; and after teaching for a while, he entered upon journalism. His first published book was the *Life of Horace Greeley*. He subsequently devoted himself mainly to biographical works. Up to 1875 he resided at New York, and subsequently at Newburyport, Mass. His principal works are: *Life of Horace Greeley* (1855), *Life and Times of Aaron Burr* (1857), *Life of Andrew Jackson* (1860), *General Butler at New Orleans* (1863), *Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin* (1864), *Famous Americans of Recent Times* (1867), *Life of Thomas Jefferson* (1874), *Caricature and Comic Art* (1877), *Life of Voltaire* (1881), *Captains of Industry* (1884). He has also written numerous brief biographical sketches, originally published in periodicals, and afterwards in separate volumes.

HENRY CLAY.

It must be confessed that Henry Clay, who was for twenty-eight years a candidate for the Presidency, cultivated his popularity. Without ever being a hypocrite, he was habitually an actor; but the part which he enacted was Henry Clay exaggerated. He was naturally a courteous man; but the consciousness of his position made him more elaborately and universally courteous than any man ever was from mere good-nature. A man on the stage must overdo his part, in order not to seem to underdo it.

There was a time when almost every visitor to the city of Washington desired above all things to be presented to three men there—Clay, Webster and Calhoun—whom to have seen was

a distinction. When the country member brought forward his agitated constituent on the floor of the Senate chamber, and introduced him, Daniel Webster, the Expounder, was likely enough to thrust a hand at him without so much as turning his head or discontinuing his occupation, and the stranger shrank away, painfully conscious of his insignificance. Calhoun, on the contrary, besides receiving him with civility, would converse with him, if opportunity favored, and treat him to a disquisition on the nature of government, and the "beauty" of nullification, striving to make a lasting impression upon his intellect.

Clay would rise, extend his hand with that winning grace of his, and instantly captivate him by his all-conquering courtesy. He would call him by name, inquire respecting his health, the town whence he came, how long he had been in Washington, and send him away pleased with himself and enchanted with Henry Clay. And what was his delight to receive a few weeks after, in his distant village, a copy of the Kentuckian's last speech, bearing on its cover the frank of "H. Clay!" And, what was still more intoxicating, Mr. Clay—who had a surprising memory—would be likely, on meeting this same individual two years after the introduction, to address him by name.

There was a gamey flavor in those days about Southern men, which was very pleasing to the people of the North. Reason teaches us that the barnyard fowl is a more meritorious bird than the gamecock; but the imagination does not assent to the proposition. Clay was at once gamecock and domestic fowl. His gestures called to mind the magnificently branching trees of his Kentucky forests, and his handwriting had the neatness and delicacy of a female copyist. There was a careless, graceful, ease in his movements and attitudes like those of an Indian Chief; but he was an exact man of business, who docketed his letters, and who could send from Washington to Ashland for a docu-

ment, telling in what pigeon-hole it could be found. Naturally impetuous, he acquired early in life an habitual moderation ofstatement, an habitual consideration for other men's self-love, which made him the pacificator of his time. The great Compromiser was himself a compromise.

The idea of education is to tame men without lessening their vivacity; to unite in them the freedom, the dignity, the prowess of a Tecumseh, with the serviceable qualities of the civilized man. This happy union is said to be sometimes produced in the pupils of the great public schools of England, who are savages on the play-ground and gentlemen in the school-room. In no man of our knowledge has there been combined so much of the best of the forest chief with so much of the good of the trained man of business as in Henry Clay. This was one secret of his power over classes so diverse as the hunters of Kentucky and the manufacturers of New England.—*Famous Americans.*

PRIVATIONS AND HEROISM.

When the May-Flower left for England, not one of these heroic men and women desired to leave the land of their adoption. They had now a government; they had a church covenant; they had a constitution under which their rights were secured, and each one, according to his individual merit, could be respected and honored. So dear to them were these privileges that all the privations they had suffered, the sickness and death which had been in their midst, the gloomy prospect before them, could not induce them to swerve from their determination to found a State, where these blessings should be the birthright of their children.—*Concise History of the American People.*

PARTON, SARA PAYSON (WILLIS), an American author, born at Portland, Maine, in 1811; died at Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1872. In 1837 she married Mr. Charles Eldridge of Boston, who died in 1846, leaving her with two children, and in straitened circumstances. In 1851 she began to write for periodicals, under the *nom de plume* of "Fanny Fern," which she retained ever after. Her sketches became popular, and in 1854 she contracted with the editor of the *New York Ledger* to furnish a paper every week, which she continued to do for fourteen years without a single intermission. In 1856 she married Mr. James Parton, then connected with the New York *Home Journal*, of which her brother, N. P. Willis, was editor. With the exception of two novels, *Ruth Hall*, partly based on incidents of her own life (1854), and *Rose Clark* (1857), her writings consist of essays and short tales which originally appeared in periodicals. Several volumes made up of these have been published, among which are: *Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio* (1853), *Fresh Leaves* (1855), *Folly as it Flies* (1868), *Ginger Snaps* (1870), *Caper Sauce* (1872). Shortly after her death, her husband put forth *Fanny Fern: a Memorial Volume*, containing a *Memoir* and selections from her writings.

FATHERHOOD.

To my eye, a man never looks so grand as when he bends his ear patiently and lovingly, to the lisping of a little child. I admire that man whom I see with a baby in his arms. I delight on Sunday, when the nurses are set free, to see the fathers leading out their little ones in their best attire, and setting them right end up, about fifty times a minute. It is as good a

means of grace as I am acquainted with. Now that a man should feel ashamed to be seen doing this, or think it necessary to apologize, even jocularly, when he meets a male friend, is to me one of the unaccountable things. It seems to me every way such a lovely, and good, and proper action in a father, that I can't help thinking that he who would feel otherwise, is of so coarse and ignoble a nature as to be quite unworthy of respect. How many times have I turned to look at the clumsy smoothing of a child's dress, or settling of its hat, or bonnet, by the unpractised fingers of a proud father. And the clumsier he was about it, the better I have loved him for the pains he took. It is very beautiful to me, this self-abnegation, which creeps so gradually over a young father. He is himself so unconscious that he, who had for many years thought first and only of his own selfish ease and wants, is forgetting himself entirely whenever that little creature, with *his* eyes and *its mother's lips*, reaches out coaxing hands to go here or there, or to look at this or that pretty object. Ah, what but this heavenly love could bridge over the anxious days and nights of care and sickness, that these twain of one flesh are called to bear? *My* boy! *My* girl! There it is! *Mine!* Something to live for—something to work for—*something to come home to;* and that last is the summing up of the whole matter. "Now let us have a good love," said a little three-year-older, as she clasped her chubby arms about her father's neck when he came in at night. "Now let us have a good love." Do you suppose that man walked with slow and laggard steps from his store toward that bright face that had been peeping for an hour from the nursery window to watch his coming? Do you suppose when he got on all-fours to "play elephant" with the child, that it even crossed his mind that he had worked very hard all that day, or that he was not at that minute "looking dignified?" Did he wish he had a "club"

where he could get away from home evenings, or was that "*good love*" of the little creature on his back, with the laughing eyes and the pearly teeth, and the warm clasp about his neck, which she was squeezing to suffocation, sweeter and better than anything that this world could give?

Something to go home to! That is what saves a man. Somebody there to grieve if he is not true to himself. Somebody there to be sorry if he is troubled or sick. Somebody there, with fingers like sunbeams, gilding and brightening whatever they touch; and all for him. I look at the busiest men of New York at nightfall, coming swarming "up town" from their stores and counting-rooms; and when I see them, as I often do, stop and buy one of those tiny bouquets as they go, I smile to myself; for although it is a little attention towards a wife, I know how happy that rose with its two geranium leaves, and its sprig of mignonette will make her. He thought of *her* coming home! Foolish, do you call it? Such folly makes all the difference between stepping off, scarcely conscious of the cares a woman carries, or staggering wearily along till she faints disheartened under their burthen. *Something to go home to!* That man felt it and by ever so slight a token wished to recognize it. God bless him, I say, and all like him, who do not take home-comforts as stereotyped matters of course, and God bless the family estate; I can't see that anything better has been devised by the wiseacres who have experimented on the Almighty's plans. "There comes *my* father!" exclaims Johnny, bounding from out a group of "fellows" with whom he was playing ball; and sliding his little soiled fist in his, they go up the steps and into the house together; and again, God bless them! I say there's one man who is all right at least. That boy has got him, safer than Fort Lafayette.—*Folly as it Flies.*

PASCAL, Blaise, a French philosopher, born at Clermont in 1623; died at Paris in 1662. He early manifested genius of a high order, especially in mathematics and the natural sciences, and wrote several treatises in these departments. The so-called "Port-Royalists" were the upholders of the teachings of Jansenius in opposition to those of the Jesuits. In 1655 Antoine Arnauld was expelled from the Sorbonne on account of a letter which he had written in defence of Jansenism. Pascal soon after came out in a series of eighteen letters, commonly designated as *The Provincial Letters.* These and his *Thoughts upon Religion* (1670) are the works by which Pascal is best known.

OF A FUTURE EXISTENCE.

The immortality of the soul is a thing which so deeply concerns, so infinitely concerns us, that we must utterly have lost our feeling to be altogether cold and remiss in our inquiries about it. It requires no great elevation of soul to observe that nothing in this world is productive of true contentment; that our pleasures are vain and fugitive, our troubles innumerable and perpetual, and that, after all, death, which threatens us every moment, must, in the compass of a few years—perhaps of a few days—put us into the eternal condition of happiness or misery, or nothing. Between us and these three great periods, or states, no barrier is interposed but life—the most brittle thing in all nature. And the happiness of heaven being certainly not designed for those who doubt whether we have an immortal part to enjoy it, such persons have nothing left but the miserable chance of annihilation or of hell.

There is not any reflection which can have more reality than this, as there is none which can have greater terror. Let us set the bravest

face on our condition, and play the heroes as artfully as we can, yet we see here the issue which attends the goodliest life upon earth. It is in vain for men to turn aside their thoughts from this eternity which awaits them, as if they were able to destroy it by denying it a place in their imagination. It subsists in spite of them; it advanceth unobserved; and death, which is to draw the curtain from it, will in a short time infallibly reduce them to the dreadful necessity of being forever nothing or forever miserable.

We have here a doubt of the most affrighting consequence, and which, therefore, to entertain may well be esteemed the most grievous of misfortunes; but, at the same time, it is our indispensable duty not to lie under it without struggling for deliverance. To sit down with some sort of acquiescence under so fatal an ignorance is a thing unaccountable beyond all expression, and they who live with such a disposition ought to be made sensible of its absurdity and stupidity, by having their inward reflections laid open to them, that they grow wise by the prospect of their own folly. For behold how men are wont to reason while they obstinately remain thus ignorant of what they are, and refuse all methods of instruction and illumination:—

"Who has sent me," they say "into the world I know not, nor what I am myself. I am under an astonishing and mortifying ignorance of all things. I know not what my body is, nor what my senses, or my soul: this very part of me which thinks what I speak; which reflects upon everything else, and even upon itself; yet is a mere stranger to its own nature as the dullest thing I carry about me. I behold these frightful spaces of the universe with which I am encompassed, and I feel myself enchained to one corner of the vast extent, without understanding why I am placed in this seat rather than in any other; or why this moment of time given me to live

was assigned rather at such a point than any other of the whole eternity which was before me, or of all that is to come after me. I see nothing but infinities on all sides, which devour and swallow me up like an atom, or like a shadow which endures but a single instant, and is never to return. The sum of my knowledge is that I must shortly die; but that which I am most ignorant of is this very death which I feel unable to decline. As I know not whence I came, so I know not whither I go; only this I know, that at my departure out of the world I must either fall forever into nothing, or into the hands of an incensed God, without being capable of deciding which of these two conditions shall eternally be my portion. Such is my state, full of weakness, obscurity, and wretchedness. It is possible I might find some one to clear up my doubts; but I shall not take a minute's pains, nor stir one foot in search of it. On the contrary, I am resolved to run without fear or foresight upon the trial of the great event, permitting myself to be led softly on to death, utterly uncertain as to the eternal issue of my future condition."

But the main scope of the Christian faith is to establish these two principles: The corruption by nature and the redemption by Jesus Christ. And these opposers—if they are of no use towards demonstrating the truth of the redemption by the sanctity of their lives—yet are at least admirably useful in showing the corruption of nature by so unnatural sentiments and suggestions.—*Thoughts upon Religion.*

PATER, WALTER, an English author, born in 1839. He was educated at Oxford, and in 1862 was made a Fellow of Brasenose College in that University. His first contribution to periodical literature was published in 1866, in the *Westminster Review.* His books include: *The Renaissance* (1873), *Marius, the Epicurean,* a story of ancient Rome (1885), *Imaginary Portraits* (1887), and *Appreciations* (1890).

JOURNEYING TO ROME.

The opening stage of his journey, through the firm golden weather, for which he had lingered three days beyond the appointed time of starting—days brown with the first rains of autumn—brought him, by the by-ways among the lower slopes of the Apennines of Luna, to the town of Luca, a station on the Cassian Way; travelling so far, mainly on foot, the baggage following under the care of his attendants. He wore a broad felt hat, in fashion not very unlike a modern pilgrim's, the neat head projecting from the collar of his grey *paenula*, or travelling mantle, sewed closely together over the breast, but with the two sides folded back over the shoulders, to leave the arms free in walking; and was altogether so trim and fresh, that, as he climbed the hill from Pisa, by the long steep lane through the olive-yards, and turned to gaze where he could just discern the cypresses of the old school garden, like two black lines upon the yellow walls, a little child took possession of his hand, and, looking up at him with entire confidence, paced on bravely at his side, for the mere pleasure of his company, to the spot where the road sank again into the valley beyond. From this point, leaving his servants at a distance, he surrendered himself, a willing subject as he walked, to the impressions of the road, and was almost surprised, both at the suddenness with which evening came on, and the distance from his old home at which it found him.

And at the little town of Luca he felt that indescribable sense of a welcoming in the mere outward appearance of things, which seems to mark out certain places for the special purpose of evening rest, and gives them always a peculiar amiability in retrospect. Under the deepening twilight, the rough-tiled roofs seem to huddle together side by side, like one continuous shelter over the whole township, spread low and broad over the snug sleeping-rooms within; and the place one sees for the first time, and must tarry in but for a night, breathes the very spirit of home. The cottagers lingered at their doors for a few minutes as the shadows grew larger, and went to rest early; though there was still a glow along the road through the shorn cornfields, and the birds were still awake about the crumbling grey heights of an old temple: and yet so quiet and air-swept was the place, you could hardly tell where the country left off in it, and the field-paths became its streets. Next morning he must needs change the manner of his journey. The light baggage-wagon returned, and he proceeded now more quickly, travelling a stage or two by post, along the Cassian Way, where the figures and incidents of the great high-road seemed already to tell of the capital, the one centre to which all were hastening, or had lately bidden adieu. That *Way* lay through the heart of the old, mysterious and visionary country of Etruria; and what he knew of its strange religion of the dead, reinforced by the actual sight of its funeral houses scattered so plentifully among the dwellings of the living, revived in him for a while, in all its strength, his old instinctive yearning towards those inhabitants of the shadowy land he had known in life. It seemed to him that he could half divine how time passed in those painted houses on the hillsides, among the gold and silver ornaments, the wrought armor and vestments, the drowsy and dead attendants: and the close consciousness of that vast population gave him

no fear, but rather a sense of companionship, as he climbed the hills on foot behind the horses, through the genial afternoon.

The road, next day, passed below a town as primitive it might seem as the rocks it perched on—white rocks, which had been long glistening before him in the distance. Down the dewy paths the people were descending from it, to keep a holiday, high and low alike in rough, white linen smocks. A homely old play was just begun in an open-air theatre, the grass-grown seats of which had been hollowed out in the turf; and Marius caught the terrified expression of a child in its mother's arms, as it turned from the yawning mouth of a great mask, for refuge in her bosom. The way mounted, and descended again, down the steep street of another place—all resounding with the noise of metal under the hammer, for every house had its brazier's workshop, the bright objects of brass and copper gleaming like lights in a cave, out of their dark roofs and corners. —*Marius, the Epicurean.*

DENYS L'AUXERROIS.

To beguile one such afternoon when the rain set in early, and walking was impossible, I found my way to the shop of an old dealer in bric-a-brac. It was not a monotonous display after the manner of the Parisian dealer of a stock-in-trade the like of which one has seen many times over, but a discriminate collection of real curiosities. One seemed to recognize a provincial taste in various relics of the housekeeping of the last century, with many a gem of earlier times from the churches and religious houses of the neighborhood. Among them was a large and brilliant fragment of stained glass which might have come from the cathedral itself. Of the very finest quality in color and design, it presented a figure not exactly conformable to any recognized ecclesiastical type; and it was clearly part of a series. On my eager inquiry for the remainder, the old man replied

that no more of it was known, but added that the priest of a neighboring village was the possessor of an entire set of tapestries, apparently intended for suspension in church, and designed to portray the whole subject of which the figure in the stained glass was a portion. Next afternoon, accordingly I repaired to the priest's house, in reality a little Gothic building, part, perhaps, of an ancient manor house, close to the village church. In the front garden, flower-garden and potager in one, the bees were busy among the autumn growths — many-colored asters, begonias, scarlet-beans, and the old fashioned parsonage flowers. The courteous owner showed me his tapestries, some of which hung on the walls of his parlor and staircase by way of a background for the display of other curiosities of which he was a collector. Certainly, those tapestries and the stained glass dealt with the same theme. In both were the same musical instruments — fifes, cymbals, long reed-like trumpets. The story, indeed, included the building of an organ, just such an instrument, only on a larger scale, as was standing in the old priest's library, though almost soundless now; whereas in certain of the woven pictures the heavens appear as if transported, some of them shouting rapturously to the organ music. A sort of mad vehemence prevails, indeed, throughout the delicate bewilderments of the whole series —giddy dances, wild animals leaping, above all, perpetual wreathings of the vine, connecting, like some mazy arabesque, the various presentations of the oft-repeated figure, translated here out of the clear-colored glass into the sadder, somewhat opaque and earthen hues of the silken threads. The figure was that of the organ-builder himself, a flaxen and flowery creature, sometimes well-nigh naked among the vine-leaves, sometimes muffled in skins against the cold, sometimes in the dress of a monk, but always with a strong impress of real character and incident from the veritable streets of Auxerre.

PATMORE, COVENTRY KEARSEY DIGHTON, an English poet, born in 1823. From 1846 to1868 he was an Assistant Librarian in the British Museum. In 1844 he published a small volume of poems, which was republished in 1853, with large additions, under the title of *Tamerton Church Tower, and other Poems.* His principal work, *The Angel in the House*, appeared in four parts: *The Betrothal* (1854), *The Espousal* (1856), *Faithful Forever* (1860), *The Victories of Love* (1862). He has since published *The Unknown Eros* (1877), a memoir of Barry Cornwall, and *Amelia* (1878).

COUNSEL TO THE NEWLY-MARRIED HUSBAND.

"Now, while she's changing," said the Dean,
"Her bridal for her travelling-dress,
I'll preach allegiance to your Queen!
Preaching's the trade which I profess;
And one more minute's mine! You know
I've paid my girl a father's debt,
And this last charge is all I owe.
She's yours; but I love her more than yet
You can: such fondness only wakes
When time has raised the heart above
The prejudice of youth which makes
Beauty conditional to love.
Prepare to meet the weak alarms of novel nearness; recollect
The eye which magnifies her charms
Is microscopic for defect.

"Fear comes at first; but soon. rejoiced.
You'll find your strong and tender loves
Like holy rocks by Druids poised;
The least force shakes, but none removes.
Her strength is your esteem. Beware
Of finding fault. Her will's unnerved
By blame; from you 'twould be despair;
But praise that is not quite deserved
Will all her nobler nature move
To make your utmost wishes true.

Yet think, while mending thus your love,
Of matching her ideal too.
The death of nuptial joy is sloth:
To keep your mistress in your wife.
Keep to the very height your oath,
And honor her with arduous life."

The Espousal.

THE TOYS.

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes,
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
I struck him, and dismissed,
With hard words and unkissed,
(His mother, who was patient, being dead.)
Then, fearing lest excess of grief should hinder
sleep,
I visited his bed;
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet;
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For on a table drawn beside his head
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French coins, ranged there with care-
ful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept, and said:
Ah! when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys—
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good—
Then, fatherly, not less
Than I, whom Thou hast moulded from the clay
Thou'lt leave thy wrath, and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

The Victories of Love.

PAIN.

O Pain, Love's mystery,
Close next of kin
To Joy and heart's delight,
Low Pleasure's opposite,
Choice food of sanctity
And medicine of sin,
Angel, whom even they that will pursue
Pleasure with hell's whole gust
Find that they must
Perversely woo,
My lips, thy live coal touching, speak thee true.
Thou sear'st my flesh, O Pain,
But brand'st for arduous peace my languid brain,
And bright'nest my dull view,
Till I, for blessing, blessing give again,
And my roused spirit is
Another fire of bliss,
Wherein I learn
Feelingly how the pangful, purging fire
Shall furiously burn
With joy, not only of assured desire,
But also present joy
Of seeing the life's corruption, stain by stain,
Vanish in the clear heat of Love irate,
And, fume by fume, the sick alloy
Of luxury, sloth and hate
Evaporate;
Leaving the man, so dark erewhile,
The mirror merely of God's smile.
Herein, O Pain, abides the praise
For which my song I raise;
But even the bastard good of intermittent ease
How greatly doth it please!
With what repose
The being from its bright exertion glows,
When from thy strenuous storm the senses sweep
Into a little harbor deep
Of rest;
When thou, O Pain,
Having devour'd the nerves that thee sustain,

Sleep'st till thy tender food be somewhat
grown again;
And how the lull
With tear-blind love is full!
What mockery of a man am I express'd
That I should wait for thee
To woo!
Nor even dare to love, till thou lov'st me.
How shameful, too,
Is this:
That, when thou lov'st, I am at first afraid
Of thy fierce kiss,
Like a young maid;
And only trust thy charms
And get my courage in thy throbbing arms.
And when thou partest, what a fickle mind
Thou leav'st behind,
That, being a little absent from mine eye,
It straight forgets thee what thou art,
And ofttimes my adulterate heart
Dallies with Pleasure, thy pale enemy.
O, for the learned spirit without attaint
That does not faint,
But knows both how to have thee and to lack,
And ventures many a spell,
Unlawful but for them that love so well,
To call thee back.

The Unknown Eros.

PAULDING, JAMES KIRKE, an American statesman and author, born at Nine-Partners, Dutchess county, N. Y., in 1779; died at Hyde Park in the same county, in 1860. At the age of nineteen he went to New York, and in 1807 he, with Washington Irving, began the issue of *Salmagundi*, a semi-weekly journal designed to satirize in prose and verse the follies of the town. This was discontinued in less than a year, but was revived, with indifferent success, by Paulding in 1819. In 1825 he was appointed Navy Agent at the port of New York, and resigned the position in 1837 to become Secretary of the Navy in the administration of President Van Buren. In 1841 he retired from public life to a beautiful home which he had purchased on the banks of the Hudson. Paulding's works were numerous, and of very unequal merit. Among them are: *The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan* (1812), *Koningsmarke* (1823), *The Three Wise Men of Gotham* (1826), *The New Mirror for Travellers* (1828), *Chronicles of the City of Gotham* (1830), *The Dutchman's Fireside*, his best novel (1831), *Westward Ho!* (1832), *Life of George Washington* (1835), *The Book of St. Nicholas* (1837), *A Gift from Fairy Land* (1838), *The Old Continental* (1846), *The Puritan and his Daughter* (1849). A collection of his *Select Works*, edited by his son, in four volumes, was published in 1868.

JOHN BULL AND HIS SON JONATHAN.

John Bull was a choleric old fellow, who held a good manor in the middle of a great millpond, and which, by reason of its being quite surrounded by water, was generally called "Bullock Island." Bull was an ingenious

man—an exceedingly good blacksmith, a dexterous cutler, and a notable weaver and pot-baker besides. He also brewed capital porter, ale, and small-beer, and was, in fact, a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, and good at each. In addition to these, he was a hearty fellow, an excellent bottle-companion, and passably honest, as times go. But what tarnished all these qualities was a very quarrelsome, overbearing disposition, which was always getting him into some scrape or other. The truth is, he never heard of a quarrel going on among his neighbors but his fingers itched to be in the thickest of it, so that he was hardly seen without a broken head, a black eye, or a bloody nose. Such was Squire Bull, as he was commonly called by the country-people his neighbors—one of those grumbling, boasting old codgers that get credit for what they are, because they are always pretending to be what they are not.

The Squire was as tight a hand to deal with in doors as out; sometimes treating his family as if they were not the same flesh and blood, when they happened to differ with him on certain matters.

One day he got into a dispute with his youngest son Jonathan—who was familiarly called "Brother Jonathan"—about whether churches were an abomination. The Squire, either having the worst of the argument, or being naturally impatient of contradiction (I can't tell which)—fell into a great passion, and swore he would physic such notions out of the boy's noddle, so he went to some of his doctors and got them to draw up a prescription made up of thirty-nine articles—many of them bitter enough to some palates. This he tried to make Jonathan swallow; and finding that he made wry faces, and would not do it, he fell upon him, and beat him like fury. After this he made the house so disagreeable to him, that Jonathan—though hard as a pine-knot, and as tough as leather—could bear it no longer. Taking his gun and his axe, he put himself in

a boat, and paddled over the mill-pond to some new lands to which the Squire pretended some sort of claim, intending to settle them, and build a meeting-house without a steeple as soon as he grew rich enough.

When he got over, Jonathan found that the land was quite in a state of nature, covered with woods, and inhabited by nobody but wild beasts. But, being a lad of mettle, he took his axe on one shoulder and his gun on the other, marched into the thickest of the woods, and, clearing a place, built a log-hut. Pursuing his labors, and handling his axe like a notable woodman, he in a few years cleared the land, which he laid out into thirteen good farms, and building himself a fine frame-house, about half-finished, began to be quite snug and comfortable.

But Squire Bull, who was getting old and stingy, and besides was in great want of money, on account of his having lately been made to pay swingeing damage for assaulting his neighbors and breaking their heads—the Squire, I say, finding Jonathan was getting well-to-do in the world, began to be very much troubled about his welfare; so he demanded that Jonathan should pay him a good rent for the land which he had cleared and made good for something. He trumped up I know not what claim against him, and, under different pretences, managed to pocket all Jonathan's honest gains. In fact, the poor lad had not a shilling for holiday occasions; and had it not been for the filial respect he felt for the old man, he would certainly have refused to submit to such impositions.

But for all this, in a little time Jonathan grew up to be very large for his age, and became a tall, stout, double-jointed, broad-shouldered cub of a fellow; awkward in his gait and simple in his appearance; but showing a lively, shrewd look, and having the promise of great strength when he should get his full growth. He was rather an odd-looking chap in truth, and had many queer ways; but everybody that

had seen John Bull, saw a great likeness between them, and swore that he was John's own boy, and a true chip of the old block. Like the old Squire, he was apt to be blustering and saucy; but in the main was a peaceable sort of careless fellow, that would quarrel with nobody if you only let him alone.

While Jonathan was outgrowing his strength, Bull kept on picking his pockets of every penny he could scrape together; till at last one day when the Squire was even more than usually pressing in his demands, which he accompanied with threats, Jonathan started up in a furious passion, and threw the tea-kettle at the old man's head. The choleric Bull was hereupon exceedingly enraged; and after calling the poor lad an undutiful, ungrateful, rebellious rascal, seized him by the collar, and forthwith a furious scuffle ensued. This lasted a long time; for the Squire, though in years, was a capital boxer, and of most excellent bottom. At last, however, Jonathan got him under, and before he would let him up made him sign a paper giving up all claim to the farms, and acknowledging the fee-simple to be in Jonathan forever.—*History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan.*

PAYN, JAMES, an English author, born in 1830. He was educated at Eton, and Woolwich, and was graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1854. At an early age he contributed to the *Westminster Review* and *Household Words*, and in 1858 he became editor of *Chambers's Journal*, in which he published his first novels. He contributed essays to the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Times*. In 1882 he succeeded Leslie Stephen as editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*. Among his works are *Stories from Boccaccio*, poems (1854), *Poems* (1855), *A Family Scapegrace*, *Lost Sir Massingberd*, *By Proxy*, *High Spirits*, *A Perfect Treasure*, *Bentinck's Tutor*, *A Country Family*, *Cecil's Tryst*, *The Foster Brothers*, *Halves*, *Carlyon's Year*, *One of the Family*, *What he Cost Her*, *Gwendoline's Harvest*, *Like Father Like Son*, *Mirk Abbey*, *Less Black than We're Painted*, *Murphy's Master*, *Under One Roof*, *The Luck of the Darrell's*, *Some Literary Recollections* (1886), *Thicker than Water*, *Glow-worm Tales* (1888), and *The Burnt Million*. (1889).

MRS. BECKETT.

Of all the mansions in Park Lane, albeit there are some, though not many, larger, Beckett House gives the strongest impression to the passer-by not only of wealth, but, what is a very different thing (and much better), the possession of an abundance of ready money. Just as on illumination nights we see the lines of some public edifice picked out with fire, so all the summer long the balconies of Beckett House show, tier on tier, their glowing lines of flowers. Under the large portico there is a miniature jungle of tropical foliage, and when at night the opened door gives a glimpse of the interior to the passing Peri, it seems to her an Eden indeed. Nor even in winter does this

shrine of Flora lack its gifts, for in the centre and on either wing are great conservatories, to which "the time of roses," is but a poetic figment, and May (for once) is happy in December's arms.

Mrs. Beckett, the owner of this palace, has a passion for flowers, which her wealth enables her to indulge to the full; nor is this the only proof of her good taste. She had once a handle to her name, but laid it aside by an act of voluntary abnegation. Emperors and others have done the like before her, but a woman—never. Her first husband was Sir Robert Orr, a city knight, who left her an immense jointure and "her ladyship." He had never been remarkable for personal beauty, and unless in the sense of years—he was three times her age—could hardly have been called accomplished. It was a marriage of convenience; but the old man had been kind to her in life and death, and she respected his memory. When she married her second husband, John Beckett, the railway engineer, she dropped "her ladyship." Sir Robert had been intensely proud of the title, and she felt that it belonged to him. The law, of course, would have decided as much, but she might have retained it by courtesy. She was not a woman to parade her sentiments, and, having some sense of humor, was wont to account for this act of self-sacrifice upon moral grounds; she did not think it respectable, she said, to figure with her husband in the "Morning Post," as Mr. Beckett and Lady Orr; she left that suspicious anomaly for the wives of bishops.

John Beckett had been a rich man, though he could not have measured purses with Sir Robert, and he had ten times his wit. He had wasted them much on building bridges or hollowing tunnels out of the "too solid earth;" he left such enduring monuments to scientific theorists and applied the great powers of his mind—he called them without the faintest consciousness of self-satire its "grasp"—to

contracts; mostly in connection with coal. He took the same practical view of matrimony, which poor Lady Orr had never guessed, and for her part had wedded her second husband for love. It was unintelligible to her that a man of so much wealth should pant for more; but he did so to his last breath. If he could have carried all his money (and hers) away with him—"to melt" or "to begin the next world with"—he would have done it and left her penniless. As it was, he died suddenly—killed by a fall from his horse below her very windows—and intestate. Even when his scarce breathing body was lying in an upstairs chamber, and she attending it with all wifely solicitude, she could not stifle a sense of coming enfranchisement after twenty-five years of slavery, or the consciousness that her Sir Robert had been the better man of the two.

A woman of experience at least, if not of wisdom, was the present mistress of Beckett House; with strong passions, but with a not ungenerous heart; outspoken from the knowledge of her "great possessions," perhaps, as much as from natural frankness; a warm friend and not a very bitter enemy; and at the bottom of it all with a certain simplicity of character, of which her love for flowers was an example. She had loved them as Kitty Conway, the country doctor's daughter, when violets instead of camellias had been "her only wear," sweet-peas and wallflowers the choicest ornaments of her little garden, and Park Lane to her unsophisticated mind like other lanes. "Fat, fair, and forty," she was wont to call herself at the date this story opens, and it was the truth; but not the whole truth. Fat she was and fair she was, but she was within a few years of fifty. Of course she was admirably preserved. As the kings of old took infinite pains that their bodies after death should not decay, so women do their best for themselves in that way while still in the flesh; and Mrs. Beckett was as youthful as care and art could make her. In

shadow and with the light behind her, persons of the other sex might have set her down as even less mature than she described herself to be. There would have been at least ten years difference between their "quotations"—as poor Sir Robert would have called them—and that of her tiring maid.

Five years she had had of gilded ease and freedom, since drunken, greedy, hard John Beckett had occupied his marble hall in Kensal Green—Sir Robert had a similar edifice of his own in Highgate cemetery, for she had too much good taste to mix their dust—and on the whole she had enjoyed them. Far too well favored by fortune, however, not to have her detractors, she was whispered by some to be by no means averse to a third experiment in matrimony. "There swam no goose so gray," they were wont to quote, and "There was luck in odd numbers." Gossips will say anything, and men delight in jokes against the fair sex.—*Thicker than Water.*

A HILL-FOG.

Long before Grace reached the proposed turning-point of her journey the sunshine had given place to a gray gloom, which yet was not the garb of evening. The weather looked literally "dirty," though she was too little of a sailor, and too much of a gentlewoman, to call it so. Instead of running on ahead of his mistress and investigating the rocks for what Mr. Roscoe (who was cockney to the backbone, and prided himself on it) *would* call sweetmeats (meaning sweetmasts), Rip kept close to her skirts . . . It was ridiculous to suppose that a town-bred dog should scent atmospheric dangers upon the mountains of Cumberland; but his spirits had certainly quitted him with inexplicable precipitancy, and every now and then he would give a short, impatient bark, which said as plainly as dog could speak, "Hurry up, unless you want to be up here all night, and perhaps longer."

This strange conduct of her little companion did not escape Grace's attention, and, though she did not understand it, it caused her insensibly to quicken her steps. She had rounded Halse Fell, and was just about to leave it for lower ground, when she suddenly found herself in darkness. The fell had not only put its cap on, it was drawn down over its white face as that other white cap, still more terrible to look upon, covers the features of the poor wretch about to be "turned off," on the gallows. The suddenness of the thing (for there is nothing so sudden as a hill-fog, except a sea-fog) gave it, for the moment, quite the air of a catastrophe. To be in cotton-wool is a phrase significant of superfluous comfort; and yet, curiously enough, it seemed to express better than any other the situation in which Grace now found herself, in which there was no comfort at all. She seemed to be wrapped around in that garment which ladies call "a cloud"—only of a coarse texture and very wet. It was over her eyes and nose and mouth, and rendered everything invisible and deadened every sound.

It might clear away in five minutes, and it might last all night. To move would be fatal. Should she take one unconscious turn to left or right, she was well aware that she would lose all her bearings; and yet, from a few feet lower than where she stood now, could she but have seen a hundred yards in front of her, she knew there would be comparative safety. She could no more see a hundred yards, or ten or five, however, than she could see a hundred miles. Things might have been worse, of course. She might have been at the top of the fell instead of half-way down it. She had been in fogs herself, but not like this, nor so far from home. But matters were serious enough as they were.

Though there was no wind, of course the air had become very damp and chill. To keep her head clear, to husband her strength, should a chance of exerting it be given her, and to

remain as warm as possible, were the best, and indeed the only, things to be done. Keeping her eyes straight before her she sat down, and took Rip on her lap. But for its peril, the position was absurd enough; but it was really perilous. Lightly clad as she was, for the convenience of walking, she could hardly survive the consequences of such a night on the open fell. . . . An incident she had once read of a clerk in a Fleet Street bank being sent suddenly on pressing business into Wales, and all but perishing the very next night, through a sprained ankle, on a spur of Snowdon, came into her mind. How frightful the desolation of his position had seemed to him—its unaccustomed loneliness and weird surroundings, and the ever-present consciousness of being cut off from his fellows, in a world utterly unknown to him! She was now enduring the self-same pangs!—*The Burnt Million.*

FREEDOM.

Between the deathbed and the charnel a battle often arises concerning the departed, like the buzzing of flies over garbage. His virtues are magnified, his vices are exaggerated; he is "made more of" in every way than when he was in life. In the case of a man of loose life, and who has omitted to make himself popular, we can believe nothing of what is said, though from the very extravagance of it some truth may be gathered. Mr. Herbert Perry's memory suffered like the rest, and a little more, as a young gentleman who combines vice with economy, in my opinion, deserves to suffer.—*The Canon's Ward.*

PAYNE, JOHN HOWARD, an American dramatist and actor, born at New York in 1792; died at Tunis, Africa, in 1852. He early manifested a strong predilection for the stage, where he was hailed as "the young Roscius." In his sixteenth year he appeared at the Park Theatre as "Young Norval," and subsequently acted in other cities. In 1813 he went to London, where he met with a decided theatrical success. He remained in Europe until 1832, and wrote several dramas, some of which were popular at the time, but none of them are now remembered excepting the opera of *Clari, or the Maid of Milan*, and that only for the song "Home Sweet Home." He experienced various ups and downs, but was always in pecuniary straits, although from time to time he earned large sums of money. About 1841 he received the appointment of Consul at Tunis, where he died. Thirty years after his death, Mr. Corcoran, an American banker, caused the remains of Payne to be exhumed and brought to Washington where they were re-interred and a fine monument was erected above them.

HOME SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us
there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met
with elsewhere.
Home, home,
Sweet home!
There's no place like home—
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, pleasure dazzles in vain!
Ah! give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing sweetly that came to my call;
Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than all.

Home, home,
Sweet home!
There's no place like homé—
There's no place like home.

THE ROMAN FATHER.

Brutus.—Romans, the blood which hath been shed this day
Hath been shed wisely. Traitors who conspire
Against mature societies, may urge
Their acts as bold and daring; and though villains,
Yet they are manly villains; but to stab
The cradled innocent, as these have done,
To strike their country in the mother-pangs
Of struggling child-birth, and direct the dagger
To freedom's infant throat, is a deed so black
That my foiled tongue refuses it a name.
[*A pause.*]
There is one criminal still left for judgment;
Let him approach.

TITUS *is brought in by the Lictors.*

Prisoner—
Romans! forgive this agony of grief;
My heart is bursting, nature must have way,—
I will perform all that a Roman should,
I cannot feel less than a father ought.

[*Gives a signal to the Lictors to fall back, and advances from the judgment seat.*]

Well, Titus, speak, how is it with thee now?
Tell me, my son, art thou prepared to die?
Brutus; or the Fall of Tarquin.

PEABODY, Andrew Preston, an American preacher, professor and author, born at Beverly, Mass., in 1811. He graduated at Harvard College in 1826, and afterward from the Divinity School. After one year of tutorship in mathematics, he was pastor at Portsmouth, N. H., twenty-seven years. In 1860 he became preacher to Harvard University and professor of Christian morals. In 1881, he resigned these offices, and, twice officiating as acting president, still resides in Cambridge. From 1852, for eleven years, he edited the *North American Review*, to which, and to other reviews he has contributed a great number of articles. Among the books written by him are: *Sermons on Consolation* (1847), *Christianity the Religion of Nature* (1864), *Reminiscences of European Travel* (1868), *Manual of Moral Philosophy*, *Christianity and Science* (1874), *Christian Belief and Life* (1875),*Harvard Reminiscences* (1888), and *Harvard Graduates whom I have Known* (1890).

SELF-LOVE AND BENEVOLENCE.

There is at first view an irreconcilable antagonism between self-love and beneficence. Self-love is inevitable; beneficence is a manifest duty. But if we love ourselves, how can we rob ourselves of time, reputation, ease, or money for the good of others? If we are beneficent, how can we be otherwise than false to that law of our very natures which urges upon us a primary reference to our own happiness? I cannot find this problem solved by any moralist before Christ. Beneficence was indeed inculcated before Christ, but as a form of self-renunciation, not as returning a revenue to the kind heart and the generous hand. Yet here Christ plays a bold stroke. His precepts are full of philanthropy. They prescribe the ut-

most measure of toil and sacrifice for humanity. They constrain the disciple to call nothing his own which others really need,—to hold all that he has subject to perpetual drafts from those who can claim his sympathy. Yet Christ is so far from dishonoring and denouncing self-love, that he cherishes it without imposing or suggesting a limit to it, nay, makes the cherishing of it a duty and a measure of the seemingly antagonistic duty, implying that the more we love ourselves the greater will be the amount of the good we do to others. His fundamental law for the social life stretches the uniting wire between these opposite poles, and transmits from each to the other the current of personal and social obligation, making duty interest, and interest duty. The precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is simply absurd, if the imagined antagonism is real. But if these two principles, in form mutually hostile, are in fact kindred and mutually convertible, so that each does the other's work, it must be by means of springs and wheels which underlie them both and the whole fabric of society, and which are kept in perpetual tension and motion by an omnipresent Providence. Either this coincidence of self-love and beneficence is a law of nature, or it is a contradiction in terms and an impossibility in action. Let us consider how far it is a law of nature.

Look, first, at international relations. Unenlightened self-love dictates war on the most trivial pretexts, quick resentment, prompt revenge, bold aggression, the preying of the strong upon the feeble. But, if history has taught any lesson, it has taught the inexpediency and folly of needless war, even when most successful, and the expediency of peace at all sacrifice, and of mutual good offices among nations. . . . A similar change has taken place in the commercial relations of the civilized world. In the ignorant infancy of modern commerce the reigning doctrine was, that the surplus of the specie imported over that exported

determined the balance of trade in favor of a nation, so that by any specific commercial arrangement one party must be the gainer, the other the loser. Thus the sole effort of diplomatists was to outwit one another, and to throw dust into one another's eyes; and as to mercantile matters, nations occupied a position of mutual antagonism, each looking for gain at the expense of the other. . . . . Thus, though commerce seems an intensely selfish transaction, it is now girdling the earth with the zone of common interest, mutual good-will, and reciprocal helpfulness.

Among members of the same community, I know of nothing that illustrates the concurrent tendency and harmonious working of self-love and mutual benevolence so strongly and beautifully as the system of insurance. At first thought the appeal to the self-love of the uninjured as a resource against calamity might seem the height of absurdity, and the inscription, "Bear ye one another's burdens," placed over the office of a joint-stock company might look like bitter irony. Yet what but such an appeal is the advertisement of an insurance company? . . . . This kindly agency, by which disasters that would overwhelm and ruin the individual are drawn off and scattered over a whole community with a pressure which none can seriously feel, might remind one of what takes place in a thunderstorm, when every twig of every tree, and every angle of every moistened roof helps to lead harmlessly to the ground the electric force which, discharged at any one point, would deal desolation and death.

We may trace this same harmony between self-love and benevolence in the relations and intercourse of ordinary life. We have heard a great deal at times—I think that the phraseology has grown obsolete now, but it was rife when the Carlylese *patois* used to be spoken in cultivated circles—about whole men, and the necessity of every man's being a whole man, in himself complete, self-sufficing, and independ-

ent. There never was such a man, and never will be; and were there such a man, he would be as fair a specimen of humanity as one would be as to his physical nature who lacked hands, or feet, or even head. We are by nature the complements of one another. We cannot help leaning and depending on one another. We are like trees in a forest, each sheltered and fostered by its neighbor-trees, and liable to speedy blighting when transplanted to a solitary exposure. Our social natures are as truly a part of ourselves as our physical natures; our affections, as our appetites; our domestic and civil relations, as our subjection to the laws of matter and of mind. The man whom we term selfish consults the needs of only an insignificant fraction of himself. The self-seeker (so called) leads a life of perpetual self-sacrifice and self-denial. He alone who benefits his neighbor does well for himself. He alone who does good gets good. He alone who makes the world the happier and the better by his living in it becomes happier and better by living in it.—*Christianity, the Religion of Nature.*

PEABODY, Oliver William Bourne, twin brother of the succeeding, an American lawyer, clergyman, and poet, born at Exeter, N. H., in 1799; died at Burlington, Vt., in 1850. He graduated at Harvard in 1817, studied law, and entered upon legal practice in his native town. In 1820 he removed to Boston, and assisted his brother-in-law, Alexander H. Everett, in editing the *North American Review.* He wrote the *Life of Israel Putnam* and *Life of John Sullivan*, in Sparks's "American Biography," and contributed in prose and verse to various periodicals. From 1836 to 1842 he was Register of Probate for Suffolk county, Mass. Feeble health compelled him to resign this office, and for a year or two he was professor of English Literature in Jefferson College, Louisiana. Returning to Massachusetts, he studied theology, was licensed as a preacher by the Boston Unitarian Association, and in 1845 became minister of the Unitarian Church at Burlington, Vt.

TO A DEPARTED FRIEND.

Too lovely, and too early lost!
My memory clings to thee;
For thou wast once my guiding star
Amid the treacherous sea.
But doubly cold and cheerless now
The wave, too dark before,
Since every beacon-light is quenched
Along the midnight shore.

I saw thee first when Hope arose
On youth's triumphant wing,
And thou wast lovelier than the light
Of early dawning Spring.
Who then could dream that health and joy
Would e'er desert the brow,
So bright with varying lustre once,
So chill and changeless now?

One evening when the autumn dew
  Upon the hills was shed,
And Hesperus far down the west
  His starry host had led,
Thou said'st how sadly and how oft
  To that prophetic eye,
Visions of darkness, and decline,
  And early death were nigh.

It was a voice from other worlds,
  Which none beside could hear;
Like the night-breeze's plaintive lyre,
  Breathed faintly on the ear.
It was the warning, kindly given,
  When blessed spirits come
From their bright paradise above,
  To call a sister home.

How sadly on my spirit then
  That fatal warning fell!
But oh! the dark reality
  Another voice may tell:—
The quick decline, the parting sigh,
  The slowly moving bier,
The lifted sod, the sculptured stone,
  The unavailing tear.

The amaranth flowers that bloom in heaven
  Entwine thy temples now;
The crown that shines immortally
  Is beaming on thy brow;
The seraphs round the burning throne
  Have borne thee to thy rest,
To dwell among the saints on high,
  Companion of the blest.

The sun hath set in golden clouds;
  Its twilight rays are gone;
And, gathered in the shades of night,
  The storm is rolling on.
Alas! how ill that bursting storm
  The fainting spirit braves,
When they—the lovely and the lost—
  Are gone to early graves.

PEABODY, WILLIAM BOURNE OLIVER, twin brother of the preceding, an American clergyman and author, born at Exeter, N. H., in 1799; died at Springfield, Mass., in 1847. He graduated at Harvard in 1817, studied at the Cambridge Divinity School, and in 1820 became pastor of the Unitarian Church at Springfield, holding that position until his death. Besides his pastoral duties he wrote the life of *Alexander Wilson* and life of *Cotton Mather*, in Sparks's "American Biography," and contributed largely to the *North American Review* and to the *Christian Examiner*. He wrote many hymns and other poems, which have been published in his *Remains*, edited by Everett Peabody (1850).

HYMN OF NATURE.

God of the earth's extended plains!
  The dark green fields contented lie;
The mountains rise like holy towers,
  Where man might commune with the sky;
The tall cliff challenges the storm
  That lowers upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams,
  With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep!
  The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
  Hath summoned up their thundering bands;
Then the white sails are dashed like foam,
  Or hurry trembling o'er the seas,
Till, calmed by Thee, the sinking gale
  Serenely breathes, "Depart in peace."

God of the forests' solemn shade!
  The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
  Lifts up admiring eyes to Thee;
But more majestic far they stand
  When side by side their ranks they form,
To wave on high their plumes of green.
  And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air!
  Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might,
  The fierce and wintry tempests blow;
All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
  That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry—
  Breathe forth the language of Thy power.

God of the fair and open sky!
  How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome of heavenly blue
  Suspended on the rainbow's rings!
Each brilliant star that sparkles through,
  Each gilded cloud that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
  The beauty of its praise to Thee.

God of the rolling orbs above!
  Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
  Or evening's golden shower of light.
For every fire that fronts the sun,
  And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
  Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world! the hour must come,
  And nature's self to dust return;
Her crumbling altars must decay,
  Her incense-fires shall cease to burn;
But still her grand and lovely scenes
  Have made man's warmest praises flow,
For hearts grow holier as they trace
  The beauty of the world below.

PEACOCK, THOMAS LOVE, an English novelist and poet, born at Weymouth in 1785; died at London in 1866. He entered the service of the East India Company in 1818, and retired on a pension in 1856. He was one of the executors of Shelley, of whose life he has given some account. Among his novels the best are *Headlong Hall* (1816), *Nightmare Abbey* (1818), *Maid Marian* (1822), *Misfortunes of Elphin* (1829), in which occur several clever bits of verse, as also in the earlier *Nightmare Abbey*. His latest novel was *Gryll Grange* (1861). A complete edition of his *Works*, with a preface by Lord Houghton, was published in 1875.

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN.

"Now, Lord Fitzwater," said the chief forester, "recognize your son-in-law that was to have been, in the outlaw Robin Hood."

"Ay, ay," said the Baron, "I have recognized you long ago."

"And recognize your young friend Gamwell," said the second, "in the outlaw Scarlet."

"And Little John the page," said the third, "in Little John the outlaw."

"And Father Michael of Rubygill Abbey," said the Friar, "in Friar Tuck of Sherwood Forest."

"I am in fine company," said the Baron.

"In the very best of company," said the Friar; "in the high court of Nature, and in the midst of her own nobility. Is it not so? This goodly grove is our palace; the oak and the beach are its colonnade and its canopy; the sun and the moon and the stars are its everlasting lamps; the grass and the daisy and the primrose and the violet are its many-colored floor of green, white, yellow, and blue; the mayflower and the woodbine and the eglantine and the ivy are its decorations, its curtains, and its tapestry; the lark and the thrush and the

linnet and the nightingale are its unhired minstrels and musicians.

"Robin Hood is the King of the Forest, both by the dignity of his birth, and by his standing army, to say nothing of the free choice of his people. He holds dominion over the forest, and its horned multitude of citizen deer, and its swinish multitude, or peasantry, of wild-boars, by right of conquest or force of arms. He levies contributions among them, by the free consent of his archers, their virtual representatives. What right had William of Normandy to England that Robin of Locksley has not to merry Sherwood? William fought for his claim; so does Robin. With whom both? With any that would dispute it. William raised contributions; so does Robin. From whom both? From all that they could or can make pay them. Why did any pay them to William? Why do any pay them to Robin? For the same reason to both—because they could not, or cannot, help it. They differ, indeed, in this, that William took from the poor and gave to the rich; and Robin takes from the rich and gives to the poor; and therein is Robin illegitimate, though in all else he is true prince.

"Scarlet and John, are they not Peers of the Forest—Lords Temporal of Sherwood? And am I not Lord Spiritual? Am I not Archbishop? Am I not Pope? Do I not consecrate their banner and absolve their sins? Are they not State, and am not I Church? Are they not State monarchical, and am not I Church militant? Do I not excommunicate our enemies from venison and brawn; and, by'r Lady, when need calls, beat them down under my feet? The State levies tax, and the Church levies tithe. Even so do we. Mass! We take all at once. What then? It is tax by redemption, and tithe by commutation. Your William and Richard can cut and come again; but our Robin deals with slippery subjects that come not twice to his exchequer.

"What need we, then, to constitute a Court, except a Fool and a Laureate? For the Fool, his only use is to make false knaves merry by art; and we are merry men who are true by nature. For the Laureate, his only office is to find virtues in those who have none, and to drink sack for his pains. We have quite virtue enough to need him not, and can drink our sack for ourselves."—*Maid Marian.*

THE MEN OF GOTHAM.

Seamen three! What men be ye?
  "Gotham's three Wise Men we be."
Whither in your bowl so free?
  "To rake the moon from out the sea.
The bowl goes trim; the moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine;
And our ballast is old wine."

Who art thou, so fast adrift?
  "I am he they call Old Care."
Here on board we will thee lift.
  "No; I may not enter there."
Wherefore so? "'Tis Jove's decree
In a bowl Care may not be;
In a bowl Care may not be."

Fear ye not the waves that roll?
  "No: in charmed bowl we swim."
What the charm that floats the bowl?
  "Water may not pass the brim.
The bowl goes trim; the moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine;
And our ballast is old wine."

Nightmare Abbey.

THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR.

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
  But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meeter
  To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition;
  We met a host and quelled it;
We forced a strong position,
  And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
  Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
  To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
  We met them and o'erthrew them.
They struggled hard to beat us,
  But we conquered them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
  The King marched forth to catch us;
His rage surpassed all measure,
  But his people could not match us.
He fled to his hall-pillars,
  And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
  While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
  Spilt blood enough to swim in;
We orphaned many children,
  And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
  Were glutted with our foemen:
The heroes and the cravens,
  The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle—
  And much their land bemoaned them—
Two thousand head of cattle,
  And the head of him who owned them:
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
  His head was borne before us;
And his wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
  And his overthrow our chorus.

Misfortunes of Elphin.

PEARSON, John, an English bishop, born in Snoring, Norfolk, England, in 1613; died in Chester, England, in 1686. He was educated at Kings College, Cambridge, of which he was made Fellow in 1635. In 1639 he took orders, became prebendary of Ely, and Master of Jesus College in Cambridge in 1660; Professor of Divinity at Lady Margaret College in 1661; Master of Trinity in 1662; and was consecrated Bishop of Chester in 1672. He was the author of several works, the most important of which was the *Exposition of the Creed* (1659), which was frequently republished, abridged, and was translated into Latin by Arnold in 1691.

THE RESURRECTION.

Beside the principles of which we consist, and the actions which flow from us, the consideration of the things without us, and the natural course of variations in the creature, will render the resurrection yet more highly probable. Every space of twenty-four hours teacheth thus much, in which there is always a revolution amounting to a resurrection. The day dies into a night, and is buried in silence and in darkness; in the next morning it appeareth again and reviveth, opening the grave of darkness, rising from the dead of night; this is a diurnal resurrection. As the day dies into night, so doth the summer into winter; the sap is said to descend into the root, and there it lies buried in the ground; the earth is covered with snow or crusted with frost, and becomes a general sepulchre; when the spring appeareth, all begin to rise; the plants and flowers peep out of their graves, revive, and grow, and flourish; this is the annual resurrection. The corn by which we live, and for want of which we perish with famine, is notwithstanding cast upon the earth, and buried in the ground, with a design that it may cor-

rupt, and, being corrupted, may revive and multiply; our bodies are fed by this constant experiment, and we continue this present life by succession of resurrections. Thus all things are repaired by corrupting, and preserved by perishing, and revived by dying; and can we think that man, the lord of all these things, which thus die and revive for him, should be detained in death as never to live again? Is it imaginable that God should thus restore all things to man, and not restore man to himself? If there were no other consideration, but of the principles of human nature, of the liberty and remunerability of human actions, and of the natural revolutions and resurrections of other creatures, it were abundantly sufficient to render the resurrection of our bodies highly probable.

We must not rest in this school of nature, nor settle our persuasions upon likelihoods; but as we passed from an apparent possibility into a high presumption and probability, so must we pass from thence into a full assurance of an infallible certainty. And of this, indeed, we cannot be assured but by the revelation of the will of God; upon His power we must conclude that we may, from His will that we shall, rise from the dead. Now, the power of God is known unto all men, and therefore all men may infer from thence a possibility; but the will of God is not revealed unto all men, and therefore all have not an infallible certainty of the resurrection. For the grounding of which assurance I shall show that God hath revealed the determination of His will to raise the dead, and that He hath not only delivered that intention in His Word, but hath also several ways confirmed the same.—*An Exposition on the Creed.*

PECK, George Washington, an American humorist, born at Henderson. N. Y., in 1840. For several years he has been proprietor of *Peck's Sun*, Milwaukee, of which city he was elected mayor in April, 1890. His books are: *Peck's Compendium of Fun* (1883), *Peck's Sunshine* (1884), *Peck's Bad Boy* (1885), *How George W. Peck put down the Rebellion* (1887), and *Peck's Boss Book* (1888), all of which have been successful.

A TRYING SITUATION.

It was along in the winter, and the prominent church members were having a business meeting in the basement of the church to devise ways and means to pay for the pulpit furniture. The question of an oyster sociable had been decided, and they got to talking about oysters, and one old deaconess asked a deacon if he didn't think raw oysters would go further at a sociable than stewed oysters.

He said he thought raw oysters would go further, but they wouldn't be as satisfying. And then he went on to tell how far a raw oyster went once with him. He said he was at a swell dinner party with a lady on each side of him, and he was trying to talk to both of them, or carry on two conversations, on two different subjects at the same time.

They had some shell oysters, and he took up one on a fork—a large, fat one—and was about to put it in his mouth, when the lady on his left called his attention, and when the cold fork struck his teeth, and no oyster on it, he felt as though it had escaped, but he made no sign. He went on talking with the lady as though nothing had happened. He glanced down at his shirt bosom, and was at once on the trail of the oyster, though the insect had got about two minutes start of him. It had gone down his vest, under the waistband of his clothing, and he was powerless to arrest its progress.

He said he never felt how powerless he was until he tried to grab that oyster by placing his hand on his person outside his clothes; then, as the oyster slipped around from one place to another, he felt that man was only a poor weak creature.

The oyster, he observed, had very cold feet, and the more he tried to be calm and collected, the more the oyster seemed to walk round his vitals.

He says he does not know whether the ladies noticed the oyster when it started on its travels or not, but he thought, as he leaned back and tried to loosen up his clothing so it would hurry down towards his shoes, that they winked at each other, though they might have been winking at something else.

The oyster seemed to be real spry until it got out of reach, and then it got to going slow as the slippery covering wore off, and by the time it had worked into his trousers' leg, it was going very slow, though it remained cold to the last, and he hailed the arrival of that oyster into the heel of his stocking with more delight than he did the raising of the American flag over Vicksburg, after the long siege.—*Peck's Compendium of Fun.*

PELLICO, SILVIO, an Italian poet, born at Salazzo in 1789; died near Turin in 1854. While quite young he achieved a high reputation, especially by his dramatic poems, *Lasdamia* and *Francesca da Rimini*. He took part in the Carbonari movement, the object of which was to put down the Austrian domination in Italy. In 1820 he was arrested, brought to trial, and condemned to death; but the sentence was commuted to fifteen years' close confinement in a prison of state. His first place of incarceration was at Milan, from which he was removed to an island near Venice, and finally to Spielberg, in Moravia. His health broke down under the hardships to which he was subjected, and in 1830, when apparently near the point of death, he was liberated by Imperial order, and took up his residence at Turin. The year after his liberation he put forth *My Prisons*, containing an account of his ten years' incarceration. This was immediately translated into several languages—into English by Thomas Roscoe. Pellico subsequently published several works in verse and prose; one of the latest being a treatise on *The Duties of Man*.—Among his fellow-prisoners at Spielberg was his friend Pietro Maroncelli.

THE DEAF-AND-DUMB BOY.

At the commencement of my captivity I was fortunate enough to meet with a friend. It was neither the governor nor any of the Under-sailors, nor any of the lords of the Process Chamber; but a poor deaf-and-dumb boy, five or six years old, the offspring of thieves who had paid the penalty of the law. This wretched little orphan was supported by the police, with

several other boys in the same condition of life. They all dwelt in a room opposite my own, and were only permitted to go out at certain hours to breathe a little air in the yard. Little Deaf-and-Dumb used to come under my window, smiled, and made his obeisance to me. I threw him a piece of bread; he looked, and gave a leap of joy; then ran to his companions, divided it, and returned to eat his own share under a window. The others gave me a wistful look from a distance, but ventured no nearer, while the deaf-and-dumb boy expressed signs of sympathy for me; not, I found, affected, out of mere selfishness. Sometimes he was at a loss what to do with the bread I gave him, and made signs that he had eaten enough, as also had his companions. When he saw one of the under-jailers going into my room, he would give him what he had got from me, in order to restore it to me. Yet he continued to haunt my window, and seemed to rejoice whenever I deigned to notice him.

One day the jailer permitted him to enter my prison, when he instantly ran to embrace my knees, actually uttering a cry of joy. I took him up in my arms, and he threw his little hands about my neck, and lavished on me the tenderest caresses. How much affection in his smile and manner! How eagerly I longed to have him to educate, to raise him from his abject condition, and snatch him, perhaps, from utter ruin. I never learned his name; he did not know himself that he had one. He seemed always happy, and I never saw him weep except once, and that was on his being beaten, I know not why, by the jailer. Strange that he should be thus happy in a receptacle of so much pain and sorrow; yet he was as light-hearted as the son of a grandee. From him I learned at least that the mind need not depend on situations, but may be rendered independent of external things. Govern the imagination, and we shall be well wherever we happen to be placed.

My Prisons.

THE HEROISM OF MARONCELLI.

Maroncelli was far more unfortunate than myself. Although my sympathy for him caused me real pain and suffering, I was glad to be near him, to attend to all his wants, and to perform all the duties of a brother and a friend. It soon became evident that his ulcered leg would never heal. He considered his death as near at hand, and yet he lost nothing of his admirable calmness or his courage. The sight of all his suffering was at last almost more than I could bear.

Still, in this deplorable condition, he continued to compose verses; he sang, he conversed—and all this he did to encourage me by disguising a part of what he suffered. He lost his power of digestion, he could not sleep, was reduced to a skeleton, and very frequently swooned away. Yet the moment he was restored he rallied his spirits, and, smiling, told me not to be afraid. It is indescribable what he suffered during many months. At length a consultation was held. The head-physician was called in; he approved of all his colleagues had done, and took his leave without expressing any decided opinion. A few minutes after, the superintendent entered, and said to Maroncelli:—

"The head-physician did not venture to express his real opinion in your presence; he feared you would not have fortitude to bear so terrible an announcement. I have assured him, however, that you are possessed of courage."

"I hope," replied Maroncelli, "that I have given some proof of it in bearing this terrible torture without howling. Is there anything he would propose?"

"Yes, sir—the amputation of the limb. Only, perceiving how much your constitution is broken down, he hesitates to advise you. Weak as you are, could you support the operation? Will you run the risk—"

"Of dying? And shall I not equally die if I go on, besides enduring this diabolical torture?"

"We will send off an account, then, direct to Vienna, soliciting permission; and the moment it comes, you shall have your leg cut off."

"What! Does it require a *permit* for this?"

"Assuredly, sir," was the reply.

In about a week a courier arrived from Vienna, with the permission for the amputation. My sick friend was carried from his dungeon into a larger room. He begged me to follow him. "I may die under the knife," said he, "and I should wish, in that case, to expire in your arms." I promised, and was permitted to accompany him.

The Sacrament was first administered to the prisoner; and we then quietly awaited the arrival of the surgeon. Maroncelli filled up the interval by singing a hymn. At length they came. One was an able surgeon, sent from Vienna to superintend the operation; but it was the privilege of our ordinary prison apothecary, and he would not yield it to the man of science, who must be contented to look on.

The patient was placed on the side of a couch, with his leg down, while I supported him in my arms. It was to be cut off above the knee. First an incision was made to the depth of an inch—then through the muscles; and the blood flowed in torrents. The arteries were next taken up, one by one, and secured by ligaments. Next came the saw. This lasted some time; but Maroncelli never uttered a cry. When he saw them carrying his leg away he cast on it one melancholy look; then, turning towards the surgeon, he said, "You have freed me from an enemy, and I have no money to give you." He saw a rose placed in a glass in a window, and said, "May I beg you to bring hither that flower?" I brought it to him, and he then offered it to the surgeon, with an indescribable air of good-nature: "See, I have nothing else to give you in token of my gratitude." The surgeon took it as it was meant, and even wiped away a tear.—*My Prisons.*

PENN, WILLIAM, founder of the Colony of Pennsylvania, born at London in 1644; died in 1718. Of his public career we shall not speak further than to say that, although from about his twentieth year he was an earnest and consistent Quaker, he was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time, and was in high favor at Court during the latter part of the reign of Charles II., and the whole of that of James II. Macaulay, alone among historians, speaks in disparaging terms of his personal character; but there is good reason to believe that the acts of turpitude with which Macaulay charges him were committed by a "Mr. Penne," an altogether different person. The *Life of William Penn* has been exhaustively written by Hepworth Dixon (1872), with a special view to refuting the aspersions of Macaulay. Penn was a voluminous writer. His *Select Works* occupy 5 vols. in the edition of 1782, and three stout volumes in the more compact edition of 1825. Most of them relate directly to the history and doctrines of the Quakers. Besides these are his *No Cross, No Crown* (1669), written during an eight months' imprisonment for the offence of preaching in public, and *Fruits of a Father's Love*, being wise counsels to his children, published eight years after his death.

ON PRIDE OF NOBLE BIRTH.

That people are generally proud of their persons is too visible and troublesome, especially if they have any pretence either to blood or beauty. But as to the first: What a pother has this noble blood made in the world: antiquity of name or family; whose father or mother, great-grandfather or great-grandmother was best descended or allied? What stock or of

what clan they came of? What coat-of-arms they have? Which had of right the precedence? But, methinks, nothing of man's folly has less show of reason to palliate it. What matter is it of whom any one descended who is not of ill-fame; since 'tis his own virtue that must raise or vice depress him? An ancestor's character is no excuse to a man's ill actions, but an aggravation of his degeneracy; and since virtue comes not by generation, I am neither the better nor the worse for my forefathers: no, to be sure not, in God's account; nor should it be in man's. Nobody would endure injuries easier, or reject favors the more, for coming from the hands of a man well or ill descended.

I confess it were greater honor to have had no blots, and with an hereditary estate to have had a lineal descent of worth. But that was never found; not in the most blessed of families upon earth; I mean pious Abraham's. To be descended of wealth and titles fills no man's head with brains, or heart with truth. Those qualities come from a higher cause. 'Tis vanity, then, and most condemnable pride, for a man of bulk and character to despise another of less size in the world and of meaner alliance, for want of them; because the latter may have the merit, where the former has only the effects of it in an ancestor; and, though the one be great by means of a forefather, the other is so too, but 'tis by his own; then, pray, which is the bravest man of the two?—*No Cross, No Crown.*

PATERNAL COUNSELS.

Betake yourselves to some honest, industrious course of life: and that not of sordid covetousness, but for example, and to avoid idleness. And if you change your condition and marry, choose with the consent of your mother, if living, or of guardians, or those who have the charge of you. Mind neither beauty nor riches, but the fear of the Lord, and a sweet and amiable disposition, such as you can love above this world, and that may make your habitations

pleasant and desirable to you. And, being married, be tender, affectionate, patient, and meek. Live in the fear of the Lord, and He will bless you and your offspring.

Be sure to live within compass; borrow not, neither be beholden to any. Ruin not yourselves by kindness to others; for that exceeds the due bounds of friendship, neither will a true friend expect it. Let your industry and your parsimony go no further than for a sufficiency for life, and to make a provision for your children if the Lord gives you any, and that in moderation. I charge you help the poor and needy. Let the Lord have a voluntary share of your income for the good of the poor, both in our society and others: for we are all his creatures; remembering that he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. . . .

Be humble and gentle in your conversation; of few words, I charge you, but always pertinent when you speak; hearing out before you attempt to answer, and then speak as if you would persuade, not impose. Affront none, neither avenge the affronts that are done to you; but forgive, and you shall be forgiven of your Heavenly Father. In making friends consider well first; and when you are fixed, be true, not wavering by reports, nor deserting in affliction; for that becometh not the good and virtuous. Read my *No Cross, No Crown.* There is instruction. . . .

And as for you who are likely to be concerned in the government of Pennsylvania and my parts of East Jersey—especially the first—I do charge you before the Lord God and His holy angels that you be lowly, diligent, and tender, fearing God, loving the people, and hating covetousness. Let justice have its impartial course, and the law free passage. Though to your loss, protect no man against it; for you are not above the law, but the law above you. Keep upon the square, for God sees you; therefore do your duty, and be sure you see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears.—*Fruits of a Father's Love.*

PEPYS, SAMUEL, an English writer, born in 1633, died in 1703. Though he was of an ancient family, his early years were passed in humble circumstances. When about twenty-seven he obtained a small post in the exchequer; and he gradually passed from one position to a better one during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., becoming in the end Secretary to the Admiralty. He was also President of the Royal Society from 1684 to 1686. The accession of William III., in 1688, occasioned his retirement from public life. He left to Magdalen College, Oxford, his rare collection of prints, books, and manuscripts, which is known as the "Pepysian Library." He is known almost wholly by his *Diary*, kept in short-hand from 1660 to 1669, when the failure of his eyesight compelled him to abandon it. This *Diary* was first partly deciphered about 1820, and portions of it were printed in 1825, edited by Lord Braybrooke. This, however, was greatly abridged, and even mutilated. Several editions, each more full than the preceding one, have subsequently been published. The *Diary* is simply a mass of pure gossip, but so naively told, as to be exceedingly readable. Indeed without it we should hardly be able to obtain a picture of life in England during the early years of the reign of Charles II. Among the earliest entries in the *Diary* is the following, made in 1660, when Pepys was just beginning to get his head fairly above water.

MRS. PEPYS GETS A NEW PETTICOAT.

August 18, 1660. Towards Whitefriars by water. I landed my wife at Whitefriars, with £5 to buy her a petticoat, and my father persuaded her to buy a most fine cloth of 26*s.* a

yard, and a rich lace, that the petticoat will come to £5; but she doing it very innocently, I could not be angry. . . . 19, *Lord's Day*. This morning Sir W. Batten, Pen, and myself went to church. We heard Mr. Mills, a very good preacher. Home to dinner, where my wife had on the new petticoat that she bought yesterday, which indeed is a very fine cloth and a fine lace; but it being of a light color, and the lace all silver, it makes no great show.

Among the later entries is the following, dated May 1, 1669, which shows that Pepys was getting along in the world, and had indeed set up a coach.

MR. AND MRS. PEPYS TAKE A DRIVE.

Up betimes. Called by my tailor, and there put on a summer suit the first time this year: but it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest, and colored camelott tunique, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the bands, and I was afraid to be seen in it; but put on the stuff suit I made last year, which is now repaired, and so did go to the office in it, and sat all the morning, the day looking as if it would be foul. At noon got home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced extremely pretty; and, indeed, was fine all over, and mighty earnest to go, though the day was extremely lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town, with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reins, that the people did mightily look upon us. And the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours all that day.

But we set out, out of humor—I because Betty, whom I expected, was not come to go with us; and my wife that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so

fine. And she then expected to meet Sheres, which we did see in the Pell Mell; and, against my will, I was forced to take him into the coach; but was sullen all day almost, and little complaisant; the day being unpleasing, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty, and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling of rain. And what made it worse, there were so many hackney-coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's; and so we had little pleasure. But here was Mr. W. Batelier and his sister in a borrowed coach by themselves, and I took them and we to the Lodge; and at the door did give them a syllabub, and other things; cost me 12*s.*, and pretty merry.

MR. PEPYS DOES NOT LIKE "HUDIBRAS."

December 26, 1662. To the wardrobe. Hither come Mr. Battersby; and we falling into discourse of a new book of drollery in use, called *Hudibras*, I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple: cost me 2*s.* 6*d.* But when I come to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to the wars, that I am ashamed of it; and, by-and-by meeting at Mr. Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18*d.* *February* 6. To Lincoln's Inn Fields; and it being too soon to go to dinner, I walked up and down, and looked upon the outside at the new theatre building in Covent Gardens, which will be very fine. And so to a bookseller's in the Strand, and there bought *Hudibras* again; it being certainly some ill-humor to be so against that which all the world cries up to be the example of wit; for which I am resolved once more to read him, and see whether I can find it or no. *November* 28. To St. Paul's Church-yard, and there looked upon the Second Part of *Hudibras*, which I buy not, but borrow to read, to see if it be as good as the first, which the world cried so mightily up; though it hath not a good liking in me, though I had tried by twice or three times reading to bring myself to think it witty.

MR. PEPYS GETS A GLIMPSE AT ROYALTY.

Hearing that the King and Queen are rode abroad with the Ladies of Honor to the Park; and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying there to see their return, I also staid, walking up and down. By-and-by the King and Queen, who looked in this dress—a white laced waistcoat, and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed *à la negligence*—mighty pretty; and the King rode hand-in-hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine, who rode among the rest of the ladies; but the King took, methought, no notice of her; nor when she 'light did anybody press—as she seemed to expect, and staid for it—to take her down. She looked mighty out of humor, and had a yellow plume in her hat, which all took notice of, and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy; nor did anybody speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to anybody.

I followed them up into Whitehall, and into the Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beauties and dress, that I ever did see in all my life. But, above all, Mrs. Stewart in this dress, with her hat cocked and a red plume, and her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent *taille*, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life; and, if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine—at least in this dress. Nor do I wonder if the King changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine.

PERCIVAL, JAMES GATES, an American scholar and poet, born at Berlin, Conn., in 1795, died at Hazel Green, Wis., in 1856. he graduated at Yale in 1815; was for a time engaged in teaching, then studied medicine at Philadelphia. In 1824 he was appointed Assistant Surgeon in the U. S. army, and was detailed as Professor of Chemistry in the Military Academy at West Point. In 1827 he took up his residence at New Haven, and engaged in various kinds of literary work. In 1835 hewas appointed to make a geological and mineral survey of the State of Connecticut, but his Report did not appear until 1842. Between 1841 and 1844 he contributed to different journals metrical versions of German and Slavic lyrics. In 1854 he was appointed Geologist of the State of Wisconsin. His first Report was published in 1855, and he was engaged in the preparation of his second Report at the time of his death. At various intervals between 1821 and 1843 he put forth small volumes of poems. A complete edition of his *Poems* was published in 1859; and his *Life* has been written by Rev. J. H. Ward (1866).

THE CORAL GROVE.

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove;
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with the falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand like the mountain drift,
  And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
  Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow.
  The water is calm and still below,

For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless depths of the upper air.

There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter.
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea.

And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own.
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then far below in the peaceful sea
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove

THE PLEASURES OF THE STUDENT.

And wherefore does the student trim his lamp
And watch his lonely taper, when the stars
Are holding their high festival in heaven,
And worshipping around the midnight throne?
And wherefore does he spend so patiently,
In deep and voiceless thought, the blooming hours
Of youth and joyance, while the blood is warm,
And the heart full of buoyancy and fire?
He has his pleasures; he has his reward:
For there is in the company of books —
The living souls of the departed sage,
And bard and hero; there is in the roll
Of eloquence and history, which speak
The deeds of early and of better days:
In these and in the visions that arise

Sublime in midnight musings, and array
Conceptions of the wise and good—
There is an elevating influence
That snatches us awhile from earth, and lifts
The spirit in its strong aspirings, where
Superior beings fill the court of heaven.
And thus his fancy wanders, and has talk
With high imaginings, and pictures out
Communion with the worthies of old times. . . .
With eye upturned, watching the many stars,
And ear in deep attention fixed, he sits,
Communing with himself, and with the world,
The universe around him, and with all
The beings of his memory and his hopes,
Till past becomes reality, and joys
That beckon in the future nearer draw,
And ask fruition. Oh, there is a pure,
A hallowed feeling in these midnight dreams.
And there is pleasure in the utterance
Of pleasant images in pleasant words,
Melting like melody into the ear,
And stealing on in one continual flow,
Unruffled and unbroken. It is joy
Ineffable to dwell upon the lines
That register our feelings, and portray,
In colors always fresh and ever new,
Emotions that were sanctified, and loved,
As something far too tender, and too pure
For forms so frail and fading.

PERRAULT, CHARLES, a French author, born in Paris in 1628; died in 1703. When nine years of age he was sent to the College de Beauvais, his father assisting him in his studies. He liked exercises in verse and disputes with his teacher of philosophy better than regular study, and at length, accompanied by an admiring fellow-student named Beaurin, left the college halls for the gardens of the Luxembourg, where they laid out their own course of study, which they followed for three or four years.

A burlesque translation of the Sixth Book of the *Æneid* was the first fruit of this self-appointed curriculum, the young translator's brother Claude, architect of the Louvre, illustrating it with India-ink drawings.

In 1651 Perrault was admitted to the bar; but, finding the law wearisome, he accepted a clerkship under his brother, the Receiver-General of Paris. This position he held for ten years, employing his abundant leisure in reading and making verses, which were handed about among his friends and gained him considerable reputation. He also planned a house for his brother, and thus attracted the notice of Colbert, who, in 1663, procured his appointment to the superintendence of the royal buildings, which he exercised for twenty years. On his retirement he devoted himself to authorship, and to the education of his children. In 1686 he published: *Saint Paulin Evesque de Nole* with an *Ode aux Nouveaux Convertis*. The next year he offended Boileau and others by comparing the ancient poets unfavorably with those of his own time, in a poem, *Le Siècle*

de Louis XIV., read before the Academy, to which he had been admitted in 1671. The "battle of the books" raged furiously, and Perrault defended his position in *Le Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes* (1688). His last work, *Eloges des Hommes Illustres du Siècle de Louis XIV.*, finely illustrated with portraits, was published in two volumes (1696–1701). His fame rests upon none of these works. In 1694 he brought out a small volume of tales in verse, contributed, in the intervals of literary warfare, to a society paper of Paris and to a magazine published at the Hague. It was followed in 1697 by a volume of prose tales entitled, *Histoires et Contes du Temp Passé*, bearing on its title-page the name of Perrault's young son, P. Darmancour, and containing those immortal favorites of childhood, *The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood*, *Little Red Riding-hood*, *Blue Beard*, *Puss in Boots*, *Cinderella*, *Riquet with the Tuft*, and *Hop o' My Thumb*. These tales, gathered from the lips of nurses and peasants, and told in a charming style for the amusement of childhood, will keep Perrault's fame alive as long as there are children. As Andrew Lang has said: "By a curious revenge, Perrault, who had blamed Homer for telling, in the Odyssey, old wives' fables, has found, in old wives' fables, his own immortality."

THE AWAKENING.

At the end of a hundred years the son of the reigning king, who belonged to another family than that of the sleeping princess, being out hunting in these parts, asked what tower it was that he saw rising out of a wide, dense wood not far away. Everybody answered ac-

cording to what he had heard—some that it was a haunted castle, others that it was a meeting place for witches, others that it was the residence of an ogre, to which he carried all the children that he caught, in order that he might devour them at leisure, and without fear of being followed, since no one else could find a way through the forest. While the prince stood in doubt what to believe, an aged peasant spoke: "My prince," said he, "more than fifty years ago I heard my father say that the loveliest princess in the world lay asleep in that castle, and that when she had slept a hundred years she should be awakened by a king's son who was destined to be her husband." At these words the prince was on fire to see the end of the adventure. He instantly resolved to penetrate the forest whatever he might find there. Scarcely had he taken a step forward when the great trees, the thickets, and the thorns, parted to let him pass. He went towards the castle which stood at the end of a long avenue, and felt somewhat surprised when he saw that not one of his train had been able to follow him, the branches having sprung together again as soon as he had passed.

When he entered the courtyard he was for a moment chilled with horror. A frightful silence reigned; the image of death was everywhere; what seemed the corpses of men and animals lay stretched upon the ground. The prince knew, however, by the pimpled noses and red faces of the porters, that they were only asleep, and he saw by the few drops of wine which still remained in their glasses, that they had fallen asleep while drinking. He passed through a large court paved with marble, ascended the stairs, entered a saloon where the guards, with their muskets on their shoulders, stood in a row, snoring their loudest, traversed several rooms filled with ladies and gentlemen, some bolt upright, some seated, but all sound asleep, came to a chamber gilded everywhere, and saw upon a bed with parted curtains the

most beautiful sight he had ever beheld—a sleeping princess not more than fifteen or sixteen years old, and of dazzling, almost divine, loveliness. He approached her and fell upon his knees beside her. Then, the enchantment being ended, the princess awoke, and fixing her eyes tenderly upon him said: "Is it you, my Prince? You have been awaited a long time." The prince, charmed by her words, and still more by the tone in which they were spoken, knew not how to manifest his joy and gratitude: he assured her that he loved her better than himself. Their speech was broken; they wept, there was little eloquence, a great deal of love. He was more embarrassed than she, because he was taken by surprise, while she had had time to think of what she should say to him; for it seems (though we are not told how) that the good Fairy had filled her long sleep with pleasant dreams. They talked for four hours without saying half of what they had to say.

In the meantime the whole palace had awakened with the princess. Everybody resumed his work, but, as the others were not lovers, they were all dying with hunger. The first maid of honor became impatient, and called loudly to the princess that dinner was ready. The prince aided the princess to rise. She was magnificently dressed, but he kept it to himself that she was dressed like his grandmother. Nevertheless she was not the less beautiful. They entered an apartment lined with mirrors and there supped. The officers of the princess's household served them, and the violins and hautboys played excellent old pieces, although it was a hundred years since they had played anything.—*The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.*

PERRY, Nora, an American poet, born in Massachusetts in 1841. In early years she removed to Providence, R. I., where her father was a merchant. Her education was received at home and in private schools. At the age of eighteen she began to write, and her first serial story, *Rosalind Newcomb*, appeared in *Harper's Magazine* in 1859–60. For several years she was the Boston correspondent for the Chicago *Tribune* and the Providence *Journal*. She is a frequent contributor to the *St. Nicholas* and other magazines, and is the author of *After the Ball, and other Poems* (1874, new ed. 1879), *The Tragedy of the Unexpected, and Other Stories* (1880), *Book of Love Stories* (1881), *For a Woman* (1885), *New Songs and Ballads* (1886), and *A Flock of Girls* (1887).

AFTER THE BALL.

They sat and combed their beautiful hair,
Their long bright tresses, one by one,
As they laughed and talked in the chamber there,
After the revel was done.

Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille;
Idly they laughed, like other girls,
Who, over the fire, when all is still,
Comb out their braids and curls.

Robes of satin and Brussels lace,
Knots of flowers and ribbons too,
Scattered about in every place,
For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest nightgowns under the sun,
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,
For the revel is done.

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,
Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,
Till the fire is out in the chamber there,
And the little bare feet are cold.

Then out of the gathering winter chill,
All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,
While the fire is out and the house is still,
Maud and Madge together,—

Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest nightgowns under the sun,
Curtained away from the chilly night,
After the revel is done,—

Float along in a splendid dream,
To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,
While a thousand lustres shimmering stream,
In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels and flutter of laces,
Tropical odors sweeter than musk,
Men and women with beautiful faces,
And eyes of tropical dusk;

And one face shining out like a star,
One face haunting the dreams of each,
And one voice sweeter than others are,
Breaking into silvery speech,—

Telling, through lips of bearded bloom,
An old, old story over again,
As down the royal bannered room,
To the golden gittern's strain,

Two and two, they dreamily walk,
While an unseen spirit walks beside,
And, all unheard in the lover's talk,
He claimeth one for a bride.

O, Maud and Madge, dream on together,
With never a pang of jealous fear!
For, ere the bitter St. Agnes weather
Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal, and robed for the tomb,
Braided brown hair and golden tress,
There'll be only one of you left for the bloom
Of the bearded lips to press,—

Only one for the bridal pearls,
The robe of satin and Brussels lace,
Only one to blush through her curls
At the sight of a lover's face.

O, beautiful Madge, in your bridal white,
For you the revel has just begun;
But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night,
The revel of life is done!

But, robed and crowned with your saintly bliss,
Queen of heaven and bride of the sun,
O, beautiful Maud, you'll never miss
The kisses another hath won!

PROMISE AND FULFILMENT.

When the February sun
Shines in long slant rays, and the dun
Gray skies turn red and gold,
And the winter's cold
Is touched here and there
With the subtle air
That seems to come
From the far-off home
Of the orange and palm,
With their breath of balm,
And the bluebirds' throat
Swells with a note
Of rejoicing gay,
Then we turn and say,
"Why, Spring is near!"

When the first fine grass comes up
In pale green blades, and the cup
Of the crocus pushes its head
Out of its chilly bed,
And purple and gold
Begin to unfold
In the morning sun,
While rivulets run
Where the frost had set
Its icy seal, and the sills are wet
With the drip, drip, drip,
From the wooden lip
Of the burdened eaves
Where the pigeon grieves,
And coos and woos,
And softly sues,
Early and late,
Its willing mate,

Then, with rejoicing gay,
We turn to say,
"Why Spring is here!"

When all the brown earth lies,
Beneath the blue, bright skies,
Clothed with a mantle of green,
A shining, varying sheen,
And the scent and sight of the rose,
And the purple lilac-blows,
Here, there, and everywhere,
Meet one and greet one, till
One's senses tingle and thrill
With the heaven and earth-born sweetness,
The sign of the earth's completeness,
Then lifting our voices, we say,
"Oh, stay, thou wonderful day!
Thou promise of Paradise,
That to heart and soul doth suffice.
Stay, stay! nor hasten to fly
When the moon of thy month goes by,
For the crown of the seasons is here,—
June, June, the queen of the year!"

HESTER BROWNE.

O, you are charming, Hester Browne,
So do not, every time you pass
The little looking-glass,
Find some disorder in your gown!

In every ringlet of your hair,
In every dimple of your cheek,
Whene'er you smile or smiling speak,
There lurks a cruel, charming snare. . . .

What use to preach of "better things,"
And tell her she is false as gay?
Be still, and let her have her day,
And count her lovers on her rings.

And let her break a hundred hearts,
And mend them with a glance again;
Be sure the pleasure heals the pain
Of little Hester's cruel arts.

PERRY, Thomas Sargeant, an American author, born at Newport, R. I., in 1845. He is a grandson of Oliver Hazard Perry, the famous naval hero, and through his mother a descendant of Benjamin Franklin. After graduation at Harvard in 1866, he studied at the Sorbonne and College of France, and at the University of Berlin. From 1868 till 1872 he taught German in Harvard, and was instructor of English there from 1877 till 1881. In 1872–4 he was editor of the *North American Review*. His works include: *Life and Letters of Francis Lieber* (1882), *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century* (1883), *From Opitz to Lessing* (1885), *The Evolution of the Snob* (1887), and *History of Greek Literature* (1888).

EVOLUTION IN LITERATURE.

There is a vague notion that the mysterious thing called genius is capable of evoking something out of nothing by direct exercise of creative power. While this idea has vanished from science, it still survives in those departments of human activity which have not yet come fully under scientific treatment, and poets and painters enjoy in the popular estimation a privilege which has been denied to nature. For one thing, the fact that the Greek and Roman classics came down to us only in fragments—and these the best—confirmed those who studied only those two literatures in the belief that the great works of the Greeks were the result of a sort of lucky chance, and that the Romans, when they wanted a tragedy, or comedy, or epic, set a safe fashion by sitting down and copying their predecessors. They had no better opportunity to observe the growth of literature than has the hasty traveller who studies the history of painting in the Tribune of the Uffizi, in which the masterpieces are crowded together,

and the splendor of human achievement strikes the dazed and delighted spectator without the intrusion of any reminder of the toil by which it was attained, or of the forgotten failures that make it clear that not for us alone is success rare and difficult. In Greek literature, especially, we have only the mountain-peaks, and not the expanse of plain, so that we cannot draw the map with all the fulness that is possible when we have to do with modern countries. And, too, just as Darwin would never have hit upon his theory of evolution if the fauna he had seen had consisted of nothing but horses, cows, elephants, and dogs, so it would have been with the students of the classics. It was the blending lines of the pigeons that first led him to observe the interchangeability of species; and with all the evidence at our command in modern literature, we detect the wonderful connection between the writings of different countries. The growth of the *bourgeoisie* in England was the inspiring cause of the family novel and the domestic drama. This advance in civilization spread to other countries, and with the same results. The English and German imitations of the "Spectator" carried the new feeling, which was furthered by the study of nature; and to the eye of science there is no material difference between a king and a peasant—or at least since all discoveries are gradual—between a king and a respectable citizen. Love of the peasant was still a sentimental weakness, and, we may say, yet awaits the time when the peasant shall discover his own importance. The exaggerated insistence on purely national traits was not a fault of Lessing's, who was too truly a man of the eighteenth century not to perceive that civilization was a single task in which all European nations were allies. They all spoke one language, though in different dialects. Later, the feeling of national differences was intensified by abhorrence of the superficiality of cosmopolitanism, and, distinctly, by the struggle for life against the

French; but now we are learning once more the great lesson that we are all one family. When science has made this clear, we shall see that the leaven has again been working in literature, and meanwhile even a hasty examination will show that there is free trade—in thought at least—throughout the civilized world.

The change from a drama that represented only kings and heroes of princely birth to one that concerned itself with human beings, was as inevitable a thing as is the change in government from despotism to democracy, with the growth of the importance of the individual. There is a certain monotony in civilization which may be exemplified in a thousand ways. The large gas-pipes, for instance, that are laid in every street, and have the smaller branches running into every house, which again feed the ramifying tubes that supply the single lights, may remind one of the advance from the general to the particular which characterizes every form of human thought. The classical tragedies presented a few acknowledged truths vividly and strongly. Their simplicity and universality were of great service in inculcating a few general principles, and no one can easily overestimate the educational value of a code that repetition made familiar to every student. The mere mention of Cæsar's name brought with it a picture of ambition. Scipio stood for self-control; Medea for the stricken mother. Lucretia became the incarnation of matronly honor; Virginia, that of maidenly purity. Europe was civilized by the experience of other races, and the study of the classics was a labor-saving device which deserves all the credit that is not a mere echo of what people imagine that they ought to say to show their cultivation. But in the last century the time began to appear when authority ceased to serve its long-lived purpose as an educational means. What the classics—and especially the Latin classics—could teach had been thoroughly

learned. We know that now it would be difficult to oppose a tyrant by calling him Tarquin, and we have as dim a feeling for the Roman proper names as we have after a bountiful dinner on the twenty-second of December for the sufferings of the Pilgrim fathers. What Rome could do for the world had been assimilated,—to eradicate it would have been barbarous;—but to go on repeating it as if it contained the whole truth that man could attain to would have been intellectual bondage. Consequently men simply left it on one side and took another path. There were several inviting them. The populace had already found pleasure in the contemplation of itself and of very unclassical heroes, and the habit spread. Moreover, with democracy in the air, what were kings but convenient formulas? Not in vain, as Boswell's father told Dr. Johnson, did Cromwell "gar kings ken that they had a lith in their necks;" and when kings could be robbed of their influence, to say nothing of their lives, by their people, it became evident that those who held the power were also objects of interest. The lessons they had to learn were not the vague truths that Rome could teach, but the application of these truths to modern conditions.—*From Opitz to Lessing.*

PETRARCH (Francesco Petrarca), an Italian ecclesiastic, diplomatist, scholar, and poet, born at Arezzo in 1304; died at Arqua, near Padua, in 1374. After beginning the study of law, he entered the ecclesiastical profession, and in time was made Archdeacon of Milan. Of the public career of Petrarch only a few words need here be said. During almost the entire years of his manhood he was the associate of Doges, Princes, Kings, Emperors, and Popes, by whom he was repeatedly appointed to discharge important diplomatic functions in Italy, France, and Germany.

In his twenty-third year he first saw the lady whom he has immortalized as "Laura," and conceived for her a love which not only lasted through the one-and-twenty years in which she lived, but endured through the almost thirty remaining years of his life. It has been held by some that Laura was an altogether imaginary personage; but it is now pretty well ascertained that she was the daughter of a Provençal nobleman, was married not unhappily, and at the time of her death was the mother of a large family. Beyond these facts we know little of her except what we gather from the Sonnets of Petrarch, in which it is quite probable that her beauty and her virtues are over-painted. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that she at all reciprocated the intense passion with which she inspired him. But neither this passion nor his ecclesiastical profession prevented Petrarch from forming a permanent connection with another woman, who bore him several children (the eldest born when he was three-and thirty) for whom he cared as sedulously as if they had been born in lawful wedlock.

Petrarch was one of the foremost scholars of his age. He wrote and spoke Latin with perfect ease, and had a fair mastery of Greek. He may be said to have been one of the four creators of the Italian language—doing for it much what Luther did for the German. Among his numerous Latin works are several ethical essays which Cicero might not have been ashamed to have written, and *Africa*, an epic poem upon which he was occupied at intervals for many years, and which he considered to be the work by which he would be remembered in after ages.

Of his Italian poems the longest is *I Trionfi*, "The Triumphs" of Love, Chastity, Death, Fame, Time, and Eternity. The general purport of the poem is that Love triumphs over Man; Chastity over Love; Time over Chastity; Fame over Time; and Eternity over Fame. The other Italian poems are collected together under the title, *Rima di Francesca Petrarca*. They consist of some three hundred *Sonnets*, most of which relate directly to Laura, and some fifty *Odes*.

The bibliography of Petrarch is very extensive. As early as 1820 Marsano had collected a library of nine hundred volumes relating to Petrarch, and the number has since been much increased. The most pretentious of the English Lives of Petrarch is that of Thomas Campbell (2 vols., 1841). A very convenient edition of the Italian poems, consisting of translations by fully a score of persons, is to be found in "Bohn's Poetical Library" (1860), to which are prefixed, the most important portions of Campbell's Biography. Of the more than two hundred Sonnets relating to Laura we

give sufficient to afford a fair view of the entire series.

LAURA'S BEAUTY AND VIRTUES.

The Stars, the Elements, and the Heavens have made,
With blended powers, a work beyond compare;
All their consenting influence, all their care,
To frame one perfect creature lent their aid,
Whence Nature views her loveliness displayed
With sun-like radiance divinely fair;
Nor mortal eyes can that pure splendor bear:
Love, sweetness, in unmeasured grace arrayed
The very air, illumed by her sweet beams,
Breathes purest excellence; and such delight,
That all expression far beneath it gleams.
No base desire lives in that heavenly light,
Honor alone and virtue! Fancy's dreams
Never saw passion rise refined by rays so bright.

Transl. of CAPEL LOFFT.

ON THE DEATH OF LAURA.

Alas! that touching glance, that beautiful face!
Alas! that dignity with sweetness fraught!
Alas! that speech which tamed the wildest thought!
That roused the coward glory to embrace!
Alas! that smile which in me did encase
That fatal dart, whence here I hope for nought!
Oh! hadst thou earlier our regions sought,
The world had then confessed thy sovereign grace!
In thee I breathed; life's flame was nursed by thee,
For it was thine; and since of thee bereaved,
Each other woe hath last its venomed sting;
My soul's best joy! when last thy voice on me
In music fell, my heart sweet hope conceived;
Alas! thy words have sped on Zephyr's wings.

Transl. of WOLLASTON.

LAURA IN HEAVEN.

O my sad eyes! our sun is overcast—
Nay, borne to heaven, and there is shining,
Waiting our coming, and perchance repining
At our delay; there shall we meet at last,
And there, mine ears, her angel words float past,
Those who best understand their sweet divining.
Howe'er, my feet, unto the search inclining,
Ye cannot reach her in those regions vast,
Why do ye then torment me thus? for oh!
It is no fault of mine that ye no more
Behold and joyful welcome her below;
Blame Death—or rather praise Him, and adore
Who binds and frees, restrains and letteth go,
And to the weeping one can joy restore.

Transl. of WROTTESLEY.

A noble poem is the magnificent Canzone, or Ode addressed to the Princes of Italy, exhorting them to lay aside their jealous and petty quarrels and make common cause against the German "Barbarians," whose hands were even then laid heavily upon Italy.

TO THE PRINCES OF ITALY.

O my dear Italy! though words are vain
The mortal wounds to close,
Unnumbered, that thy beauteous bosom stain,
Yet it may soothe my pain
To sigh forth Tiber's woes
And Arno's wrongs, as on Po's saddened shore
Sorrowing I wander and my numbers pour.
Ruler of Heaven! by the all-pitying love
That could thy Godhead move
To dwell a lonely sojourner on earth,
Turn, Lord, on this thy chosen land thine eye.
See, God of charity,
From what light cause this cruel war hath birth,
And the hard hearts by savage discord steeled.
Then, Father, from on high
Touch by my humble voice, that stubborn wrath may yield.

Ye, to whose sovereign hand the Fates confide
Of this fair land the reins—
This land for which no pity wrings your breast—
Why does the stranger's sword her plains infest?
That her green fields be dyed,
Hope ye, with blood from the Barbarians' veins,
Beguiled by error weak?
Ye see not, though to pierce so deep ye boast,
Who love or faith in venal bosoms seek:
When thronged your standards most,
Ye are encompassed most by hostile bands,
Of hideous deluge, gathered in strange lands,
That rushes down amain,
O'erwhelms our every native lovely plain!
Alas! if our own hands
Have thus our weal betrayed, what shall our cause sustain?

Well did kind Nature—guardian of our State—
Rear her rude Alpine heights,
A lofty rampart against German hate;
But blind Ambition, seeking his own ill,
With ever restless will,
To the pure gates contagion foul invites.
Within the same strait fold
The gentle flocks and wolves relentless throng,
Where still meek innocence must suffer wrong:
And these—oh, shame avowed!
Are of the lawless hordes no tie can hold.
Fame tells how Marius's sword
Erewhile their bosom gored;
Nor has Time's hand aught blurred their record proud!
When they who, thirsting, stooped to quaff the flood,
With the cool waters nursed, drank of a comrade's blood.

Great Cæsar's name I pass, who o'er our plains
Poured forth the ensanguined tide
Drawn by our own good swords from out their veins.
But now—nor know I what ill stars preside—
Heaven holds this land in hate!

To you the thanks whose hands control the helm!
You, whose rash feuds despoil
Of all the beauteous earth the fairest realm!
Are you impelled by Judgment, Crime, or Fate,
To oppress the desolate?
From broken fortunes, and from humble toil,
The hard-earned dole to wring,
While from afar ye bring
Dealers in blood, bartering their souls for hire?—
In truth's great cause I sing,
Nor hatred nor disdain my earnest lays inspire.

Nor mark ye yet—confirmed by proof on proof—
Barbarian's perfidy,
Who strikes in mockery, keeping Death aloof?
Shame worse than aught of loss in honor's eye!
While ye, with honest rage, devoted pour
Your inmost bosom's gore!—
Yet give one hour to thought,
And you shall learn how little he can hold
Another's glory dear, who sets his own at naught.
O Latin blood of old!
Arise, and wrest from obloquy thy fame,
Nor bow before a name
Of hollow sound, whose power no laws enforce!
For, if Barbarians rude
Have higher minds subdued,
Ours, ours the crime! Not such.

Ah! is not this the soil my foot first pressed?
And here in cradled rest
Was I not softly hushed; here fondly reared?
Ah! is not this my country, so endeared
By every filial tie;
In whose lap shrouded both my parents lie!
Oh! by this tender thought—
Your torpid bosoms to compassion wrought—
Look on this people's grief!
Who, after God, of you expect relief.
And if ye but relent,
Virtue shall rouse her in embattled might,
Against blind fury bent;

Nor long shall doubtful hang the unequal fight,
For no—the ancient flame
Is not extinguished yet, that raised the Italian name.

Mark, Sovereign Lords! how Time, with pinion strong,
Swift hurries life along!
Even now behold! Death presses on the rear:
We sojourn but a day—the next are gone!
The soul disrobed, alone,
Must shuddering seek the doubtful pass we fear.
Oh, at the dreaded bourne
Abase the lofty brow of wrath and scorn
(Storms adverse to the eternal calm on high!)
And ye, whose cruelty
Has sought another's harm, by fairer deed
Of heart, or hand, or intellect aspire
To win the honest meed
Of just renown—the noble mind's desire—
Thus sweet on earth the stay!
Thus to the spirit pure unbarred is Heaven's way.

My song! with courtesy, and number's sooth,
Thy daring reasons grace;
For thou the mighty, in their pride of place,
Must woo to gentle ruth,
Whose haughty will long evil customs nurse,
Ever to truth averse!
Thee better fortunes wait,
Among the virtuous few, the truly great!
Tell them—but who shall bid my lessons cease?
Peace! Peace! on thee I call! Return, O heaven-born Peace!

Transl. of LADY DACRE.

THE DAMSEL OF THE LAUREL.

Young was the damsel under the green laurel,
Whom I beheld more white and cold than snow
By sun unsmitten, many, many years.
I found her speech and lovely face and hair
So pleasing that I still before my eyes
Have and shall have them, both on wave and shore.

My thoughts will only then have come to shore
When one green leaf shall not be found on
laurel;
Nor still can be my heart, nor dried my eyes,
Till freezing fire appear and burning snow.
So many single hairs make not my hair
As for one day like this I would wait years.

But seeing how Time flits, and fly the years,
And suddenly Death bringeth us ashore,
Perhaps with brown, perhaps with hoary hair,
I will pursue the shade of that sweet laurel
Through the sun's fiercest heat and o'er the
snow
Until the latest day shall close my eyes.

There never have been seen such glorious eyes,
Either in our age or in eldest years;
And they consume me as the sun does snow:
Wherefore Love leads my tears, like streams
ashore,
Unto the foot of that obdurate laurel,
Which boughs of adamant hath and golden hair.

Sooner will change, I dread, my face and hair
Than truly will turn on me pitying eyes
Mine Idol, which is carved in living laurel:
For now, if I miscount not, full seven years
A-sighing have I gone from shore to shore,
By night and day, through drought and through
the snow.

All fire within and all outside pale snow,
Alone with these my thoughts, with alter'd
hair,
I shall go weeping over every shore,—
Belike to draw compassion to men's eyes,
Not to be born for the next thousand years,
If so long can abide well-nurtured laurel.

But gold and sunlit topazes on snow
Are pass'd by her pale hair, above those eyes
By which my years are brought so fast ashore.

Transl. of Charles Bagot Cayley.

PEYTON, Thomas, an English poet, born in 1595; died, probably, about 1625. He was the son and heir of Thomas Peyton of Royston, Cambridgeshire; studied at Cambridge, and at eighteen was entered as a student of law at Lincoln's Inn, London; but his father dying not long after, he came into possession of the ample paternal estates. In 1620 he put forth the First Part of *The Glasse of Time*, which was followed by a Second Part in 1623. At the close a continuation was promised; and as none ever appeared, it is inferred that the author died not long after the publication. The fate of the poem was somewhat singular. Its very existence was forgotten for well-nigh two centuries, until 1816, when the library of Mr. Brindley was sold. In it was a copy of the *Glasse of Time*, which was purchased by Lord Bolland for £21 17*s*. This copy is now in the British Museum. It was read by a few persons, and in 1860 the *North American Review* contained an article embodying many extracts, and saying in conclusion:—"This book should be reprinted. Its usefulness would be manifold. . . . . . While it impressed more deeply the thoughtful mind with the majestic superiority of Milton, it would give to this obscure poet his rightful honor—that of having been the first to tell in epic verse the story of *Paradise Lost*." About 1870, Mr. John Lewis Peyton, of Virginia, then residing in London, caused a perfectly accurate copy to be made of the *Glasse of Time*, and this was finally published at New York in 1886. The poem in the original edition consists of two handsome volumes, quite correctly printed, though somewhat defective in the matter

of punctuation, and not perfectly uniform in spelling. The full title is, *The Glasse of Time, in the First and Second Ages. Divinely handled. By Thomas Peyton, of Lincolnes Inne, Gent. Seene and Allowed. London: Printed by Bernard Alsop, for Lawrence Chapman, and are to be sold at his Shop over against Staple Inne.* To the poem, which contains about 5,500 lines, are prefixed four long dedicatory "Inscriptions"—the first to King James I., the second to Prince Charles, soon to be King Charles I., the third to Francis Lord Verulam, Lord Chancellor of England, the fourth to The Reader. From this last we take a few lines:—

"Unto the Wise, Religious, Learned, Grave,
Judicious Reader, out this work I send,
The lender sighted that small knowledge have,
Can little lose, but much their weaknesse mend:
And generous spirits which from Heaven are sent,
May solace here, and find all true content. . . .

"Peruse it well for in the same may lurke
More (obscure) matter in a deeper sence,
To set the best and learned wits on worke
Than hath as yet in many ages since,
Within so small a volumne beene
Or on the sudden can be found and seene." . . .

We question whether during the first half of the seventeenth century (or, say, between 1615 and 1665), there was produced in the English language any other poem of merit equal to the *Glasse of Time.* Its interest to us, however, lies mainly in the fact that it contains the seminal idea of *Paradise Lost.* Let it be borne in mind that when *The Glasse of Time* was a new book, and easily to be had, young Milton was an eager buyer of books; that Peyton's poem antedates that of Milton by more than forty years, and it will appear beyond question that much of the thought, and not a little of the expression of *Paradise Lost*

was borrowed, perhaps quite unconsciously, after so long an interval, from *The Glasse of Time*.

THE INVOCATION TO THE HEAVENLY MUSE.

Urania, soveraigne of the muses nine
Inspire my thoughts with sacred worke divine,
Come down from heaven, within my Temples
rest,
Inflame my heart and lodge within my breast,
Grant me the story of this world to sing,
The *Glasse of Time* upon the stage to bring,
Be *Aye* within me by thy powerful might,
Governe my *Pen*, direct my speech aright.
Even in the birth and infancy of Time,
To the last age, season my holy rime:
O lead me on, into my soul infuse
Divinest work, and still be thou my muse,
That all the world may wonder and behold
To see times passe in ages manifold,
And that their wonder may produce this end,
To live in love their future lives to mend.

ADAM AND EVE IN PARADISE.

Now art thou compleat (Adam) all beside
May not compare to this thy lovely bride,
Whose radiant tress in silver rays do wave,
Before thy face so sweet a choice to have,
Of so divine and admirable mould
More daintier farre than is the purest gold,
And all the jewels on the earth are borne,
With those rich treasures which the world
adorne. . . .

As the two lights within the Firmament,
So hath thy God his glory to thee lent,
Compos'd thy body exquisite and rare,
That all his works cannot to thee compare,
Like his owne Image drawne thy shape divine,
With curious pencil shadowed forth thy line:
Within thy nostrihls blown his holy breath,
Impal'd thy head with that inspiring wreath,
Which binds thy front, and elevates thine eyes
To mount his throne above the lofty skyes,

Summons his angels in their winged order,
About thy browes to be a sacred border:
Gives them in charge to honour this his frame,
All to admire and wonder at the same.

THE TEMPTATION AND THE FALL.

But Lucifer that soard above the skye,
And thought himself to equal God on high,
Envies thy fortunes and thy glorious birth,
In being fram'd but of the basest earth,
Himself compacted of pestiferous fire,
Assumes a Snake to execute his ire,
Winds him within that winding crawling beast,
And enters first whereat thy strength was least. . . .

Adam what made thee wilfully at first,
To leave thy offspring, to this day accurst;
So wicked foul, and overgrowne with sinne;
And in thy person all of it beginne?
That hadst thou stood in innocence fram'd,
Death, Sin, and Hell, the world and all thou hadst tamed.
Then hadst thou been a Monarch from thy birth;
God's only darling both in Heaven and Earth:
The world and all at thy command to bend,
And all Heaven's creatures on thee t'attend.
The sweetest life that ever man could live;
What couldst thou ask but God to thee did give?
Protected kept thee like a faithful warden,
As thy companion in that pleasant garden;
No canker'd malice once thy heart did move;
Free-will thou hadst endude from him above:
What couldst thou wish, all worlds content and more?

Milton says that none of the fabled paradises could compare with Eden; not even—

"Mount Amara, though this by some supposed
True Paradise, under the Ethiop line
By Nilus head, enclosed with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high."

Peyton has more than a hundred lines about Mount Amara, not a few of which are worthy even of Milton.

MOUNT AMARA.

What may we think of that renowned hill,
Whose matchless fame full all the world doth
fill:
Within the midst of Ethiopia fram'd,
In *Africa* and *Amara* still nam'd, [dine,
Where all the Gods may sit them down and
Just in the east, and underneath the line.
Pomona, Ceres, Venus, Juno chast,
And all the rest their eyes have ever cast
Upon this place so beautiful and neat,
Of all the Earth to make it still their seat:
A cristal river down to *Nilus* purl'd,
Wonder of nature, glory of this world. . . .
O *Amara* which thus hast been beloved,
Still to this day thy foot was never moved:
But in the heat of most tempestuous warres,
God hem'd thee in with strong, unconquered
barres.

But Peyton, foredating Milton, places Eden elsewhere than on Mount Amara. He is rather inclined to give it a more definite location than Milton has ventured. But the description of this possible Eden in *The Glasse of Time* will not suffer greatly by a comparison with the one in *Paradise Lost.*

THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.

The goodly region in the *Sirian* land,
Is thought the place wherein the same did
stand
Where rich Damascus at this day is built,
And *Habels* blood by *Caine* was spilt:
The wondrous beauty of whose fruitful ground,
The great content which some therein have
found,
The sweet increase of that delightful soil,
The damask roses and the fragrant flowers,
The lovely fields and pleasant arbord bowers,
And every thing that in abundance breed,
Have made some think this was the place in-
deede
Where God at first did on the Earth abide,
With holy Adam and his lovely bride.

The expulsion from Paradise is told quite differently in *The Glasse of Time* and in *Paradise Lost.* In the former it is marred by not a few trivial or uncouth illustrations. But omitting these—as we have done—the scene is certainly a striking one.

THE EXPULSION FROM PARADISE.

Adam and Eve about the glistening walls
Of Paradise, with mournful cries and calls,
Repenting sore, lamenting much their sin,
Longing but once to come againe within,
In vaine long time about the walls did grope,
Not in despair as those are out of hope,
But all about in every place did feele,
To find the Door with all their care and paine,
To come within their former state againe. . . .
Evēn so is Adam in that urcked place,
The flaming sword still blazing in his face,
On every side the glistering walls do shine,
The sun himselfe just underneath the line,
The radiant splendor of those Cherubims
Dazles, amates, his tender eye sight dims. . . .
When many days are past away and spent,
Finding at last they mist of their intent :
And that their toil and travell to their paine
Was frustrate quite, their labour still in vaine :
Much discontented for their sad mishap,
Yet once againe upon the walls they rap,
Then weepe and howle, lament, yearne, cry and call,
But still no helpe nor answer had at all.
Perplext in mind, and dazled with the light,
With grief and care distempered in their sight·
Amazed both just as the wind them blew,
To Paradise they had their last adieu :
Like those are moapt, with wandering hither, thither,
From whence they went, themselves they knew not whither.

PFEIFFER, EMILY, a British author, born in Wales; died in England in 1890. She married Mr. Pfeiffer, a German, and settled in London. Her first volume published was *Kahmera, a Midsummer Night's Dream*. *Gerard's Monument, and other Poems* appeared in 1873. It was followed by *Poems* (1876), *Glan-Arlach: his Silence and Song* (1877), *Quarterman's Grace, and other Poems* (1879), *Under the Aspens* (1882), *The Rhyme of the Lady of the Rock* (1884), *Sonnets* (1887), *Flowers of the Night* (1889). Mrs. Pfeiffer also published a record of her travels, entitled *Flying Leaves from East and West* (1885), and *Women's Work* (1888).

ORIENTAL COLOR.

But not arrayed in this luminous pallor [moonlight] does the scenery of this Eastern village most linger in the mind. I hope I may some day again feel satisfied with the color of the world as it is my every-day lot to see it; at present I am driven to injurious comparison. The "decoration," all that is scenic in life and its surroundings, is in —— so richly and so variously tinted that after it the harmonies of an English spring appear monotonous. The mountains, near or far, take upon themselves so soft a depth of azure; that sea, still blue, but lighter and warmer in tone than the Mediterranean, is like a turquoise melting in the sun; the lingering leaves of the planes and maples hang upon the distance in rich gradations of red and yellow gold; the oranges, amid their dark leaves, burn like colored lamps; the darker obelisks of the cypresses rise solemnly in their places and soar into the thin blue air; the ruddy limbs of the pines glow as if with inward fire, while their myriad organ-pipes are thrilled aloft by the passing breeze; the soft

flat tints of the feathery olive are a tender go-between, and harmonize all. This at midday; but there comes a sunset, and, later, a twilight hour, when the light which you thought had never been on land or sea or sky, seems mysteriously to overspread all. This would more often occur as we sat at close of day in the saloon opening upon the balcony. The sun, as he prepared himself for his plunge into the bay, would pass from glory to glory; upon a sky transparent as chrysolite, clouds would flash into sudden view, disappear, and re-form like molten jewels. Not the horizon alone, but the entire heaven to the zenith and beyond it, was alive and in motion with his parting message. It was as if, the work of the day being done, he had taken this hour for his own delight. Then the words would die upon our lips as we watched, the glory would deepen, the clouds melt into the amber light, the tall spires of the cypresses grow solemnly dark, the outlines of the mountains become firm, their color mysteriously blue. At this moment that window over the divan was as the background of a Holy Family by Lorenzo di Credi, and among the shadows which deepened around us the kneeling angels who took part in their evening worship would not have seemed wholly out of place.—*Flying Leaves from East and West.*

PAST AND FUTURE.

Fair garden where the man and woman dwelt,
  And loved and worked, and where, in work's
    reprieve,
  The sabbath of each day, the restful eve,
They sat in silence with locked hands, and felt
The voice which compassed them, a-near, a-far,
  Which murmured in the fountains and the
    breeze,
  Which breathed in spices from the laden
    trees,
And sent a silvery shout from each lone star.
  Sweet dream of Paradise! and though a
    dream,

One that has helped us when our faith was weak;
We wake and still it holds us, but would seem
Before us, not behind,—the good we seek,—
The good from lowest root which waxes ever,
The golden age of science and endeavor.

THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT.

All ye child-hearted ones, born out of time,
Born to an age that sickens and grows old,
Born in a tragic moment, dark and cold,
Fair blossoms opening in an alien clime,
Young hearts and warm, spring forward to your prime,
But lose not that child-spirit glad and bold
Which claims its heirship to that tenderfold
Of parent arms, and, with a trust sublime,
Smiles in Death's face if only Love be near;
Oh, worshipful young hearts that love can move,
And loveless loneliness contract with fear,
Hold fast the sacred instincts which approve
A fatherhood divine, that clear child eyes
May light the groping progress of the wise.

AMONG THE GLACIERS.

Land of the beacon-hills that flame up white,
And spread as from on high a word sublime,
How is it that upon the roll of time
Thy sons have rarely writ their names in light?
Land where the voices of loud waters throng,
Where avalanches sweep the mountain's side,
Here men have wived and fought, have worked and died,
But all in silence listened to thy song.
Is it the vastness of the temple frowning
On changing symbols of the artist's faith
Is it the volume of the music drowning
The utterance of his frail and fleeting breath,
That shames all forms of worship and of praise,
Save the still service of laborious days?

PIATT, JOHN JAMES, an American poet, born at Milton, Ind., 1835. After serving an apprenticeship in a printing office he became connected with the Louisville *Journal*. In 1861 he received an appointment in the Treasury Department at Washington; after six years he resigned this position, and became a journalist at Cincinnati. In 1871 he was made Librarian to the House of Representatives at Washington, and in 1882 was appointed U. S. Consul at Cork, Ireland. In 1860 appeared a volume of *Poems by Two Friends* (J. J. Piatt and W. D. Howells). Among his other volumes are: *The Nests at Washington* (1864), *Poems of Sunshine and Firelight* (1866), *Western Windows* (1869), *Landmarks* (1871), *Poems of House and Home* (1875), *The Children out of Doors* (1884), *At the Holy Well* (1887), *Idylls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley* (1888).

THE MORNING STREET.

Alone I walk the morning street,
Filled with the silence vague and sweet;
All seems as strange, as still, as dead,
As if unnumbered years had fled,
Letting the noisy Babel lie
Breathless and dumb against the sky.
The light wind walks with me alone,
Where the hot day flame-like was blown,
Where the wheels roared, the dust was beat;
The dew is on the morning street.

Where are the restless throngs that pour
Along this mighty corridor
While the noon shines?—the hurrying crowd,
Whose footsteps make the city loud—
The myriad faces—hearts that beat
No more in the deserted street?
Those footsteps in their dreaming maze
Cross thresholds of forgotten days;

Those faces brighten from the years
In rising suns long set in tears;
Those hearts—far in the Past they beat,
Unheard within the morning street.

A city of the world's gray prime,
Lost in some desert far from Time,
Where noiseless ages, gliding through,
Have only sifted sand and dew;
Yet a mysterious hand of man
Lying on the haunted plan,
The passions of the human heart,
Quickening the marble breast of Art,
Were not more strange to one who first
Upon its ghostly silence burst
Than this vast quiet, where the tide
Of life, upheaved on either side,
Hangs trembling, ready soon to beat
With human waves the morning street.

Ay, soon the glowing morning flood
Breaks through the charmed solitude.
This silent stone, to music won,
Shall murmur to the rising sun;
This busy place, in dust and heat,
Shall rush with wheels and swarm with feet,
The Arachne-threads of Purpose stream
Unseen within the morning gleam;
The Life shall move, the Death be plain;
The bridal throng, the funeral train
Together, face to face, shall meet,
And pass within the morning street.

THE FISHERMAN'S LIGHT-HOUSE.

A picture in my mind I keep,
  While all without is shiver of rain;
Warm firelit shapes forgotten creep
  Away, and shadows fill my brain.

I see a chill and desolate bay
  That glimmers into a lonely wood,
Till, darkling more and more away,
  It grows a sightless solitude.

No cheerful sound afar to hear,
No cheerful sight afar to see ;—
The stars are shut in heavens drear,
The darkness holds the world and me.

Yet, hark !—I hear a quickening oar,
The burden of a happy song,
That echo keeps along the shore
In faint repeating chorus long.

And whither moves he through the night,
The rower of my twilight dream ?
A compass in his heart is bright,
And all his pathway is a gleam !

No light-house leaning from the rock
To tell the sea-tossed mariner
Where breakers, fiercely gathering, shock—
A fiery-speaking messenger !

But see, o'er water lighted far,
One steadfast line of splendor come !—
Is it in heaven the evening-star ?
The fisher knows his light at home !

And which is brighter—that which glows
His evening star of faith and rest,
Or that which, sudden-kindled, goes
To meet it from his eager breast ?

THE SIGHT OF ANGELS.

The angels come, the angels go,
Through open doors of purer air ;
Their moving presence oftentimes we know,
It thrills us everywhere

Sometimes we see them ; lo, at night,
Our eyes were shut, but open seem ;
The darkness breathes a breath of wondrous light,
And thus it was a dream.

Poems of House and Home.

PIATT, SARAH MORGAN (BRYAN), an American poet, born at Lexington, Ky., in 1836. She is the grand-daughter of Morgan Bryan, an early settler in Kentucky. She was graduated at Henry Female College, Newcastle, Ky., in 1854, and married the poet, John James Piatt, in 1861. Her early poems were printed in the Louisville *Journal* and in the *New York Ledger*. Her writings include: *A Woman's Poems* (1871), *A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles, and Other Poems* (1874), *That New World, and Other Poems* (1876), *Poems in Company with Children* (1877), *Dramatic Persons and Moods* (1879), *An Irish Garland* (1884), *Selected Poems* (1885), *In Primrose Time* (1886), *Child's-World Ballads* (1887), *The Witch in the Glass* (1889), and two books with Mr. Piatt, *The Nests at Washington, and Other Poems* (1864), and *The Children Out-of-Doors: a Book of Verses by Two in One House* (1884).

OVER A LITTLE BED AT NIGHT.

Good-bye, pretty sleepers of mine—
  I never shall see you again;
Ah, never in shadow nor shine;
  Ah, never in dew nor in rain!

In your small dreaming-dresses of white,
  With the wild bloom you gathered to-day
In your quiet shut hands, from the light
  And the dark you will wander away.

Though no graves in the bee-haunted grass,
  And no love in the beautiful sky,
Shall take you as yet, you will pass,
  With this kiss, through these tear-drops,
    Good-bye!

With less gold and more gloom in their hair,
  When the buds near have faded to flowers,
Three faces may wake here as fair—
  But older than yours are, by hours!

Good-night, then, lost darlings of mine—
I never shall see you again;
Ah, never in shadow nor shine;
Ah, never in dew nor in rain.

A Woman's Poems.

IN PRIMROSE TIME.

(EARLY SPRING IN IRELAND.)

Here's the lodge-woman in her great cloak coming,
And her white cap. What joy
Has touched the ash-man? On my word, he's humming
A boy's song, like a boy!
He quite forgets his cart. His donkey grazes
Just where it likes, the grass.
The red-coat soldier, with his medal, raises
His hat to all who pass;
And the blue-jacket sailor,—hear him whistle,
Forgetting Ireland's ills!
Oh, pleasant land—(who thinks of thorn or thistle?)
Upon your happy hills
The world is out! And, faith, if I mistake not,
The world is in its prime
(Beating for once, I think, with hearts that ache not)
In Primrose time.

Against the sea-wall leans the Irish beauty
With face and hands in bloom,
Thinking of anything but household duty
In her thatched cabin's gloom:—
Watching the ships as leisurely as may be,
Her blue eyes dream for hours.
Hush! There's her mother—coming with the baby
In the fair quest of flowers.
And her grandmother!—hear her laugh and chatter,
Under her hair frost-white!

Believe me, life can be a merry matter,
And common folk polite,
And all the birds of heaven one of a feather,
And all their voices rhyme,—
They sing their merry songs, like one, together,
In Primrose time.

The magpies fly in pairs (an evil omen
It were to see but one);
The snakes—but here, though, since St. Patrick, no man
Has seen them in the sun;
The white lamb thinks the black lamb is his brother,
And half as good as he;
The rival carmen all love one another,
And jest, right cheerily;
The compliments among the milkmen savor
Of pale gold blossoming;
And everybody wears the lovely favor
Of our sweet Lady Spring.
And through the ribbons in a bright procession
Go toward the chapel's chime,—
Good priest, there be but few sins for confession
In Primrose time.

How all the children in this isle of fancy
Whisper and laugh and peep!
(Hush, pretty babblers! Little feet be wary,
You'll scare them in their sleep,—
The wee, weird people of the dew, who wither
Out of the sun, and lie
Curled in the wet leaves, till the moon comes hither)—
The new made butterfly
Forgets he was a worm. The ghostly castle,
On its lone rock and gray,
Cares not a whit for either lord or vassal
Gone on their dusty way,
But listens to the bee, on errands sunny.—
A thousand years of crime
May all be melted in a drop of honey
In Primrose time.

AN EMIGRANT SINGING FROM A SHIP.

Sing on; but there be heavy seas between
    The shores you leave and those
Toward which you sail. Look back, and see
        how green,
    How green the shamrock grows;
How fond your rocks and ruins toward you
        lean;
    How bright the thistle blows,
    How red the Irish rose!

He waves his cap, and with a sorry jest,
    Flees, singing like a bird
That is right glad to leave its island nest.
    I wonder if he heard,
That time he kissed his hand back to the rest,
    The cry, till then deferred,
    The mother's low last word.

Boy-exile, youth is light of heart, I ween;
    And fairy-tales come true,
Sometimes, perhaps, in lands we have not seen.
    Sing on; the sky is blue.
Sing on (I wonder what your wild words mean);
    May blossoms strange and new
    Drift out to welcome you!

Sing on, the world is wide, the world is fair,
    Life may be sweet and long.
Sing toward the Happy West—yet have a care
    Lest Ariel join your song!
(You loved the chapel-bell, you know a prayer?)
    If winds should will you wrong,
    God's house is builded strong.

Sing on, and see how golden grain can grow,
    How golden tree and vine,
In our great woods; how apple-buds can blow,
    And robins chirp and shine
And—in my country may you never know,
    Ah, me! for yours to pine,
    As I, in yours, for mine.

In Primrose Time.

THE GIFT OF EMPTY HANDS.

There were two princes doomed to death;
Each loved his beauty and his breath:
"Leave us our life, and we will bring
Fair gifts unto our lord, the king."

They went together. In the dew,
A charmed Bird before them flew,
Through sun and storm one followed it:
Upon the other's arm it lit.

A Rose whose faintest blush was worth
All buds that ever blew on earth,
One climbed the rocks to reach: ah, well,
Into the other's arms it fell.

Weird jewels, such as fairies wear,
When moons go out, to light their hair,
One tried to touch on ghostly ground:
Gems of quick fire the other found.

One with the Dragon fought, to gain
The enchanted fruit, and fought in vain:
The other breathed the garden's air,
And gathered precious Apples there.

Backward to the imperial gate
One took his Fortune, one his Fate:
One showed sweet gifts from sweetest lands,
The other torn and empty hands.

At Bird, and Rose, and Gem, and Fruit,
The King was sad, the King was mute;
At last he slowly said, "My son,
True pleasure is not lightly won.

"Your brother's hands, wherein you see
Only these scars, show more to me
Than if a Kingdom's price I found
In place of each forgotten wound."

FORGIVENESS.

Go show the bee that stung your hand
The sweetest flower in all the land;

Then, from its bosom she will bring
The honey that will cure the sting.

New Poems.

PIERPONT, JOHN, an American clergyman and poet, born at Litchfield, Conn., in 1785; died at Medford, Mass., in 1866. He graduated at Yale in 1804; then went to South Carolina, where for four years he was tutor in a private family. Returning to New England in 1809, he studied law and entered upon practice at Newburyport, Mass. Subsequently he engaged in mercantile business at Baltimore in partnership with John Neal, who, in 1866, wrote a biographical sketch of him. This enterprise proving unsuccessful, he studied theology at Cambridge and in 1819 was ordained pastor of the Hollis Street (Unitarian) Church in Boston. He retired from this charge in 1845, and was subsequently minister of churches at Troy, N. Y., and at Medford Mass., resigning the latter charge in 1856. At the outbreak of the civil war, although he had reached the age of seventy-six, he became chaplain of a Massachusetts regiment; but he soon afterwards received an appointment in the Treasury Department at Washington, which he held until his death. In 1816 he published the *Airs of Palestine*, the main purpose of which was to exhibit the power of music, combined with local scenery and national character in various countries of the world, more especially in Palestine. Most of his subsequent poems were composed for special occasions. He also prepared a series of Reading-Books for schools.

CLASSICAL AND SACRED THEMES FOR MUSIC.

Where lies our path? Though many a vista call,
We may admire but cannot tread them all.
Where lies our path?—A poet, and inquire

What hills, what vales what streams, become the lyre?
See, there Parnassus lifts his head of snow,
See at his foot the cool Cephissus flow;
There Ossa rises, there Olympus towers;
Between them Tempé breathes in beds of flowers
Forever verdant; and there Peneus glides
Through laurels, whispering on his shady sides.
Your theme is music. Yonder rolls the wave
Where dolphins snatched Arion from his grave,
Enchanted by his lyre. Cithæron's shade
Is yonder seen, where first Amphion played
Those potent airs that from the yielding earth
Charmed stones around him, and gave cities birth.
And fast by Hæmus Thracian Hebrus creeps
O'er golden sands, and still for Orpheus weeps,
Whose gory head, borne by the streams along,
Was still melodious, and expired in song.
There Nereids sing, and Triton winds his shell.—
There be thy path, for there the Muses dwell.
No, no. A lonelier, lovelier path be mine:
Greece and her charms I leave for Palestine.
There purer streams through happier valleys flow,
And sweeter flowers on holier mountains blow.
I love to breathe where Gilead sheds her balm;
I love to walk on Jordan's banks of palm;
I love to wet my feet in Hermon's dews;
I love the promptings of Isaiah's muse;
In Carmel's holy grots I'll court repose,
And deck my mossy couch with Sharon's deathless rose.

Airs of Palestine.

DEDICATION HYMN.

[Written for the dedication of a new church in Plymouth, built upon the ground occupied by the earliest Congregational Church in America.]

The winds and waves were roaring;
The Pilgrims met for prayer;

And here, their God adoring,
They stood in open air.
When breaking day they greeted,
And when its close was calm,
The leafless woods repeated
The music of their psalm.

Not thus, O God, to praise thee,
Do we, thy children throng;
The temple's arch we raise Thee
Gives back our choral song.
Yet on the winds that bore Thee
Their worship and their prayers.
May ours come up before Thee
From hearts as true as theirs.

What have we, Lord, to bind us
To this the Pilgrim's shore?—
Their hill of graves behind us,
Their watery way before;
The wintry surge that dashes
Against the rocks they trod;
Their memory and their ashes:—
Be thou their guard, O God!

We would not, Holy Father,
Forsake this hallowed spot,
Till on that shore we gather
Where graves and griefs are not;
The shore where true devotion
Shall rear no pillared shrine,
And see no other ocean
Than that of love divine.

THE DEPARTED CHILD.

I cannot make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study-chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes; he is not there.

I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;

I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that he is not there.

I thread the crowded street;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that he is not there.

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes, cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt,
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that he is not there.

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that he is not there.

When, at the cool gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air,
My soul goes up with joy
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought, that he is not there.

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm, with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though he is not there.

Not there!—Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear;
The grave that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress
Is but his wardrobe locked. He is not there.

He lives!—In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now,
And on his angel brow
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there!*"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, Thy chastening rod
So help us, Thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit-land,
Meeting at Thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that he is there!

WARREN'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?
Look behind you! they're a-fire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it!—From the vale
On they come!—And will ye quail?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may,—and die we must;
But, O, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well
As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell!

Airs of Palestine, and Other Poems.

PIERS PLOUGHMAN, the name given to a representative personage who appears in a poem of some 8,000 lines, the full title of which is *The Vision of William concerning Piers Ploughman.* The author was WILLIAM LANGLAND, born in Shropshire about 1332; died about 1400. He was therefore a contemporary of Chaucer, being born four years later, but preceding him as a poet by many years. Although the *Vision* was highly popular, vory little is known of the author. He seems to have at least entered upon his novitiate as a monk, but he incidentally speaks of being married, so that he could not take Orders, although he wore the clerical tonsure. He appears for a while to have gained a precarious livelihood by singing the Penitential Psalms for the good of the souls of good people. The *Vision* was composed about 1362, and twice much enlarged some ten years later. It was the first considerable poem written in what may be strictly styled the English language. The distinguishing features of the versification are that it is based upon the number of *accented* syllables; that it is destitute of rhyme, but abounds in alliteration. We have called attention to this last feature by italicizing the alliterations, in the first three of the following specimens, in which the original spelling is strictly retained. Piers Ploughman represents himself as having fallen asleep among the Malvern Hills, where was presented to him a series of visions of the corruptions of society, especially among the religious orders. The poem was printed four times during the sixteenth century. It has been edited and printed three times during the present century, the last editor being Professor Skeat.

BEGINNING OF THE VISION.

In a *s*omer *s*eson when *s*oft was the *s*onne,
I *sh*ope me in *sh*roudes as I a *sh*epe [herd] were,
In *h*abit as a *h*eremite un*h*oly of werkes,
*W*ent *w*yde in this *w*orld *w*ondres to here.
As on a *M*ay *m*ornynge, on *M*aluerne hulles,
Me by*f*el a *f*erly of *f*airy, me thouhte;
I was *w*ery for*w*andered, and *w*ent me to reste,
Vnder a *b*rode *b*ank *b*y a *b*ornes side;
And as I *l*ay, and *l*ened, and *l*oked in the wateres,
I *sl*ombered in a *sl*epyng, it sweyed so mury.
Then gan I *m*eten a *m*arvelous sweven
That I *w*as in a *w*ilderness, *w*ist I never *wh*ere.

The personified Vices and Virtues come one after another, singly or in pairs, trooping before the sleeping Ploughman.

VISION OF MERCY AND TRUTH.

Out of the *w*est, as it *w*ere, a *w*ench as, methouhte, [looked;
Came *w*alking in the *w*ay to helle-*w*ard she
*M*ercy hight that *m*aid, a *m*ild thing withal,
A full *b*enign *b*urd, and *b*uxom of speech.
Her *s*ister, as it *s*eemed, came *s*oftly walking
*E*ven out of the *e*ast, and westward she looked,
A full *c*omely *c*reature, Truth she hight,
*F*or the virtue that her *f*ollowed a*ff*eard was she never.
When these *m*aidens *m*etten, *M*ercy and Truth
Either axed of *other* of this great wonder,
Of the *d*in and of the *d*arkness.

A SELLER OF INDULGENCES.

There *p*reached a *p*ardoner, as he a *p*riest were;
And said that himself might as*s*oilen hem all
Of *f*alse hede of *f*asting, of avowes y-broken.
*L*ewed men *l*eked it well, and *l*iked his words;
*C*omen up *k*neeling to *k*issen his bulls.
He *b*ouched hem with his *b*revet, and *b*leared their eyen, [brooches,
And *r*aught with his *r*agman, *r*inges, and

But the Vision foreshadows a speedy end to these ecclesiastical abuses.

THE COMING REFORMATION.

Ac now is Religion a rider a roamer about,
A leader of lovadays, and a loud-buyer,
A pricker on a palfrey from manor to manor;
An heap of hounds as he a lord were.
And but if his knave kneel that shall his cope bring,
He lowred on him, and asketh him who taught him courtesy?
Little had lords to done to give him lond from her heirs
To Religious, that have no ruth though it rain on her altars.
In many places they be Parsons by hemself at ease;
Of the poor have they no pity; and that is her charity!
And they letten hem as lords, her londs lie so broad.
Ac there shall come a King and confess you, Religious,
And beat you, as the Bible telleth, for breaking of your rule,
And amend monials, monks, and canons,
And put hem to her penance.

The Ploughman is a good Catholic. He admits the efficacy of prayer, penances, masses, and papal pardons; but insists that, after all, well-doing is the one thing essential to salvation.

WELL-BELIEVING AND WELL-DOING.

Now hath the Pope power pardon to grant the people,
Withouten any penance, to passen into heaven?
This is our belief, as lettered men us teacheth
And so I leave it verily (Lord forbid else!)
That pardon and penance and prayers don save
Souls that have sinned seven sins deadly.
But to trust to these triennales, truly me thinketh

Is nought so sicher for the soul, certes, as Do-
well.
Forthwith I rede you, renkes, that rich ben on
this earth,
Upon trust of your treasure triennales to have,
Be ye never the balder to break the ten be-
hests;
And namely the masters, mayors, and judges
That have the wealth of this world, and for
wise men ben holden,
To purchase you pardon and the Pope's bulls,
At the dreadful doom when dead shallen rise,
And comen all before Christ accounts to yield,
How thou leddest thy life here and his laws
kept'st,
And how thou diddest day by day the doom
will rehearse;
A poke full of pardons there, ne provinciales
letters,
Though they be found in the fraternity of all
the four orders,
And have indulgences double-fold; but if Do-
well you help
I set your patents and your pardons at one pese
hull!—
Forthwith I counsel all Christians to cry God
mercy,
And Mary his mother be our mene between,
That God give us grace here ere we go hence,
Such works to work while we ben here,
That after our death-day, Do-well rehearse
At the day of doom, we did as he hight.

Thus closes Langland's poem. Not many years later a writer, whose name is unknown, put forth a clever continuation—or, rather, an imitation—of the *Vision*, entitled *Piers the Ploughman's Creed.* The Ploughman of Langland becomes a poor peasant, from whom the narrator receives that instruction in divine things which he had vainly sought from the clergy. The poem opens with an account of the first

meeting of the narrator and the Ploughman. The spelling is here modernized, and in a few cases obsolete words have been replaced by their current equivalents:

THE MEETING WITH THE PLOUGHMAN.

Then turned I me forth, and talked to myself
Of the false heds of this folk, how faithless they weren.
And as I went by the way, weeping for sorrow,
I see a simple man me by upon the plough hongen.

His coat was of cloth that *cary* was y-called;
His hood was full of holes, and his hair out;
With his knopped shoon, clouted full thick,
His toes peeped out, as he the lond treaded;
His hosen overhangen his hock shins, on every side,
All beslomered in fen, as he the plough followed. . . . .

His wife walked him with, with a long goad,
In a cutted coat, cutted full high,
Wrapped in a winnow-sheet, to waren her for weathers,
Barefoot on the bare ice, that the blood followed.
And at the field's end lieth a little crumb-bowl,
And thereon lay a little child lapped in clouts,
And tweyn of twey years old upon another side,
And they all songen ae song, that sorrow was to hearen;
They cried all ae cry, a care-full note,
The simple man sighed sore, and said, "Children, be still!"
This man looked upon me, and let the plough stonden;
And said, "Simple man, why sighest thou so hard?
If thee lack lifehood, lend thee I will
Such good as God hath sent:
Go we, dear brother."

PIKE, ALBERT, an American journalist, lawyer, and poet, born at Boston in 1809. He studied at Harvard, but did not complete the course; and after teaching for a while at Newburyport, set out in 1831 for the far West. At St. Louis he joined a caravan going to the Mexican territories, and visited the head-waters of the Red and Brazos rivers. He, with four others, separated from the party, and travelled 500 miles on foot to Fort Smith, in Arkansas. In 1834 he became proprietor and editor of the *Arkansas Gazette*, published at Little Rock. After two years he was admitted to the bar, gave up journalism, and devoted himself mainly to his profession. He served as a volunteer in the war with Mexico; and after the outbreak of our civil war, he organized a body of Cherokee Indians, at whose head he was engaged at the battle of Pea Ridge. He rose to a high grade in the Order of Freemasons. Besides several professional works, he has published: *Hymns to the Gods* (1831, reprinted in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1839), *Prose Sketches and Poems* (1834), *Nugæ*, a collection of poems, and two similar collections (1873–1882).

BUENA VISTA.

From the Rio Grande's waters to the icy lakes of Maine [again.
Let all exult! For we have met the enemy
Beneath their stern old mountains we have met them in their pride,
And rolled from Buena Vista back the battle's bloody tide,
Where the enemy came surging, like Mississippi's flood,
And the reaper, Death, was busy with his sickle red with blood.

Santa Anna boasted loudly that, before two hours were past,
His lancers through Saltillo should pursue us thick and fast.
On came his solid regiments, line marching after line;
Lo! their great standards in the sun like sheets of silver shine!
With thousands upon thousands—yea with more than four to one—
A forest of bright bayonets gleams fiercely in the sun!

Upon them with your squadrons, May!—Out leaps the flaming steel;
Before his serried column how the frightened lancers reel!—
They flee amain. Now to the left, to stay their triumph there,
Or else the day is surely lost in horror and despair;
For their hosts are pouring swiftly on, like a river in the Spring;
Our flank is turned, and on our left their cannon thundering.

Now, brave artillery! bold dragoons! Steady, my men, and calm!
Through rain, cold, hail, and thunder; now nerve each gallant arm!
What though their shot falls round us here, still thicker than the hail,
We'll stand against them, as the rock stands firm against the gale!
Lo! their battery is silenced now; our iron hail still showers.
They falter, halt, retreat! Hurrah! the glorious day is ours!

Now charge again, Santa Anna! or the day is surely lost;
For back, like broken waves, along our left your hordes are tossed.
Still louder roar two batteries; his strong reserve moves on.
More work is there before you, men, ere the good fight is won!

Now for your wives and children stand!
Steady, my braves, once more!
Now for your lives, your honor, fight, as you never fought before!

Ho! Hardin breasts it bravely! McKee and Bissell there
Stand firm before the storm of balls that fills the astonished air.
The lancers are upon them too! The foe swarms ten to one;
Hardin is slain; McKee and Clay the last time see the sun;
And many another gallant heart, in that last desperate fray,
Grew cold—its last thoughts turning to its loved ones far away.

Still sullenly the cannon roared, but died away at last;
And o'er the dead and dying came the evening shadows fast;
And then above the mountains rose the cold moon's silver shield,
And patiently and pityingly looked down upon the field;
And careless of his wounded, and neglectful of his dead,
Despairingly and sullen, in the night, Santa Anna fled.

PINDAR (*Gr.* PINDAROS), a Greek lyric poet, born at Thebes, in Bœotia, about 520, B. C.; died about 440, B. C. The extant poems of Pindar consist of triumphal odes, hymns to the gods, odes for public processions, convivial songs, dancing songs, dirges and panegyrics upon rulers. The only poems which have come down to us entire are the triumphal odes which were written in honor of victories won in the great national public games.

FROM THE FIRST PYTHIAN ODE.

Strophe.

Golden lyre that Phœbus shares with the Muses violet-crowned,
Thee, when opes the joyous revel, our frolic feet obey.
While thy chords ring out their preludes, and guide the dancers' way.
Thou quenchest the bolted lighting's heat,
And the eagle of Zeus on the sceptre sleeps, and closes his pinion fleet.

Antistrophe.

King of birds! His hookéd beak hath a darkling cloud o'ercast,
Sealing soft his eyes. In slumber his rippling back he heaves.
By thy sweet music fettered fast,
Ruthless Ares's self the rustle of bristling lances leaves,
And gladdens awhile his soul with rest.
For the shafts of the Muses and Leto's son can melt an immortal's breast.

Epode.

But, whom Zeus loves not, back in fear all senseless cower. as in their ear
The sweet Pierian voices sound, in earth or monstrous oceans round.
So he, heaven's foe, that in Tartarus lies,
The hundred-headed Typho, erst
In famed Cilician cavern nurst—

Now, beyond Cumæ, pent below
Sea-cliffs of Sicily, o'er his rough breast rise
Ætna's pillars, skyward soaring, nurse of year-
    long snow!

Transl. of F. D. Maurice.

FROM THE THIRTEENTH OLYMPIC ODE.

The powers of Heaven can lightly deign boons
    that Hope's self despairs to gain:
And bold Bellerophon with speed won to his
    will the wingéd steed,
Binding that soothing spell his jaws around.
Mounting all mailed, his courser's pace the dance
    of war he taught to trace,
And, borne of him, the Amazons he slew,
Nor feared the bows their woman-armies drew,
Chimæra breathing fire, and Solymi—
Swooping from frozen depths of lifeless sky.
Untold I leave his final fall!—
His charger passed to Zeus's Olympian stall! . . .
Well, ere now, my song hath told
Of their Olympic victories;
And what shall be, must coming days unfold.
Yet hope have I—the future lies
With Fate—yet bless but Heaven still their line
Ares and Zeus shall all fulfil! For by Parnas-
    sus's frowning hill,
Argus, and Thebes, their fame how fair! And,
    oh, what witness soon shall bear,
In Arcady, Lycæus's royal shrine!
Pellené, Sicyon, of them tell—Megara, and the
    hallowed dell
Of Æacids; Eleusis; Marathon bright;
And wealthy towns that bask near Ætna's
    height;
Eubœa's island. Nay, all Greece explore—
Than eye can see you'll find their glories more!
Through life, great Zeus, sustain their feet;
And bless with piety, and with triumphs sweet!

Transl of F. D. Maurice.

PINKNEY, Edward Coate, American lawyer and poet, born in London in 1802, his father, William Pinkney, being then minister to Great Britain; died at Baltimore in 1828. At the age of fourteen he became a midshipman in the U. S. navy, but resigned his commission in 1824, and entered upon the practice of law. In 1825 he published *Rodolph and other Poems.*

A HEALTH.

I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone;
A woman of her gentle sex the seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements and kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air, 'tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own, like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they, and from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her, the measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy, the freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions changing oft, so *fill* her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns—the idol of past years.

Of her bright face one glance will trace a picture on the brain;
And of her voice in echoing hearts a sound must long remain.
But memory such as mine of her so very much endears,
When death is nigh, my latest sigh will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness
alone;
A woman of her gentle sex the seeming paragon.
Her health! and would on earth there stood
some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry, and weariness a
name.

A SERENADE.

Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which than on the stars above
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light;
Then, lady, up—look out, and be
A sister to the night!

Sleep not! thine image wakes for aye
Within my watching breast.
Sleep not! from her soft sleep should fly
Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay
With looks whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day.

PLATO (*Gr.* PLATON), a Greek philosopher, born probably at Athens about 429; died about 343 B. C. His original name was Aristocles; but this in time was changed to PLATON ("Broad"), possibly on account of the unusual breadth of his shoulders. While a young man he wrote epic, lyric, and dramatic poems, all of which he destroyed, only a few fragments, and these of doubtful authenticity, remaining. He was a pupil of Socrates during the last eight or nine years of that philosopher's life, and became thoroughly conversant with the Socratic system of dialectics. After the death of Socrates, in 399 B. C. Plato traveled for some years in the Grecian states, also visiting Egypt. Legend, for which there seems no valid foundation, says that he even visited Syria, Babylonia, Persia, and India. Returning to Athens, he established a kind of open-air school in a grove which had belonged to a man named Academos, and was hence styled the *Academeia*. Here he orally expounded his philosophy, and composed the numerous works which have come down to us. These are mainly in the form of dialogues, Socrates being made one of the interlocutors, usually as the exponent of Plato's own views. The works of Plato have found many translators into all languages. Altogether the best translation into English is that of Jowett (1871), which is accompanied by elaborate analyses and introductions. Valuable also is Grote's *Plato and the other Companions of Socrates* (1865). The eschatology of Plato is best set forth in *The Vision of Er*, which forms the conclusion of *The Republic*, the longest but one, and, in

the view of Prof. Jowett, "the best of Plato's Dialogues."

THE VISION OF ER, IN THE OTHER WORLD.

Well—said Socrates—I will tell you a tale; not one of those tales which Odysseus tells to the hero Alcinous; yet this, too, is a tale of a brave man, Er, the son of Armenius, a Pamphylian by birth. He was slain in battle, and ten days afterwards, when the bodies of the dead were taken up, already in a state of corruption, his body was unaffected by decay, and carried home to be buried. And on the twelfth day, as he was lying on the funeral pile, he returned to life, and told them what he had seen in the other world.

He said that when he left the body his soul went on a journey with a great company, and that they came to a mysterious place at which there were two chasms in the earth; they were near together, and over against them were two other chasms in the heaven above. In the intermediate space there were judges seated, who bade the just, after they had judged them, ascend by the heavenly way on the right hand, having the signs of the judgment bound on their foreheads. And in like manner the unjust were commanded by them to descend by the lower way on the left hand; these also had the symbols of their deeds fastened on their backs. He drew near, and they told him that he was to be the messenger who would carry the report of the other world to men; and they bade him hear and see all that was to be heard and seen in that place.

Then he beheld and saw on one side the souls departing at either chasm of heaven and earth when sentence had been given them; and at the two other openings other souls, some ascending out of the earth dusty and worn with travel, some descending out of heaven clean and bright. And always on their arrival they seemed as if they had come from a long journey; and they went

out into the meadow with joy, and encamped as at a festival; and those who knew one another embraced and conversed, the souls which came from the earth curiously inquiring about the things above, and the souls which came from heaven about the things beneath. And they told one another of what had happened by the way—those from below weeping and sorrowing at the remembrance of the things which they had endured and seen in their journey (now the journey had lasted a thousand years), while those from above were describing heavenly delights and visions of inconceivable beauty.

There is not time to tell all, but the sum is this:—

He said that for every wrong which they had done to any one they suffered tenfold; that is to say, once in every hundred years—the thousand years answering to the hundred years which are reckoned as the life of man. If, for example, there were any who had been the cause of many deaths, or had betrayed or enslaved cities or armies, or been guilty of any other evil behavior, for each and all of these they received punishment ten times over; and the rewards of beneficence and justice and holiness were in the same proportion. I need hardly repeat what he said concerning young children dying almost as soon as they were born. Of piety and impiety to gods and parents, and of murders, there were retributions other and greater far, which he described.

He mentioned that he was present when one of the spirits asked another, "Where is Aridæus the Great?" (Now this Aridæus lived a thousand years before the time of Er. He had been the tyrant of some city of Pamphylia, and had murdered his aged father and his elder brother, and was said to have committed many other abominable crimes.) The answer was, "He comes not hither, and never will come. For this was one of the miserable sights witnessed by us: We were approaching the mouth of the

cave, and, having seen all, were about to re-ascend, when of a sudden Aridæus appeared, and several others, most of whom were tyrants; and there were also, besides the tyrants, private individuals who had been great criminals. They were just at the mouth, being, as they fancied, about to return into the upper world; but the opening, instead of receiving them, gave forth a sound when any of these incurable or un-punished sinners tried to ascend; and then wild men of fiery aspect, who were standing by, and knew what that meant, seized and carried off several of them; and Aridæus and others they bound head and hand, and threw them down, and flayed them with scourges, and dragged them along the road at the side, carding them on thorns like wool, and declaring to the passers-by what were their crimes, and that they were being taken away to be cast into hell." And of the many terrors which they had endured, he said that there was none like the terror which each of them felt at that moment lest they should hear the Voice; and when there was silence, one by one they ascended with joy. "These," said Er, "were the penalties and retributions, and there were rewards as great."

Now when the spirits which were in the meadow had tarried seven days, on the eighth day they were obliged to proceed on their journey; and on the fourth day after, he said that they came to a place where they could see a line of light, like a column let down from above, extending right through the whole heaven and through the earth, in coloring re-sembling a rainbow, only brighter and purer. Another day's journey brought them to the place; and there, in the midst of the light they saw reaching from heaven to the ends by which it is fastened. For this light is the belt of heaven, and holds together the circle of the universe, like the undergirders of a trireme. From these ends is extended the spindle of Necessity, on which all the revolu-tions turn . . . .

The spindle turns on the knees of Necessity; and on the upper surface of the eight circles [which are described as the orbits of the fixed stars and the planets] is a Siren who goes round with them, hymning a single sound and note. The eight together form one harmony. And round about at equal intervals, there is another band, three in number, each sitting upon her throne. These are the Fates, daughters of Necessity, who are clothed in white raiment, and have crowns of wool upon their heads—Lachesis and Clotho and Atropos—who accompany with their voices the harmonies of the sirens; Lachesis singing of the Past, Clotho of the Present, and Atropos of the Future; Clotho now and then assisting with a touch of her right hand the motion of the outer circle or whole of the spindle, and Atropos with her left hand touching the inner ones, and Lachesis laying hold of either in turn, first with one hand and then with the other.

When Er and the spirits arrived, their duty was to go at once to Lachesis. But first of all there came a Prophet who arranged them in order. Then he took from the knees of Lachesis lots and samples of life, and going up to a high place, spake as follows: "Hear the words of Lachesis, the daughter of Necessity. Mortal souls, behold a new cycle of mortal life. Your Genius will not choose you, but you will choose your Genius; and let him who draws the first lot first choose a life, which shall be his destiny. Virtue is free; and as a man honors or dishonors her, he will have more or less of her; the chooser is answerable—God is justified."

When the Interpreter had thus spoken, he scattered lots among them, and each one took up the lot which fell near him—all but Er himself (he was not allowed)—and each as he took his lot, perceived the number which he had obtained. Then the Interpreter placed on the ground before them the samples of lives; and there were many more lives than the souls present; and there were all sorts of lives—of

every animal and of man in every condition.

And there were tyrannies among them, some continuing while the tyrant lived, others which broke off in the middle, and came to an end in poverty and exile and beggary. And there were lives of famous men; some who were famous for their form and beauty as well as for their strength and success in games; or, again, for their birth and the qualities of their ancestors; and some who were the reverse of famous for the opposite qualities; and of women likewise. There was not, however, any definite character in them, because the soul must of necessity be changed according to the life chosen. But there was every other quality; and they all mingled with one another, and also with elements of wealth and poverty, and disease and health. And there were mean estates also.

And here—said Socrates—is the supreme peril of our human state; and therefore the utmost care should be taken. Let each one of us leave every other kind of knowledge, and seek and follow one thing only, if peradventure he may find some one who will make him able to learn and discern between good and evil, and so to choose always and everywhere the better life as he has opportunity. . . . For we have seen and know that this is the best choice both in life and after death. A man must take with him into the world below an adamantine faith in Truth and Right, that there, too, he may be undazzled by the desire of wealth or the other allurements of evil, lest, coming upon tyrannies and similar villainies, he do irremediable wrongs to others and suffer yet worse himself. But let him know how to choose the mean, and avoid the extremes on either side, as far as possible, not only in this life, but in all that is to come. For this is the way to happiness.

And, according to the report of the messenger, this is exactly what the Prophet said at the time: "Even for the last comer, if he choose

wisely, and will live diligently, there is appointed a happy and not undesirable existence. Let not him who chooses first be careless, and let not the last despair."

And while the Interpreter was speaking, he who had the first choice came forward, and in a moment chose the greatest tyranny. His mind having been darkened by folly and sensuality, he had not thought out the whole matter, and did not see at first that he was fated, among other evils, to devour his own children. But when he had time to reflect, and saw what was in the lot, he began to beat his breast and lament over his choice, not abiding by the proclamation of the Prophet; for instead of throwing the blame of his misfortune upon himself, he accused Chance and the Gods, and everything rather than himself.

Most curious, said the messenger, was the spectacle of the election—sad and laughable and strange; the souls generally choosing with a reference to their experience of a previous life. There he saw the soul which had been Orpheus choosing the life of a swan, out of enmity to the race of women, hating to be born of a woman, because they had been his murderers; he saw also the soul of Thamyras choosing the life of a nightingale; birds, on the other hand, like the swan and other musicians, choosing to be men.

The soul which obtained the twentieth lot chose the life of a lion; and this was Ajax the son of Telamon, who would not be a man—remembering the injustice which was done him in the judgment of the arms. The next was Agamemnon, who chose the life of an eagle, because, like Ajax, he hated human nature on account of his sufferings. About the middle was the lot of Atalanta; she, seeing the great fame of an athlete, was unable to resist the temptation. After her came the soul of Epeus, the son of Panopeus, passing into the nature of a woman cunning in the arts. And, far away among the last who chose, the soul of the jester Thersites was putting on the form of a monkey.

There came also the soul of Odysseus having yet to make a choice, and his lot happened to be the last of them all. Now the recollection of his former toils had disenchanted him of ambition, and he went about for considerable time in search of a private man who had no cares. He had some difficulty in finding this, which was lying about and had been neglected by everybody else; and when he saw it, he said he would have done the same had he been first instead of last, and that he was delighted at his choice.

And not only did men pass into animals, but I must also mention that there were animals, tame and wild, who changed into one another, and into corresponding human natures—the good into gentle, and the evil into savage, in all sorts of combinations.

All the souls had now chosen their lives, and they went in the order of their choice to Lachesis, who sent with them the Genius whom they had severally chosen to be the guardian of their lives and the fulfiller of the choice. This Genius led the soul first to Clotho, who drew them within the revolution of the spindle impelled by her hand, thus ratifying the choice; and then, when they were fastened to this, carried them away to Atropos, who spun the threads and made them irreversible. Then, without turning round, they passed beneath the throne of Necessity. And when they had all passed, they marched on in a scorching heat to the plain of Forgetfulness, which was a barren waste destitute of trees and verdure; and then towards evening they encamped by the river of Unmindfulness, the water of which no vessel can hold. Of this they were all obliged to drink a certain quantity, and those who were not saved by wisdom drank more than was necessary; and each one, as he drank, forgot all things. Now after they had gone to rest, about the middle of the night, there was a thunderstorm and earthquake; and then in an instant they were driven all manner of ways,

like stars shooting upwards to their birth. Er himself was hindered from drinking the water. But in what manner or by what means he re-returned to the body he could not say; only in the morning, awaking suddenly, he saw himself on the pyre.

And thus—says Socrates in conclusion—the tale has been saved, and has not perished, and will save us, if we are obedient to the word spoken; and we shall pass safely over the river of Forgetfulness, and our soul will not be defiled. Wherefore, my counsel is, that we hold fast to the heavenly way, and follow after Justice and Virtue always, considering that the soul is immortal, and able to endure every sort of good and every sort of evil. Thus shall we live dear to one another and to the gods, both while remaining here and when, like conquerors in the games who go round to gather gifts, we receive our reward. And it shall be well with us both in this life and in the pilgrimage of a thousand years which we have been reciting.—*Transl. of* JOWETT.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

Those who belong to this small class have tasted how sweet and blessed a possession philosophy is, and have also seen and been satisfied of the madness of the multitude, and known that there is no one who ever acts honestly in the administration of states, nor any helper who will save any one who maintains the cause of the just. Such a Saviour would be like a man who has fallen among wild beasts, unable to join in the wickedness of his friends, and would have to throw away his life before he had done any good to himself or others. And he reflects upon all this, and holds his peace, and does his own business. He is like one who retires under the shelter of a wall in the storm of dust and sleet which the driving wind hurries along; and when he sees the rest of mankind full of wickedness, he is content if only he can live his own life, and be pure from evil or unrighteousness, and depart in peace and goodwill, with bright hopes.—*The Republic.*

PLAUTUS (TITUS MACCIUS), a Roman comic dramatist, born in the Umbrian district, about 254 B. C., died, probably at Rome, about 184 B. C.; The name "Plautus," by which he is known, was a mere nickname, meaning "flat foot." He was of humble origin, some say a slave by birth. He went to Rome at an early age, made a little fortune which he soon lost in trade, after which he is said to have supported himself for a while by turning a hand-mill. While thus engaged he produced three comedies which proved successful, and for the forty remaining years of his life he was a popular playwright. Varro, who lived a century and a half after Plautus, says that in his time there were extant one hundred and thirty plays attributed to Plautus, though there were only twenty-one which he considered to be unquestionably authentic. The existing comedies of Plautus (all more or less corrupt) number about a score. Of the plays —if we may credit the assertion of Cicero —*Pseudolus* (*The Trickster*) was the favorite of the author. In the following scene Balbus, a slave-dealer, enters, accompanied by four flogging slaves, and followed by a gang to whom the master addresses himself, punctuating his objurgations by a liberal use of the scourge—which we may be sure was great fun to the Roman play-goers.

AN INDULGENT MASTER.

Balbus.—Come out here! move! stir about, ye idle rascals!
The very worst bargain that man ever made.
Not worth your keep! There's ne'er a one of ye
That has thought of doing honest work.
I shall never get money's worth out of your hides,

Unless it be in *this* sort! Such tough hides too!
Their ribs have no more feeling than an ass's—
You'll hurt yourself long before you'll hurt
them.
And this is all their plan—these whipping-posts;
The moment they've a chance, it's pilfer, plunder,
Rob, cheat, eat, drink, and run away's the word,
That's all they'll do. You'd better leave a wolf
To keep the sheep than trust a house to them.
Yet, now, to look at 'em, they're not amiss;
They're all so cursedly deceitful.—Now—look
here;
Mind what I say, the lot of ye; unless
You all get rid of these curst sleepy ways,
Dawdling and maundering there, I'll mark your
backs
In a very peculiar and curious pattern—
With as many stripes as a Campanian quilt,
And as many colors as an Egyptian carpet.
I warned you yesterday, you'd each your
work;
But you're such a cursed, idle, mischievous crew
That I'm obliged to let you have *this* as a
memorandum.
Oh! *that*'s your game, then, is it? So you think
Your ribs are hard as this whip is? Now, just
look!
They're minding something else! Attend to
this;
Mind *this* now, will you? Listen while I
speak!
You generation that were born for flogging;
D'ye think your backs are tougher than this
cow-hide?
Why, what's the matter? Does it *hurt?* O
dear!
That's what slaves get when they won't mind
their masters!

Transl. of W. Lucas Collins.

Sometimes (as in the Prologue to *The Shipwreck*) Plautus rises into poetry. Some critics will have it that in this the Roman playwright is translating from some

body—possibly from some Greek play. The Prologue is spoken in the character of Arcturus—a constellation whose rising and setting were supposed to have much to do with storms and tempests.

PROLOGUE TO "THE SHIPWRECK."

Of his high realm who rules the earth and sea,
And all mankind, a citizen am I.
Lo, as you see, a bright and shining star,
Revolving ever in unfailing course
Here and in heaven: Arcturus am I hight.
By night I shine in heaven, amidst the gods;
I walk unseen by men on earth by day.
So, too, do other stars step from their spheres,
Down to this lower world: so willeth Jove,
Ruler of gods and men. He sends us forth
Each on our several paths throughout all lands,
To note the ways of men and all they do:
If they be just and pious; if their wealth
Be well employed or squandered harmfully;
Who in a false suit use false witnesses;
Who, by a perjured oath forswear their debts;—
Their names do we record and bear to Jove.
So learns He, day by day, what ill is wrought
By men below; who seek to gain their cause
By perjury; who wrest the law to wrong;
Jove's court of high appeal rehears the plaint,
And mulcts them tenfold for the unjust decree.
In separate tablets doth he note the good.
And though the wicked in their hearts have said
He can be soothed with gifts and sacrifice.
They lose their pains and cost, for that the god
Accepts no offering from a perjured hand.

Transl. of W. Lucas Collins.

PLINY (Caius Plinius Secundus), usually styled "Pliny the Elder," a Roman author, born in 23 A. D., died in 79. Both Verona and Novum Comum, the modern Como, have been mentioned as his birthplace, but the general belief inclines to the latter town, as the family estates were there, and his nephew and adopted son, the younger Pliny, was born there. At the age of twenty-three he entered the army, and served in Germany under L. Pomponius Secundus until the year 52, when he returned to Rome and became a pleader in the law-courts. Not succeeding in this capacity, he returned to his native town, and applied himself to authorship. In the intervals of military duty as commander of a troop of cavalry, he had composed a treatise on throwing the javelin on horseback and part of a history of the Germanic wars. Several works were the fruit of his retirement, among them a grammatical treatise in eight books, entitled *Dubius Sermo*. Toward the close of Nero's reign he was a procurator in Spain. He returned to Rome in 73, and, being in favor with Vespasian, divided his life between his duties to the emperor and his studies, which he prosecuted often in hours stolen from sleep. During the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 he set out from Misenum with a fleet of galleys to relieve the sufferers from the eruption. His desire to study the phenomena of that mighty outburst led him to land at Stabiæ, where he was suffocated by the poisonous vapors from the volcano.

Two years before his death he published the work by which he is best known, the *Historia Naturalis*, in thirty-seven books,

embracing many subjects now not included as a part of natural history,—as astronomy, mineralogy, botany, and the fine arts. Though a compilation rather than the result of original investigation, the work is of great value as a storehouse of facts and speculations of which we have no other record.

So industrious was Pliny that he left at his death a collection of notes filling one hundred and sixty volumes.

THE EARTH—ITS FORM AND MOTION.

That the earth is a perfect globe we learn from the name which has been uniformly given to it, as well as numerous natural arguments. For not only does a figure of this kind return everywhere into itself, requiring no adjustments, not sensible of either end or beginning in any of its parts, and is best fitted for that motion with which, as will appear hereafter, it is continually travelling round; but still more because we perceive it, by the evidence of sight, to be in every part convex and central, which could not be the case were it of any other figure.

The rising and the setting of the sun clearly prove that this globe is carried round in the space of twenty-four hours in an eternal and never-ending circuit, and with incredible swiftness. I am not able to say whether the sound caused by the whirling about of so great a mass be excessive, and therefore far beyond what our ears can perceive; nor, indeed, whether the resounding of so many stars, all carried on at the same time, and revolving in their orbits may not produce a delightful harmony of incredible sweetness. To us, who are in the interior, the world appears to glide silently along both by day and by night.

POSITION AND SIZE OF THE EARTH.

It is evident from undoubted arguments that the earth is in the middle of the universe; but

it is most clearly proved by the equality of the days and the nights at the equinox. It is demonstrated by the quadrant, which affords the most decisive confirmation of the fact, that unless the earth was in the middle, the days and the nights could not be equal; for, at the time of the equinox, the rising and the setting of the sun are seen on the same line; and at the winter solstice, its rising is on the same line with its setting at the summer solstice; but this could not happen if the earth was not situated in the centre. . . .

Some geometricians have estimated that the earth is 252,000 stadia in circumference. That harmonical proportion which compels Nature to be always consistent with itself, obliges us to add to the above measure 12,000 stadia, and thus makes the earth one ninety-sixth part of the whole universe.—*Natural History*, Book II.

ON MAN.

Our first attention is justly due to Man, for whose sake all other things appear to have been produced by Nature; though, on the other hand, with so great and so severe penalties for the enjoyment of her bounteous gifts that it is far from easy to determine whether she has proved to him a kind parent or a merciless stepmother.

In the first place, she obliges him, alone of all animated creatures, to clothe himself with the spoils of the others; while to all the rest she has given various kinds of coverings—such as shells, crusts, spines, hides, furs, bristles, hair, down, feathers, scales, and fleeces. Man, alone, at the very moment of his birth cast naked upon the naked earth, does she abandon to cries, to lamentations, and—a thing that is the case with no other animal—to tears; this, too, from the very moment that he enters upon existence. But as for laughter, why, by Hercules! to laugh, if but for an instant only, has never been granted to any man before the

fortieth day from his birth, and then it is looked upon as a miracle of precocity.

Introduced thus to the light, man has fetters and swathings instantly placed upon all his limbs—a thing that falls to the lot of none of the brutes even that are born among us. Born to such singular good-fortune, there lies the animal which is bound to command all the others: lies fast bound hand and foot, and weeping aloud: such being the penalty which he must pay on beginning life, and that for the sole fault of having been born.

The earliest presage of future strength, the earliest bounty of time, confers upon him naught but the resemblance to a quadruped. How soon does he gain the faculty of speech? How soon is his mouth fitted for mastication? How long are the pulsations of the crown of his head to proclaim him the weakest of all animated beings? And then the diseases to which he is subject, the numerous remedies which he is obliged to devise against his maladies—and those thwarted every now and then by new forms and features of disease.

While other animals have an instinctive knowledge of their natural powers: some of their swiftness of pace, some of their rapidity of flight, and some of their power of swimming —man is the only one that knows nothing, that can learn nothing, without being taught. He can neither speak, nor walk, nor eat; and, in short, he can do nothing, at the prompting of Nature only, but to weep. For this it is that many have been of opinion that it were better not to have been born, or, if born, to have been annihilated at the earliest possible moment. —*Natural History*, Book VIII.

ON TREES.

The trees formed the first temples of the gods, and even at the present day, the country people, preserving in all their simplicity their ancient rites, consecrate the finest of their trees to some divinity. Indeed, we feel ourselves

inspired to adoration not less by the sacred groves, and their very stillness, than by the statues of the gods, resplendent as they are with gold and ivory. Each kind of tree remains immutably consecrated to some divinity: the beech to Jupiter, the laurel to Apollo, the olive to Minerva, the myrtle to Venus, and the poplar to Hercules; besides which, it is our belief that the Sylvans, the Fauns, and the various kinds of goddess Nymphs have the tutelage of the woods, and we look upon those deities as especially appointed to preside over them by the will of heaven. In more recent times it was the trees that by their juices, more soothing even than corn, first mollified the natural asperity of man; and it is from these that we now derive the oil of the olive that renders the limbs so supple, and the draught of wine that so effectually recruits the strength; and the numerous delicacies which spring up spontaneously at the various seasons of the year, and load our tables with their viands.—*Natural History*, Book XII.

OF METALS.

We are now to speak of metals—of actual wealth, the standard of comparative value—objects for which we diligently search within the earth in various ways. In one place, for instance, we undermine it for the purpose of obtaining riches to supply the exigencies of life—searching for either gold or silver, electron or copper. In another place, to satisfy the requirements of luxury, our researches extend to gems and pigments with which to adorn our fingers and the walls of our houses. While in a third place we gratify our rash propensities by a search for iron which, amid wars and carnage, is deemed more desirable even than gold.

We trace out all the veins of the earth; and yet, living upon it, undermined as it is beneath our feet, are astonished that it should occasionally cleave asunder or tremble; as though, for-

sooth, these signs could be any other than expressions of the indignation of our sacred parent. We penetrate into her entrails, and seek for treasures even the abodes of the Shades, as though each spot we tread upon were not sufficiently bounteous and fertile for us.

And yet, amid all this, we are far from seeking curatives, the object of our researches; and how few, in thus delving into the earth, have in view the promotion of medicinal knowledge! For it is upon her surface, in fact, that she has presented us with these substances, equally with the cereals; bounteous and ever ready as she is in supplying us with all things for our benefit. It is what is concealed from our view, what is sunk far beneath the surface—objects, indeed, of no rapid formation—that send us to the very depths of Hades.

As the mind ranges in vague speculation, let us only consider, proceeding through all ages, as these operations are, what will be the end of thus exhausting the earth; and to what point will avarice finally penetrate! How innocent, how happy, how truly delightful even, would life be, if we were to desire nothing but what is to be found upon the surface of the earth; in a word, nothing but what is provided ready to our hands.—*Nat. Hist.*, Book XXXIII.

After having traversed the whole field of Physical Science, as it was known in his day, Pliny concludes by giving a summary of the most important valuable products of the earth. It must be premised that in a few cases it is by no means certain what really are the substances which he enumerates.

VALUABLE NATURAL PRODUCTS.

As to productions themselves, the greatest value of all among the products of the sea is attached to pearls. Of objects that be upon the surface of the earth it is crystals that are most highly esteemed. And of those derived

from the interior, adamas, smaragdus, precious stones, and murrhine are the things upon which the highest value is placed.

The most costly things that are matured by the earth are the kermes-berry and laser; that are gathered from trees, nard and the seric tissues; that are derived from the trunks of trees, logs of citrus-wood; that are produced by shrubs, cinnamon, cassia, and amomum; that are yielded by the juices of trees or shrubs, amber, opobalsamum, myrrh, and frankincense; that are found in the roots of trees, the perfumes derived from the costus.

The most valuable products furnished by living animals on land are the teeth of the elephants; by animals of the sea, tortoise-shell; by the coverings of animals, the skins which the Seres dye, and the substance gathered from the hair of the she-goats of Arabia, which we have spoken of under the name of ladanum; by creatures that are common to both land and sea, the purple of the murex.

With reference to birds, beyond the plumes for warriors' helmets, and the grease that is derived from the geese of Comagene, I find no remarkable product mentioned. We must not omit to observe that gold, for which there is such a mania with all mankind, hardly holds the tenth rank as an object of value; and silver, with which we purchase gold, hardly the twentieth.

Hail to thee, Nature, thou parent of all things! And do thou deign to show thy favor unto me, who alone of all the citizens of Rome have in thy every department thus made known thy praises.—*Natural History*, Conclusion.

PLINY (Caius Plinius Cæcilius Secundus), a Roman author, styled "Pliny the Younger," to distinguish him from his maternal uncle and adopted father, "Pliny the Elder." He was born at Como in 62; died about 107 A. D. He was carefully educated under the best teachers, among whom was Quintilian. At the age of fourteen he composed a tragedy in Greek; at nineteen he began to practice in the Roman courts; passed through high civic offices, and was made Consul at thirty-eight. In 103 he was sent by Trajan as Proprætor to the important province of Pontus and Bythinia. He held this position for two years, after which he returned to Italy. His principal work consists of a series of epistles, written at various times to various persons. Some of these letters give a graphic account of the daily life of a Roman gentleman of good estate and devoted to literary pursuits. In one of the epistles, addressed to Tacitus, the historian, he describes the great eruption of Vesuvius, of which he was an eye-witness from Misenum. He does not, however, describe the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii, of which he could only know from hearsay.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS, A. D. 79.

When my uncle had started from Stabiæ, I spent such time as was left in my studies. It was on this account, indeed, that I had stopped behind. There had been noticed for many days before a trembling of the earth which had, however, caused but little fear, because it is not unusual in Campanico. But that night it was so violent that one thought that everything was being not merely moved, but absolutely overturned. My mother rushed into my cham-

ber. I was in the act of rising, with the same intention of awaking her, should she have been asleep.

We sat down in the open court of the house, which occupied a small space between the buildings and the sea. And now—I do not know whether to call it courage or folly, for I was only in my eighteenth year—I called for a volume of Livy, read it as if I were perfectly at leisure, and even contrived to make some extracts which I had begun. Just then arrived a friend of my uncle, and when he saw that we were sitting down, and that I was even reading, he rebuked my mother for her patience, and me for my blindness to the danger.

It was now seven o'clock in the morning, but the daylight was still faint and doubtful. The surrounding buildings were now so shattered that in the place where we were, which, though open, was small, the danger that they might fall on us was imminent and unmistakable. So we at last determined to quit the town. A panic-stricken crowd followed us, .and they pressed on us and drove us on as we departed, by their dense array. When we had got away from the buildings, we stopped.

There we had to endure the sight of many marvellous, many dreadful things. The carriages which we had directed to be brought out moved about in opposite directions, though the ground was perfectly level; even when scotched with stones, they did not remain steady in the same place. Besides this we saw the sea retire into itself, seeming, as it were, to be driven back by the trembling movement of the earth. The shore had distinctly advanced, and many marine animals were left high-and-dry upon the sands. Behind us was a dark and dreadful cloud, which, as it was broken with rapid zig-zag flashes, revealed behind it variously-shaped masses of flame. These last were like sheet-lightning, though on a larger scale.

It was not long before the cloud that we saw began to descend upon the earth and cover the

sea. It had already surrounded and concealed the island of Capreæ, and had made invisible the promontory of Misenum. My mother besought, urged, even commanded me to fly as best I could. I might do so, she said, for I was young; she, from age and corpulence, could move but slowly, but would be content to die if she did not bring death upon me. I replied that I would not seek safety except in her company. I clasped her hand, and compelled her to go with me. She reluctantly obeyed, but continually reproached herself for delaying me. Ashes now began to fall, still however, in small quantities. I looked behind me; a dense, dark mist seemed to be following us, spreading itself over the country like a cloud. "Let us turn out of the way," I said, "whilst we can still see, for fear that should we fall in the road we should be trodden under foot in the darkness by the throngs that accompany us."

We had scarcely sat down when night was upon us; not such as we have when there is no moon, or when the sky is cloudy, but such as there is in some closed room when the lights are extinguished. You might hear the shrieks of women, the monotonous wailing of children, the shouts of men. Many were raising their voices, and seeking to recognize, by the voices that replied, children, husbands, or wives. Some were loudly lamenting their own fate, others the fate of those dear to them. Some even prayed for death, in their fear of what they prayed for. Many lifted their hands in prayer to the gods; more were now convinced that there were now no gods at all, and that the final endless night of which we have heard, had come upon the world. There were not wanting persons who exaggerated our real perils with terrors imaginary or wilfully invented. I remember some who declared that one part of the promontory of Misenum had fallen; that another was on fire. It was false, but they found people to believe them.

It now grew somewhat light again. We

felt that this was not the light of day, but a proof that fire was approaching us. Fire there was, but it stopped at a considerable distance from us. Then came darkness again, and a thick, heavy fall of ashes. Again and again we stood up and shook them of; otherwise we should have been covered by them, and even crushed by their weight. I might boast that not a sigh, not a word wanting in courage, escaped me, even in the midst of peril so great, had I not been convinced that I was perishing in company with the universe, and the universe with me—a miserable and yet a mighty solace in death. At last the black mist I have spoken of seemed to shade off into smoke or cloud, and to roll away. Then came genuine daylight, and the sun shone out with a lurid light, such as it is wont to bear in an eclipse. Our eyes, which had not yet recovered from the effects of fear, saw everything changed, everything covered with ashes, as if with snow.

We returned to Misenum, and, after refreshing ourselves as best we could, spent a night of anxiety, of mingled hope and fear. Fear, however, was still the stronger feeling; for the trembling of the earth continued, while many terrified persons, with terrific predictions, gave an exaggeration, that was even ludicrous, to the calamities of themselves and of their friends. Even then, in spite of all the perils which we had experienced, and which we still expected, we had not a thought of going away until we could hear news of my uncle.

News was received before long. The Elder Pliny had gone to Stabiae, which was nearer Vesuvius. He tarried there too long, and in trying to make his escape, being old and fat, he was unable to go far; fell down, and died, suffocated, as his nephew supposed, by the sulphurous fumes from the volcano.

When Pliny, in his forty-first year, was sent as Propraetor to Pontus, he found the

Christians very numerous in the province. They persistently refused to sacrifice to the Roman gods and to burn incense before the statue of the emperor. This refusal, according to Roman views, was equivalent to treason, and must be punished. He writes to Trajan, setting forth the action he had taken, and asking for instructions.

PLINY TO TRAJAN.

It is my invariable rule to refer to you in all matters about which I feel doubtful: who can better remove my doubts or inform my ignorance? I have never been present at any trials of Christians, so that I do not know what is the nature of the charges against them, or what is the usual punishment; whether any difference or distinction is made between the young and persons of mature years; whether repentance of their fault entitles them to pardon; whether the very profession of Christianity, unaccompanied by any criminal act, or whether only the crime itself involved in the profession is a matter of punishment. On all these points I am in great doubt.

Meanwhile, as to those persons who have been charged before me with being Christians, I have observed the following methods: I asked them whether they were Christians; if they admitted it, I repeated the question twice, and threatened them with punishment; if they persisted, I ordered them at once to be punished. I could not doubt that, whatever might be the nature of their opinions, such inflexible obstinacy deserved punishment. Some were brought before me, possessed with the same infatuation, who were Roman citizens. These I took care should be sent to Rome.

As often happens, the accusation spread from being followed, and various phases of it came under my notice. An anonymous information was laid before me, containing a great number of names. Some said they neither were and

never had been Christians; they repeated after me an invocation of the gods and offered wine and incense before your statue (which I ordered to be brought for that purpose together with those of the gods), and even reviled the name of Christ; whereas there is, it is said, no forcing those who are really Christians into any of these acts. Those I thought ought to be discharged. Some among them, who were accused by witness in person, at first confessed themselves Christians; but immediately after denied it; the rest owned that they had once been Christians, but had now (some above three years, others more, and a few above twenty years ago) renounced the profession. They all worshipped your statue and those of the gods, and uttered imprecations against the name of Christ. They declared that their offense or crime was summed up in this: that they met on a stated day before daybreak and addressed a form of prayer to Christ, as to a divinity, binding themselves by a solemn oath, not for any wicked purpose; but never to commit fraud, theft, or adultery, never to break their word or to deny a trust when called upon to deliver it up. After which it was their custom to separate, and then to re-assemble, and to eat together a harmless repast. From this custom, however, they desisted, after the proclamation of my edict by which, according to your commands, I forbade the meeting of any assemblies.

In consequence of their declaration, I judged it necessary to try to get at the real truth by putting to the torture two female slaves, who were said to officiate in their assemblies; but all I could discover was evidence of an absurd and extravagant superstition. And so I adjourned all further proceedings in order to consult you.

It seems to me a matter deserving your consideration, more especially as great numbers must be involved in the danger of these prosecutions, which have already extended, and are

still likely to extend, to persons of all ranks, ages, and of both sexes. The contagion of the superstition is not confined to the cities; it has spread into the villages and the country. Still I think it may be checked. At any rate, the temples, which were almost abandoned, again begin to be frequented; and the sacred rites, so long neglected, are revived; and there is also a general demand for victims for sacrifice, which till lately found few purchasers. From all this it is easy to conjecture what numbers might be reclaimed, if a general pardon were granted to those who repent of their error.

The reply of Trajan to this letter has also come down to us. The two documents are of high historical value. They are almost the only definite information which we have from any pagan source of the Christian community during the first century of its existence.

TRAJAN TO PLINY.

You have adopted the right course in investigating the charges made against the Christians who were brought before you. It is not possible to lay down any general rule for all such cases. Do not go out of your way to look for them. If they are brought before you, and the offence is proved, you must punish them; but, with this restriction, that when the person denies that he is a Christian, and shall make it evident that he is not, by invoking the gods, he is to be pardoned, notwithstanding any former suspicion against him. Anonymous informations ought not to be received in any sort of prosecution. It is introducing a very dangerous precedent, and is quite foreign to the spirit of our age.

PLUTARCH, a Greek author, the greatest biographer of ancient times, and unsurpassed in all ages, was born at Chæronea, Bœotia, some time in the first century of the Christian Era. The precise dates of his birth and death are unknown. We learn from himself that in 66 he was a student of philosophy at Delphi. He was living at Chæronea in 106.

He is best known by his *Parallel Lives*, a series of biographical sketches of 46 Greeks and Romans. arranged in groups of two, a Greek and a Roman, the biographies of each pair being followed by a comparison between the two characters. Among the men thus linked together are: *Theseus and Romulus*, *Alcibiades and Coriolanus*, *Pyrrhus and Marius*, *Alexander and Cæsar*, *Demosthenes and Cicero*. These biographies have been equally and deservedly popular in all times.

Plutarch's other works, embraced under the general title, *Morals*, consist of more than sixty essays, full of good sense and benevolence, and, apart from their merit in these respects, valuable on account of numerous quotations from other Greek authors, else lost to posterity. Among these essays are: *On Bashfulness*, *On the Education of Children*, *On the Right Way of Hearing*, *On Having Many Friends*, *On Superstition*, *On Exile*, *On the Genius of Socrates*, *On the Late Vengeance of the Deity*.

ON BASHFULNESS.

Some plants there are, in their own nature wild and barren, and hurtful to seed and garden-sets, which yet among able husbandmen pass for infallible signs of a rich and promising soil. In like manner some passions of the

mind, not good in themselves, yet serve as first shoots and promises of a disposition which is naturally good, and also capable of improvement. Among these I rank Bashfulness—the subject of our present discourse:—no ill sign; but is the cause and occasion of a great deal of harm. For the bashful oftentimes run into the same enormities as the most hardened and impudent; with this difference only, that the former feel a regret for such miscarriages, but the latter take a pleasure and satisfaction therein.

The shameless person is without sense of grief for his baseness, and the bashful is in distress at the very appearance of it. For bashfulness is only modesty in the excess, and is aptly enough named *Dysopia*—"the being put out of countenance"—since the face is in some sense confused and dejected with the mind. For as that grief which casts down the eyes is termed Dejection, so that kind of modesty that cannot look another in the face is called Bashfulness. The orator, speaking of a shameless fellow, said: he "carried harlots, not virgins, in his eyes." On the other hand, the sheepishly bashful betrays no less the effeminacy and softness of his mind in his looks, palliating his weakness, which exposes him to the mercy of impudence, with the specious name of Modesty.

Cato, indeed, was wont to say of young persons that he had a greater opinion of such as were subject to color than of those that turned pale; teaching us thereby to look with greater apprehension on the heinousness of an action than on the reprimand that might follow, and to be more afraid of the suspicion of doing an ill thing than of the danger of it. However, too much anxiety and timidity lest we may do wrong is also to be avoided; because many men have become cowards, and been deterred from generous undertakings, no less from fear of calumny and detraction than by the danger or difficulty of such attempts.

While, therefore, we must not suffer the

weakness in the one case to pass unnoticed. neither must we abet or countenance invincible impudence in the other. A convenient mean between both is rather to be endeavored after by repressing the over-impudent, and animating the too meek-tempered. But as this kind of cure is difficult, so is the restraining such excesses not without dangers. Nurses who too often wipe the dirt from their infants are apt to tear their flesh and put them to pain; and in like manner we must not so far extirpate all bashfulness from youth as to leave them careless or impudent.—*Morals.*

ON THE LOVE OF WEALTH.

From what other evils can riches free us, if they deliver us not even from an inordinate desire of them? It is true indeed that by drinking men satisfy their thirst for drink, and by eating they satisfy their longings for food; and he that said, "Bestow a coat on me, the poor cold Hipponax," if more coats had been heaped on him than he needed, would have thrown them off, as being ill at ease. But the love of money is not abated by having silver and gold; neither do covetous desires cease by possessing still more. But one may say to wealth, as to an insolent quack, "Thy physic's nought and makes my illness worse."

When this distemper seizes a man that needs only bread and a house to put his head in, ordinary raiment and such victuals as come first to hand, it fills him with eager desires after gold and silver, ivory and emeralds, hounds and horses; thus seizing upon the appetite and carrying it from things that are necessary after things that are troublesome and unusual, hard to come by and unprofitable when attained. For no man is poor in respect of what nature requires, and what suffices it. No man borrows money on usury to buy meal or cheese, bread or olives. But you may see one man run into debt for the purchase of a sumptuous house; another for an adjoining olive-orchard; another

for corn-fields or vineyards; another for Galatian mules; and another, by a vain expense for fine horses, has been plunged over head and ears into contracts and use-money, pawning and mortgages. Moreover, as they that are wont to drink after they have quenched their thirst, and to eat after their hunger is satisfied, vomit up even what they took when they were athirst or hungry, so they that covet things useless and superfluous, enjoy not even those that are necessary. This is the character of these men.—*Morals.*

ON PUNISHMENTS.

Is there not one and the same reason to company the Providence of God and the Immortality of the Soul? Neither is it possible to admit the one if you deny the other. Now then, the soul surviving after the decease of the body, the inference is the stronger that it partakes of punishment and reward. For during this mortal life the soul is in a continual conflict like a wrestler; but after all these conflicts are at an end, she then receives according to her merits. But what the punishments and what the rewards of past transgressions, or just and laudable actions, are to be while the soul is yet alone by itself is nothing at all to us who are alive; for either they are altogether concealed from our knowledge, or else we give but little credit to them.

But those punishments that reach succeeding posterity, being conspicuous to all that are living at the same time, restrain and curb the inclinations of many wicked persons. Now I have a story which I might relate to show that there is no punishment more grievous, or that touches more to the quick, than for a man to behold his children, born of his body, suffer for his crimes; and that if a soul of a wicked and lawless criminal were to look back to earth and behold—not his statues overturned and his dignities reversed—but his own children, his friends, or his nearest kindred ruined and over-

whelmed with calamity—such a person, were he to return to life again, would rather choose the refusal of all Jupiter's honors than abandon himself a second time to his wonted injustice and extravagant desires.—*Morals.*

ON EATING FLESH.

You ask me for what reason it was that Pythagoras abstained from the eating of flesh. I, for my part, do much wonder in what humor, with what soul or reason, the first man with his mouth touched slaughter, and reached to his lips the flesh of a dead animal; and having set before people courses of ghastly corpses and ghosts, could give those parts the names of meat and victuals, that but a little before lowed, cried, moved, and saw; how his sight could endure the blood of the slaughtered, flayed, and mangled bodies; how his smell could bear their scent; and how the very nastiness happened not to offend the taste.

And truly, as for those people who first ventured upon the eating of flesh, it is very probable that the whole reason of their doing so was scarcity and want of other food; for it is not likely that their living together in lawless and extravagant lusts, or their growing wantonness and capriciousness through the excessive variety of provisions then among them, brought them to such unsociable pleasures as these against Nature. Yea, had they at this instant but their sense and voice restored to them, I am persuaded they would express themselves to this purpose:—

Oh, happy you, and highly favored of the gods! Into what an age of the world you have fallen, who share and enjoy among you a plentiful portion of good things! What abundance of things spring up for your use! What fruitful vineyards you enjoy! What wealth you gather from the fields! What delicacies from tree and plants, which you may gather! As for us, we fell upon the most dismal and affrightening part of time, in which we were

exposed, at our first production, to manifold and inextricable wants and necessities. There was then no production of tame fruits, nor any instruments of art or invention of wit. And hunger gave no time, nor did seed-time then stay for the yearly season. What wonder is it if we made use of the beasts, contrary to Nature, when mud was eaten and the bark of wood; and when it was thought a happy thing to find either a sprouting grass or the root of any plant. But whence is it that you, in these happy days, pollute yourselves with blood since you have such an abundance of things necessary for your subsistence? You are indeed wont to call serpents, leopards, and lions savage creatures; but yet you yourselves are defiled with blood, and come-nothing behind them in cruelty. What they kill is their ordinary nourishment; but what you kill is your better fare."

For we eat not lions and wolves by way of revenge; but we let these go, and catch the harmless and tame sort, and such as have neither stings nor teeth to bite with, and slay them which, may Jove help us, Nature seems to have produced for their beauty and comeliness only. But we are nothing put out of countenance by the beauteous gayety of the colors, or by the charmingness of their voices, or by the rare sagacity of the intellects, or by the cleanliness and neatness of diet, or by the discretion and prudence of those poor unfortunate animals; but for the sake of some little mouthful of flesh, we deprive a soul of the sun and light, and of that proportion of life and time it had been born into the world to enjoy. And then we fancy the voices it utters and screams forth to us are not inarticulate sounds and noises, but the several deprecations, entreaties, and pleadings of each of them, as it were, saying, "I deprecate not thy necessity—if such there be—but thy wantonness. Kill me for thy feeding, but do not take me off for thy better feeding."—*Morals.*

POE, EDGAR ALLAN, an American author, born at Baltimore in 1811; died there in 1849. His father and mother were both members of the theatrical profession, and appeared upon the stage in the principal towns of the United States. They died at Richmond, Va., at nearly the same time, leaving three orphans altogether unprovided for. Edgar, the younger son, was adopted by Mr. John Allan, a wealthy and childless merchant in Richmond. His adoptive father took the boy to England in his fifth year, and placed him at a school near London, where he remained about five years. Some time after his return to Richmond he was entered as a student at the University of Virginia, where he gained notice for his marked ability, and notwithstanding his slight figure, for his physical power and endurance. But he had formed irregular habits, and he was dismissed from the university. He went home for a while to Mr. Allan; then there was a quarrel, and Poe disappeared. It is said that he went to Europe with the design of taking part with the Greeks in their struggle against the Ottoman power. The story goes on to say that Poe, while on his way to Greece, found himself in great straits, at St. Petersburg, where he was relieved by the American Minister, who furnished him with means of getting home again. One of his biographers tells us that Poe went abroad, and passed a year in Europe, the history of which would be a singular curiosity if it could be recovered. Whatever may be the truth in regard to this part of his life, one date, and one fact may be set down as well authenticated. Poe still had his home with Mr. Allan,

who succeeded in obtaining for him an appointment as cadet in the Military Academy at West Point. A year had not passed before he was expelled from the Academy. Mr. Allan, now a widower past middle age, married again. Poe deported himself in a manner that led to a complete rupture between him and his adoptive father. Here occurs an almost total blank of three years in our knowlege of the life of Poe. The one certain thing is that in 1829 he put forth at Baltimore a little volume entitled *El Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems*. In 1833 we find him living at Baltimore. The proprietor of a newspaper had offered a prize of a hundred dollars for the best prose tale, and another prize for the best poem. Both prizes were awarded to Poe. The tale was the *MS. found in a Bottle.* The poem was the following on *The Coliseum*, which certainly bears very slight resemblance to any other production of the author.

THE COLISEUM.

Vastness! and Age! and memories of Eld!
Silence! and Desolation! and dim night!
I feel ye now—I feel ye in your strength—
O spells more sure than e'er Judean king
Taught in the garden of Gethsemane!
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars.
Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
Waved to the wind, now wave the weed and thistle!
Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled,
Glides, spectre-like, into his marble home,

Lit by the warm light of the horned moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones!
But stay! these walls,—these ivy-clad arcades—
These mouldering plinths—these sad and blackened shafts—
These vague entablatures of this crumbly frieze—
These shattered cornices—this wreck—this ruin—
These stones—alas! these gray stones—are they all,
All of the famed and the colossal left
By the common Hours to fate and me?
"Not all!" the Echoes answer me; "not all!"
Prophetic sounds and loud arise forever.
From us and from all Ruin, unto the wise
As melody from Memnon to the Sun.
We rule the hearts of mightiest men; we rule
With a despotic sway all giant minds.
We are not impotent, we pallid stones.
Not all our power is gone—not all our fame—
Not all the magic of our high renown—
Not all the wonder that encircles us—
Not all the mysteries that hang upon,
And cling around about us as a garment,
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory!"

Regular literary occupation was soon thrown in Poe's way. He was employed in an editorial capacity for a couple of years upon the *Southern Literary Messenger* at Richmond; then upon two Philadelphia magazines. All of these positions he lost. There is a visual defect known as "color-blindness" in which the eye is incapable of distinguishing between the most dissimilar colors. Poe seems to have been Right-and-Wrong-blind. It was not merely that he did wrong things, but he never seemed to have dreamed that there was any such thing as the Right or the Wrong.

How far this moral deficiency was the cause or the effect of his habits of intoxication may fairly be questioned. We are told, on the one hand, that intoxication was almost his normal condition; and, on the other hand, that the periods were rare and occurring at long intervals. But in either case the result was in one respect the same. While in this condition he lost all regard not only for the amenities but even for the common decencies of conduct. The Donatello of Hawthorne's *Marble Faun* might be regarded as a mental and moral study of Poe. Like Donatello, Poe had lovable qualities. We are glad to believe that his conduct towards his young invalid wife and her mother, who was to him all that a mother could have been, was altogether irreproachable. Some worthy men liked him. More than one woman, as highly gifted, as pure and noble as any in the land, more than liked him.

In 1844, Poe took up his residence in New York, where he engaged in some journalistic labor. He published several works, by which he came into much note, and endeavored at one time or another to set up a magazine or journal of which he should have the entire control. Only one of these, the *Broadway Journal*, came into actual being, and this had but a brief existence.

Late in the summer of 1849, Poe set out upon a lecturing tour in Maryland and Virginia. He took the temperance pledge, and at Richmond renewed his acquaintance with a lady of considerable fortune. An engagement for a speedy marriage was entered upon, and Poe set out for New York to make the requisite preparations.

He reached Baltimore on the 2d of October. It would be a couple of hours before the railroad train was to start for Philadelphia. He stepped into a restaurant, where it is said that he fell in with some former acquaintances. On the second morning afterward he was found in the streets in a half-conscious condition. He was taken to a public hospital, where he died on Sunday, October 7, at the age of thirty-eight. The spot of his burial was unmarked for more than a quarter of a century, when a monument was erected over his remains. Poe's critical papers and biographical sketches are in the main utterly worthless. They are usually ill-tempered and unjust. Some of his tales show marked genius. Among the best are: *The Fall of the House of Usher*, *Ligeia*, and *The Gold Bug*. His reputation rests upon a few poems, none of which much exceed a hundred lines.

THE BELLS.

I.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells--
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells—
Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! How it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III.

Hear the loud alarum-bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appeal to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and crash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of
the bells—
Of the bells
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody
compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone:
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory, in so rolling
On the human heart a stone:
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæans of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells;
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

The poem upon which Poe's reputation most distinctively rests is *The Raven*, which was originally published in February, 1845, in the *American Review*, a short-lived periodical issued at New York. We do not think that there is in our language any other poem of barely a hundred lines which has won for its author a fame so great.

THE RAVEN.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore;
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here forever more.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently came your rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door:—
Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!
Merely this," and nothing more.

Back into my chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This, and more, I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose violet velvet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, never more!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by those angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest, and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting,
still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my
chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's
that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws
his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies
floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other
thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than
love—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingéd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea.
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

THE HOUSE OF USHER.

During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was—but with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment, with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me —upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain—upon the bleak walls—upon the vacant eye-like windows—upon a few rank sedges—and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees—with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly

sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveller upon opium—the bitter lapse into every-day life—the hideous dropping-off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart—an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it—I paused to think—what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all unsoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion that while, beyond doubt, there *are* combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considerations beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate its capacity for sorrowful impression; and, acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled luster by the dwelling, and gazed down —but with a shudder even more thrilling than before — upon the remodeled and inverted images of the gray sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows. . . .

I have said that the sole effect of my somewhat childish experiment—that of looking down within the tarn—had been to deepen the first singular impression. There can be no doubt that the consciousness of the rapid increase of my superstition—for why should I not so term it?—served mainly to accelerate the increase itself. Such, I have long known, is the paradoxical law of all sentiments having terror as a basis. And it might have been for this reason only that, when I again uplifted my eyes to the house itelf, from its image in the pool, there grew in my mind a strange fancy—a fancy so ridiculous, indeed, that I

but mention it to show the vivid force of the sensations which oppressed me. I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity—an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the gray wall, and the silent tarn—a pestilent and mystic vapor, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible and leaden-hued.

Shaking off from my spirit what *must* have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled web-work from the eaves. Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen; and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts, and the crumbling condition of the individual stones. In this there was much that reminded me of the specious totality of old wood-work which has rotted for years in some neglected vault, with no disturbance from the breath of the external air. Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its way down the wall in a zigzag direction, until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn.

POLLOK, ROBERT, a Scottish clergyman and poet, born in Renfrewshire in 1799; died at Southampton, England, in 1827. He graduated at the University of Glasgow, where he also studied theology, and in 1827 became a licentiate of the United Secession Church. A pulmonary affection had already begun, and he set out for Italy, hoping for benefit from a milder climate, but died just before he was to have sailed. While a student he published anonymously three tales which were in 1833 republished under the title: *Tales of the Covenanters.* His literary reputation rests wholly upon *The Course of Time* (1827), a poem in blank verse, which at the time was widely popular, being placed by some quite as high as *Paradise Lost*, to which it bears a general resemblance; the best passages being imitations of Milton.

OPENING INVOCATION.

Eternal Spirit! God of truth! to whom
All things seem as they are; Thou who of old
The prophet's eye unscaled, that nightly saw,
While heavy sleep fell down on other men,
In holy vision tranced the future pass
Before him, and to Judah's harp attuned
Burdens which made the pagan mountains
shake,
And Zion's cedars bow: inspire my song;
My eye unscale; me what is substance teach,
And shadow what; while I of things to come,
As past rehearsing, sing the Course of Time,
The Second Birth, and final Doom of Man.
The Muse that soft and sickly wooes the ear
Of love, or chanting loud in windy rhyme
Of fabled hero, raves through gaudy tale
Not overfraught with sense, I ask not; suc
A strain befits not argument so high.
Me thought and phrase, severely sifting out
The whole idea, grant; uttering as 'tis

The essential truth: Time gone, the righteous saved,
The wicked damned, and Providence approved

TRUE HAPPINESS.

True Happiness had no localities,
No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.
Where Duty went, she went; with Justice went;
And went with Meekness, Charity, and Love.
Where'er a tear was dried, a wounded heart
Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed, or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed; or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven;
Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
Or virtue's feeble embers fanned; where'er
A sin was heartily abjured and left;
Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed
A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish:—
There was a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where Happiness, descending, sat and smiled.

HOLY LOVE.

Hail, holy love! thou word that sums all bliss;
Gives and receives all bliss, fullest when most
Thou givest! Spring-head of all felicity,
Deepest when most is drawn! Emblem of God!
O'erflowing most when greatest numbers drink!
Essence that binds the uncreated Three!
Chain that unites creation to its Lord!
Centre to which all being gravitates!
Eternal, ever-growing, happy love!
Enduring all, hoping, forgiving all;
Instead of law, fulfilling every law;
Entirely blessed, because it seeks no more;
Hopes not, nor fears; but on the present lives,
And holds perfection smiling in its arms!
Mysterious, infinite, exhaustless love!
On earth mysterious, and mysterious still
In heaven! Sweet chord, that harmonizes all
The harps of Paradise! The spring, the well,
That fills the bowl, and banquet of the sky!

POPE, ALEXANDER, an English poet, born at London in 1688; died at Twickenham, then a rural suburb of the metropolis in 1744. His father, the son of an Anglican clergyman, embraced the Catholic faith, in which the son was reared, and which he never abandoned. The father, having acquired a moderate competence as a linen-draper, left business, and retired to Binfield in Windsor forest, where the childhood of the poet was passed. He was of delicate constitution, and his figure was slight and considerably deformed. He early manifested unusual capacity, especially in versifying. As he said of himself, "he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." His *Ode on Solitude*, written before he had reached the age of twelve, is of much higher merit than any other poem of which we know, composed by one so young. He destroyed most of his earlier pieces, among which were a comedy, a tragedy, and an unfinished epic. Before he had reached the age of sixteen he had come to be known among the literati as a poet of rare genius. His first considerable work, the *Pastorals*, was published when he was twenty-one; but was written some five years earlier. His *Messiah, a Sacred Eclogue*, first appeared in 1712 in Addison's *Spectator*. He had a decided taste for art; in 1713 went to London, and for a year and a half studied painting under Jervas, a pupil of Reynolds; but his defective eyesight disabled him from going on in the profession.

In 1714 he issued proposals for publishing a translation of the *Iliad* in six volumes at a guinea a volume. The first volume appeared in 1715, the last in 1720. For

this he received from the publisher £5,320 besides large presents from individuals, the King giving £200 and the Prince of Wales £100. In all he must have received for this translation not less than £6,000; and as the purchasing value of money was then about three times greater than at present, his receipts may be estimated at about 90,000 dollars. With a part of the money thus earned he purchased the lease of a villa, with about five acres of ground, at Twickenham, which continued to be his residence during the remainder of his life, though he spent much of his time in London. His later days were mainly devoted, in conjunction with Warburton, to the preparation of a complete edition of his works, of which, however, he lived only to supervise the *Essay on Criticism*, the *Essay on Man*, and the *Dunciad*, to the last of which he made considerable additions. He was buried at Twickenham.

The following is a list of Pope's principal works, with the approximate date of their composition; but the dates are not always strictly accurate, as he not unfrequently kept pieces for years before publishing them: *Pastorals* (1709), *Essay on Criticism* (1711), *The Messiah* (1712), *Rape of the Lock* (1714), Translation of the *Iliad* (1715–18), *Epistle of Eloise to Abelard* (1717), Edition of *Shakespeare* (1725), Translation of the *Odyssey* (1726), *The Dunciad* (1728; but considerably modified, and much enlarged, in 1742), *Epistle to the Earl of Burlington* (1731), *On the Abuse of Riches* (1732), *Essay on Man* (1732), *Imitations of Horace* (1733–37), *Epistle to Lord Cobham* (1733), *Epistle to Arbuthnot* (1735). What was

meant to be a complete edition of his *Works* was put together by his literary executor, Bishop Warburton (9 vols. 1751). But very considerable additions—especially of his voluminous *Correspondence*, have since been made. Perhaps the most complete of the recent editions is that commenced by J. W. Croker, and completed by the Rev. W. Elwin (1861–1873).

NUMBERS IN VERSE.

The most by numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong.
In the bright Muse, though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire,
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though of the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line;
While they ring round the same unvaried rhymes:
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees;"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep,"
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow,
And praise the easy vigor of a line,

Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labors, and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the plain. . . .
Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such
Who still are pleased too little or too much.
At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride or little sense.
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve.
As things seem large which we through mists descry,
Dullness is ever apt to magnify.

Essay on Criticism.

The *Rape of the Lock* is styled "a Heroi-Comical Poem." The noble lover of Belinda surreptitiously cut from her head one of the long locks of hair which were the pride of her heart. Thereupon ensued a quarrel which became the talk of the town. Upon the slight canvas of this incident the poet has embroidered the gayest fancies. Belinda, unknown to herself, is attended by a troop of sylphs and sprites

eager to do her service. They attend at her toilet, and see to it that she gets a good hand at "ombre," and perform numerous kindred offices.

BELINDA AT HER TOILET.

And now unveiled the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers:
A heavenly image in the glass appears—
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears,
  The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride;
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering
    spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs—the speckled and the
    white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows;
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
  Now awful beauty puts on all her arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
See, by degrees, a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and these divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the
    gown;
And Betty's praised for labors not her own.
Rape of the Lock, Canto I.

BELINDA AT THE WATER-PARTY.

Not with more glories in the ethereal plain
The sun first rises o'er the purple main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams,

Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames,
Fair nymphs and well-drest youths around her shone,
But every eye is fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those;
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, yet never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes on gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide;
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slave detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
The adventurous Baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.

Rape of the Lock, Canto II.

THE SEIZURE OF THE LOCK.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
To inclose the lock: now joins it, to divide.
Even then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed.
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain

(But airy substance soon unites again),
The joining joints the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, forever, and forever!
Then flashed the livid lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heavens are cast
When husbands or when lap-dogs breathe their last;
Or when rich china vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie.
"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,"
The victor cried, "the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach-and-six the British fair;
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or a small pillow grace a lady's bed;
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous waxlights in bright order blaze;
While nymphs take treats or assignations give,
So long my honor, name, and praise shall live!"
Rape of the Lock, Canto IV.

BORING RHYMESTERS.

Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigued, I said,
Tie up the knocker; say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out.
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden through the land.
What walks can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide;
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge;
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me.

Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.
Is there a parson much be-mused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?
Is there who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damned works the cause,
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope,
Friend to my life (which did you not prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song);
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me—a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped.
If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I,
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie!
To laugh were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility. I read
With honest anguish and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."
"Nine years!" cries he, who high in Drury Lane,
Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends,
Obliged by hunger and "request of friends:"
"The piece, you think is incorrect? why, take it.

I'm all submission—what you'll have it, make
it."
Three things another's modest wishes bound:
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace;
I want a patron; ask him for a place."
Pitholeon libelled me—"But here's a letter,
Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no
better.
Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine;
He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine." . . .
Why did I write? What sin to me un-
known
Dipt me in ink—my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade.
No duty broke, no father disobeyed;
The Muse but served to ease some friend, not
wife,
To help me through this long disease—my
life,
To second, Arbuthnot, thy art and care.
And teach the being you preserved to bear. . . .
O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine;
Be no unpleasant melancholy mine.
Me let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age;
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of
death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky.
On cares like these, if length of days attend,
May heaven to bless these days preserve my
friend:
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he served a Queen.
Whether that blessing be denied or given,
Thus far was right; the rest belongs to
Heaven.

Epistle to Arbuthnot.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed—their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits, know;
Or who could suffer, being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
O blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall;
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives thee not to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never *is* but always *to be* blest.
The soul (uneasy, and confined) from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Essay on Man.

THE UNIVERSAL CHAIN OF BEING.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That changed through all, and yet in all the same;—
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns.

To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
Cease then, nor order imperfection name;
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on
thee.
Submit.—In this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear;
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All Discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal Good;
And spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

Essay on Man.

The *Essay on Man* appears in the form of epistles to Bolingbroke. Lord Bathurst, who was apparently in a position to know, is said to have said that the work was really writen by Bolingbroke; that is, it was written by Bolingbroke in prose, which Pope merely put into verse. However this may be, there is no question as to the manner in which the *Messiah* was put together by Pope, in his twenty-fourth year. Virgil, in his "Fourth Eclogue," addressed to Pollio, hails the expected birth of a babe for whom the poet predicts a magnificent future—a prediction which does not appear to have had any fulfillment. Pope takes this Eclogue, applies the thought of it to Christ, engrafting upon it images borrowed from Isaiah. The best two passages in the *Messiah* are one near the commencement and the magnificent close.

THE COMING MESSIAH.

Rapt into future times the bard begun:—
A virgin shall conceive—a virgin bear a son!

From Jesse's root behold a Branch arise
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the
skies!
The ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in self-silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid—
From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall
fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale.
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven de-
scend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh, spring to light! Auspicious Babe be born.

Messiah.

THE REIGN OF MESSIAH.

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thine eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate
kings,
And heaped with products of Sabean springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts. The Light Himself shall
shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;

But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

Messiah.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER: *deo. opt. max.*

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,—
By saint, by savage, or by sage—
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou first great Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this: that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human Will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away:
For God is paid when man receives;
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or Thee the Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume Thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by Thy breath;
Oh, lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun
Thou knowest it best, bestowed or not,
And let Thy will be done!

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all being raise;
All Nature's incense rise.

PORTER, JANE, a British novelist, born in Ireland in 1776; died at Bristol in 1850. Her father, an officer in the army, died when his children were all young, and they were taken by their mother to Edinburgh, where the family resided several years, but subsequently made their home in London. Jane Porter, the eldest child, wrote several novels, two of which, *Thaddeus of Warsaw* (1803), and *The Scottish Chiefs* (1810), had a high reputation in their day, and are still read. They may properly be considered as the beginning of the English "historical novels." The chief character in *The Scottish Chiefs* is the idealized William Wallace; Thaddeus Sobieski, in *Thaddeus of Warsaw* is the ideal Polish exile. "We have, alas!" says Mrs. Oliphant, "no such heroes now-a-days. The race has died out; and we fear that a paladin so magnanimous might call forth the scoffs rather than the applause of a public accustomed to interest themselves in shabby personages of real life."

ANNA MARIA PORTER (1780–1832) was a much more prolific writer than her elder sister. She published some fifty volumes of tales and verses; of her novels *The Hungarian Brothers* (1807) and *Don Sebastian, or the House of Braganza* (1810), are the best. Their brother, SIR ROBERT KER PORTER (about 1775–1842), was a clever artist and author of works of travel.

THADDEUS OF WARSAW AVOWS HIS LOVE.

Thaddeus saw all this, and with a flitting hope, instead of surrendering the hand he had retained, he made it a yet closer prisoner by clasping it in both his. Pressing it earnestly to his breast, he said, in a hurried voice, whilst his earnest eyes poured all their beams upon her averted cheek:—

"Surely, Miss Beaufort will not deny me the dearest happiness I possess—the privilege of being grateful to her."

He paused; his soul was too full for utterance; and raising Mary's hand from his heart to his lips, he kissed it fervently. Almost fainting, Miss Beaufort leaned her head against a tree of the thicket where they were standing. She thought of the confession which Pembroke had extorted from her, and dreading that its fullness might have been imparted to him, and that all this was rather the tribute of gratitude than of love, she waved her other hand in sign for him to leave her.

Such extraordinary confusion in her manner palsied the warm and blissful emotions of the Count. He, too, began to blame the sanguine representations of his friend; and fearing that he had offended her—that she might suppose he had presumed on her kindness—he stood for a moment in silent astonishment; then dropping on his knee (hardly conscious of the action), declared in an agitated voice his sense of having given this offense; at the same time he ventured to repeat, with equally modest energy, the soul-devoted passion he had so long endeavored to seal up in his lonely breast.

"But forgive me," added he, with increased earnestness, "forgive me in justice to your own virtues. In what has just passed, I feel that I ought to have expressed thanks to your goodness to an unfortunate exile; but if my words or manner have obeyed the more fervid impulse of my soul, and declared aloud what is its glory in secret, blame my nature, most respected Miss Beaufort, not my presumption. I have not dared to look steadily on any aim higher than your esteem."

Mary knew not how to receive this address. The position in which he uttered it, his countenance when she turned to answer him, were both demonstrative of something less equivocal than his speech. He was still grasping the drapery of her cloak, and his eyes, from which

the wind blew back his fine hair, were beaming upon her full of that piercing tenderness which at once dissolves and assures the soul. She passed her hand over her eyes. Her soul was in a tumult. She too fondly wished to believe that he loved her, to trust the evidence of what she saw. His words were ambiguous; and that was sufficient to fill her with uncertainty. Jealous of that delicacy which is the parent of love, and its best preserver, she checked the overflowing of her heart; and whilst her concealed face streamed with tears conjured him to rise. Instinctively she held out her hand to assist him. He obeyed; and, hardly conscious of what she said, she continued:

"You have done nothing, Count Sobieski, to offend me. I was fearful of my own conduct—that you might have supposed—I mean, unfortunate appearances might have led you to suppose that I was influenced—was so far forgetful of myself——"

"Cease, Madam! Cease, for pity's sake!" cried Thaddeus, starting back, and dropping her hand; every emotion which failed on her tongue had met an answering pang in his breast. Fearing that he had set his heart on the possession of a treasure totally out of his reach, he knew not how high had been his hope until he felt the depth of his despair. Taking up his hat, which lay on the grass, with a countenance from which every gleam of joy was banished, he bowed respectfully, and in a lower tone continued:

"The dependent situation in which I appeared at Lady Dundas's being ever before my eyes, I was not so absurd as to suppose that any lady could then notice me from any other sentiment than humanity. That I excited this humanity where alone I was proud to awaken it, was in these hours of dejection my sole comfort. It consoled me for the friends I had lost; it repaid me for the honors that were no more. But that is past. Seeing no further cause for compassion, you deem the delusion no longer

necessary. Since you will not allow me an individual distinction in having attracted your benevolence—though I am to ascribe it all to a charity as diffused as effective, yet I must ever acknowledge with the deepest gratitude that I owe my present home and happiness to Miss Beaufort. Further than this I shall not —I dare not—presume."

These words shifted all the Count's anguish to Mary's breast. She perceived the offended delicacy which actuated each syllable as it fell; and, fearing to have lost everything by her cold, and what might appear haughty, reply, she opened her lips to say what might better express her meaning; but her heart failing her, she closed them again, and continued to walk in silence by his side. Having allowed her opportunity to escape, she believed that all hopes of exculpation were at an end. Not daring to look up, she cast a despairing glance at Sobieski's graceful figure as he walked, equally silent, near her; his hat pulled over his forehead, and his long dark eyelashes, shading his downward eyes, imparted a dejection to his whole air which wrapped her weeping heart round and round with regretful pangs. "Oh," thought she, "though the offspring of but one moment, they will prey on my peace forever."

At the foot of a little wooded knoll, the mute and pensive pair heard the sound of some one on the other side approaching them through the dry leaves. In a minute after, Sir Richard Somerset appeared.—*Thaddeus of Warsaw.*

PORTER, NOAH, an American scholar born at Farmington, Conn., in 1811. He graduated at Yale in 1831; taught a grammar school at New Haven until 1833, when he became tutor at Yale, at the same time studying theology. He was pastor of Congregational churches at Milford, Conn., and Springfield, Mass., from 1836 to 1846, when he became Professor of Moral Philosophy at Yale. In 1871 he succeeded Theodore D. Woolsey as President of Yale College, still retaining his Professorship. His principal works are: *The Educational Systems of the Puritans and the Jesuits* (1851), *The Human Intellect* (1868), *Books and Reading* (1870), *American Colleges and the American People* (1871), *The Science of Nature versus the Science of Man* (1871), *Science and Sentiments* (1882), *Elements of the Moral Sciences* (1883), *Kant's Ethics* (1886), *Fifteen Years in the Pulpit of Yale College* (1888).

THE IDEAL CHRISTIAN COLLEGE.

It may be argued that in the present divided state of Christendom a college which is positively Christian must in fact be controlled by some religious denomination, and this must necessarily narrow and belittle its intellectual and emotional life. We reply—A College need not be administered in the interests of any religious sect, even if it be controlled by it. We have contended, at length, that science and culture tend to liberalize sectarian narrowness. We know that Christian history, philosophy, and literature are eminently catholic and liberal. No class of men so profoundly regret the divisions of Christendom as do Christian scholars: and, we add, their liberality is often in proportion to their fervor. While a college may be, and sometimes is, a nursery of petty prejudices and a hiding-place for sectarian bigotry, it is

untrue to all the lessons of Christian thoughtfulness if it fails to honor its own nobler charity, and will sooner or later outgrow its narrowness.

It may be still further urged that a Christian College must limit itself in the selection of its instructors to men of positive Christian belief, and may thus deprive itself of the ablest instruction. We reply—No positive inferences of this sort can be drawn from the nature or duties of a Christian College. The details of administration are always controlled by wise discretion. A seeker after God, if he has not found rest in faith, may be even more devout and believing in his influence than a fiery dogmatist or an uncompromising polemic. And yet it may be true that a teacher who is careless of misleading confiding youth, and who is fertile in suggestions of unbelief, may, for this reason, and this only, be disqualified from being a safe and useful instructor in any; that a Christian college to be worthy of the name, must be the home of enlarged knowledge and varied culture. It must abound in all the appliances of research and instruction ; its library and collections must be rich to affluence; its corps of instructors must be well trained and enthusiastic in the work of teaching. For all this, money is needed ; and it should be gathered into great centres—not wasted in scanty fountains, nor subdivided into insignificant rills. Into such a temple of science the Christian spirit should enter as the shekinah of old, purifying and consecrating all to itself. In such a college the piety should inspire the science, and the culture should elevate and refine the piety, and the two should lift each the other upward toward God, and speed each other outward and onward in errands of blessing to man. . . .

We conclude—That no institution of the higher education can attain the highest ideal excellence, in which the Christian faith is not exalted as supreme; in which its truth is not asserted with a constant fidelity, defended with

unremitting ardor, and enforced with a fervent and devoted zeal, in which Christ is not honored as the inspirer of man's best affections, the model of man's highest excellence, and the master of all human duties. Let two instructions be placed side by side, with equal advantages in other particulars; let the one be positively Christian, and the other be consistently secular—and the Christian will assuredly surpass the secular in the contributions which it will make to science and culture, and in the men which it will train for the service of their kind.—*Fifteen Years in the Chapel of Yale College.*

PROGRESSIVE CHARACTER OF CHRISTIANITY.

Christianity, both as a law and force, has the capacity and promise of a progressive renewal in the future. It has the capacity for constant development and progress. It can never be outgrown, because its principles are capable of being applied to every exigency of human speculation and action. It can never be dispensed with, because man can never be independent of God, the living God; and in the fierce trials which are yet before him, he may find greater need than ever of God as revealed in Christ. That such trials are to come, we do not doubt. We cannot predict what new strains are to be brought upon our individual or social life. There are signs that the bonds of faith and reverence, of order and decency, of kindliness and affection, which have so long held men together, are to be weakened, perhaps withered, by the dry-rot of confident and conceited speculation, or consumed by the fire of human passion.—*Fifteen Years in the Chapel of Yale College.*

PRAED, Rosa Murray-Prior, an English author, born at Bromelton Station, Queensland, Australia, in 1852. She is descended from Col. Murray-Prior who served in the 18th Hussars at Waterloo, and her father was an Australian squatter, who took active part in political life in Queensland. Mrs. Praed spent her early life in Australia, and was married in 1872 to Campbell Mackworth Praed, a nephew of the poet Praed. In 1876 she went to London, where she now resides. Her first book was *An Australian Heroine* (1880). It was followed by *Policy and Passion*, *Nadine*, *Moloch*, *Zero*, *Affinities*, *The Head Station*, *Australian Life*, *Black and White*, *Miss Jacobson's Chance*, and *The Bond of Wedlock*, also dramatized by the author and produced on the stage in 1888. Mrs. Praed has also written, in collaboration with Justin McCarthy, *The Right Honorable*, *The Rebel Rose* (now published as *The Rival Princess*), *The Ladies' Gallery*, and an *edition de luxe* of sketches of the Thames, entitled *The Grey River*.

AFFINITIES.

Mrs. Borlase was joined in her temporary studio by Esmé Colquhoun. She had asked him to come. Her attitude was one of expectancy. She stood by the fireplace, her face turned sideways to him as he entered, holding a screen of feathers between her cheeks and the blaze. Her robe of pale-green plush, confined at the waist with an old enameled girdle, and with soft lace falling away from the neck and arms, suited the almost girlish lines of her figure, while its color harmonized with her golden hair and dead-white skin. There was a luxuriousness in her dress, in the subdued light, the rich draperies of the chimney-piece, the faintly scented atmosphere, which was more

than pleasing, in contrast with the bleak wintry landscape from which a little while before they had entered.

Upon a little table near her there stood in a blue china bowl the crushed bouquet of hot-house blossoms, still fragrant, which she had carried upon the previous night. Esmé Colquhoun took up the bouquet, which was composed almost entirely of yellow roses, and drew forth one of the flowers with a preoccupied air.

"I have hurt you," he repeated with remorse in his voice. And then he rose and looked down yearningly upon her. "Christine are you still so proud? Will you always face the world with your frank cynicism—your high-spirited independence—artist and woman of the world in one, giving just so much and giving no more? Christine, will you accept no sacrifice? Will you make none—not even now?"

Christine returned his gaze unshrinkingly; but a tear rose and lay on her lower lashes, held there glittering.

"No, Esmé—not even now. There can never be any question of sacrifice between you and me."

"There should be none. You are right. Love should be a free sacrament, and its own justification." . . .

She laughed a little joyous laugh. "How much more so if you were confined in a prison! Applause and adulation are the breath of existence to you. The love and loyalty of one woman would never satisfy your nature, except under conditions which would enable you to take impressions from numerous other sources. You will secure for yourself these conditions. I want you to love your wife. I want you to have the world's incense as well. I want you to touch every point possible in existence. You are the true creature of your own philosophy. You require a thousand sensations in quick succession, and you must analyze each before you can decide whether it is worth experiencing. You profess to worship the ideal; but in reality

you are an utter materialist. You have all the weakness, all the inconsistency, all the greatness of a poetic nature. The greatness and the fire kindle in my intellect a spark of the incense you crave. The weakness and the inconsistency touch my woman's heart and make me love you. Being what we both are, sorrow and evil can only come from indulging in our love. This I pointed out to you before you went away; and now I am going to place it beyond our power of indulgence."

"That is impossible. You can not crush down your love for me, nor can I, married or free, prevent myself from loving you. I would not try to do so. You are my inspiration. You are to me the ideal woman."

She was silent for several moments, and her head dropped upon her breast. Presently she looked up with a strange smile upon her lips and a bright light in her eyes.

"I will remain so. An ideal love is a great and glorious possession. An ideal love is divine and actual, and it exists, it *must* exist, apart from material life. Are not love, faith, will, force more potent than brute strength? Ah, my Esmé! you, a poet and an artist, know as I do that the realities of existence are not the things we see and touch. Human passion is but the stream in which pure, divine passion is reflected. The more muddy the stream the more distorted the image. Drag down the star and it disappears. Oh, teach the world this truth in your books! Let me try to show it dimly forth in my pictures. It is the force of our inner lives. It is the pearl of great price, which has been given to us artists. Let us cherish the Ideal." . . .

Her voice vibrated with a passionate tremor. She rose and moved away from him, all the time her gaze never forsaking his face. An exceeding softness and beauty crept over her features, and she went on in a more gentle tone. "I will be your ideal, Esmé. When you need sympathy in your work, ask it from me. When

you have beautiful dreams, tell them to me. When the fire burns within you, come to me and I will fan it into flame. Give your love to Judith Fountain. She has attracted you already. In time, she will captivate you completely; for she has a subtle charm that must appeal to your artistic perceptions. She can reinstate you in popular favor. She is rich, and can supply the sensuous atmosphere—of dim rooms, Oriental perfumes, soothing music, without which you have often said to me your muse is dumb. But give *me* your soul."

Colquhoun seemed infected by her enthusiasm. His dramatic instinct seized the conception of a sublime *rôle*. The poet is a paradox. In a moment, he may ascend from the depths of earth to the heights of heaven. His mind seems the tenement of some fantastic Protean spirit with a passion for impersonation, to which truth and falsehood are of equal value. His potentialities appear capable of manifesting themselves in either good or evil as the wind blows or the sun shines.

"You are a noble woman," he said slowly. "You are very strong. If we could have been married we might have conquered the world together. What is it that you are going to do?"

"I am going away in a day or two. I shall leave you here with Judith Fountain."

"And I—what am I to do?"

"What your impulses prompt," she answered with the least touch of bitterness. "It is not for me to guide them."

"I think," he said, after a minute's pause, "that perhaps your enthusiasm gilds merely trite facts and commonplace sentiment. That is the way with us—we artists. Is your star anything higher than the respect of the world?"

"Oh!" she cried. "You can't see. You don't comprehend. It is my own self-respect. It is your love. If you were a god, Esmé—instead of being a poet; and I an angel, and not a battered, hardened woman of the world, we would fly aloft and seek our star."

PRAED, WINTHROP MACKWORTH, an English poet, born at London in 1802; died in 1839. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he won many prizes for Greek odes and epigrams, and for clever verses in English. He was called to the bar in 1829, and in 1830 was returned to Parliament for St. Germain, in Cornwall, and subsequently for several other constituencies. His poetical works were written rather for amusement than as serious efforts; but they manifest keen wit and a great mastery in versification. A complete edition of them was issued in 1864, edited by his sister, Lady Young, with a Memoir by Derwent Coleridge. Praed wrote many charades which are among the cleverest in our language.

CHARADE: "CAMP-BELL."

Come from my *First,* ay, come;
  The battle dawn is nigh,
And the screaming trump and the thundering drum
  Are calling thee to die.
Fight, as thy father fought;
  Fall, as thy father fell.
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought;
  So forward, and farewell.

Toll ye my *Second,* toll;
  Fling high the flambeau's light;
And sing the hymn for a parted soul
  Beneath the silent night;
The helm upon his head,
  The cross upon his breast;
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed:
  Now take him to his rest.

Call ye my *Whole:* go call
  The lord of lute and lay,
And let him greet the sable pall
  With a noble song to-day.

Ay, call him by his name;
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
On the turf of a soldier's grave.

CHARADE: "KNIGHT-HOOD."

Alas for that unhappy day
When chivalry was nourished,
When none but friars learned to pray,
And beef and beauty flourished!
And fraud in kings was held accurst,
And falsehood sin was reckoned,
And mighty chargers bore my *First*,
And fat monks wore my *Second*.

Oh, then I carried sword and shield,
And casque with flaunting feather,
And earned my spurs on battle-field,
In winter and rough weather;
And polished many a sonnet up
To ladies' eyes and tresses,
And learned to drain my father's cup,
And loose my falcon's jesses.

But dim is now my grandeur's gleam;
The mongrel mob grows prouder;
And everything is done by steam,
And men are killed by powder;
And now I feel my swift decay,
And give unheeded orders,
And rot in paltry state away,
With Sheriffs and Recorders.

The following is a good example of Praed's more serious productions:

THE VICAR.

Some years ago, ere Time and Taste
Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way between
Saint Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the green,
And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveler up the path,
Through clean-clipped rows of box and myrtle;
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlor-steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say,
"Our master knows you—you're expected."

Uprose the Reverend Doctor Brown,
Uprose the Doctor's winsome marrow;
The lady laid her knitting down,
Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow.
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed—
Pundist or Papist, Saint or Sinner—
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
And warmed himself in Court or College,
He had not gained an honest friend,
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge;—
If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar.

His talk was like a stream, which run
With rapid change from rocks to roses;
It slipped from politics to puns;
It passed from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound Divine,
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror;
And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablished Truth, or startled Error,
The Baptist found him far too deep,
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow,
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or showed
  That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious
Without refreshment on the road
  From Jerome or from Athanasius.
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
  The heart and hand that planned them;
For all who understood admired,
  And some who did not understand them.

He wrote too, in a quiet way,
  Small treatises and smaller verses,
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
  And hints to noble lords and nurses;
True histories of last year's ghost,
  Lines to a ringlet or a turban,
And trifles for the "Morning Post."
  And nothings for "Sylvanus Urban."

He did not think all mischief fair,
  Although he had a knack for joking;
He did not make himself a bear,
  Although he had a knack for smoking.
And when religious sects ran mad,
  He held, in spite of all his learning,
That, if a man's belief is bad,
  It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
  In the low hut or garnished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
  And share the widows' homelier pottage.
At his approach complaint grew mild;
  And when his hand unbarred the shutter
The clammy lips of fever smiled
  The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
  Of Julius Cæsar or of Venus;
From him I learned the Rule of Three,
  Cat's-cradle, Leap-frog, and *Quæ genus*.
I used to singe his powdered wig,
  To steal the staff he put such trust in,
And make the puppy dance a jig
  When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change! In vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled—
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled.
The church is larger than before;
You reach it by a carriage-entry;
It holds three hundred people more,
And pews are fitted for the gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat: you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian—
Where is the old man laid?—Look down,
And construe on the slab before you,
"*Hic jacet* GVLIELMVS BROWN,
Vir non donandus lauru.

QUINCE.

I found him at threescore and ten
A single man, but bent quite double;
Sickness was coming on him then
To take him from a world of trouble.
He prosed of sliding down the hill,
Discovered he grew older daily;
One frosty day he made his will,
The next he sent for Dr. Baillie.

And so he lived, and so he died;
When last I sat beside his pillow,
He shook my hand: "Ah me!" he cried,
"Penelope must wear the willow!
Tell her I hugged her rosy chain
While life was flickering in the socket,
And sayth at when I call again
I'll bring a license in my pocket.

"I've left my house and grounds to Fag—
I hope his master's shoes will suit him!—
And I've bequeathed to you my nag,
To feed him for my sake, or shoot him.
The vicar's wife will take old Fox;
She'll find him an uncommon mouser;
And let her husband have my box,
My Bible, and my Assmanshaüser." . . .

PRATT, Ella (Farman), an American author, born in the State of New York in 18 . She has been the editor of the juvenile magazine, *The Wide Awake*, from its establishment. Among her books are: *A Little Woman* (1873), *Anna Maylie* (1873), *A Girl's Money* (1874), *A White Hand* (1875), *The Cooking Club of Tu-whit Hollow*, and *Mrs. Hurd's Niece* (1876), *Good-for-nothing Polly* (1877), and *How Two Girls Tried Farming* (1879).

PLANNING.

Louise did not wait for my mysterious three days to expire. The afternoon of the second she came down to the school-house. It was just after I had "dismissed."

"Now, Miss Dolly Shepherd!" demanded she.

Well, I had gone through the new plan in detail, had thought and thought, read and read, had found there was no sex in brains; for out of the mass of agricultural reading I saw that even I, should I have the strength, could, in one way or another, reduce whatever was pertinent to practice. I resolutely had cast money-making out of the plan, but I believed we could raise enough for our own needs; and I had thought, "Oh, Lou Burney, if we should be able to establish the fact that women can buy land and make themselves a home, just as men do, what a ministry of hope even our humble lives may become!"

In my earnestness I had tried various absurd little experiments. In my out-of-door strolls I think I had managed to come upon every farming implement on the place. Out of observation, I had lifted, dragged, turned, flourished, and pounded. I had pronounced most of them as manageable by feminine muscles as the heavy kettles, washing-machines, mattresses, and carpets that belong to a woman's indoor work. I had hoed a few stray weeds back of the tool-house, a mullein and a burdock

(which throve finely thereafter), and found it as easy as sweeping, and far daintier to do than dinner-dish-washing—and none of it was to be done "over the stove!" To be sure there was the hot sun, but there was also the fresh air. I felt prepared to talk.

"Well, Lou," I said, "we will try the out-of-doors plan, and very much as we at first talked. We will even have some berries. Only we will, from the very first, make our daily bread and butter the chief matter, and just do whatever else we can; meanwhile, I don't see, any more than you, how these women who have done so well with fruit-raising managed *whilst.* But this is the way *I* have planned for us for whom there shall be no dreary *whilst,* as we will begin at once:

"We will take our moneys"—I had three hundred of my own—"and go up into the great Northwest and make the best bargain we can for a little farm, which, however, shall be as big as possible, for, from the very begining, we must keep a horse, and a cow, and a pig, and some hens. Don't open your eyes so wide, dear—I got it all from you. It is your own idea—I have only put it into practical working order. Keeping a cow, you know, will enable us to easily keep the pig; so keeping a cow means smoked ham and sausage for our table, our lard, our milk, our cream, and our butter. As you said, we must either have such things, or else have something to sell right away. There will also be, as I have planned it, butter, eggs, and poultry with which to procure groceries, grains, and sundries. There will also be, in the winter, a surplus of pork to sell. We shall also raise some vegetables. We can also the first year grow corn to keep our animals, and for brown bread for ourselves. We will, among the first things we do, set out an orchard and a grape arbor, make an asparagus bed, and have a row of bee-hives. Meanwhile, having thus secured the means of daily life, I have other and greater plans for a comfortable old age."

These I also disclosed. She made no com ment upon them, but reverted gravely to the animals.

"I should think we might do it all. Dolly, only the horse; do we need a horse? Be sure, now, Dolly, for a horse would be a great undertaking. You know we would have to keep a nice one, if we kept any, not such a one as women in comic pictures always drive. Be very sure, now, Dolly."

"I am. For we must cultivate our own corn and potatoes. I can see that, in small farming, hiring labor would cost all the things would come to, just as business women have told us it is in other work, you know. Besides, how could we ever get to mill, or church, or store. Only by catching rides; our neighbors would soon hate us."

"And who would drive?" asked Lou.

I paused. "You would have to, I suppose," I said at last. I felt she could; and I also felt that I couldn't. Lou nodded.

"Yes, because you will have to be the one to go to the neighbors to borrow things," she said, as if balancing our accounts.

"We shall live within ourselves," said I. "What we don't have we will go without."

Lou said there would be some comfort in that kind of being poor, and grew jolly and care-free presently, and said "we would go at once."—*How Two Girls Tried Farming.*

PRENTICE, GEORGE DENISON, an American journalist, born at Preston, Conn., in 1802; died at Louisville, Ky., 1870. He graduated at Brown University in 1823, and in 1828 established the *New England Weekly Review*, at Hartford, Conn., which he conducted for two years, when he went West, and soon became editor of the *Louisville Journal*. He wrote many poems which appeared in his own journal and other periodicals, but no complete collection of them has been made. A volume entitled *Prenticeiana; or Wit and Humor in Paragraphs*, was published in 1860; and an enlarged edition, with a *Memoir*, in 1870.

THE FLIGHT OF YEARS.

Gone! gone forever!—like a rushing wave
Another year has burst upon the shore
Of earthly being; and its last low tones,
Wandering in broken accents on the air,
Are dying to an echo. . . .

Yet, why muse
Upon the Past with sorrow? though the year
Has gone to blend with the mysterious tide
Of old Eternity, and borne along
Upon its heaving breast a thousand wrecks
Of glory and of beauty—yet, why mourn
That such is destiny? Another year
Succeedeth to the past; in their bright round
The seasons come and go, and the same blue arch
That hath hung o'er us, will hang o'er us yet;
The same pure stars that we have loved to watch
Will blossom still at twilight's gentle hour,
Like lilies on the tomb of Day: and still
Man will remain to dream as he hath dreamed,
And mark the earth with passion. Love will spring
From the lone tomb of old Affections; Hope
And Joy and great Ambition will rise up

As they have risen, and their deeds will be
Brighter than those engraven on the scroll
Of parted centuries. Even now the sea
Of coming years, beneath whose mighty waves
Life's great events are heaving into birth,
Is tossing to and fro, as if the winds
Of heaven were prisoned in its soundless depths,
And struggling to be free.

Weep not that Time
Is passing on; it will ere long reveal
A brighter era to the nations. Hark!
Along the vales and mountains of the earth
There is a deep, portentous murmuring,
Like the swift rush of subterranean streams,
Or like the mingled sounds of earth and air,
When the fierce Tempest, with sonorous wing,
Heaves his deep folds upon the rushing winds,
And hurries onward with his might of clouds
Against the eternal mountains. 'Tis the voice
Of infant Freedom; and her stirring call
Is heard and answered in a thousand tones
From every hill-top of her Western home:
And, lo! it breaks across old Ocean's flood,
And "Freedom! Freedom!" is the answering shout
Of nations starting from the spell of years.
The Day-spring!—see, 'tis brightening in the heavens!
The watchmen of the night have caught the sign:
From tower to tower the signal-fires flash free;
And the deep watch-word, like the rush of seas,
Is sounding o'er the earth. Bright years of hope
And life are on the wing! Yon glorious bow
Of freedom, bended by the hand of God,
Is spanning Time's dark surges. Its high arch
A type of Love and Mercy on the cloud
Tells that the many storms of human life
Will pass in silence, and the sinking waves,
Gathering the forms of glory and of peace,
Reflect the undimmed brightness of the heavens.

PRENTISS, Elizabeth (Payson), an American author, born at Portland, Me., in 1818; died at Dorset, Vt., in 1878. She was a daughter of the Rev. Edward Payson, pastor of the Congregational Church in Portland from 1807 until 1827. After receiving her education in Portland and Ipswich, she taught for several years, and in 1845 was married to George Lewis Prentiss, pastor of the Church of the Covenant in New York city from 1862 till 1873, and afterwards Professor of Theology and Church Polity in Union Theological Seminary. After the death of her two children, Mrs. Prentiss devoted herself to writing. Her chief book, *Stepping Heavenward*, which was published first in the *Chicago Advance* in 1869, has been translated into various languages. Her other works are: the *Little Susy Series* (1853–6), *The Flower of the Family* (1854), *Only a Dandelion, and Other Stories* (1854), *Fred, Maria, and Me* (1868), *The Percys* (1870), *The Home at Greylock* (1876), *Pemaquid; a Story of Old Times in New England* (1877), and *Avis Benson, with Other Sketches* (1879).

LAST WORDS.

Everybody wonders to see me once more interested in my long-closed Journal, and becoming able to see the dear friends from whom I have been in a measure cut off. We cannot ask the meaning of this remarkable increase of strength.

I have no wish to choose. But I have come to the last page of my Journal, and living or dying, shall write in this volume no more. It closes upon a life of much childishness and great sinfulness, whose record makes me blush with shame, but I no longer need to relieve my heart with seeking sympathy in its unconscious

pages, nor do I believe it well to go on analyzing it as I have done. I have had large experience of both joy and sorrow; I have seen the nakedness and the emptiness, and I have seen the beauty and sweetness of life. What I have to say now, let me say to Jesus. What time and strength I used to spend in writing here, let me spend in praying for all men, for all sufferers, for all who are out of the way, for all whom I love, and their name is Legion, for I love everybody. Yes, I love everybody! That crowning joy has come to me at last. Christ is in my soul; He is mine; I am as conscious of it as that my husband and children are mine; and His spirit flows forth from mine in the calm peace of a river, whose banks are green with grass and glad with flowers. If I die, it will be to leave a wearied and worn body and a sinful soul, to go joyfully to be with Christ, to be weary, and to sin no more. If I live, I shall find much blessed work to do for Him. So, living or dying, I shall be the Lord's.

But I wish, oh, how earnestly, that whether I go or stay, I could inspire some lives with the joy that is now mine. For many years I have been rich in faith; rich in an unfaltering confidence that I was beloved of my God and Saviour. But something was wanting; I was ever groping for a mysterious grace, the want of which made me often sorrowful in the very midst of my most sacred joy, imperfect when I most longed for perfection. It was that *personal love to Christ* of which my precious mother so often spoke to me, which she had often urged me to seek upon my knees. If I had known then, as I know now, what this priceless treasure could be to a sinful human soul, I would have sold all that I had to buy the field wherein it lay hidden. But not till I was shut up to prayer and to the study of God's word by the loss of earthly joys—sickness destroying the flavor of them all—did I begin to penetrate the mystery that is learned under the cross. And, wondrous as it is, how simple

is this mystery! To love Christ, and to know that I love Him—this is all.

And when I entered upon the sacred yet oft-times homely duties of married life, if this love had been mine, how would that life have been transfigured! The petty faults of my husband under which I chafed would not have moved me; I should have welcomed Martha and her father to my home and made them happy there; I should have had no conflicts with my servants, shown no petulance to my children. For it would not have been I who spoke and acted, but Christ who lived in me.

Alas! I have had less than seven years in which to atone for a sinful, wasted past, and to live a new and Christ-like life. If I am to have yet more, thanks be to Him who has given me the victory that life will be Love. Not the love that rests in the contemplation and adoration of its object; but the love that gladdens, sweetens, solaces other lives.—*Stepping Heavenward.*

PRESCOTT, William Hickling, an American historian, born at Salem, Mass., in 1796; died at Boston in 1859. He graduated at Harvard in 1814; but in the last year of his college life a fellow-student playfully threw a crust of bread at him, striking one of his eyes, which was rendered almost sightless. Inflammation set in in the other eye, resulting in almost total loss of vision. He visited Europe, mainly with the hope of receiving benefit from eminent oculists. But practically for nearly all the remainder of his life his eyes were of little use in reading or writing. Returning to Boston in 1819, he resolved to devote the next ten years to the study of ancient and modern literature, and the ensuing ten years to the composition of a history. His studies in literature led to the publication of several essays in the *North American Review*, which were in 1845 collected into a couple of volumes entitled *Miscellanies*.

As early as 1825 he had fixed upon the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain as the subject of his first historical work. The history of the *Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*, after fully ten years of *continuous labor*, was published in 1837. The next six years were devoted to the *History of the Conquest of Mexico* (1843), and the four subsequent years to the *History of the Conquest of Peru* (1847). After a visit to Europe, he set himself to writing the history of the *Reign of Philip II. of Spain*, for which he had already made an extensive collection of documents. Of this work Volumes I. and II. appeared in 1855, and Volume III. in 1858. The work was to have consisted of six volumes, but the

remaining three were never written. In February, 1858, he experienced a slight shock of paralysis. Eleven months afterwards, while at work in his library with his secretary, he was struck speechless by a second shock, and died within an hour. —A revised edition of Prescott's Works, edited by John Foster Kirke, who had been his secretary for more than ten years, was published in 1875. The *Life of Prescott* has been written by George Ticknor Curtis (1864).

EXPULSION OF THE JEWS FROM SPAIN.

The edict for the expulsion of the Jews was signed by the Spanish sovereigns at Granada, March 30, 1492. The preamble alleges, in vindication of the measure, the danger of allowing further intercourse between the Jews and their Christian subjects, in consequence of the incorrigible obstinacy with which the former persisted in their attempts to make converts of the latter to their own faith, and to instruct them in their heretical rites, in open defiance of every legal prohibition and penalty. When a college or corporation of any kind—the instrument goes on to state—is convicted of any great or detestable crime, it is right that it should be disfranchised ; the less suffering with the greater, the innocent with the guilty. If this be the case in temporal concerns, it is much more so in those which affect the eternal welfare of the soul.

It finally decrees that all unbaptized Jews, of whatever age, sex or condition, should depart from the realm by the end of July next ensuing ; prohibiting them from returning to it on any pretext whatever, under penalty of death and confiscation of property. It was moreover interdicted to every subject to harbor, succor, or minister to the necessities of any Jew after the expiration of the term fixed for his departure. The persons and property of

the Jews, in the meantime, were taken under the royal protection. They were allowed to dispose of their effects of every kind on their own account, and to carry the proceeds along with them, in bills of exchange, or merchandise not prohibited, but neither in gold nor silver. . . .

While the gloomy aspect of their fortunes pressed heavily on the hearts of the Israelites, the Spanish clergy were indefatigable in the work of conversion. They lectured in the synagogues and public squares, expounding the doctrines of Christianity, and thundering forth both argument and invective against the Hebrew heresy. But their laudable endeavors were in a great measure counteracted by the more authoritative rhetoric of the Jewish Rabbins, who compared the persecutions of their brethren to those which their ancestors had suffered under Pharaoh. They encouraged them to persevere, representing that the present afflictions were intended as a trial of their faith by the Almighty, who designed in this way to guide them to the promised land, by opening a path through the waters, as he had done to their fathers of old.

The more wealthy Israelites enforced the exhortations by liberal contributions for the relief of their indigent brethren. Thus strengthened, there were found but very few, when the day of their departure arrived, who were not prepared to abandon their country rather than their religion. This extraordinary act of a whole people for conscience's sake may be thought, in the nineteenth century, to merit other epithets than those of "perfidy, incredulity, and stiff-necked obstinacy," with which the worthy curate of Los Palacios, in the charitable feeling of that day, has seen fit to stigmatize it.

When the period of departure arrived, all the principal routes through the country might be seen swarming with emigrants—old and young, the sick, men, women, and children,

mingled promiscuously together—some mounted on horses or mules, but far the greater part undertaking their painful pilgrimage on foot. The sight of so much misery touched even the Spaniards with pity, though none might succor them; for the Land-inquisitor, Torquemada, enforced the ordinance to that effect, by denouncing heavy ecclesiastical censures on all who should presume to violate it.

The fugitives were distributed along various routes, being determined by accidental circumstances much more than any knowledge of the respective countries to which they were bound. Much the largest division—amounting, according to some estimates to 80,000 souls, passed into Portugal, whose wise monarch, John the Second, dispensed with his scruples so far as to give them a free passage through his dominions, on their way to Africa, in consideration of a tax of a *cruzado* a head. He is even said to have silenced his scruples so far as to allow certain ingenious artisans to establish themselves permanently in the kingdom. . . .

The whole number of Jews expelled from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella is variously computed from 160,000 to 800,000 souls; a discrepancy indicating the paucity of authentic data. Most modern writers, with the usual predilection for startling results, have assumed the latter estimate; and Dorente has made it the basis of some important estimates in his *History of the Inquisition.* A view of all the circumstances will lead us without much hesitation to adopt the more moderate computation. There is little reason for supposing that the actual amount would suffer diminution in the hands of either Jewish or Castilian authority; since the one might naturally be led to exaggerate in order to heighten sympathy with the calamities of his people; and the other to magnify, as far as possible, the glorious triumph of the Cross.

The detriment incurred by the state, however, is not founded so much on any numerical

estimate as on the subtraction of the mechanical skill, intelligence, and general resources of an orderly, industrious population. In this view, the mischief was incalculably greater than that inferred by the mere number of the exiled. And although even this might have been gradually repaired in a country allowed the free and healthful development of its energies, yet in Spain this was so effectually counteracted by the Inquisition, and other causes in the following century, that the loss may be deemed irretrievable. . . .

It cannot be denied that Spain at this period surpassed most of the nations of Europe in religious enthusiasm or, to speak more correctly, in bigotry. This is doubtless imputable to the long war with the Moslems, and its recent glorious issue, which swelled every heart with exaltation, disposing it to consummate the triumphs of the Cross by purging the land from a heresy which, strange as it may seem, was scarcely less detested than that of Mohammed. Both the sovereigns partook largely of these feelings. With regard to Isabella, moreover, it must be borne constantly in mind that she had been used constantly to surrender her own judgment, in matters of conscience, to those spiritual guardians, who were supposed in that age to be its rightful depositaries, and the only casuists who could safely determine the doubtful line of duty. Isabella's pious disposition, and her trembling solicitude to discharge her duty, at whatever cost of personal indignation, greatly enforced the precepts of education. In this way her very virtues became the source of her errors. Unfortunately she lived in an age and station which attached to these errors the most momentous consequences.—*Ferdinand and Isabella.*

IN SIGHT OF THE VALLEY AND CITY OF MEXICO.

The Spaniards, refreshed by a night's rest, succeeded in gaining the crest of the sierra of Ahualco, which stretches like a curtain between

the two great mountains on the north and south. Their progress was now comparatively easy, and they marched forward with a buoyant step, as they felt they were treading the soil of Montezuma. They had not advanced far when, turning an angle of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated the toils of the preceding day. It was that of the valley of Mexico—or Tenochitlan, as more commonly called by the natives—which, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities, and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them.

In the highly rarefied atmosphere of these upper regions, even remote objects have a brilliancy of coloring and a distinctness of outline which seems to annihilate distance. Stretching far away at their feet were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore and cedar; and, beyond, yellow fields of maize and the towering maguey, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens; for flowers—in such demand for their religious festivals—were even more abundant in this populous valley than in other parts of Anahuac. In the center of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of the surface than at present; their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets, and in the midst—like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls—the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters—the far-famed "Venice of the Aztecs."

High over all rose the royal hill of Chapoltepec, the residence of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance, beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by intervening foliage, was seen a shining speck—the rival capital of Tezcuco; and, still further on, the dark belt of porphyry girdling the valley

around, like a rich setting which Nature has devised for the fairest of her jewels.

Such was the beautiful vision which broke on the eyes of the Conquistadors. And even now, when so sad a change has come over the scene; when the stately forests have been laid low; and the soil, unsheltered from the fierce radiance of a tropical sun, is in many places abandoned to sterility, when the waters have retired, leaving a broad and ghastly margin white with the incrustation of salts, while the cities and hamlets on their borders have mouldered into ruins; even now that desolation broods over the landscape, so indestructible are the lines of beauty which Nature has traced on its features, that no traveller, however cold, can gaze on them with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture. What then must have been the emotions of the Spaniards when, after working their toilsome way into the upper air, the cloudy tabernacle parted before their eyes, and they beheld all these fair scenes in their pristine magnificence and beauty! It was like the spectacle which greeted the eyes of Moses from the summit of Pisgah; and, in the warm glow of their feelings, they cried out, "It is the Promised Land!"

But these feelings of admiration were very soon followed by others of a very different complexion, as they saw in all this the evidences of a civilization and power far superior to anything they had yet encountered. The more timid, disheartened by the prospect, shrunk from a contest so unequal, and demanded—as they had done on some former occasions—to be led back again to Vera Cruz. Such was not the effect produced on the sanguine spirit of the General. His avarice was sharpened by the display of the dazzling spoil at his feet; and if he felt a natural anxiety at the formidable odds. his confidence was renewed as he gazed on the lines of his veterans, whose weather-beaten visages and battered armor told of battles won and difficulties surmounted; while his bold barba-

rians, with appetites whetted by the view of their enemies' country, seemed like eagles on the mountains, ready to pounce upon their prey.

By argument, entreaty, and menace, Cortes endeavored to restore the faltering courage of the soldiers, urging them not to think of retreat, now that they had reached the goal for which they had panted, and the golden gates were opened to receive them. In these efforts he was well seconded by the brave cavaliers, who held honor as dear to them as fortune ; until the dullest spirits caught somewhat of the enthusiasm of their leaders, and the General had the satisfaction to see his hesitating columns, with their usual buoyant step once more on their march down the slopes of the sierra.—*Conquest of Mexico.*

THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahuallpa, borne on a sedan, or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly-colored plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. Round the monarch's neck was suspended a collar of emeralds of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified ; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command. As the leading lines of the procession entered the great square, they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Everything was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the plaza in silence, and not a Spaniard was visible. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the plaza, Atahuallpa halted, and, turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, "Where are the strangers ?"

At this moment Fray Vincente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, Pizarro's chaplain, and afterwards Bishop of Cuzco, came forward with his Breviary (or, as other accounts say, a Bible), in one hand and a crucifix in the other, and approaching the Inca told him that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The Friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity; and, ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his Fall, to his subsequent Redemption, to the Crucifixion, and the Ascension when the Saviour left the Apostle Peter as his vicegerent upon earth.

This power had been transmitted to the successors of the apostle—good and wise men who, under the title of Popes, held authority over all Powers and Potentates on earth. One of the last of these Popes had commissioned the Spanish Emperor—the most mighty monarch in the world—to conquer and convert the natives in this western hemisphere; and his general, Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission. The Friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly, to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him—the only one by which he could hope for salvation; and, furthermore to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker, as he replied, "I will be no man's tributary! I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your Emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters; and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope of whom you speak,

he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith," he continued, "I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created. But mine," he concluded, pointing to his deity—then alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains—"my God still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children."

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The Friar pointed as authority to the book which he held. Atahuallpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment; then, as the insult which he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence and exclaimed, "Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed."

The Friar, greatly scandalized by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up, and hastening to Pizarro informed him of what had been done, exclaiming at the same time, "Do you not see that while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on at once! I absolve you."

Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air—the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then, springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of "St. Jago and at them!" It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as rushing from the avenues of the halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the plaza, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which re-

verberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left without sparing; while their swords, flashing fire through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now for the first time saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors.

They made no resistance, as indeed they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed the boundary of the plaza. It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

Meanwhile the fight—or rather massacre—continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or at least by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay; that they did not so in the present instance is proof that they had

no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp. and as one was cut down another taking the place of a fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without hardly comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro as the mighty press swayed backwards and forwards; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin like some forlorn mariner who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash and hears the thunder bursting around him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary of the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate effort to end the fray at once by taking Atahaullpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice, "Let no one who values his life strike at the Inca," and stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on his own hand from one of his own men—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

The struggle now became fiercer than ever around the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length, several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some of his cavaliers who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighboring building, where he was carefully guarded.—*Conquest of Peru.*

PRESTON, HARRIET WATERS, an American author, born at Danvers, Mass., in 1843. She had made many translations from the French, especially from St. Beuve and De Musset; among her own works are: *Aspendale* (1870), *Love in the Nineteenth Century* (1874), *Troubadours and Trouvères* (1876), *Is That All?* (1878), *A Year in Eden* (1886), *A Question of Identity* (1887), *The Guardians* (1888). For several years she has resided in England, and has furnished critical essays to American periodicals, notable among which is an article upon "Russian Novelists," in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

The re-reading and readjustment of Christianity proposed by Count Leo Tolstoï in his *Ma Religion* has its fantastic features. It recalls the earliest presentation of that doctrine, at least in this, that it can hardly fail to prove a "stumbling-block" to one half of the well-instructed world, and an epitome of foolishness to the other. It consists merely in a perfectly literal interpretation of the fundamental principles, Resist not evil; Be not angry; Commit no adultery; Swear not; Judge not. Even the qualification which our Lord himself is supposed to have admitted in the passage, "Whosoever is angry with his brother *without a cause*," and in the one excepted case to the interdict against divorce, our amateur theologian rejects as the glosses of uncandid commentators, or the concessions of an interested priesthood.

He then proceeds to show that the logical results of his own rigid interpretations, if they were reduced to practice, would be something more than revolutionary. They would involve the abolition of all personal and class distinctions; the effacement of the bounds of empire; the end alike of all the farce of formally ad-

ministered justice, and of the violent monstrosity of war; the annihilation of so much even of the sense of individuality as is implied in the expectation of personal rewards and punishments, here or hereafter. For all this he professes himself ready. The man of great possessions and transcendent mental endowments, the practiced magistrate, the trained soldier, the consummate artist, the whilom statesman, having found peace in the theoretic acceptance of unadulterated Christian doctrine, as he conceives it, offers himself as an evidence of its perfect practicability.

Ma Réligion was given to the world as the literary testament of the author of *Guerre et Paix* and *Anna Karénine.* From the hour of the date that was inscribed upon its final page—Moscow, February 22, 1884—he disappeared from the field of his immense achievements and the company of his intellectual and social peers. He went away to his estates in Central Russia, to test in his own person his theories of lowly-mindedness, passivity, and universal equality. He undertook to live henceforth with and like the poorest of his own peasants, by the exercise of a humble handicraft. Those who knew him best say that he will inevitably return some day; that this phase will pass, as so many others have passed with Tolstoï; and that we need by no means bemoan ourselves over the notion that he has said his last word at fifty-seven. Indeed, he seems to have foreshadowed such a return in his treatment of the characters of Bezouchof and Lenine, with both of whom we instinctively understand the author himself to be closely identified. We are bound, I think, to hope that Tourguéneff's last prayer may be granted —those of us at least who are still worldly-minded enough to lament the rarity of great talents in this last quarter of our century.

And yet, there is a secret demurrer; there are counter-currents of sympathy. A suspicion will now and then arise of something

divinely irrational; something—with all reverence be it said—remotely Messianic in the sacrifice of this extraordinary man. The Seigneur would become a slave, the towering intelligence a folly, if by any means the sufferer may be consoled, the needy assisted. Here, at any rate, is the consistency of the apostolic age. And is it not time, when all is said, when we have uttered our impatient protest against the unconditional surrender of the point of honor, and had our laugh out, it may be, at the flagrant absurdity of *any* doctrine of non-resistance, a quiet inner voice will sometimes make itself heard with inquiries like these: "Is there anything, after all, on which you yourself look back with less satisfaction than your own self-permitted resentments, your attempted reprisals for distinctly unmerited personal wrong? What is the feeling with which you are wont to find yourself regarding all public military pageants and spectacles of warlike preparation? Is it not one of sickening disgust at the ghastly folly, the impudent anachronism, of the whole thing?"—In Europe, at all events, the strain of the counter-preparations for martial destruction, the heaping of armaments on one side or the other, has been carried to so preposterous and oppressive a pitch that even plain, practical statesmen like Signor Bonghi at Rome are beginning seriously to discuss the alternative of general disarmament, the elimination altogether of the appeal to arms from the future international policy of the historic states.—*Russian Novelists.*

PRESTON, MARGARET (JUNKIN), an American poet, born at Philadelphia in 1825. Her father, Rev. George Junkin (1790–1868), was the founder of Lafayette College, Easton, Penn., and became president of Washington College, Lexington, Va., being succeeded by Gen. R. E. Lee. The daughter married Prof. John T. L. Preston, of the Military Institute at Lexington, and her sister became the wife of "Stonewall" Jackson, then a Professor in the Institute. In 1856 Mrs. Preston published *Silverwood; a Book of Memories;* subsequently she has written mainly in verse, contributing frequently to periodicals North and South. Her collected poems are: *Beechenbrook* (1865), *Old Songs and New* (1870), *Cartoons* (1876), *For Love's Sake: Poems of Faith and Comfort* (1886), *Colonial Ballads, Sonnets, and Other Verses* (1887).

DEDICATION TO OLD SONGS AND NEW.

Day-duty done—I've idled forth to get
 An hour's light pastime in the shady lanes,
 And here and there have plucked with careless pains
These wayside waifs—sweet-brier and violet
 And such-like simple things that seemed indeed
 Flowers—though, perhaps, I knew not flower from weed.

What shall I do with them? They find no place
 In stately vases where magnolias give
 Out sweets in which their faintness could not live;
Yet, tied with grasses, posy-wise, for grace,
 I have no heart to cast them quite away,
 Though their brief bloom should not outlive the day.

Upon the open pages of your book
  I lay them down. And if within your eye
  A little tender mist I may descry,
Or a sweet sunshine flicker in your look,
  Right happy shall I be, though all declare
  No eye but love's could find a violet there.

THE MORROW.

Of all the tender guards that Jesus drew
  About our frail humanity to stay
  The pressure and the jostle that alway
Are ready to disturb whate'er we do,
And mar the work our hands would carry through,
  None more than this environs us each day
With kindly wardenship:—"Therefore I say,
Take no thought for the morrow."—Yet we pay
  The wisdom scanty heed, and, impotent
To bear the burden of the imperious Now,
  Assume the Future's exigence unsent.
God grants no overplus of power; 'tis shed
  Like morning manna. Yet we dare to bow
And ask—"Give us to-day our Morrow's bread!"

MORNING.

It is enough. I feel this golden morn,
  As if a royal appanage were mine,
  Through Nature's queenly warrant of divine
Investiture. What princess, palace-born,
Hath right of rapture more, when skies adorn
  Themselves so grandly; when the mountains shine
  Transfigured; when the air exalts like wine;
When pearly purples steep the yellowing corn?
  So, satisfied with all the goodliness
Of God's good world—my being to its brim
  Surcharged with utter thankfulness no less
Than bliss of beauty, passionately glad
  Through rush of tears that leaves the landscape dim—
  "Who dares," I cry, "in such a world be sad?"

NIGHT.

I press my cheek against the window-pane,
And gaze abroad into the blank, blank space,
Where earth and sky no more have any place,
Wiped from existence by the expunging rain;
And as I hear the worried winds complain,
A darkness, darker than the murk whose trace
Invades the curtained room, is on my face,
Beneath which life and life's best ends seem vain;
My swelling aspirations viewless sink
As yon cloud-blotted hills; hopes that shone bright
As planets yester-eve, like them to-night
Are gulfed the impenetrable mists before.
"O weary world," I cry, "how dare I think
Thou hast for me one gleam of gladness more?"

SAINT CECILIA.

Haven't you seen her? and don't you know
Why I dote on the darling so?
Let me picture her as she stands
There with the music-book in her hands,
Looking as ravishing, rapt, and bright
As a baby Saint Cecilia might,
Lisping her bird-notes—that's Belle White.

Watch as she raises her eyes to you—
Half-crushed violets dipped in dew,
Brimming with timorous, coy surprise
(Doves have just such glistening eyes);
But, let a dozen of years have flight,
Will there be then such harmless light
Warming these luminous eyes—Belle White?

Look at the pretty, feminine grace,
Even now, on the small young face;
Such a consciousness as she speaks,
Flushing the ivory of her cheeks;
Such a maidenly, arch delight
That she carries me captive quite,
Snared with her daisy chain—Belle White.

Many an ambushed smile lies hid
Under that innocent, downcast lid;
Arrows will fly, with silvery tips,
Out from the bow of those arching lips,
Parting so guilelessly, as she stands
There with the music-book in her hands,
  Chanting her bird-notes, soft and light,
  Even as Saint Cecilia might,
  Dove with folded wings—Belle White!

A GRAVE IN HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY, RICHMOND, VA.

[*J. R. T.—Died* 1872.]

I read the marble-lettered name,
  And half in bitterness I said,
"As Dante from Ravenna came
  Our poet came, in exile—dead!"
And yet, had it been asked of him
  Where he would rather lay his head,
This spot he would have chosen.—Dim
  The city's hum drifts o'er his grave,
  And green above the hollies wave
Their jagged leaves, as when, a boy,
  On blissful summer afternoons
  He came to sing the birds his runes,
And tell the river of his joy.

What dreams that in his wanderings wide,
    By stern misfortunes tossed and driven
    His soul's electric strands were riven
From home and country?—Let betide
What might, what would, his boast, his pride,
    Was in his stricken Mother-Land,
That could but bless, and bid him go,
    Because no crust was in her hand
To stay her children's need. We know
    The mystic cable sank too deep
For surface-storm or stress to strain,
    Or from his answering heart to keep
The spark from flashing back again.

Think of the thousand mellow rhymes
    The pure idyllic passion-flowers,
Wherewith in far-gone happier times,

He garlanded this South of ours.
Provençal-like he wandered long
And sang at many a stranger's board;
Yet 'twas Virginia's name that poured
The tenderest pathos through his song.
We owe the Poet praise and tears
Whose ringing ballad sends the brave
Bold Stuart riding down the years:—
What have we given him?—Just a grave.

GOD'S PATIENCE.

Of all the attributes whose starry rays
Converge and centre in one focal light
Of luminous glory, such as angels' sight
Can only look on with a blench'd amaze,
None crowns the brow of God with purer blaze,
Nor lifts His grandeur to more infinite height,
Than His exhaustless patience. Let us praise
With wondering hearts this strangest, tenderest grace,
Remembering, awe-struck, that the avenging rod
Of Justice must have fallen, and Mercy's plan
Been frustrate, had not Patience stood between,
Divinely meek. And let us learn that man,
Toiling, enduring, pleading—calm, serene,
For those who scorn and slight, is likest God.

PRIME, Samuel Irenæus, an American journalist and author, born at Ballston, N. Y., in 1812; died at Bennington, Vt., in 1885. He graduated at Williams College in 1829, studied at the Princeton Theological Seminary, and entered the Presbyterian ministry. His voice having partially failed, he retired from pastoral labor in 1840, and became connected with the *New York Observer*, a religious journal, of which he subsequently became editor and proprietor. For several years he also conducted the department known as the "Editor's Drawer" in *Harper's Magazine*. He made several foreign tours, and published *Travels in Europe and the East* (1855), *Letters from Switzerland* (1860), *The Alhambra and the Kremlin* (1873). He wrote many works of a devotional character, and several series of his newspaper contributions have been collected and published separately under the title of *The Irenæus Letters*.

SAMUEL HANSON COX.

His faculty of using large words was remarkable. It was attributed to a slight impediment in his speech, which led him to take a word that he could utter without difficulty in preference to a smaller one on which he was inclined to stumble; but that was not the reason. In writing he had the same habit; and, if possible, he made use of larger words than he did in public speech. He was as natural as he was brilliant; and he was the most brilliant clergyman of his generation. As flashes of lightning vanish in an instant, so the coruscations of his splendid genius were transient; beautiful, magnificent for the moment, but gone as suddenly as they came. There is melancholy in the thought that the best and brightest things he ever said are not on record, and, with

his contemporaries will pass from the memory of man. They passed even from his own memory, most of them, as soon as they were spoken.

He was always ready—or, as he would say, *semper paratus*, and was never taken at a disadvantage. The best illustration of his readiness is his famous address before the Bible Society in London, which I will not repeat, it is so familiar. But it is hardly probable that a more splendid example of extempore rhetoric can be found in the whole range of English literature.

In the later years of his life, when his powers were not at their best and brightest, he went into St. Paul's Methodist Church in New York, to worship there as a stranger. He was recognized by a gentleman, who went to the pulpit and informed the preacher that Dr. Cox was in the congregation. He was invited to preach; and taking a text. which he gave in two or three languages, he preached two hours with such a variety of learning, copiousness of illustration, and felicity of diction, as to entertain, delight, instruct, and move the assembly. This habit of long preaching grew upon him, and he became tedious in his old age; many others do likewise. It is the last infirmity of great preachers.

Especially is this true of those who, like Dr. Cox, are fond of preaching expository sermons. There is no convenient stopping-place for a man who takes a chapter, and attempts a sermon on each clause and word. Dr. Cox rarely approved of the translation of the Bible before him. His Greek Testament was always at hand, and after a severe, and sometimes a fierce denunciation of the text in the Received Version, he would give his own rendering, and enforce that with the ardor of genius and the power of Christian eloquence.—*The Irenæus Letters.*

PRIME, WILLIAM COWPER, an American lawyer and author, brother of Samuel I. Prime, born at Cambridge, N. Y., in 1825. He graduated at Princeton in 1843; studied law, and after having been admitted to the bar in 1846, practiced in New York until 1861, when he became one of the editors of the New York *Journal of Commerce.* In 1855 he visited Egypt and the Holy Land, and in 1857 published *Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia*, and *Tent Life in the Holy Land.* He has put forth several volumes, partly made up from his articles in periodicals. Among these are: *The Owl-Creek Letters* (1848), *The Old House by the River* (1853), *I Go a-Fishing* (1873). He has devoted much attention to archæology, numismatics, and ceramics, and has published, *Coins, Medals, and Seals* (1861), *Pottery and Porcelain of all Times and Nations* (1878), and an annotated edition of the hymn "O Mother dear, Jerusalem." He was the literary executor of Gen. George B. McClellan, editing *McClellan's Own Story*, to which he prefixed a biographical sketch (1886).

PISCATORIAL MEDITATIONS.

While I listened to the wind in the pine-trees, the gloom had increased, and a ripple came stealing over the waters. There was a flapping of one of the lily-pads as the first wave struck them; and then, as the breeze passed over us, I threw two flies on the black ripple. There was a swift rush, a sharp dash and plunge in the water. Both were struck at the instant, and then I had work before me that forbade me listening to the voice of the pines. It took five minutes to kill my fish, two splendid specimens, weighing each a little less than two pounds. Meantime the rip had increased, and the breeze came fresh and steady. It was too dark now

to see the opposite shore, and the fish rose at every cast; and when I had half a dozen of the same sort, and one that lacked only an ounce of being full four pounds, we pulled up the killeck and paddled homeward round the wooded point.

The moon rose, and the scene on the lake became magically beautiful. The mocking laugh of the loon was the only cause of complaint in that evening of splendor. Who can sit in the forest in such a night, when earth and air are full of glory—when the soul of the veriest blockhead must be elevated, and when a man begins to feel as if there were some doubt whether he is even a little lower than the angels —who, I say, can sit in such a scene and hear that fiendish laugh of the loon, and fail to remember Eden and the Tempter? Did you ever hear that laugh? If so, you know what I mean. That mocking laugh rang in my ears as I reeled in my line, and lying back in the bottom of the canoe, looked at the still and glorious sky.

"Oh, that I could live just here forever," I said, "in this still forest home by the calm lake, in this undisturbed companionship of earth and sky! Oh, that I could leave the life of labor among men, and rest serenely here, as my sun goes down in the sky!"

"Ho! ho! ha! ha!" laughed the loon across the lake, under the great rock of the old Indian. Well, the loon was right; and I was, like a great many other men, mistaken in fancying a hermit's life, or what I rather desired —a life in the country, with a few friends—as preferable to life among crowds of men. There is a certain amount of truth, however, in the idea that man made cities and God made the country.

Doubtless we human creatures were intended to live upon the products of the soil, and the animal food which our strength or sagacity would enable us to procure. It was intended that each man should, for himself and those de-

pendent upon him, receive from the soil of the earth such sustenance and clothing as he could compel it to yield. But we have invented a system of covering miles square of ground with large flat stones, or piles of brick and mortar, so as to forbid the product of any article of nourishment, forbidding grass or grain or flowers to spring up, since we need the space for our intercommunication with each other in all the ways of traffic and accumulating wealth, while we buy for money, in what we call markets, the food and clothing we should have procured for ourselves from the common mother earth. Doubtless all this is a perversion of the original designs of Providence. The perversion is one that sprang from the accumulation of wealth by a few, to the excluding of the many, which in time resulted in the purchasing of the land by the few, and the supply of food in return for articles of luxury manufactured by artisans who were not cultivators of the soil. But who would listen now to an argument in favor of returning to the nomadic mode of life ?—*I Go a-Fishing.*

O MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALEM !

This old hymn needs no words of praise to commend it. It is a grand poem, and one or another portion of it will reach every heart with its power and beauty. It has been a comfort and a joy to very many people, both in this form and in the numerous variations, abbreviations, and alterations in which it has from time to time appeared among the sacred poems of the Christian world. . . . . It was sung by the martyrs of Scotland in the words we have here. It has been sung in triumphant tones through the arches of mighty cathedrals; it has been chanted by the lips of kings, and queens, and nobles; it has ascended in the still air above the cottage roofs of the poor; it has given utterance to the hopes and expectations of the Christian in every continent, by every seashore, in hall and hovel, until it has become in one or another of its forms the possession of the whole Christian world.

PRINGLE, THOMAS, a Scottish author, born in Teviotdale in 1789; died in 1834. He graduated at the University of Edinburgh, and was appointed to a small position under the government. In 1817 he commenced the publication of the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, out of which subsequently grew *Blackwood's Magazine*. This and other literary enterprises which he had undertaken proving unsuccessful, he, with his father and several brothers, emigrated to South Africa in 1820, and established a little settlement among the Kafirs. He soon went to Cape Town, the capital of the Cape Colony, where he set up a private school, and became the editor of the *South African Journal*. This paper was discontinued in consequence of the censorship of the Colonial Governor. Pringle returned to Great Britain in 1826, and became secretary to the African Society. His *Narrative of a Residence in South Africa* was published in 1835, soon after his death; and a collection of his *Poems*, edited by Leitch Ritchie, appeared in 1838.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the Present, I turn to the Past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years:
And the shadows of things that long since have
fled
Flit over the brain like the ghosts of the dead;
And my native land, whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood—the haunts of my
prime;

All the passions and scenes of that rapturous
time
When the feelings were young, and the world
was new,
Like the fresh flowers of Eden unfolding to
view:—
All, all now forsaken, forgotten, foregone,
And I, a lone exile, remembered of none;
My high aims abandoned, my good acts un-
done,
A-weary of all that is under the sun;
With that sadness of heart which no stranger
may scan,
I fly to the desert, afar from man! . . .
Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's
glen;
By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest
graze,
And the koodoo and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forests o'erhung with
wild vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in the
wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the
flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen where the wild-ass is drinking his
fill.
Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbock's fawn sounds plaintively;
And the timorous quagga's whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their
nest,

Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view,
In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.
Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side ;
Away, away in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna and Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan ;
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and
fear ;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone ;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot ;
And the bitter melon, for food and drink
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink :
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides ;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears to refresh the aching eye ;
But the barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread—void of living sight or sound.
And here, while the night-winds round me
sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
A still small voice comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying, "Man is distant, but God is near!"

PRIOR, MATTHEW, an English politician and poet, born in 1664; died in 1721. In 1686 he graduated at Cambridge, where he formed an intimacy with Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax. He held various civil and diplomatic positions; was returned to Parliament in 1701. In 1711 he was made Ambassador at Paris; but when the Whigs came into power, in 1714, he was recalled, and imprisoned on a charge of treason. After his release he published by subscription a folio volume of his *Poems*, from which he realized 4,000 guineas—equivalent to some 60,000 dollars at the present time. Lord Harley added an equal sum for the purchase of an estate. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory, for which he left £500 in his will. Prior's attempts at serious verse are of little value; but some of his lighter poems are graceful, and there are a few clever epigrams.

TO A VERY YOUNG LADY OF QUALITY.

Lords, Knights, and 'Squires, the numerous band
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command
To show their passion by their letters.

My pen among the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality nor reputation
Forbid me yet my flame to tell;
Dear five-year-old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For, while she makes her silk-worms' beds
With all the tender things I swear;
Whilst all the house my passion reads
In papers round her baby's hair;

She may receive and own my flame,
For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then too, alas! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For, as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordained (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it.

FOR HIS OWN MONUMENT.

As doctors give physic by way of prevention,
Matt, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care;
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfilled by his heir.

Then, take Matt's word for it—the sculptor is paid;
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

Yet, counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceived, and he smothered great fears,
In a life parti-colored—half pleasure—half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree;
In public employments, industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord! how merry was he.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;

And whirled in the round as the wheel turned about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.

This verse, little polished, though mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
It says that his relics collected lie here;
And no mortal yet knows if this may be true. . . .

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To fate we must yield, and the thing is the same;
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,
He cares not:—yet prithee, be kind to his fame.

EPIGRAMS.

To John I owed great obligation;
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation:—
Sure, John and I are quit.

Yes, every poet is a fool;
By demonstration Ned can show it:
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet.

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve:
Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher?

PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE, an English poet, daughter of "Barry Cornwall," born at London in 1825; died there in 1864. Early in 1853, *Household Words* received a poem, bearing the signature "Mary Berwick," which Charles Dickens, the editor, thought "very different from the shoal of verses perpetually setting through the office of such a periodical, and possessing much more merit." The author was requested to send more; and she soon became a frequent contributor. It was not until nearly two years after that Dickens learned that "Mary Berwick" was Adelaide Procter, whom he had known from childhood, and who was the daughter of one of his oldest literary friends. With the exception of a few early verses, a little volume, entitled, *A Chaplet of Verses*, published in 1862 for the benefit of a charitable association, all of her poems originally appeared in periodicals edited by Dickens, who prefixed a biographical introduction to a complete edition issued shortly after her death.

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

Girt round with rugged mountains the fair
Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected shine back the
starry skies;
And, watching each white cloudlet float silently
and slow,
You think a piece of Heaven lies on our earth
below.

Midnight is there: and Silence, enthroned in
Heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror, upon a sleeping
town.
For Bregenz, that quaint city upon the Tyrol
shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance a thousand
years and more.

Her battlements and towers, from off their rocky steep
Have cast their trembling shadows for ages o'er the deep.
Mountain, and lake, and valley, a sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved, one night, three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred a Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys, and toil for daily bread;
And every year that fleeted so silently and fast,
Seemed to bear further from her the memory of the Past.

She served kind, gentle masters, nor asked for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones, their speech seemed no more strange;
And when she led her cattle to pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder on which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz with longing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded in a deep mist of years;
She heeded not the rumors of Austrian war and strife;
Each day she rose contented, to the calm toils of life.

Yet when her master's children would clustering round her stand,
She sang them ancient ballads of her own native land;
And when at morn and evening she knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt:—the valley more peaceful year by year,
When suddenly strange portents of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields, paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed strange and altered, with looks cast on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one, the women gathered round.
All talk of flax, or spinning, or work, was put away;
The very children seemed afraid to go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow, with strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing, the men walked up and down;
Yet now and then seemed watching a strange, uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees that stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled; then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted; the board was nobly spread.
The Elder of the village rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall of an accursed land!

"The night is growing darker; ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold, Bregenz shall be our own!"—
The women shrank in terror (yet Pride too had her part;)
But one poor Tyrol maiden felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz; once more her towers arose:
What were the friends around her?—only her country's foes!

The faces of her kinsfolk, the days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains, reclaimed her as their own.

Nothing she heard around her—though shouts rang forth again;
Gone were the green Swiss valleys, the pasture, and the plain.
Before her eyes one vision; and in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz, and then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless, with noiseless step, she sped. [shed;
Horses and weary cattle were standing in the
She loosed the strong white charger that fed from out her hand;
She mounted, and she turned his head towards her native land.

Out—out into the darkness; faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her, the chestnut-wood is past.
She looks up; clouds are heavy: Why is her steed so slow?—
(Scarcely the wind beside them could pass them as they go.)

"Faster!" she cries, "Oh faster!"—Eleven the church-bells chime:
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz, and bring me there in time!" [kine,
But louder than bells' ringing, or lowing of the
Grows nearer in the midnight the rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters their headlong gallop check?—
The steed draws back in terror; she leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness. The bank is high and steep;
One pause—he staggers forward, and plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness, and looser
throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters that dash
above his mane.
How gallantly, hew nobly, he struggles through
the foam;
And see: in the far distance shine out the
lights of home!

Up the steep banks he bears her; and now they
rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz, that tower
above the plain.
They reach the gates of Bregenz, just as the
midnight rings;
And out come serf and soldier to meet the
news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight her battle-
ments are manned;
Defiance greets the army that marches on the
land.
And if to deeds heroic should endless fame be
paid,
Bregenz does well to honor the noble Tyrol
maid.

Three hundred years are vanished; and yet
upon the hill
An old stone gate-way rises, to do her honor
still.
And there, when Bregenz women sit spinning
in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving the charger and
the maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz, by gate-
way, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long, and calls each
passing hour;
"Nine!" "Ten!" "Eleven!" he cries aloud,
and then—Oh crown of fame!—
When midnight pauses in the skies, he calls
the Maiden's name.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Before I trust my fate to thee, or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy Future give color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee,
Question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel a shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the Past that holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free
As that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams a possible Future shine,
Wherein thy life should henceforth breathe, untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost,
Oh, tell me, before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel within thy inmost soul
That thou hast kept a portion back, while I have staked the whole;
Let no false pity spare the blow,
But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need that mine cannot fulfill?
One chord that any other hand could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day
My whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid the demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still on all things new and strange?—
It may not be thy fault alone;
But shield my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day, and
answer to my claim
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake—not thou
—had been to blame?—
Some soothe their conscience thus; but
thou
Wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer *not*—I dare not hear—the words
would come too late.
Yet I would spare thee all remorse; so com-
fort thee, my Fate—
Whatever on my heart may fall—
Remember, I would risk it all.

LIFE AND DEATH.

"What is Life, father?"
"A battle, my child,
Where the strongest lance may fail,
Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,
And the stoutest heart may quail,
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
And rest not day or night,
And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight."

"What is Death, father?"
"The rest, my child,
When the strife and toil are o'er;
The angel of God, who, calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more;
Who, driving away the demon band,
Bids the din of the battle cease;
Takes banner and spear from our failing hand.
And proclaims an eternal peace."

PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER, an English lawyer and poet, born in London in 1790; died there in 1874. He is best known by his *nom de plume* "Barry Cornwall," an anagram of his real name. He was educated at Harrow, was for a while employed in the office of a solicitor in the country, from which he went to London, entered Gray's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1831. From 1832 to 1861 he was a commissioner of lunacy. Mr. John Kenyon died in 1857, and left legacies, amounting in all to £140,000 to his personal and literary friends. Elizabeth Barrett Browning received £4,000, Robert Browning and Procter £6,500 each. "Barry Cornwall" commenced his literary career in 1819 by the publication of *Dramatic Scenes, and Other Poems*. This was followed by several other volumes, lyrical and dramatic. He also wrote *Life of Edmund Kean* (1835), and *Life of Charles Lamb* (1866). In 1851 he put forth a collection of *Essays and Tales in Verse*. He is, however, best known by his numerous lyrics, of which Mr. Gorse says: "They do not possess passion or real pathos, or any very deep magic of melody; but he has written more songs that deserve the comparative praise of *good* than any other modern writer except Shelley and Tennyson."

THE SEA.

The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!
I am where I would ever be;

With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh, how I love) to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the southwest blasts do below.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great Sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest:
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open Sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such outcry wild
As welcomed to life the Ocean-child.

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and power to range
But never have sought or sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wide, unbounded Sea!

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN.

Rest! This little Fountain runs
  Thus for aye! It never stays
For the look of summer suns
  Nor the cold of winter days.
Whosoe'er shall wander near
  When the Syrian heat is worst,
Let him hither come, nor fear
  Lest he may not slake his thirst.
He will find this little river
Running still, as bright as ever.
Let him drink and onward hie
Bearing but in thought that I—

Erotas—bade the Naiad fall,
And thank the great god Pan for all.

A PETITION TO TIME.

Touch us gently, Time!
  Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
  Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three;
(One is lost—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead.)

Touch us gently, Time!
  We've not proud or soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
  Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er Life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime.
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

LIFE.

We are born; we laugh; we weep,
  We love, we droop, we die!
Ah, wherefore do we laugh or weep?
  Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?—
  Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
  Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
  Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
  To things that die?

We toil through pain and wrong;
  We fight and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
  Stone-dead we lie.
O Life! is all thy song
  "Endure and—die?"

TO ADELAIDE PROCTER.

Child of my heart! my sweet beloved First-born!
Thou dove, who tidings bringst of calmer hours!
Thou rainbow, who dost shine when all the showers
Are past, or passing! Rose which hath no thorn,
No spot, no blemish—pure and unforlorn!
Untouched, untainted! O my Flower of flowers!
More welcome than to bees are summer bowers,
To stranded seamen life-assuring morn!
Welcome—a thousand welcomes! Care, who clings
Round all, seems loosening now its serpent fold;
New hope springs upward, and the bright world seems
Cast back into a youth of endless Springs!
Sweet mother, is it so? or grow I old,
Bewildered in divine Elysian dreams?

COME, LET US GO TO THE LAND.

Come;—let us go to the land
Where the violets grow!
Let's go thither hand in hand,
Over the waters and over the snow,
To the land where the sweet, sweet violets grow!

There, in the beautiful south,
Where the sweet flowers lie,
Thou shalt sing, with thy sweeter mouth,
Under the light of the evening sky,
That love never fades, though violets die!

PROCTOR, EDNA DEAN, an American poet; born at Henniker, N. H., in 18—. She received her early education at Concord, N. H., subsequently taking up her residence at Brooklyn, N. Y. In 1858 she put forth a volume of *Life Thoughts*, consisting mainly of passages from the discourses of Henry Ward Beecher. She became a frequent contributor to periodicals, and in 1867 published a volume of *Poems, National and Miscellaneous*. Shortly afterwards she accompanied a party of friends on an extensive foreign tour, visiting Egypt and the Holy Land, traversing every country in Europe except Portugal. In Russia she travelled by routes not usually taken by tourists; of this portion of her tour she gave a poetical account in her *Russian Journey* (1873).

MOSCOW

Across the Steppes we journeyed,
  The brown, fir-darkened plain,
That rolls to east and rolls to west
  Moved as the billowy main;
When, lo, a sudden splendor
  Came shining through the air,
As if the clouds should melt, and leave
  The height of heaven bare.—

A maze of rainbow domes and spires
  Fall glorious on the sky,
With wafted chimes from many a tower,
  As the south-wind went by;
And a thousand crosses, lightly hung,
  That shone like morning-stars:—
'Twas the Kremlin's wall! 'twas Moscow,
  The jewel of the Czars!

A Russian Journey.

THE RETURN OF THE DEAD.

Low hung the moon, the wind was still,
And slow I climbed the midnight hill,
And passed the ruined garden o'er,

And gained the barred and silent door
Sad welcomed by the lingering rose,
That, startled, shed its waning snows.

The bolt flew back with sudden clang,
I entered—wall and rafter rang,
Down dropped the moon, and clear and high
September's wind went wailing by;
"Alas!" I sighed, "the love and glow
That lit this mansion long ago!"

And groping up the threshold stair,
And past the chambers cold and bare,
I sought the room where, glad of yore,
We sat the blazing fire before,
And heard the tales a father told,
Till glow was gone and evening cold. . . .

My hand was on the latch, when, lo!
'Twas lifted from within! I know
I was not wild, and could I dream?
Within, I saw the wood-fire gleam,
And, smiling, waiting, beckoning there,
My father in his ancient chair!

O the long rapture, perfect rest,
As close he clasped me to his breast!
Put back the braids the wind had blown,
Said I had like my mother grown,
And bade me tell him, frank as she,
All the long years had brought to me.

Then, by his side his, hand in mine,
I tasted joy, serene, divine,
And saw my griefs unfolding fair
As flowers, in June's enchanted air,
So warm his words, so soft his sighs,
Such tender lovelight in his eyes!" . . .

And still we talked. O'er cloudy bars
Orion bore his pomp of stars;
Within, the wood-fire faintly glowed,
Weird on the wall the shadows showed,
Till in the east a pallor born,
Told midnight melting into morn. . . .

'Tis true, his rest this many a year
Has made the village churchyard dear;

'Tis true, his stone is graven fair,
"Here lies, remote from mortal care."
I cannot tell how this may be,
But well I know he talked with me.

HEAVEN, O LORD, I CANNOT LOSE.

Now summer finds her perfect prime;
  Sweet blows the wind from western calms;
On every bower red roses climb;
  The meadows sleep in mingled balms.
Nor stream nor bank the wayside by
  But lilies float and daisies throng,
Nor space of blue and sunny sky
  That is not cleft with soaring song.
O flowery morns, O tuneful eves,
  Fly swift! my soul ye cannot fill!
Bring the ripe fruit, the garnered sheaves,
  The drifting snows on plain and hill.
Alike to me fall frosts and dews;
But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

Warm hands to-day are clasped in mine;
  Fond hearts my mirth or mourning share;
And over Hope's horizon line,
  The future dawns serenely fair.
Yet still, though fervent vow denies,
  I know the rapture will not stay;
Some wind of grief or doubt will rise,
  And turn my rosy sky to gray.
I shall awake, in rainy morn,
  To find my hearth left lone and drear.
Thus half in sadness, half in scorn,
  I let my life burn on as clear,
Though friends grow cold or fond love wooes;
But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

In golden hours the angel Peace
  Comes down and broods me with her wings;
I gain from sorrow sweet release,
  I mate me with divinest things.
When shapes of guilt and gloom arise,
  And far the radiant angel flees,
My song is lost in mournful sighs,
  My wine of triumph left but lees.

In vain for me her pinions shine,
And pure, celestial days begin ;
Earth's passion-flowers I still must twine,
Nor braid one beauteous lily in,
Ah ! is it good or ill I choose ?
But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose !

TAKE HEART.

All day the stormy wind has blown
From off the dark and rainy sea;
No bird has past the window flown,
The only song has been the moan
The wind made in the willow-tree.

This is the summer's burial-time ;
She died when dropped the earliest leaves;
And cold upon her rosy prime
Fell down the Autumn's frosty rime ;
Yet I am not as one that grieves.

For well I know o'er sunny seas
The bluebird waits for April skies ;
And at the roots of forest trees
The May-flowers sleep in fragrant ease,
And violets hide their azure eyes.

O thou, by winds of grief o'erblown
Beside some golden summer's bier,
Take heart ! Thy birds are only flown,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown,
To greet thee in the immortal year !

PROCTOR, RICHARD ANTHONY, an English astronomer, born at Chelsea in 1837; died at New York in 1888. He graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1860, and devoted himself especially to the study of astronomy, and to elucidating its leading facts and principles, frequently in popular lectures. He visited America for this purpose several times, and in 1885 became a citizen of the United States. He had passed the summer of 1888 in Florida; where the yellow fever broke out with great violence. He had not been in any district supposed to be infected, and set out for New York with the purpose of sailing to England; but he had only reached New York, when the disease manifested itself, and he died on the day on which he had expected to embark. Among his most important astronomical works are: *Saturn and its System* (1865), *Handbook of the Stars* (1866), *Half-hours with the Telescope* (1868), *Other Worlds than Ours* (1870), *Myths and Marvels of Astronomy* (1877), *Old and New Astronomy* (1888). He also put forth several works of a semi-scientific character, among which are: *Light Science for Leisure Hours*, three series (1871, 1873, 1878), *The Great Pyramid; Observatory, Tomb, Temple* (1883), *How to Play Whist* (1885), *Chance and Luck* (1887), and numerous *Essays* upon miscellaneous topics.

BETTING ON THE ODDS IN HORSE-RACING.

Suppose there are two horses (among others) engaged in a race, and that the odds are 2 to 1 against one, and 4 to 1 against the other—what are the odds that one of the two horses will win the race? This case will doubtless remind the reader of an amusing sketch by Leech, en-

titled, "Signs of the Commission." Three or four under-graduates are at a "wine," discussing matters equine. One propounds to his neighbor the following question: "I say, Charley, if the odds are 2 to 1 against *Rataplan*, and 4 to 1 against *Quick March*, what's the betting about the pair?" "Don't know, I'm sure," replies Charley; "but I'll give you 6 to 1 against them."

The absurdity of the reply is, of course, very obvious; we see at once that the odds cannot be heavier against a pair of horses than against either singly. Still there are many who would not find it easy to give a correct reply to the question. What has already been said, however, will enable us at once to determine the just odds in this or any similar case. Thus, the odds against one horse being 2 to 1, his chance of winning is equal to that of drawing one white ball out of a bag of *three*, one only of which is white. In like manner, the chance of the second horse is equal to that of drawing one white ball out of a bag of *five*, one only of which is white. Now we have to find a number which is a multiple of both the numbers three and five. Fifteen is such a number. The chance of the first horse, modified after the principle already explained, is equal to that of drawing a white ball out of a bag of fifteen of which *five* are white. In like manner the chance of the second is equal to that of drawing a white ball out of a bag of fifteen, of which *three* are white. Therefore the chance that one of the two will win is equal to that of drawing a white ball out of a bag of fifteen balls of which *eight* (five added to three) are white. There remain seven black balls, and therefore the odds are 8 to 7 *on* the pair.

To impress the method of treating such cases, on the mind of the reader, we take the betting about three horses—say 3 to 1, 7 to 2, and 9 to 1 *against* the three horses respectively. Then their respective chances are equal to the chance of drawing (1) one white ball out of *four*, one only

of which is white; (2) a white ball out of *nine* of which two only are white; and (3) one white ball out of *ten*, one only of which is white. The least number which contains four, nine, and ten, is 180; and the above chances, modified according to the principle already explained, become equal to the chance of drawing a white ball out of a bag containing 180 balls, when 45, 40, and 18 (respectively) are white. Therefore, the chance that one of the three will win is equal to that of drawing a white ball out of a bag containing 180 balls, of which 103 (the sum of 45, 40, and 18) are white. Therefore the odds are 103 to 77 *on* the three.

One does not hear in practice of such odds as 103 to 77. But betting men (whether or not they apply just principles of computation to such questions is unknown to us) manage to run very near the truth. For instance, in such a case as the above, the odds on the three would probably be given as 4 to 3; that is, instead of 103 to 77—or, which is the same thing, 412 to 308—the published odds would be 412 to 309.

It is often said that a man may so lay his wagers about a race as to make sure of gaining money whichever horse wins the race. This is not strictly the case. It is of course possible to make sure of winning if the bettor can only get persons to lay or take the odds he requires to the amount he requires. But this is precisely the problem which would remain insoluble if all bettors were equally experienced. Suppose, for instance, that there are three horses engaged in a race with equal chances of success. It is readily shown that the odds are 2 to 1 against each. But if a bettor can get a person to take even betting against the first (A), a second person to do the same about the second horse (B), and a third to do the like about the third horse (C), and if all the bets are made to the same amount —say £1,000—then, inasmuch as only one horse can win, the bettor loses £1,000 on that horse (say A), and gains the same amount on each of the two horses C and B. Thus, on the whole,

he gains £1,000—the sum laid out on each horse. If the layer of the odds had laid the true odds to the same amount on each horse, he would neither have gained nor lost. Suppose, for instance, that he had laid £1,000 to £500 against each horse, and A won; then he would have to pay £1,000 to the backer of A, and to receive £500 from each of the backers of B and C. In like manner a person who had backed each horse to the same extent would neither losen or gain by the event. Nor would a backer or layer who had wagered *different* sums necessarily gain or lose according to the event. This will at once be seen on trial.

Let us take the case of horses with unequal prospects of success; for instance, take the case of four horses against which the odds were respectively 3 to 2, 2 to 1, 4 to 1, and 14 to 1. Here suppose the same sum laid against each, and for convenience let this sum be £84 (because 84 contains the numbers 3, 2. 4, and 14). The layer of the odds wagers £84 to £56 against the leading favorite, £84 to £42 against the second horse, £84 to £21 against the third, and £84 to £6 against the fourth. Whichever horse wins, the layer has to pay £84, but if the favorite wins, he receives only £42 on one horse, £21 on another, and £6—that is £69 on all; so that he loses £15. If the second horse wins, he has to receive £56, £21 and £6—or £83 in all; so that he loses £1. If the third horse wins, he receives £56, £42, and £6—or £104 in all; and thus gains £20. And lastly if the fourth horse win, he has to receive £56, £42, and £21—or £119 in all; so that he gains £35. He clearly risks much less than he has a chance (however small) of gaining. It is also clear that in all such cases the worst event for the layer of the odds is that the favorite should win. Accordingly, as professional book-makers are nearly always the layers of odds, one often finds the success of a favorite spoken of in the papers as "a great blow for the book-makers," while the success of a rank outsider will be

described as a "misfortune to backers."—*Light Science for Leisure Hours.*

PRAYER AND WEATHER.

Some say, "The weather may be changed in response to prayer, not by controlment of the Laws of Nature, but by means of them." Let them try to think what they really mean by this, and they will see what it amounts to. What sort of law do they understand by a Law of Nature? Do they suppose that somewhere or other in the chain of causation, on which weather and weather-changes depend, there is a place where the Laws of Nature do not operate in a definite way, but might act in one or other of several different ways? This would correspond to the belief of the savage, that an eclipse of the sun is not caused by the operation of definite natural laws. In point of fact—speaking from the scientific point of view—prayer that coming weather may be such and such, is akin to prayer that an unopened letter may contain good news. So regarded, it is proper enough. But prayer proceeding on the assumption that, in the natural order of things, bad weather would continue, and that in response to prayer it will be changed, is improper and wrong for all who consider and understand what it implies. What real difference is there between praying that weather may change, and praying that a planet or comet may take a specified course, except that we have not yet mastered the laws according to which the weather varies, while we have mastered those which govern the movements of the heavenly bodies?

The savage who sees the sun apparently encroached upon, or, as he thinks, devoured, prays lustily that the destruction of the great luminary may be prevented. He would doubtless regard an astronomer who should tell him that the sun would disappear in a very little while—let him pray his hardest—as a very wicked person. One who was not quite so well in-

formed as the astronomer, but not quite so ignorant as the savage, might not know how near the eclipse would be to totality, yet he would see the absurdity of praying for what he knew to be a natural phenomenon. He would reason that, if the eclipse was *not* going to be total, prayer that it might not be so must be useless, unless a miracle was to be performed in response to it. The meteorologist of to-day is in somewhat the position of our supposed middle-man: he knows the progress of a bad season is a natural phenomenon, and that to pray for any change, however desirable the change may be, is to pray for what is either bound to happen, or bound not to happen, unless a miracle is prayed for. . . .

The possible influence of prayer in modifying the progress of events is a purely scientific question. On the other hand, the propriety of the prayerful attitude—which really expresses only desire, coupled with submission is a religious question on which I have not touched at all. As a scientific question the matter has been debated over and over again, with no particular result, because the student of science can have only one opinion on the subject. Good old Benjamin Franklin was asked whether he did not think it sinful to devise methods for changing the predestined course of God's lightning.—*Miscellaneous Essays.*

PRUDHOMME, SULLY, a French poet, born at Paris in 1839. He was educated at the Lycée Bonaparte, and was a brilliant student. Having taken his degrees of Bachelor of Science and of Literature, he entered the manufactory at Creuzot. Compelled by ophthalmia to abandon engineering, he studied law ; law proving distasteful to him, he chose literature as his profession. His first volume, *Stances et Poèmes* (1865), was highly praised by Sainte-Beuve. Among his later volumes of poetry are : *Les Épreuves* (1866), *Les Solitudes* (1869), *Les Destins* (1872), *La France* (1874), *Les Vaines Tendresses* (1875), *La Justice* (1878), *La Bonheur* (1888).

Prudhomme has been called the French Matthew Arnold. Graceful translations of several of his poems have been given by E. and R. E. Prothero in the *English Illustrated Magazine* of June, 1890.

THE MISSAL.

A Missal of the first King Francis' reign,
Rusted by years, with many a yellow stain,
And blazons worn, by pious fingers pressed—
Within whose leaves, enshrined in silver rare,
By some old goldsmith's art in glory dressed,
Speaking his boldness and his loving care,
        This faded flower found rest.

How very old it is! You plainly mark
Upon the page its sap in tracery dark.
"Perhaps three hundred years?" What need
    be said?
It has but lost one shade of crimson dye;
Before its death, it might have seen that flown ;
Needs naught save wing of wand'ring butterfly
        To touch the bloom—'tis gone.

It has not lost one fibre from its heart.
Nor seen one jewel from its crown depart;

The page still wrinkles where the dew once dried.
When that last morn was sad with other weeping;
Death would not kill—only to kiss it tried,
In loving guise above its brightness creeping,
Nor blighted as it died.

A sweet, but mournful, scent is o'er me stealing,
As when with Memory wakes long-buried feeling;
That scent from the closed casket slow ascending
Tells of long years o'er that strange herbal sped.
Our bygone things have still some perfume blending,
And our lost loves are paths, where Roses' bloom.
Sweet e'en in death, is shed.

At eve, when faint and sombre grows the air,
Perchance a lambent heart may flicker there,
Seeking an entrance to the book to find,
And, when the Angelus strikes on the sky,
Praying some hand may that one page unbind,
Where all his love and homage lie—
The flower that told his mind.

Take comfort, knight, who rode to Pavia's plain,
But ne'er returned to woo your love again;
Or you, young page, whose heart rose up on high
To Mary and thy dame in mingled prayer!
This flower which died beneath some unknown eye
Three hundred years ago—you placed it there,
And there it still shall lie."

Les Epreuves. Transl. of E. AND R. E. PROTHERO.

PURCHAS, SAMUEL, an English clergyman and author, born in 1577; died in 1628. He was educated at Cambridge, and in 1604 became Vicar of Eastwood; subsequently went to London, where he was made Rector of St. Martin's and chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. He busied himself in the compilation of a vast series of voyages and travels, many of which would otherwise have been lost. His principal works are: *Purchas, his Pilgrimage; or Relations of the World, and the Religions Observed in all Ages and Places Discovered unto this Present* (1613), *Hakluytus Posthumus; or, Purchas, his Pilgrims, containing a History of the World in Sea Voyages and Land Travels, by Englishmen and Others* (5 vols. fol., 1625), *Microcosmus, or the History of Man; a Series of Meditations on Man in all Ages and Stations* (1627). In the Preface to his first Collection he gives an account of the materials of which he had made use.

PURCHAS'S AUTHORITIES.

This, my first Voyage of Discovery, besides mine own poor stock laid thereon, hath made me indebted to above twelve hundred authors, of one or other kind, in I know not how many hundreds of their treatises, epistles, relations, and histories, of divers subjects and languages, borrowed by myself; besides what (for want of authors themselves) I have taken upon trust of other men's goods in their hands.

The following, from the *Pilgrims*, is a good example of Purchas's own style.

THE SEA.

Now for the services of the sea, they are innumerable. It is the great purveyor of the world's commodities to our use; conveyer of the excess of rivers; uniter, by traffic, of all

nations. It presents the eye with diversified colors and motions; and is, as it were with rich brooches, adorned with various islands. It is an open field for merchandise in peace; a rich field for the most dreadful fights of war. It yields diversity of fish and fowls for diet; materials for wealth, medicine for health, simples for medicines, pearls and other jewels for ornament, amber and ambergris for delight; "the wonders of the Lord in the deep" for instruction, variety of creatures for use, multiplicity of natures for contemplation, diversity of accidents for admiration; compendiousness to the way, to full bodies healthful evacuation, to the thirsty earth healthful moisture, to distant friends pleasant meeting, to weary persons delightful refreshing; to studious and religious minds a map of knowledge, mystery of temperance, exercise of continence; school of prayer, meditation, devotion, and sobriety; refuge to the distressed, portage to the merchant, passage to the traveller, customs to the prince; springs, lakes, rivers to the earth. It hath on it tempests and calms to chastise the sins, to exercise the faith of seamen; manifold affections in itself to affect and stupefy the subtlest philosopher; sustaineth movable fortresses for the soldiers; maintaineth (as in our island) a wall of defence and watery garrison to guard the state; entertains the sun with vapors, the moon with obsequiousness, the stars also with a natural looking-glass, the sky with clouds, the air with temperateness, the soil with suppleness, the rivers with tides, the hills with moisture, the valleys with fertility; containeth most diversified matter for meteors, most multiform shapes, most various, numerous kinds; most immense difformed, deformed, unformed monsters. At once (for why should I detain you?) the sea yields action to the body, meditation to the mind; the world to the world, all parts thereof to each part, by this art of arts—navigation.

PYLE, HOWARD, an American author, and artist, born at Wilmington, Del., in 1853. He received a good education, studied art in Philadelphia, and removed to New York in 1876, where he wrote and illustrated for magazines. In 1879 he returned to Wilmington, where he now (1890) resides. He is one of the best authors in juvenile fiction, and has adopted a quaint style for the designs of his illustrations. He is the author of the text and drawings of *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood* (1883), *Pepper and Salt* (1885), *Within the Capes* (1885), *The Wonder Clock* (1887), *The Rose of Paradise* (1887), and *Otto of the Silver Hand* (1889).

THE TREASURE RESTORED.

I cannot tell the bitter disappointment that took possession of me when my search proved to be of so little avail; for I had felt so sure of finding the jewel or some traces of it, and had felt so sure of being able to secure it again, that I could not bear to give up my search, but continued it after every hope had expired.

When I was at last compelled to acknowledge to myself that I had failed, I fell into a most unreasonable rage at the poor, helpless, fever-stricken wretch, though I had but just now been doing all that lay in my power to aid him and to help him in his trouble and sickness. "Why should I not leave him to rot where he is?" I cried in my anger; "why should I continue to succor one who has done so much to injure me and to rob me of all usefulness and honor in this world?" I ran out of the cabin, and up and down, as one distracted, hardly knowing whither I went. But by-and-by it was shown me what was right with more clearness, and that I should not desert the poor and helpless wretch in his hour of need: wherefore I went back to the hut and fell to work making a broth for him against he should

awake, for I saw that the fever was broken, and that he was like to get well.

I did not give over my search for the stone in one day, nor two, nor three, but continued it whenever the opportunity offered and the pirate was asleep, but with as little success as at first, though I hunted everywhere. As for Captain England himself, he began to mend from the very day upon which I came, for he awoke from his first sleep with his fever nigh gone, and all the madness cleared away from his head; but he never once, for a long while, spoke of the strangeness of my caring for him in his sickness, nor how I came to be there, nor of my reasons for coming. Nevertheless, from where he lay he followed me with his eyes in all my motions whenever I was moving about the hut. One day, however, after I had been there a little over a week, against which time he was able to lie in a rude hammock, which I had slung up in front of the door, he asked me of a sudden if any of his cronies had lent a hand at nursing him when he was sick, and I told him no.

"And how came you to undertake it?" says he.

"Why," said I, "I was here on business, and found you lying nigh dead in this place."

He looked at me for a little while, in a mightily strange way, and then suddenly burst into a great loud laugh. After that he lay still for a while, watching me, but presently he spoke again. "And did you find it?" says he.

"Find what?" I asked, after a bit, for I was struck all aback by the question, and could not at first find one word to say. But he only burst out laughing again.

"Why," says he, "you psalm-singing, Bible-reading, straitlaced Puritan skippers are as keen as a sail-needle; you'll come prying about in a man's house looking for what you would like to find, and all under pretence of doing an act of humanity, but after all you find an honest devil of a pirate is a match for you."

I made no answer to this but my heart sank within me; for I perceived, what I might have known before, that he had observed the object of my coming thither.

He soon became strong enough to move about the place a little, and from that time I noticed a great change in him, and that he seemed to regard me in a very evil way. One evening when I came into the hut, after an absence in the town, I saw that he had taken down one of his pistols from the wall, and was loading it and picking the flint. He kept that pistol by him for a couple of days, and was forever fingering it, cocking it, and then lowering the hammer again.

I do not know why he did not shoot me through the brains at this time; for I verily believe that he had it upon his mind to do so, and that more than once. And now, in looking back upon the business, it appears to me to be little less than a miracle that I came forth from this adventure with my life. Yet, had I certainly known that death was waiting upon me, I doubt that I should have left the place; for in truth, now that I had escaped from the *Lavinia*, as above narrated, I had nowhere else to go, nor could I ever show my face in England or amongst my own people again.

Thus matters stood, until one morning the whole business came to an end so suddenly and so unexpectedly that for a long while I felt as though all might be a dream from which I should soon awake. We were sitting together silently, he in a very moody and bitter humor. He had his pistol lying across his knees, as he used to do at that time.

Suddenly he turned to me as though in a fit of rage. "Why do you stay about this accursed fever-hole?" cried he; "what do you want here, with your saintly face and your godly airs?"

"I stay here," said I, bitterly, "because I have nowhere else to go."

"And what do you want?" said he.

"What, you know," said I, "as well as I myself."

"And do you think," said he, "that I will give it to you?"

"No," said I, "that I do not."

"Look'ee, Jack Mackra," said he, very slowly, "you are the only man hereabouts who knows anything of that red pebble" (here he raised his pistol, and aimed it directly at my bosom); "why shouldn't I shoot you down like a dog, and be done with you forever? I've shot many a better man than you for less than this."

I felt every nerve thrill as I beheld the pistol set against my breast, and his cruel, wicked eyes behind the barrel; but I steeled myself to stand steadily, and to face it.

"You may shoot if you choose, Edward England," said I, "for I have nothing more to live for. I have lost my honor and all except my life, through you, and you might as well take that as the rest."

He withdrew the pistol, and sat regarding me for a while with a most baleful look, and for a time I do believe that my life hung in a balance with the weight of a feather to move it either way. Suddenly he thrust his hand into his bosom, and drew forth the ball of yarn which I had observed, amongst other things, in his pocket. He flung it at me with all his might, with a great cry as though of rage and anguish. "Take it," he roared, "and may the devil go with you! And now, away from here, and be quick about it, or I will put a bullet through your head even yet."

I knew as quick as lightning what it was that was wrapped in the ball of yarn, and leaping forward I snatched it up and ran as fast as I was able away from that place. I heard another roar, and at the same time the shot of a pistol and the whiz of a bullet, and my hat went spinning off before me as though twitched from off my head. I did not tarry to pick it up, but ran on without stopping; but even yet,

to this day, I cannot tell whether Edward England missed me through purpose or through the trembling of weakness; for he was a dead-shot, and I myself once saw him snap the stem of a wine-glass with a pistol bullet at an ordinary in Jamaica.

As for me, the whole thing had happened so quickly and so unexpectedly that I had no time either for joy or exultation, but continued to run on, bareheaded, as though bereft of my wits; for I knew I held in my hand not only the great ruby, but also my honor, and all that was dear to me in my life.

But although England had so freely given me the stone, I knew that I must remain in that place no longer. I still had between five and six guineas left of the money which I had brought ashore with me when I left the *Lavinia.* With this I hired a French fisherman to transport me to Madagascar, where I hoped to be able to work my passage either to Europe or back to the East Indies.

As fortune would have it, we fell in with an English bark, the *Kensington*, bound for Calcutta, off the north coast of that land, and I secured a berth aboard of her, shipping as an ordinary seaman; for I had no mind to tell my name, and so be forced to disclose the secret of the great treasure which I had with me.—*The Rose of Paradise.*

PYTHAGORAS, a Grecian philosopher, the founder of the Italic School of Philosophy (so called because he promulgated it at the Greek city of Crotona in Southern Italy), born, probably on the island of Samos, about 570 B. C.; died about 504 B. C. Beyond these bare facts we know almost nothing of his life, except that he travelled widely, going at least as far as Egypt. It is altogether uncertain whether the doctrine of metempsychosis and some others propounded by the later Pythagoreans, were taught by him. What we really know of his teachings is their ethical phase. They are embodied in the thirty-nine *Symbols* ("Ensigns" or "Watch-words") *of Pythagoras*; and, although there is no good reason for supposing that he ever committed his teachings to writing, it may be fairly assumed that the *Symbols* are the words of Pythagoras, handed down from generation to generation of his followers. In some of these *Symbols* the meaning intended to be conveyed is clearly shown by the words themselves, though leaving much room for amplification and comment. In others, while the words are perfectly intelligible, and convey a meaning, this is wholly different from the real esoteric meaning, which could be known only by an interpretation. Our Saviour was wont to employ both these modes of presentation; the parable of "The Wheat and the Tares" is an example of the latter mode. We present sufficient of these *Symbols* to show their general character; when necessary appending the interpretations given by several ancient writers to certain enigmatical passages. The whole of this is taken —with large condensations—from Thomas Stanley's *History of Philosophy.*

THE "SYMBOLS" OF PYTHAGORAS.

Symbol 1.— *When you go to the Temple, worship; neither do nor say anything concerning your life.*

Symbol 4.—*Decline the highways, and take the footpaths.*

Symbol 6.—*Above all things, govern your tongue when you worship the gods.*

Symbol 7.— *When the winds blow, worship the noise.*—"This," says Iamblichus, "implieth that we ought to love the similitude of divine nature and powers; and when they make a reason suitable to their efficiency, it ought to be exceedingly honored and reverenced."

Symbol 8.—*Cut not fire with a sword.*

Symbol 10.—*Help a man to take up a burthen, but not to put it down.*

Symbol 16.— *Wipe not a seat with a torch.*—This is interpreted to mean: "We ought not to mix things proper to Wisdom with those which are proper to Animality. A torch, in respect of its brightness, is compared to Philosophy; a seat, in respect of its lowness, to Animality."

Symbol 19. —*Breed nothing that hath crooked talons.*

Symbol 24.—*Look not in a glass by candle-light.*

Symbol 25.—*Concerning the gods, disbelieve nothing wonderful; nor concerning divine doctrines.*

Symbol 34.—*Deface the print of a pot in the ashes.*—This is variously interpreted. According to Iamblichus, "It signifies that he who applies his mind to Philosophy must forget the demonstrations of Corporeals and Sensibles, and wholly make use of demonstrations of Intelligibles; by *ashes* are meant the dust or sand in mathematical tables, where the demonstrations and figures are drawn." But Plutarch gives a much more simple interpretation. He says, "It adviseth that upon the reconcilement of enmities, we utterly abolish, and leave not the least print or remembrance of them."

Symbol 37.—*Abstain from beans.*—This Symbol has received almost innumerable explanations. According to Iamblichus, "It adviseth to beware of everything that may corrupt our discourse with the gods and prescience."—Aristotle gives wide room for choice of interpretation. He says: "Pythagoras forbade beans, for that they resemble the gates of Hades; or, for that they breed worms; or, for that they are oligarchic, being used in suffrages." This last is the explanation accepted by Plutarch, who tells us that "The meaning is Abstain from suffrages, which of old were given by beans." Clemens Alexandrinus agrees with Plutarch.—But far more exhaustive is the explanation of Porphyrus, the Syrian, who lived well nigh a thousand years after Pythagoras, who says: "He interdicted beans, because the first beginning and generation being confused, and many things being commixed and concrescent together and compulsified in the earth by little and little, the generation and discretion broke forth together, and living creatures being produced together with plants, then out of the same pulsification arose both men and beans; whereof he alleged manifest arguments. For if any one should chew a bean, and having mixed it small with his teeth, lay it abroad in the warm sun, and so leave it for a little time, returning to it, he shall perceive the scent of human blood. Moreover, if at any time when beans sprout forth the flower, one shall take a little of the flower, which then is black, and put it into an earthen vessel, and cover it close, and bury it in the ground ninety days, and at the end take it up and take off the cover, he shall find either the head of an infant or *gunaikos aidoion*."

Symbol 39.—*Abstain from flesh.*

The *Golden Verses* of Pythagoras, or rather of the Pythagoreans, are of very ancient, though of altogether uncertain, date. One might style them the Nicene

Creed of Pythagoreanism, in its purely ethical aspect.

THE GOLDEN VERSES.

First, in their ranks, the Immortal Gods adore—
Thy oath keep; next great Heroes; then implore
Terrestrial Dæmons, with due sacrifice.
Thy parents reverence, and near allies.
Him that is first in virtue make thy friend,
And with observance his kind speech attend;
Nor, to thy power, for light faults cast him by:
Thy power is neighbor to Necessity.
These know, and with attentive care pursue;
But anger, sloth, and luxury subdue:
In sight of others, or thyself, forbear
What's ill; but of thyself stand most in fear.
Let Justice all thy words and actions sway;
Nor from the even course of Wisdom stray;
For know that all men are to die ordained.
Crosses that happen by divine decree
(If such thy lot) bear not impatiently;
Yet seek to remedy with all thy care,
And think the Just have not the greatest share.
'Mongst men discourses good and bad are spread;
Despise not those, nor be by these misled.
If any some notorious falsehood say,
Thou the report with equal judgment weigh.
Let not men's smoother promises invite,
Nor rougher threats from just resolves thee fright.
If aught thou should'st attempt, first ponder it—
Fools only inconsiderate acts commit;
Nor do what afterwards thou may'st repent:
First know the thing on which thou'rt bent.
Thus thou a life shalt lead with joy replete.
Nor must thou care of outward health forget.
Such temperance use in exercise and diet,
As may preserve thee in a settled quiet.
Meats unprohibited, not curious, chuse;
Decline what any other may accuse.

The rash expense of vanity detest,
And sordidness: a mean in all is best.
Hurt not thyself. Before thou act, advise;
Nor suffer sleep at night to close thy eyes
Till thrice thy acts that day thou hast o'errun:
How slipped? what duty left undone?—
Thus, thy account summed up from first to last,
Grieve for the ill, joy for what good hath past.
These study, practice these, and these affect;
To Sacred Virtue these thy steps direct:—
Eternal Nature's fountain I attest,
Who the *Tetractis* on our souls imprest.
Before thy mind thou to this study bend,
Invoke the gods to grant it a good end.
These, if thy labor vanquish, thou shalt then
Know the connexure both of gods and men:
How everything proceeds, or by what stayed;
And know (as far as fit to be surveyed)
Nature alike throughout; that thou may'st learn
Not to hope hopeless things, but all discern:
And know those wretches whose perverser wills
Draw down upon their hearts spontaneous ills.
Unto the good that's near them deaf and blind;
Some few the cure of these misfortunes find.
This only is the Fate that harms, and rolls
Through miseries successive human souls.
Within is a continual hidden sight,
Which we to shun must study, not excite.
Great Jove! how little trouble should we know,
If thou to all men wouldst their Genius show!—
But fear not thou—man come of heavenly race,
Taught by diviner Nature what to embrace.
Which, if pursued, thou all I named shall gain.
And keep thy soul clean from thy body's stain.
In time of prayer and cleansing, meats denied
Abstain from; thy mind's reins let Reason guide;
Then, stripped of flesh up to free æther soar,
A deathless god—divine—mortal no more.

Transl. of THOMAS STANLEY.

QUARLES, Francis, an English poet born in 1592; died in 1644. He was for a while cup-bearer to Elizabeth, daughter of James I., and wife of the Elector of the Palatinate, who was subsequently for a few months the nominal King of Bohemia. Through her the English crown devolved upon the House of Hanover, after the deposition of the Stuarts. Quarles afterwards went to Ireland as secretary to Archbishop Usher. Still later he became chronologer to the city of London. When the troubles broke out between the Parliament and King Charles I., Quarles embraced the royalist cause, and suffered severely in consequence. He was a favorite poet in his day. His principal works are the *Divine Emblems* (1635), and the *Enchiridion* (1641). His son, John Quarles (1624–1665), was the author of several works somewhat in the quaint manner of his father.

DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY.

I love (and have some cause to love) the earth :
She is my Maker's creature—therefore good :
She is my mother, for she gave me birth ;
She is my tender nurse—she gives me food :
    But what's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee,
    Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the air : her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me :
Her full-mouthed quire sustain me with their flesh,
And with their polyphonian notes delight me :
    But what's the air, or all the sweets that she
    Can bless my soul withal compared to Thee?

I love the sea : she is my fellow-creature ;
My careful purveyor ; she provides me store ;

She walls me round; she makes my diet
greater;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with
Thee,
What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky:
But what is heaven, great God, compared
to Thee?
Without Thy presence heaven's no heaven
to me.

Without Thy presence, earth gives no reflection.
Without Thy presence, sea affords no treasure;
Without Thy presence, air's a rank infection;
Without Thy presence heaven itself no pleasure:
If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me?

The brightest honors that the world can boast
Are subjects far too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are at most
But dying sparkles of Thy living fire:
The loudest flames that earth can kindle. be
But nightly glow-worms, if compared to
Thee.

Without Thy presence, wealth is bags of cares:
Wisdom, but folly; joy, disquiet sadness:
Friendship is treason. and delights are snares;
Pleasures but pains, and mirth but pleasing
madness: [they be
Without Thee, Lord. things be not what
Nor have they being when compared with
Thee.

In having all things. and not Thee. what have I?
Not having Thee, what have my labors got?
Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I?

And having Thee alone. what have I not?
I wish nor sea nor land; nor would I be
Possessed of heaven—heaven unpossessed
of Thee.

QUINCY, JOSIAH, an American statesman and scholar, born at Boston in 1772: died at Quincy, Mass., in 1864. He graduated at Harvard in 1790, and soon afterward entered upon the practice of law in Boston. In 1804 he was elected to Congress, holding that position till 1813, when he declined a re-election; and was thereupon chosen to the State Senate, of which he was a member until 1820. He was Mayor of Boston for six years, ending in 1828, when he declined a re-election. In 1829 he was called to the Presidency of Harvard University, a position which he resigned in 1845. On September 17, 1830, that being the close of the second century from the first-settlement of Boston, Mr. Quincy delivered in that city a *Bi-Centennial Address.*

THE LESSONS TAUGHT BY NEW ENGLAND HISTORY.

What lessons has New England, in every period of her history, given to the world? What lessons do her condition and example still give! She has proved that all the variety of Christian sects may live together in harmony under a government which allows equal privileges to all, exclusive pre-eminence to none. She has proved that ignorance among the multitude is not necessary to order; but that the surest basis of order is the information of the people. She has proved the old maxim to be false that "no government except a despotism, with a standing army, can subsist where the people have arms." . . .

Such are the true glories of the institutions of our fathers. Such the natural fruits of that patience in toil, that frugality of disposition, that temperance of habit, that general diffusion of knowledge, and that sense of religious responsibility, inculcated by the precepts and ex-

hibited in the example of every generation of our ancestors. . . .

What then, in conclusion, are the elements of the liberty, prosperity, and safety which the inhabitants of New England at this day enjoy? In what language, and concerning what comprehensive truths, does the wisdom of former times address the inexperience of the future? These elements are simple, obvious, and familiar.

Every civil and religious blessing of New England—all that here gives happiness to human life, or security to human virtue—is alone to be perpetuated in the form and under the auspices of a free Commonwealth.—The Commonwealth itself has no other strength or hope than the intelligence and virtue of the individuals that compose it.—For the intelligence and virtue of individuals there is no other human assurance than laws providing for the education of the whole people.—These laws themselves have no strength or efficient sanction except in the moral and accountable nature of man disclosed in the records of the Christian faith; the right to read, to construe, and to judge concerning which belongs to no class or caste of men; but exclusively to the individual, who must stand or fall by his own acts and his own faith, and not by those of another.

The great comprehensive truths, written in letters of living light on every page of our history—the language addressed by every past age of New England to all future ages, is this: Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freedom none but virtue; virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom nor virtue nor knowledge has any vigor or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the sanction of the Christian religion.

Men of Massachusetts! Citizens of Boston! descendants of the early emigrants! consider your blessings; consider your duties. You have an inheritance acquired by the labors and

sufferings of six successive generations of ancestors. They founded the fabric of your prosperity in a severe and masculine morality, having intelligence for its cement, and religion for its groundwork. Continue to build on the same foundation, and by the same principles; let the extending temple of your country's freedom rise in the spirit of ancient times, in proportions of intellectual and moral architecture—just, simple, and sublime. As from the first to this day, let New England continue to be an example to the world of the blessings of a free government, and of the means and capacity of man to maintain it. And in all times to come, as in all times past, may Boston be among the foremost and the boldest to exemplify and uphold whatever constitutes the prosperity, the happiness, and the glory of New England.—*From the Boston Bi-Centennial.*

Besides his *Speeches* in Congress and the Legislature, and Orations delivered on various occasions, Mr. Quincy published several books, among which are: *Life of Josiah Quincy, Jr.*, his father (1825), *History of Harvard University* (1840), *History of the Boston Athenæum* (1851), *Life of John Quincy Adams* (1858), *Essays on the Soiling of Cattle* (1859).

QUINTILIAN (MARCUS FABIUS QUINTILIANUS), a Roman rhetorician, born in Spain about 40 A. D., died about 118. He was educated at Rome, where he became an advocate and teacher of oratory, and opened a school which flourished for more than twenty years under his charge. Among his pupils were the younger Pliny and two grand-nephews of Domitian, who invested him with the consular dignity. He also had a large allowance from the imperial treasury, granted by Vespasian, the father of Domitian. He has come down to after ages by his *Institutiones Oratoriæ.* This work, which is divided into twelve books, comprises a complete system for the training of a young orator from the time when he is placed in the care of a nurse, through school, and his strictly professional studies, until he is fairly launched into practice. It contains instructions as to the method of examining witnesses, sifting testimony, and preparing the plea. The cardinal idea running through the whole is that the true orator must be a good man. This principle is enunciated at the very outset, is continually repeated, and is emphatically set forth in the closing paragraphs. Our quotations are in the translation of Patsall.

THE PERFECT ORATOR.

The perfect orator must be a man of integrity—a good man—otherwise he cannot pretend to that character; and we therefore not only require in him a consummate talent for speaking, but all the virtuous endowments of the mind. An honest and upright life cannot, in my opinion, be restricted to Philosophers alone, for the man who acts in a real civil capacity—who has talents for the administra-

tion of public and private concerns, who can govern cities by his counsels, maintain them by his laws, and meliorate them by his judgments—cannot be anything but the Orator.

Though I shall use some things contained in books of philosophy, I assert that they belong by right to our work, and in a peculiar manner to the art of Oratory. And if often I must discuss some questions of moral philosophy—such as Justice, Fortitude, Temperance, and the like—scarce a cause being found in which there may not be some debate or other upon these subjects—and all requiring to be set in a proper light by invention and elocution—shall it be doubted that wherever the force of genius and a copious dissertation are required, there in a particular degree is pointed out the business of the Orator?—*Institutiones*, Book I.

HINTS FOR THE EARLIEST TRAINING OF THE ORATOR.

Nurses should not have an ill accent. Their morals are first to be inspected; next the proper pronunciation of their words ought to be attended to. These are the first the child hears, and it is their words his imitation strives to form. We are naturally tenacious of the things we imbibe in our younger years. New vessels retain the savor of things first put into them; and the dye by which the wool loses its primitive whiteness cannot be effaced. The worse things are, the more stubbornly they adhere. Good is easily changed into bad; but when was bad ever converted into good? Let not the child, even while an infant, accustom himself to a manner of speech which he must unlearn.—*Institutiones*, Book I.

HOW SOON EDUCATION SHOULD BEGIN.

Some were of opinion that children under seven years of age ought not to be made to learn, because that early age can neither conceive the meaning of methods, nor endure the

restraints of study. But I agree with those —as Chrysippus—who think that no time ought to be exempted from its proper care; for though he assigns three years to the nurse, he judges that even then instruction may be of singular benefit. And why may not years, which can be mended by manners, be improved also by learning. I am not ignorant that one year will afterwards effect as much as all the time I speak of will scarce be able to compass. What better can they do, when once they can speak? They must necessarily do something. Or why must we despise this gain, how little soever, till seven years have expired? For, though the advantage of the first years be inconsiderable, a boy will, notwithstanding, learn a greater matter that very year in which he has learned a less. Such yearly advances will at length make up something considerable; and the time well spent and saved in infancy will be an acquisition to youth. The following years may be directed by the same precepts, that whatever is to be learned may not be learned too late. Let us not, therefore, lose this first time; and the rather because the elements of learning depend upon memory, which most commonly is not only very ripe but also very retentive in children.—*Institutiones*, Book I.

THE TRAINING IN BOYHOOD.

As the boy grows up, he must insensibly be weaned from all infantile toys and indulgences, and begin to learn in earnest. Let the future orator, who must appear in the most solemn assemblies, and have the eyes of a whole republic fixed upon him, early accustom himself not to be abashed at facing a numerous audience; the reverse of which is a natural consequence of a recluse and sedentary life. His mind must be excited, and kept in a state of constant elevation; otherwise retreat and solitude will force it to droop in languor. It will contract rust, as it were, in the shade; or, on the con-

trary, become puffed up with the vanity of self-love; for one that compares himself with none, cannot help attributing too much to himself. Afterwards, when obliged to make a show of his studies, he is struck mute; he is blind in daylight; everything is new to him; and the reason is because he has breathed only the air of his cabinet, and learned in private what he was to transact before the world.—*Institutiones,* Book I.

EMULATION TO BE ENCOURAGED.

I remember a custom observed by my masters, not without success. They distributed the pupils into classes, and every one declaimed in his place, which was more advanced, according as he had excelled others, and made a greater progress. Judgment being to be passed on the performances, the contention was great for the respective degrees of excellence; but to be the first of the class was esteemed something very grand. This was not a division to continue always. Every thirtieth day renewed the contest, and made the vanquished more eager for again entering the lists. He who had the superiority slackened not his care; and he who was worsted was full of hopes to wipe off his disgrace. I am persuaded that this gave us a more ardent desire and a greater passion for learning than all the advice of masters, care of tutors, and wishes of parents.—*Institutiones,* Book I.

Much the greater portion of the *Institutiones* is devoted to instructions and suggestions to the orator, for the performance of his duties after he had entered upon his career of an advocate, which it is assumed was the one for which he had been preparing himself.

EXAMINING WITNESSES.

A principal constituent of the interrogation is to have a knowledge of the nature of the

witness. If he is timid, terrify him; silly, lead him into deception; ambitious, puff up; tedious, make him more disgustful by his prolixity. But if the witness should be found prudent and consistent with himself, he is either to be set aside instantly as an obstinate enemy; or is to be refuted, not by questioning him in form, but by holding some short dialogue with him. Or, if possible, his ardor is to be cooled by some pleasantry; and if some handle can be made of his vicious conduct in life, he may on that account be charged home, and branded with infamy. Honest and modest witnesses should meet with mild treatment; for, often proof against rude behavior, they relent by affability and complaisance.—*Institutiones*, Book IV.

ARGUMENTS DERIVED FROM THE PERSONALITY OF A PARTY.

Arguments are often to be drawn from the person—all questions being reducible to *things and persons*. I shall touch only upon such as afford places for argument. These places are:—

Birth: For children are generally believed to be like their parents and ancestors; and hence are derived the causes of their honest or scandalous lives.—*Nation:* For all nations have their peculiar manners; and the same is not probable in a Barbarian, Roman, or Greek. —*Country:* Because there is some difference in the constitution of government, laws, and usages of every state.—*Sex:* As robbery is more probable in man, poisoning in woman.—*Age:* Because all degrees of age are characterized by what are suitable to them.—*Education and Discipline:* As it is of some consequence by whom and how every one is brought up.—*Habit of Body:* Because comeliness or beauty of person is frequently suspected of a propensity to lust, as is strength of rude carriage. The opposite qualities are differently thought of.—*Fortune:* The same is not credible in a

rich and a poor man; in one that has many friends and dependants, and another destitute of all these blessings. — *Condition:* For it much signifies whether one is of an eminent or mean occupation; a magistrate or a private man; a father or a son; a denizen or alien; a free man or a slave; a married man or a bachelor; a father of children or childless.—*Passions and Inclinations:* For avarice, anger, severity, and the like, determine often to the belief or disbelief of many occurrences.—*The Way of Living:* Whether it be luxurious, frugal, or sordid.—*Professions or Occupations:* The peasant, citizen, merchant, soldier, seaman, physician, think and act differently.—*Institutiones*, Book V.

WHEN A GOOD MAN MAY DEFEND A BAD CAUSE.

It cannot be doubted, if the wicked can be reclaimed and brought to a better course of life —as it is granted they sometimes may—that it would be more to the advantage of the commonwealth to have them saved than punished. If, therefore, the orator is convinced that the delinquent will approve himself for the future a man of integrity, will he not use his best endeavors to save him from the rigor of the law; and still come within our definition that "an Orator is an honest man, skilled in the art of speaking?" . . . .

It is not less necessary to teach and to be informed how things difficult to be proved ought to be treated; as frequently the best causes resemble bad ones; and a man may be accused unjustly, though all appearances are against him. In a case of this sort, the defense is to be conducted as if there was no real guilt. There are also many things common to good and bad causes—as witnesses, letters, suspicions, prejudices; and probabilities are corroborated and refuted in much the same way as truth. Therefore, everything may be made to tend in the pleading to the good of the cause, and so far as it will be able to bear; yet always with

a reserve to the purity of intention.—*Institutiones*, Book XII.

CONCLUSION OF THE "INSTITUTIONES."

It is difficult to perfect so great a work as becoming the Orator, and none yet have brought it to perfection. Yet one should think it a fully sufficient invitement to the study of sciences that there is no negation in nature against the practicability of a thing which has not hitherto been done; since all the greatest and most admirable works have had some time or other in which they were first brought to a degree of perfection. For by how much Poetry is indebted for its lustre to Homer and Virgil, by so much Eloquence is to Demosthenes and Cicero. And, indeed, what is now excellent was not so at first. Now, though one should despair of reaching to the height of perfection—a groundless despair in a person of genius, health, talents, and who has masters to assist him—yet it is noble, as Cicero says, to have a place in the second or third rank.

Let us, therefore, with all the affections of our heart, endeavor to attain the very majesty of Eloquence, than which the immortal gods have not imparted anything better to mankind; and without which all would be mute in nature, and destitute of the splendor of a present glory and future remembrance. Let us likewise always make a continued progress towards perfection; and by so doing we shall either reach the height, or at least shall see many beneath us.

This is all, as far as in me lies, I could contribute to the perfection of the art of eloquence; the knowledge of which, if it does not prove of any great advantage to studious youth, will at least—what I more ardently wish for—give them a more ardent desire for doing well.—*Institutiones*, Book XII.

RABELAIS, FRANCOIS, a French ecclesiastic and humorist, born at Chinon about 1490; died at Paris in 1553. He was educated at monastic schools, and was ordained as priest in 1511. In 1524 he received papal permission to enter a Benedictine monastery; six years afterwards he abandoned the monastic life, studied medicine, and entered upon practice at Lyons. In 1536 his former schoolfellow, Jean du Bellay, Bishop of Paris, and afterwards a Cardinal, was made French Ambassador at Rome. He engaged Rabelais as his physician, and obtained for him from the Pope a remission of the ecclesiastical penalties which he had incurred by abandoning his orders. Subsequently he became a member of the Abbey of St. Maur des Fosses at Paris, where he remained until 1542, when he received the comfortable living of Meudon. He faithfully performed his ecclesiastical duties; but devoted all his leisure to the enlargement of his most notable work, *Les Faits et Dicts du Géant Gargantua et de son Fils Pantagruel*, some portions of which had appeared as early as 1533. This work, like Swift's *Gulliver*, is partly a political and social satire, though authorities are not fully agreed as to many of the characters depicted. It is, however, pretty well settled that Gargantua is meant for King Francis I; Pantagruel is his son Henry II.; Panurge is the Cardinal de Lorraine; Friar John des Entommeures is the Cardinal du Bellay. Rabelais and Swift are often classed together; but the distinguishing characteristic of *Gargantua* is its exuberant fun and jollity, and the total lack of that cynicism which runs

through every page of *Gulliver.* Bacon has fitly styled Rabelais "the great jester of France"; others, less appositely, style him "the prose Homer."

THE INFANT GARGANTUA.

It did one good to see him, for he was a fine boy with about eight or ten chins, and cried very little. If it happened that he was put out, angry, vexed, or cross—if he fretted, if he wept, if he cried—if drink was brought to him, he would be restored to temper, and suddenly become quiet and joyous. One of his governesses told me that at the very sound of pints and flagons he would fall into an ecstasy, as if he were tasting the joys of paradise; and upon consideration of this, his divine complexion, they would every morning, to cheer him, play with a knife upon the glasses, or the bottles with their stoppers, and on the pint-pots with their lids; at the sound whereof he became gay, would leap for joy, and would rock himself in the cradle, lolling with his head and monochordizing with his fingers.—*Transl. of* WALTER BESANT.

THE ABBEY OF THELEMA.

All their life was spent not by statutes, law, or rules, but according to their free will and pleasure. They rose when they thought good; they ate, drank, worked, slept when the desire came to them. No one woke them up; no one forced them to eat, drink, nor to do any other thing whatever. So had Gargantua established it. In their Rule there was but this one clause: "*Fay ce què vouldras*—Do what you will." By this liberty they entered into a laudable emulation to do all of them what they saw pleased anybody else. If one of them—either a monk or a sister—said, "Let us play," they all played; if one said, "Let us go and take our pleasure in the fields," they all went. . . .

So nobly were they taught that there was

not one among them but could read, write, sing, play upon musical instruments, speak five or six languages, and compose in them, either in verse or measured prose. Never were seen knights more valiant, more gallant, more dexterous on horse or foot, more vigorous, more active, more skilled in the use of arms than these. Never were seen ladies so handsome, less whimsical, more ready with hand, with needle, or with every honest and free womanly action than these. For this reason when the time came that any man of said Abbey had a mind to go out of it, he carried along with him one of the ladies, and they were married together. And if they had formerly lived in Thelema in good devotion and amity, they continued therein, and increased it to a greater height in their state of matrimony ; so that they entertained that mutual love till the end of their days, just as on the day of their marriage.—*Transl. of* WALTER BESANT.

MONKS AND MONKEYS.

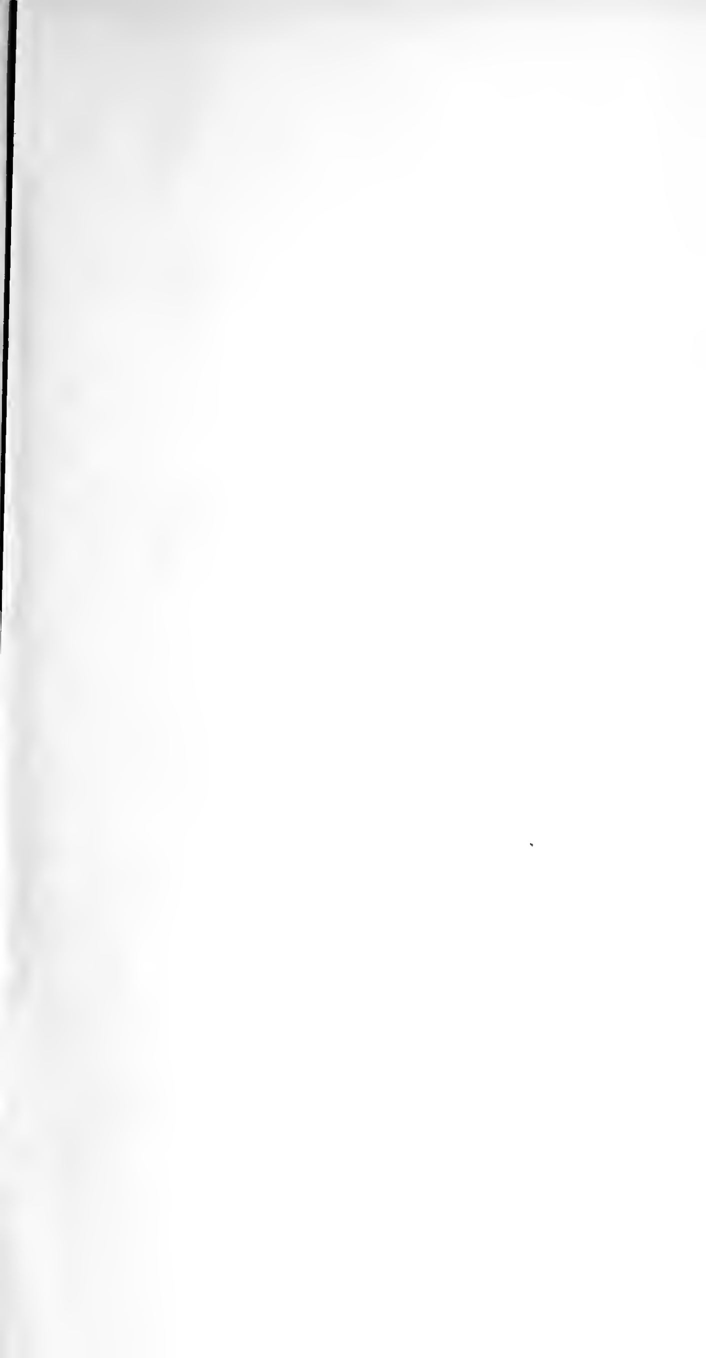
"If," said Friar John, "you understand why a monkey in a family is always mocked and worried, you will understand why monks are abhorred of all, both old and young. The monkey does not watch the house like a dog ; he does not drag the cart like the ox ; he gives no wool like the sheep ; he does not carry burdens like the horse. So with the monk. He does not cultivate the soil like the peasant ; he does not guard the land like the soldier ; he does not heal the sick like the physician ; he does not teach like the evangelical doctor or the schoolmaster ; he does not import goods and necessary things like the merchant."

"But the monks pray for all," objects Grandgoosier.

"Nothing less," says Gargantua. "They only annoy the neighborhood with ringing their bells."

"Truly," says Friar John, "a mass, a matin, and a vesper with many are half said. They

mumble great store of legends and psalms of which they understand nothing. They count plenty of Paternosters and Ave Marias, without thinking and without understanding; and that I call mocking God, and not making prayers. But God help them if they pray for us and not for fear of losing their fat soups.—*Transl.* WALTER BESANT.



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