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Universal Literature

A BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL
SUMMARY OF THE LIFE OF
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CHOICELY ILLUSTRATED AND BEARING
PIECES FROM THE ORIGINAL

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED BY
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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Photogravure—From the celebrated Carpenter painting.
"First Reading of the Proclamation of Emancipation."
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EDITION OF 1865

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Portrait of the Hon. John Jay
1790 - 1829

The Ridpath Library
OF
Universal Literature

A BIOGRAPHICAL AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL
SUMMARY OF THE WORLD'S MOST EMI-
NENT AUTHORS, INCLUDING THE
CHOICEST EXTRACTS AND MASTER
PIECES FROM THEIR WRITINGS . . .

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

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Races of Mankind," etc., etc.



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TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. XV.

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ä as in far, father, guard.
â as in fall, talk.
á as in ask, fast, ant.
ā as in fare.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
é as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
ī as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ö as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
ü as in pull.
ü German ü, French u.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.

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

ḡ as in prelate, courage.
ḑ as in ablegate, episcopal.
ḋ as in abrogate, eulogy, democrat.
ḅ as in singular, education.

A double dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates that, even in the mouths of the best speakers, its

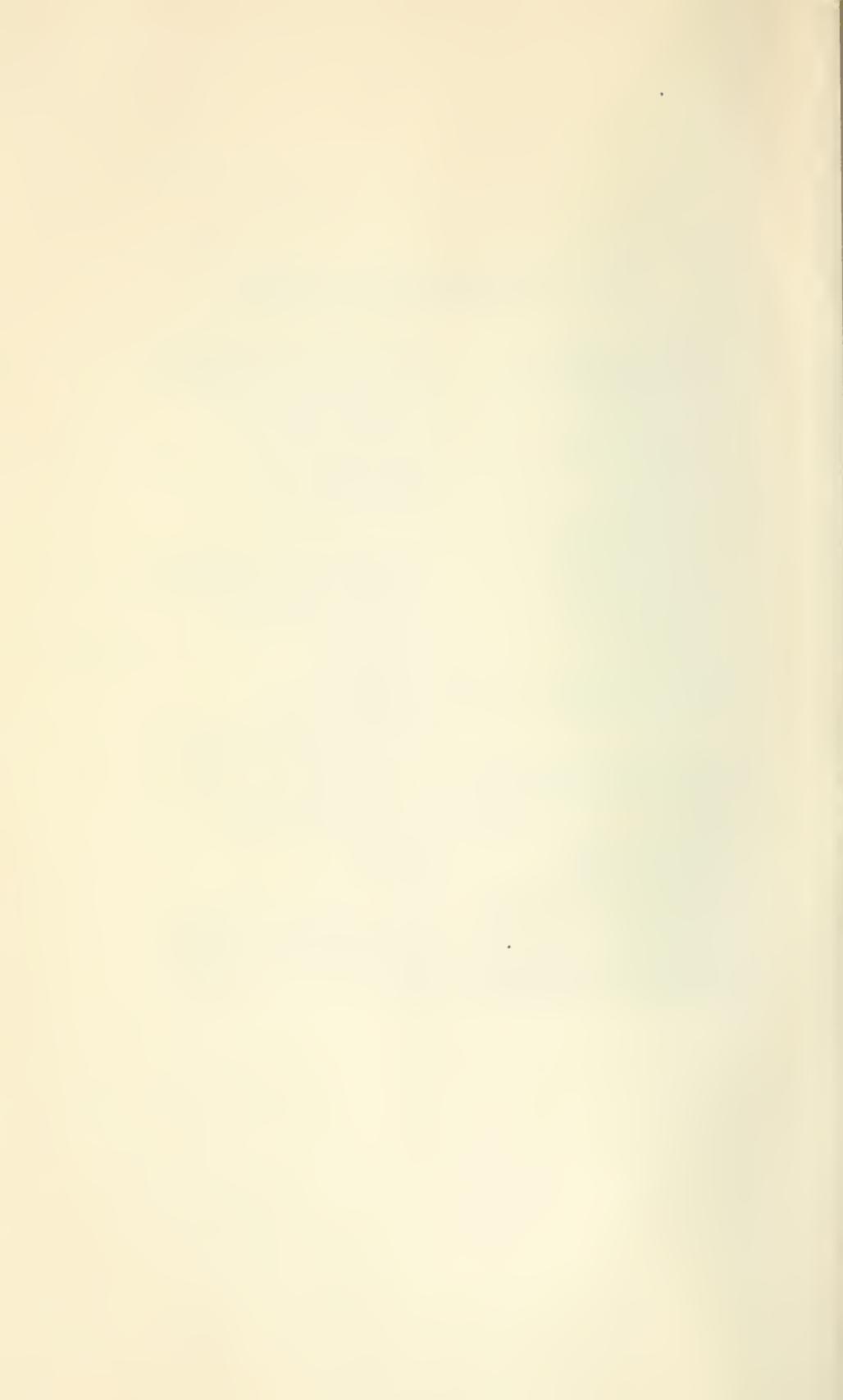
sound is variable to, and in ordinary utterance actually becomes, the short *no*-sound (of but, pun, etc.). Thus:

á as in errant, republican.
ḑ as in prudent, difference.
ī as in charity, density.
o as in valor, actor, idiot.
ḡ as in Persia, peninsula.
ē as in *the* book.
ü as in nature, feature.

A mark (—) under the consonants *z, s, z* indicates that they in like manner are variable to *ch, j, sh, zh*. Thus:

t as in nature, adventure.
d as in arduous, education.
s as in pressure.
z as in seizure.
y as in yet.
B Spanish b (medial).
ch as in German ach, Scotch loch.
G as in German Abensberg, Hamburg.
H Spanish g before e and i; Spanish j: etc. (a guttural h).
ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
s final s in Portuguese (soft).
th as in thin.
TH as in then.
D = FH.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)



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JUSTIN (usually styled **JUSTIN MARTYR**), the earliest of the Church Fathers after the apostolic age. He was born at Flavia Neapolis (the modern Nablous), in Palestine, about 105; died at Rome about 165. He was of Gentile, probably of Grecian, descent. He simply styles himself "Justin, the son of Priscus, and grandson of Bacchius, natives of Flavia Neapolis, a city of Palestine." He studied philosophy in Asia Minor, Greece, and Egypt, first under Stoic, then under Peripatetic, teachers; but in the end adopted the Neo-Platonic philosophy. At length, coming into acquaintance with some believers in Christianity, he was led to study the Old Testament Scriptures, and to learn the histories of the Christian martyrs and confessors. About the year 132 he embraced the doctrines of Christianity, although he still continued to wear the mantle of a philosopher, residing principally at Rome. About 139, during the persecution under Antoninus Pius, he addressed to that Emperor his first *Apology* for (properly "Defence of") *the Christians*, in which he elaborately defends them against the charges of disloyalty and impiety. Many years later (about 164), during the persecutions under Marcus Aurelius, he addressed to that Emperor a second *Apology*, which appears to be a draft for a more extended work; but he was martyred soon after, and no more appears to have

been written. Between the appearance of these two *Apologies* he put forth his *Dialogue with Tryphon*, and other Jews, whom he urges, from the teachings of their own Scriptures, to accept Jesus as their promised Messiah. Besides the two *Apologies* and the *Dialogue with Tryphon*, he is said to have written several other treatises, some of which are still extant; but their genuineness is not generally admitted by critics. Our extracts from the first *Apology* are from the translation of the Rev. G. I. Davie, in the "Library of the Fathers" (Oxford, 1861).

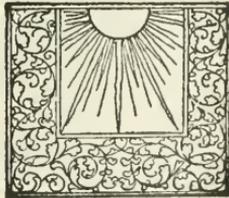
DEMONS SEIZE UPON AND PERVERT THE HEBREW
PROPHECIES RESPECTING CHRIST.

They who handed down the fables which were proclaimed by the poets offer no proof to the youth who learn them; and that they were uttered for the deception and seduction of the human race, by the agency of evil demons, I will prove. For, having heard, through the Prophets, that Christ was proclaimed as about to come, and punish the ungodly among men by fire, they caused many beforehand to be spoken of who were called the sons of Jupiter—thinking that they were able to cause men to consider the tidings of Christ as a marvelous story, and like those which were told by the Poets. And these were uttered both among the Greeks, and in all nations where they heard the Prophets foretell that men should believe in Christ. And I will prove that when they heard what was spoken by the Prophets, they did not understand the same correctly, but imitated what they said of our Christ; like men who are in error.

The Prophet Moses, then, was older than all writers, and by him the following prophecy was uttered (Gen. xlix. 10): "A prince shall not fail from Judah, nor a governor from his thighs, until He comes for Whom it is in store, and He shall be the expectation of the Gentiles, binding His colt to the vine, washing His robe in

the blood of the grape." The devils, then, hearing these prophetic words, said that Bacchus had been born the son of Jupiter, and declared that he was the discoverer of the vine; and they use wine in his mysteries; and teach that he was torn asunder, and went up into heaven. And as it was not signified in terms by that prophecy of Moses whether He Who was to come was the Son of God; and if, riding on a foal, He would remain on earth or ascend into heaven; and the word "colt" might mean the foal, both of an ass or of a horse, they, not knowing whether He Who was foretold would introduce the foal of an ass or of a horse to be a token of His coming, and whether He is the son of God, as I have said, or of a man—declared that Bellerophon himself, who was a man, and son of man, upon his horse, Pegasus, had gone up into heaven.

And when they heard from the Prophet Isaiah that He should be born of a Virgin, and should by Himself ascend into heaven, they put forward the mention of Perseus. And when they knew that it was declared—as has been said before—in the prophecies that were written previously (Psalm xix. 5): "He is as strong as a giant to run His course," they declared that Hercules was strong, and travelled over the whole world. And when they learned, again, that He was foretold as about to heal every disease, they brought forward Æsculapius.—*Apol. I., 54.*





JUVENAL (*Decimus Junius Juvenalis*), a Roman Satirist, born about A.D. 40; died about A.D. 120. Of his personal history little is recorded, and of that little the greater part is of questionable authority. It is said that he was the son—either actual or by adoption—of a wealthy freedman, from whom he received a comfortable estate at Aquinum, which was presumably his birthplace; that he resided mainly at Rome, occupied as a “rhetorician,” or, as we may say, an “advocate;” that certain of his squibs, aimed at prevalent follies and vices, attracted attention; and when past middle age he devoted himself mainly to depicting the follies and crimes of the age—that of Nero and Domitian—in which he lived. Juvenal and Horace rank foremost among the Roman Satirists; but with this difference: Horace touches mainly upon the follies of his time, while Juvenal lashes its vices. There are extant fifteen Satires attributed to Juvenal; but the genuineness of six of these has been questioned. These Satires have been translated, either wholly or in part, into English verse by several persons, among whom is Dryden. The translation of Gifford is by far the best of these. There is also a very useful prose rendering by J. D. Lewis (1873). Johnson’s *Vanity of Human Wishes* is avowedly an “imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal:” the thought is

wholly that of the Roman, the illustrative example in Johnson being taken from modern history, in place of the examples from ancient history as in Juvenal. The following extracts are from the Tenth Satire, as translated by Gifford. The *Vanity of Human Wishes* is by far the best of all the verse of Johnson; but a comparison of the corresponding passages in the two poems will evince the superiority of the ancient Roman over the modern Englishman.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES IN GENERAL.

In every clime, from Ganges' distant stream
 To Gades, gilded by the western beam,
 Few, from the clouds of mental error free,
 In its true light or good or evil see ;
 For what, with reason, do we seek or shun ?
 What plan, how happily soe'er begun,
 But, finished, we our own success lament,
 And rue the pains so fearfully misspent.
 To headlong ruin see whole nations driven,
 Cursed with their prayers by too indulgent heaven,
 Bewildered thus, by folly or by fate,
 We beg pernicious gifts in every state—
 In peace, in war : A full and rapid flow
 Of eloquence lays many a speaker low ;
 Even strength itself is fatal :—Milo tries
 His wondrous arms, and in the trial dies.

THE VANITY OF THE WISH FOR WEALTH.

But Avarice wider spreads her deadly snare,
 And hoards of wealth, amassed with ceaseless care,
 Hoards which o'er all paternal fortunes rise,
 As o'er the dolphin towers the whale in size.
 Hence, in these dreadful times, by Nero's word,
 The ruffian bands unsheathed the murderous sword,
 Rushed to the sweltering coffers of the great,
 And seized the rich domain and lordly seat ;

While sweetly in their cockloft slept the poor,
And heard no soldier thundering at the door.

The traveller, freighted with a little wealth,
Sets forth at night, and wins his way by stealth :
Even then he fears the bludgeon and the blade,
And starts and trembles at a rush's shade ;
While void of care, the beggar trips along,
And in the spoiler's presence trolls his song.

The first great wish we all with rapture own,
The general cry, to every temple known,
Is still for wealth : " And let, all-gracious Powers,
The largest chest the Forum boasts be ours ! "
Yet none from earthen bowls destruction sip.
Dread, then, the baneful draught, when at your lip
The goblet mantles, graced with gems divine,
And the broad gold inflames the ruby wine.

THE WISH FOR POWER.—SEJANUS.

Crown all your doors with bay, triumphant bay !
Sacred to Jove, the milk-white victim slay ;
For lo ! where great Sejanus by the throng—
A joyful spectacle—is dragged along.

" What lips ! what cheeks ! ha, traitor ! For my part,
I never loved this fellow in my heart.
But tell me, why was he adjudged to bleed ?
And who discovered and who proved the deed ? "
" Proved ! A verbose epistle came to-day
From Capua."—" Good ! what think the people ?"—

" They,
They followed Fortune, as of old, and hate,
With their whole souls, the victims of the State.—
Yet would the herd, thus zealous, thus on fire,
Had Nurcia met the Tuscan's fond desire,
And crushed the unwary prince, have all combined,
And hailed Sejanus Master of Mankind !
For since their votes have been no longer bought,
All public care has vanished from their thought ;
And those who once, with unresisted sway,
Gave armies, empire, everything, away,
For two poor claims have long renounced the whole,
And only ask the Circus and the Dole."

“But are there more to suffer?”—

“So ’tis said;

A fire so fierce for one was scarcely made.
I met my friend Brutidius, and I fear,
From his pale looks, he thinks there’s danger near.
What if this Ajax, in his frenzy strike,
As doubtful of our zeal, at all alike?
Swift let us fly, our loyalty to show,
And trample on the carcass of his foe.
But mark me : lest our slaves the fact forswear,
And drag us to the bar, let them be there.”

Thus of the favorite’s fall the converse ran,
And thus the whisper passed from man to man.

You grant me, then, Sejanus grossly erred,
Nor knew what prayer his folly had preferred;
For when he begged for too much wealth and power,
Stage above stage he raised a tottering tower,
And higher still and higher—to be thrown
With louder crash and wider ruin down.
What wrought the Crassis, what the Pompeys’ doom,
And his, who bowed the stubborn neck of Rome?
What but the wild, the unbounded wish to rise,
Heard in malignant kindness by the skies?—
Few kings, few tyrants, find a natural end,
Or to the grave without a wound descend.

THE WISH FOR GLORY.—HANNIBAL.

Produce the urn that Hannibal contains,
And weigh the mighty dust that yet remains.
And is this all? Yet this was once the bold,
The aspiring chief whom Afric could not hold.
Afric, outstretched from where the Atlantic roars
To Nilus; from the Line to Libya’s shores.

Spain conquered, o’er the Pyrenees he bounds.
Nature opposed her everlasting mounds,
Her Alps and snows. O’er these, with torrent force,
He pours, and rends through rocks his dreadful course.
Yet thundering on, “Think nothing done,” he cries,
“Till o’er Rome’s prostrate walls I lead my powers,
And plant my standard on her hated towers!”

Big words? But view his figure, view his face!
 Ah for some master-hand the lines to trace,
 As through the Etrurian swamps, by floods increased,
 The one-eyed chief urged his Getulian beast!

But what ensued? Illusive Glory, say:
 Subdued on Zama's memorable day,
 He flies in exile to a petty state,
 With headlong haste; and at a despot's gate
 Sits, mighty suppliant! of his life in doubt,
 Till the Bithynian's morning nap be out.

Nor swords, nor spears, nor stones from engines
 hurled,
 Shall quell the man whose frowns alarmed the world.
 The vengeance due to Cannæ's fatal field,
 And floods of human gore, a ring shall yield!
 Go, madman, go! at toil and danger mock,
 Pierce the deep snow, and scale the eternal rock,
 To please the rhetoricians, and become
 A declamation for the boys of Rome.

THE WISH FOR LENGTH OF LIFE.

"Life! length of life!" For this with earnest cries,
 Or sick or well, we supplicate the skies.
 Pernicious prayer! for mark what ills attend
 Still on the old, as to the grave they bend:
 A ghastly visage to themselves unknown;
 For a smooth skin a hide with scurf o'ergrown;
 And such a flabby cheek as an old ape,
 In Tabraca's thick woods, might haply scrape.

But other ills, and worse, succeed to those:
 His limbs long since were gone; his memory goes.
 Poor driveller! he forgets his servants quite;
 Forgets at morn with whom he supped last night;
 Forgets the children he begot and bred,
 And makes a strumpet heiress in their stead;
 So much avails it the rank arts to use,
 Gained by long practice in the loathsome stews.

But grant his senses unimpaired remain,
 Still woes on woes succeed—a mournful train!
 He sees his sons, his daughters, all expire,
 His faithful consort on the funeral pyre;

Sees brothers, sisters, friends, to ashes turn,
 And all he loved, or loved him, in their urn.—
 Lo ! here the dreadful fine we ever pay
 For life protracted to a distant day :
 To see our house by sickness, pain, pursued,
 And scenes of death incessantly renewed ;
 In sable weeds to waste the joyless years,
 And drop at last 'mid solitude and tears.

THE WISH FOR BEAUTIFUL OFFSPRING.

Whene'er the fame of Venus meets her eye,
 The anxious mother breathes a secret sigh
 For handsome boys ; but asks, with bolder prayer,
 That all her girls be exquisitely fair.
 " And wherefore not ? Latona in the sight
 Of Dian's beauty took exquisite delight."—
 True ; but Lucretia cursed her fatal charms,
 When spent with struggling in a Tarquin's arms ;
 And poor Virginia would have changed her grace
 For Rutila's crooked back and homely face.—
 " But boys may still be fair !"—No, they destroy
 Their parents' peace, and murder all their joy ;
 For rarely do we meet, in one combined,
 A beauteous body and a virtuous mind,
 Though through the rugged house, from sire to son,
 A Sabine sanctity of manners run.

THE ONLY WISE HUMAN WISH.

" Say, then, shall man, deprived all power of choice,
 Ne'er raise to Heaven the supplicating voice ?"—
 Not so, but to the gods his fortunes trust :
 Their thoughts are wise, their dispensations just.
 What best may profit or delight they know,
 And real good for fancied bliss bestow.
 With eyes of pity they our frailties scan ;
 More dear to them than to himself is man.
 By blind desire, by headlong passion driven,
 For wife and heirs we daily weary Heaven ;
 Yet still 'tis Heaven's prerogative to know
 If heirs or wife will bring us bliss or woe.

But that thou may'st (for still 'tis good to prove
 Our humble hope) ask something from above ;
 Thy pious offerings to the temple bear,
 And, while the altars blaze, be this thy prayer :
 " O Thou, who know'st the wants of human kind,
 Vouchsafe me health of body, health of mind ;
 A soul prepared to meet the frowns of Fate,
 And look undaunted on a future state ;
 That reckons death a blessing, yet can bear
 Existence nobly, with its weight of care ;
 That anger and desire alike restrains,
 And counts Alcides's toils and cruel pains
 Superior far to banquets, wanton nights,
 And all Sardanapalus's soft delights."

Here bound at length thy wishes. I but teach
 What blessings man by his own powers may reach.
 The path to Peace is Virtue. We should see,
 If wise, O Fortune, naught divine in thee.
 But we have deified a name alone,
 And fixed in heaven thy visionary throne.

The Eleventh Satire of Juvenal reminds not a little of Horace. It is in the form of a letter addressed to his friend Persicus, inviting him to supper at his own modest country-seat. He opens with a diatribe against the luxury and extravagance of the Romans of the day, and then proceeds to extol the good old times, when every man regulated his appetite by the simple requirements of nature :

AN INVITATION TO A FRUGAL DINNER.

Enough ! to-day my Persicus shall see
 Whether my precepts with my life agree ;
 Whether, with feigned austerity, I prize
 The spare repast—a glutton in disguise ;
 Bawl for coarse pottage, that my friend may hear,
 But whisper "sweetmeats !" in my servant's ear.

For since, by promise, you are now my guest,
Know, I invite you to no sumptuous feast,
But to such simple fare, as long, long since,
The good Evander bade the Trojan Prince.
Come, then, my friend, you will not sure despise
The food that pleased the offspring of the skies ;
Come, and while fancy brings past times to view,
I'll think myself the king, the hero you.

Take now your bill of fare. My simple board
Is with no dainties from the market stored,
But dishes all my own. From Tibur's stock
A kid shall come—the fattest of the flock,
The tenderest, too, and yet too young to browse
The thistle's shoots, the willow's watery boughs,
With more of milk than blood ; and pullets drest
With new-laid eggs, yet tepid from the nest,
And 'sparage wild, which from the mountain's side
My housemaid left her spindle to provide ;
And grapes, long kept, yet pulpy still and fair ;
And the rich Signian and the Syrian pear,
And apples, that in favor and in smell
The boasted Picene equal or excel ;
Nor need you fear, my friend, their liberal use,
For age has mellowed and improved their juice.

How homely this ! and yet this homely fare
A senator would once have counted rare ;
When the good Curius thought it no disgrace
O'er a few sticks a little pot to place,
With herbs by his small garden-plot supplied—
Food which the squalid wretch would now deride,
Who digs in fetters, and, with fond regret,
The tavern's savory dish remembers yet !

Time was, when on the rack a man would lay
The seasoned fitch against a solemn day ;
And think the friends who met with decent mirth
To celebrate the hour which gave him birth,
On this, and what of fresh the altars spared
(For altars then were honored), nobly fared
Some kinsman, who had camps and senates swayed,
Had thrice been Consul, once Dictator made,
From public cares retired, would gayly haste,
Before the wonted hour, to such repast.

Shouldering the spade, that with no common toil,
Had tamed the genius of the mountain-soil.

Yes, when the world was filled with Rome's just fame,
And Romans trembled at the Fabian name,
The Scauran and Fabrician ; when they saw
A Censor's rigor e'en a Censor awe,
No son of Troy e'er thought it his concern,
Or worth a moment's serious care to learn,
What land, what sea, the fairest tortoise bred,
Whose clouded shell might best adorn his bed.
His bed was small, and did no signs impart
Or of the painter's or the sculptor's art,
Save where the front, cheaply inlaid with brass,
Showed the rude features of a vine-crowned ass ;
An uncouth brute, round with his children played,
And laughed and jested at the face it made!—
Briefly, his house, his furniture, his food,
Were uniformly plain, and simply good.

Then the rough soldier, yet untaught by Greece
To hang, enraptured, o'er a finished piece,
If haply, 'mid the congregated spoils
(Proof of his power, and guerdon of his toils),
Some antique vase of master-hands were found,
Would dash the glittering bauble on the ground ;
That in new forms the molten fragments drest
Might blaze illustrious round his courser's chest
(A dreadful omen to the trembling foe),
The mighty Sire, with glittering shield and spear
Hovering enamoured o'er the sleeping fair ;
The wolf, by Rome's high destinies made mild,
And, playful at her side, each wondrous child.

Thus, all the wealth these simple times could boast—
Small wealth ! their horses and their arms engrossed ;
The rest was homely, and their frugal fare,
Cooked without art, was served in earthenware :
Yet worthy all our envy, were the breast
But with one spark of noble spleen possess.
Then shone the fanes with majesty divine ;
A present god was felt at every shrine !
And solemn sounds, heard from the sacred walls,
At midnight's solemn hour, announced the Gauls,
Now rushing from the main ; while prompt to save,

Stood Jove, the prophet of the signs he gave !
 Yet when he thus revealed the will of Fate,
 And watched attentive o'er the Latian state,
 His shrine, his statue, rose of humble mould,
 Of artless form, and unprofaned with gold.

Those good old times no foreign tables sought ;
 From their own woods the walnut-tree was brought,
 When withering limbs declared its pith unsound,
 Or winds uptore and stretched it on the ground.
 But now, such strange caprice has seized the great,
 They find no pleasure in the costliest treat,
 Suspect no flowers a sickly scent exhale,
 And think the venison rank, the turbot stale,
 Unless wide-yawning panthers towering high,
 Enormous pedestals of ivory,
 Formed of the teeth which Elephantis sends,
 Which the dark Moor, or darker Indian vends,
 Or those which now, too heavy for the head,
 The beasts in Nabathea's forest shed,
 The spacious orbs support ;—then they can feed,
 And every dish is delicate indeed ;
 For silver feet are viewed with equal scorn,
 As iron rings upon the finger worn. . . .

My feast to-day shall other joys afford :
 Hushed as we sit around the frugal board,
 Great Homer shall his deep-toned thunder roll,
 And mighty Maro elevate the soul ;
 Maro, who, warmed with all a poet's fire,
 Disputes the palm of victory with his sire.
 Nor fear my rustic clerk ; read as they will,
 The bard, the bard, shall rise superior still.

Come then, my friend, an hour to pleasure spare,
 And quit awhile your business and your care.
 The day is all our own ; come and forget
 Bonds, interest, all ; the credit and the debt.
 Yes, at my threshold tranquillize your breast ;
 There leave the thoughts of home, and what the haste
 Of heedless slaves may in your absence waste ;
 And—what the generous spirit most offends—
 Oh, more than all, leave, thee, ungrateful friends.

—*Translation of GIFFORD.*



KALEVALA, THE, an epic poem—or perhaps a cycle of runes of Finland, which have been handed down orally from very ancient times. There are not wanting scholars who hold that portions at least of the *Kalevala* antedate Homer and Hesiod, and probably go back as far as the days of David, or still earlier. That such a group of heroic poems existed in Finland was hardly suspected until within a little more than half a century, when Topelius, a practising physician of Sweden, formed a collection of Finnish runes which he wrote down from the lips of bards, much as Macpherson professed to have done with the so-called Gaelic poems of Ossian. Topelius put forth these fragments in 1822, and a still more complete collection in 1839. Elias Lönnrott, born in 1802, took up the work begun by his predecessor. His first work on the subject appeared as early as 1827. He subsequently journeyed through all the districts of Finland, “often through wild fens, forests, marches, and ice-plains—on horseback, in sledges drawn by reindeer, in canoes, and other forms of primitive conveyance.” He had the good fortune to meet an old peasant who was held to be the most famous reciter of the country, and was reputed to know more of the ancient runes of his people than any other living man. In 1835 Lönnrott put forth the fragments which he

had brought together. The idea gradually developed itself in his mind that these runes were parts of a great cyclical poem, of which the central figure was Wainamoinen, a mighty bard and magician. Lönnroth set himself to arrange these runes into a connected poem, and the result of his labors was published in 1849.

The *Kalevala*, as thus edited, consists of fifty runes, containing in all nearly 23,000 lines. It is written in octo-syllabic trochaic verse—the measure with which we have become familiar through Longfellow's *Hiawatha*. It seems certain that Longfellow had become acquainted with the *Kalevala*, probably in the German translation of Schiefner, which was published in 1852. In any case, he borrowed the general idea of *Hiawatha*, and its peculiar metre, from the *Kalevala*. The poem at once attracted the attention of scholars.

Max Müller says of it: "From the mouths of the aged an epic poem has been collected equalling the *Iliad* in length and completeness; nay, if we can forget for a moment all that we in our youth learned to call beautiful, not less beautiful. . . . The *Kalevala* possesses merits not dissimilar from those of the *Iliad*, and will claim its place side by side with the Ionian Songs, with the *Mahabharata*, the *Shahnameh*, and the *Nibelunge*."

Steinthal is still more emphatic. He recognizes but four great national epics: the *Iliad*, the *Kalevala*, the *Nibelunge*, and the *Roland Songs*.

In 1858 was published a translation of a very small portion of the *Kalevala* by the late Professor John A. Porter, of Yale, whose early death prob-

ably prevented the translation of other of the runes. In 1888 Dr. John Martin Crawford, of Cincinnati, put forth a translation of the entire poem, which is now for the first time made accessible to the English-speaking race. From this admirable translation the following extracts are taken :

WAINAMOINEN LOSES THE MAGIC WORDS.

Wainamoinen, old and skilful,
 The eternal wonder-worker,
 Builds his vessel by enchantment ;
 Builds his boat, by art of magic,
 From the timber of the oak-tree,
 From its posts and planks and flooring ;
 Sings a song, and joins the framework ;
 Sings a second, sets the siding ;
 Sings a third time, sets the rowlocks ;
 Fashions oars and ribs and rudder,
 Joins the sides and ribs together.

When the ribs were firmly fastened,
 When the sides were tightly jointed,
 Then alas ! three words were wanting.
 Lost the words of master-magic,
 How to fasten in the ledge,
 How the stern should be completed,
 How complete the boat's forecastle.
 Then the ancient Wainamoinen,
 Wise and wonderful enchanter,
 Heavy-hearted, spake as follows :—
 " Woe is me, my life hard-fated !
 Never will this magic vessel
 Pass in safety o'er the water,
 Never ride the rough sea-billows."

Then he thought and long considered,
 Where to find these words of magic,
 Find the lost-words of the Master :
 From the brains of countless swallows,
 From the heads of swans in dying,
 From the plumage of the sea-duck ?

For these words the hero searches,
 Kills of swans a goodly number,
 Kills a flock of fattened sea-ducks,
 Kills of swallows countless numbers ;
 Cannot find the words of magic,
 Not the lost-words of the Master.
 Wainamoinen, wisdom-singer,
 Still reflected and debated :—

“ I perchance may find the lost-words
 On the tongue of summer-reindeer,
 In the mouth of the white squirrel.”

Now again he hunts the lost-words,
 Hastes to find the magic sayings ;
 Kills a countless host of reindeer,
 Kills a rafter-ful of squirrels ;
 Finds of words a goodly number,
 But they are of little value,
 Cannot find the magic lost-words.
 Long he thought and well considered :—
 “ I can find of words a hundred
 In the dwellings of Tuoni,
 In the castles of Manala.”

Wainamoinen quickly journeys
 To the kingdom of Tuoni,
 There to find the ancient wisdom,
 There to learn the secret doctrine ;
 Hastens on through fen and forests
 Over meads and over marshes,
 Through the ever-rising woodlands ;
 Journeys one week through the brambles,
 And a second through the hazels,
 Through the junipers the third week,
 When appear Tuoni's islands,
 And the hill-tops of Manala.

—*Rune XVII.*

WAINAMOINEN LEARNS THE MAGIC WORDS.

When the ancient Wainamoinen
 Well had learned the magic sayings,
 Learned the ancient songs and legends,
 Learned the words of ancient wisdom,

Learned the lost-words of the Master,
 Well had learned the secret doctrine,
 He prepared to leave the body
 Of the wisdom-bard, Wipunen,
 Leave the bosom of the master,
 Leave the wonderful enchanter.

Spake the hero, Wainamoinen :—
 “O thou Antero Wipunen,
 Open wide thy mouth and fauces ;
 I have found the magic lost-words,
 I will leave thee now forever,
 Leave thee and thy wondrous singing ;
 Will return to Kalevala,
 To Wainola’s fields and firesides.”

Thus Wipunen spake in answer :—
 “Many are the things I’ve eaten,
 Eaten bear, and elk, and reindeer,
 Eaten ox, and wolf and wild-boar,
 Eaten man, and eaten hero ;
 Never, never, have I eaten
 Such a thing as Wainamoinen.
 Thou hast found what thou desirest,
 Found the three words of the Master ;
 Go in peace, and ne’er returning,
 Take my blessing on thy going.”

Thereupon the bard Wipunen
 Opens wide his mouth, and wider ;
 And the good old Wainamoinen
 Straightway leaves the wise enchanter,
 Leaves Wipunen’s great abdomen.
 From the mouth he glides and journeys
 O’er the hills and vales of Northland,
 Swift as red-deer of the forest,
 Swift as yellow-breasted marten,
 To the firesides of Wainola,
 To the plains of Kalevala.

Straightway hastes he to the smithy
 Of his brother, Ilmarinen.
 Thus the iron artist greets him :—
 “Hast thou found the long-lost wisdom ?
 Hast thou learned the secret doctrine :
 Hast thou learned the master-magic,

How to fasten in the ledges,
 How the stern should be completed,
 How complete the ship's forecastle?"

Wainamoinen thus made answer :—
 "I have learned of words a hundred,
 Learned a thousand incantations,
 Hidden deep for many ages ;
 Learned the words of ancient wisdom,
 Found the keys of secret doctrine,
 Found the lost-words of the Master."

Wainamoinen, magic-builder,
 Straightway journeys to his vessel,
 To the spot of magic labor,
 Quickly fastens in the ledges,
 Firmly binds the stern together,
 And completes the boat's forecastle.

Thus the ancient Wainamoinen
 Built the boat with magic only,
 And with magic launched his vessel ;
 Using not the hand to touch it,
 Using not the foot to move it,
 Using not the knee to turn it,
 Using nothing to propel it.
 Thus the third task was completed
 For the hostess of Pohyola,
 Dowry for the Maid of Beauty,
 Sitting on the arch of heaven,
 On the bow of many colors.

—*Runo XVI.*

THE DEPARTURE OF WAINAMOINEN.

As the years passed, Wainamoinen
 Recognized his waning powers,
 Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
 Sang his farewell song to Northland,
 To the people of Wainola :
 Sang himself a boat of copper.
 Beautiful his bark of magic ;
 At the helm sat the magician,
 Sat the ancient wisdom-singer.

Westward, westward, sailed the hero

O'er the blue-back of the waters,
 Singing as he left Wainola ;
 This his plaintive song and echo :—
 "Suns may rise and set in Suomi,
 Rise and set for generations,
 When the North will learn my teachings,"
 Will recall my wisdom-sayings,
 Hungry for the true religion ;
 Then will Suomi need my coming,
 Watch for me at dawn of morning.
 That I may bring back the Sampo
 Bring anew the harp of joyance,
 Bring again the golden moonlight,
 Bring again the silver sunshine,
 Peace and plenty to the Northland."

Thus the ancient Wainamoinen,
 In his copper-banded vessel,
 Left his tribe in Kalevala,
 Sailing o'er the rolling billows,
 Sailing through the azure vapors,
 Sailing through the dusk of evening,
 Sailing to the fiery sunset,
 To the lower verge of heaven ;
 Quickly gained the far horizon,
 Gained the purple-colored harbor,
 There his bark he firmly anchored,
 Rested in his boat of copper ;
 But he left his harp of magic,
 Left his songs and wisdom-sayings
 To the lasting joy of Suomi.

—*Rune L.*

EPILOGUE.

Now I end my measured singing,
 Bid my weary tongue keep silence,
 Leave my songs to other singers.
 Horses have their times of resting
 After many hours of labor ;
 Even sickles will grow weary
 When they have been long at reaping ;
 Waters seek a quiet haven

After running long in rivers ;
 Fire subsides and sinks in slumber
 At the dawning of the morning :
 Therefore should I end my singing,
 As my song is growing weary,
 For the pleasure of the evening,
 For the joy of morn arising.

Often have I heard it chanted,
 Often heard the words repeated :
 "Worthy cataracts and rivers
 Never empty all their waters."
 Thus the wise and worthy singer
 Sings not all his garnered wisdom ;
 Better leave unsung some sayings
 Than to sing them out of season.

Thus beginning and thus ending,
 Do I roll up all my legends,
 Roll them in a ball for safety,
 In my memory arrange them,
 In their narrow place of resting,
 Lest the songs escape unheeded,
 While the lock is still unopened,
 While the teeth remain unparted,
 And the weary tongue is silent.

Why should I sing other legends,
 Chant them in the glen and forest,
 Sing them on the hill and heather ?
 Cold and still my golden mother
 Hears my ancient songs no longer,
 Cannot listen to my singing ;
 Only will the forest listen,
 Sacred birches, sighing pine-trees,
 Junipers endowed with kindness,
 Alder-trees that love to hear me,
 With the aspens and the willows.
 When my loving mother left me,
 Young was I and low of stature ;
 Like the cuckoo of the forests,
 Like the thrush upon the heather,
 Like the lark I learned to twitter,
 Learned to sing my simple measures,
 Guided by a second mother,

Stern and cold, without affection ;
Drove me helpless from my chamber
To the north side of her cottage,
Where the chilling winds in mercy
Carried off the unprotected.
As a lark I learned to wander,
Wander as a lonely song-bird,
Through the forests and the fenlands,
Quietly o'er hill and heather ;
Walked in pain about the marshes,
Learned the songs of winds and waters,
Learned the music of the ocean,
And the echoes of the woodlands.

Nature was my only teacher,
Woods and waters my instructors.
Homeless, friendless, lone and needy,
Save in childhood with my mother,
When beneath her painted rafters,
Where she twirled the flying spindle
By the work-bench of my brother,
By the window of my sister,
In the cabin of my father,
In my early days of childhood.

Be this as it may, my people,
This may point the way to others,
To the singers better gifted,
For the good of future ages,
For the coming generations,
For the rising folk of Suomi.





KALIDASA, a Hindu poet and dramatist, is said to have been a resident of Oujein or Ujjayina; and he has been called one of the "nine gems" of King Vikramaditya, but which of the Kings of that name is not known. His date is variously placed by scholars from the first to the eighth century. He is known especially through his drama *Sākuntala*, which, first introduced to Europe by Sir William Jones in 1789, created an immense sensation. A recent translation is by Sir M. Williams. Another of Kalidasa's dramas, and next in renown to this, is the *Vikramorvasi*—"The Nymph and the Hero." Tradition ascribes to him a third drama, entitled *Mālavikāgnimitra*; two epics, the *Rāghuvansa* and the *Kumāra-Sambhava*; the *Meghaduta* and other poems. These, however, differ so widely in style that it is now assumed that there were more Kalidasas than one.

The *Sākuntala*—"The Lost Ring"—exceeds in popularity any other poetical composition known to the natives of India. And wherever it has been read it is admired. "Its excellence," says an English reviewer, "is recognized in every literary circle throughout the continent of Europe; and its beauties, if not yet universally known and appreciated, are at least acknowledged by many learned men in every country of the civilized world."

SĀKUNTALA.

Man's all-wise Maker, wishing to create
 A faultless form, whose matchless symmetry
 Should far transcend Creation's choicest works,
 Did call together by his mighty will,
 And garner up in his eternal mind,
 A bright assemblage of all lovely things ;
 And then, as in a picture, fashion them
 Into one perfect and ideal form.
 Such the divine, the wondrous prototype,
 Whence her fair shape was moulded into being,
 This peerless maid is like a fragrant flower
 Whose perfumed breath has never been diffused ;
 A tender bud that no profaning hand
 Has dared to sever from its parent stalk ;
 A gem of priceless water, just released,
 Pure and unblemished, from its glittering bed.
 Or may the maiden haply be compared
 To sweetest honey, that no mortal lip
 Has sipped ; or, rather to the mellowed fruit
 Of virtuous actions in some former birth
 Now brought to full perfection ?
 Here, as she tripped along, her fingers plucked
 The opening buds : these lacerated plants,
 Shorn of their fairest blossoms by her hand,
 Seem like dismembered trunks, whose recent wounds
 Are still unclosed ; while from the bleeding socket
 Of many a severed stalk the milky juice
 Still slowly trickles, and betrays her path.

CONFLICTING DUTIES.

Two different duties are required of me
 In widely different places ; how can I
 In my own person satisfy them both ?
 Thus is my mind distracted or impelled
 In opposite directions, like a stream
 That, driven back by rocks, still rushes on,
Forming two currents in its eddy course.

—From *Sakuntala*.

A PRICELESS OFFERING.

The tribute which my other subjects bring
 Must moulder into dust, but holy men
 Present me with a portion of the fruits
 Of penitential services and prayers—
 A precious and imperishable gift.

—*From Sdkuntala.*

A KING.

A stalwart frame, instinct with vigorous life.
 His brawny arms and manly chest are scored
 By frequent passage of the sounding string ;
 Unharm'd he bears the mid-day sun ; no toil
 His mighty spirit daunts ; his sturdy limbs,
 Stripped of redundant flesh, relinquish naught
 Of their robust proportions, but appear
 In muscle, nerve and sinewy fibre eased.

His frame

Loses its sluggish humors, and becomes
 Buoyant, compact, and fit for bold encounter.

—*From Sdkuntala.*





KANE, ELISHA KENT, an American physician and Arctic explorer, born in Philadelphia, February 3, 1820; died at Havana, Cuba, February 16, 1857. He studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, graduating in 1842, and the next year received the appointment of assistant surgeon in the United States Navy, and as such accompanied the embassy to China. After making numerous tours in China and the adjacent regions and in India, his health failed, and he set out for home near the close of 1844. In the Spring of 1846 he sailed on board the frigate *United States* for the coast of Africa. Joining a caravan, he made a trip to Dahomey; but in returning to the coast he was attacked by malarial fever, and returned home, reaching Philadelphia in April, 1847. A few months afterward he was transferred, at his own request, from the naval to the military service; and was ordered to Mexico. While endeavoring to make his way to the capital he was encountered by a guerilla party, and received a severe wound, in consequence of which he was invalided, and returned to the United States. In January, 1849, he sailed in a store-ship bound to Brazil, Portugal, and the Mediterranean, returning in October. At this time a deep interest was felt in the fate of Sir John Franklin and his party, who had been since July, 1845, lost to sight in the Arctic regions. A

searching party was fitted out, mainly through the munificence of Henry Grinnell, a New York merchant. It consisted of two vessels, the *Advance* and the *Rescue*, commanded by Lieutenant De Haven, United States Navy. Kane received the appointment of surgeon to this expedition. It sailed from New York in May, 1850, but failing to reach an advantageous point from which to prosecute the object in view, the commander resolved to return that year. But in September the vessels were beset by ice, and drifted helplessly with the pack until June, 1851, when they got free and made their way home. Dr. Kane wrote an account of this expedition, under the title *Narrative of the Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin* (1854).

The *Advance* was afterward refitted, and placed under the command of Dr. Kane. He succeeded in reaching latitude $78^{\circ} 43'$, the most northerly point ever gained by a sailing-vessel, and wintered in a bay about half a dozen miles south of that point. During the winter sledge-parties were sent out, one of which went as far north as latitude $80^{\circ} 35'$. The ice remained unbroken all the next summer, and it became evident that it was out of the question to hope to survive another year in these Arctic regions. Dr. Kane's party abandoned the vessel and made their way by sledges and boats to the settlements in Greenland. This occupied eighty-four days of extreme peril and hardship. Upernavik, the most northerly Danish settlement, was reached August 5, 1855. Dr. Kane wrote an account of this ex-

pedition, under the title, *Arctic Explorations* (1856).

This expedition, although it failed to throw light upon the fate of Franklin, made important additions to our knowledge of the Arctic regions. Congress voted Arctic Medals to the members of the expedition. The Royal Geographical Society of England awarded the Founder's Medal for 1856 to Kane, and the French Société de Géographie gave him its gold medal for 1858. In the hope of recovering his shattered health Dr. Kane sailed for England, and thence to the West Indies. On this last voyage he suffered a paralytic stroke, and died soon after reaching Havana.

ICEBERGS.

The first iceberg which we approached (July 2) was entirely inaccessible. Our commander, in whose estimate of distance and magnitude I have great confidence, made it nearly a mile in circumference. With the exception of one rugged corner, it was in shape a truncated wedge, and its surface a nearly horizontal plateau. The next presented a well-marked characteristic, which, as I observed it afterward in other examples, enabled me to follow the history of the berg throughout all its changes of equilibrium. It was a rectilinear groove at the water-line, hollowed out by the action of the waves. These grooves were seen in all the bergs which had remained long in one position. They were sometimes crested with fantastical serrations, and their tunnel-like roofs were often pendant with icicles. On a grounded berg the tides may be accurately gauged by these lines; and in the berg before me a number of them, converging to a point not unlike the rays of a fan, pointed clearly to those changes of equilibrium which had depressed one end and elevated the other.

A third was a monstrous ice-mountain, at least two hundred feet high, irregularly polyhedral in shape, and its surface diversified with hill and dale. Upon this one we landed. I had never appreciated before the glorious variety of iceberg scenery. The sea at the base of this berg was dashing into hollow caves of pure and intense ultramarine; and to leeward the quiet water lit the eye down to a long spindle-shaped root of milky whiteness, which seemed to dye the sea as it descended, until the blue and white were mixed in a pale turquoise. Above, and high enough to give an expression akin to sublimity, were bristling crags.

This was the first berg that I had visited. I was struck with its peculiar opacity, the result of its granulated structure. I had incidentally met with the remark of Professor Forbes, that "the floating icebergs of the Polar seas are for the most part of the nature of *nevé*;" and, while I was at a distance, had looked upon the substance of the mass before me as identical with the *firn* or consolidated snow of the Alpine glaciers. I now found cause to change this opinion. The ice of this berg, although opaque and vesicular, was true glacier-ice, having the fracture, lustre, and other external characters of a nearly homogeneous growth. The same authority, in speaking of these bergs, declares that "the occurrence of true ice is comparatively rare, and is justly dreaded by ships." From this impression, which was undoubtedly derived from the appearance of a berg at a distance, I am also compelled to dissent. The iceberg is true ice, and is always dreaded by ships. Indeed, though modified by climate, and especially by the alternation of day and night, the Polar glacier must be regarded as strictly atmospheric in its increments, and not essentially differing from the glaciers of the Alps. The general color of a berg I have before compared to frosted silver. But when its fractures are very extensive, the exposed faces have a very brilliant lustre. Nothing can be more exquisite than a fresh, cleanly fractured berg surface. It reminded me of the recent cleavage of sulphate of strontium—a resemblance the more striking from the slightly lazulitic tinge of each.

—*The Grinnell Expedition, Chap. VIII.*

PERPETUAL DAYLIGHT.

The perpetual daylight had continued up to this moment (August 18) with unabated glare. The sun had reached his north meridian altitude some days before, but the eye was hardly aware of the change. Midnight had a softened character, like the low summer's sun at home, but there was no twilight. At first the novelty of this unvarying day made it pleasing. It was curious to see the "midnight Arctic sun set into sunrise," and pleasant to find that, whether you ate or slept, or idled, or toiled, the same daylight was always there. No irksome night forced upon you its system of compulsory alternations. I could dine at midnight, sup at breakfast-time, and go to bed at noonday; and but for an apparatus of coils and cogs called a watch would have been no wiser and no worse.

My feeling was at first an extravagant sense of undefined relief—of some vague restraint removed. I seemed to have thrown off the slavery of hours. In fact, I could hardly realize its entirety. The astral lamps, standing dust-covered on our lockers, puzzled me as things obsolete and fanciful. But by and by came other feelings. The perpetual light, garish and unfluctuating, disturbed me. I became gradually aware of an unknown excitement, a stimulus acting constantly, like the diminutive of a strong cup of coffee. My sleep was curtailed and irregular; my meal-hours trod upon each other's heels; and but for stringent regulations of my own imposing my routine would have been completely broken up. I began to feel how admirable, as a systematic law, is the alternation of day and night—words that type the two great conditions of living nature—action and repose. To those who with daily labor earn the daily bread, how kindly the season of sleep! To the drone who, urged by the waning daylight, hastens the deferred task, how fortunate that his procrastination has not a six-months' morrow! To the brain-workers among men, the enthusiasts who bear irksomely the dark screen which falls upon their day-dreams, how benignant the dear night-blessing which enforces reluctant rest!—*The Grinnell Expedition, Chap. XIX.*

PERPETUAL DARKNESS.

Our men are hard at work preparing for the Christmas theatre—the arrangements exclusively their own. But to-morrow (December 22) is a day more welcome than Christmas—the solstitial day of greatest darkness, from which we may begin to date our returning light. It makes a man feel badly to see the faces around him bleaching into waxen paleness. Until to-day—as a looking-glass does not enter into an Arctic toilet—I thought I was the exception, and out of delicacy said nothing about it to my comrades. One of them, introducing the topic just now, told me, with an utter unconsciousness of his own ghastliness, that I was the palest of the party. So it is: “All men think all men,” etc. Why, the good fellow is as white as a cut potato.

In truth, we were all of us at this time undergoing changes unconsciously. The hazy obscurity of the nights we had gone through made them darker than the corresponding nights of Parry. The complexions of my comrades—and my own, too, as I found soon afterward—were toned down to a peculiar waxy paleness. Our eyes were more recessed, and strangely clear. Complaints of shortness of breath became general. Our appetite was most ludicrously changed. Ham-fat frozen, and sour-kraut swimming in olive-oil, were favorites; yet we were unconscious of any tendency toward the gross diet of the polar region. Things seemed to have changed their taste; and our inclination for food was at best very slight.

Worse than this, our complete solitude, combined with permanent darkness, began to affect our *morale*. Men became moping, testy, and imaginative. In the morning, dreams of the night—we could not help using the term—were narrated. Some had visited the naked shores of Cape Warrender, and returned laden with watermelons. Others had found Sir John Franklin in a beautiful grove lined by quintas and orange-trees. Even Brooks, our hard-fisted, unimaginative boatswain, told me, in confidence, of having heard three strange groans out upon the ice. He “thought it was a bear,

but could see nothing." In a word, the health of our little company was broken in upon. It required strenuous effort at washing, diet, and exercise to keep the scurvy at bay.—*The Grinnell Expedition, Chap. XXI.*

THE RETURNING SUN.

For some days the sun-clouds at the south had been changing their character. Their edges became better defined, their extremities dentated, their color deeper as well as warmer; and from the spaces between the lines of the stratus burst out a blaze of glory typical of the longed-for sun. He came at last. It was on the 29th of February. Going out on deck after breakfast at eight in the morning, I found the dawning far advanced. The whole vault was bedewed with the coming day; and except Capella the stars were gone. We were certain to see the sun after an absence of eighty-six days.

It had been arranged on board that all hands should give him three cheers for a greeting; but I was in no mood to join the sallow-visaged party. I took my gun, and walked over the ice about a mile away from the ship to a solitary spot where a big hummock almost hemmed me in, opening only to the south. There, Parsee-like, I drank in the rosy light, and watched the horns of the crescent extending themselves round toward the north. There was hardly a breath of wind, with the thermometer only -19° , and it was easy, therefore, to keep warm by walking gently up and down.

Very soon the deep crimson blush, lighting into a focus of incandescent white, showed me that the hour was close at hand. Mounting upon a crag, I saw the crew of the ship formed in line upon the ice. Then came the shout from the ship—three shouts—cheering the sun. And a few moments after, I fired my *salut*. The first indications of dawn to-day were at forty-five minutes past five. By seven the twilight was nearly sufficient to guide a walking-party over the floes. At nine the dark-lantern was doused. At a quarter-past eleven those on board had the first glimpse of the sun. At 5 P.M. we had the dim twilight of evening.—*The Grinnell Expedition, Chap. XXXIII.*



EMANUEL KANT.



KANT, IMMANUEL, a German philosopher, born at Königsberg, Prussia, April 22, 1724; died there, February 12, 1804. His father, who was of Scottish descent, was a saddler by trade. In 1740 he entered the University of Königsberg as a student of theology, but his first attempts at preaching were so unpromising that he gave up the idea of becoming a clergyman, and devoted himself to the study of mathematics and the physical sciences. In 1755, having been for about ten years a tutor in private families, he became an academical instructor, his inaugural theses being *On Fire*, and on the *First Principles of Metaphysical Science*. He delivered regular courses upon Physical Geography, Anthropology, Pedagogy, Natural Law, and the Philosophy of Religion, Ethics, Logic, and Mathematics. In 1764 he declined an offer of the professorship of poetry; but in 1770 (after having declined similar professorships at Jena and Erlangen) he accepted the position of Professor of Logic and Metaphysics at Königsberg, with a salary of \$300 a year. His inaugural dissertation, *De Mundi Sensibilis Atque Intelligibilis Forma et Principiis*, contains the germs of the metaphysical system which he slowly elaborated. But his great work, the *Kritik der reinen Vernunft* ("Criticism of the Pure Reason"), upon which he had been employed for eleven years, did not appear

until 1781, when he had reached the age of fifty-seven.

From this time until near the close of his life his literary activity was remarkable. The following are the titles of his principal works: *Prolegomena to Every Future System of Metaphysics Claiming to be a Science* (1783); *Foundation of the Metaphysics of Ethics* (1785); *Metaphysical Elements of Natural Science* (1786); a second edition, somewhat altered, of the *Criticism of the Pure Reason* (1787); *Criticism of the Practical Reason* (1788); *Religion Within the Bounds of Mere Reason*, a work which ultimately led to his withdrawal from the University (1788); *Metaphysical Elements of Law and Metaphysical Elements of Virtue* (1797); *The Strife of the Faculties and Anthropology in a Pragmatic Point of View* (1798).

It would be impossible in this place to attempt to set forth the metaphysical system of Kant, or to enumerate the whole library of works to which it has given rise in German, French, Italian, and English. The following extracts from Kant's works are in the translation of Frederick H. Hedge:

THE JUDGMENT AND THE UNDERSTANDING.

Judgment is the faculty of conceiving the Particular as contained in the Universal. When the Universal (the Rule, the Principle, the Law) is given, Judgment, which subordinates the Particular to it, is determinative. But where the Particular is given, for which the Universal is to be sought, it is merely reflective.

The determinative Judgment has only to subordinate particulars to the general transcendental laws furnished by the understanding; law is given *à priori*. But so

manifold are the forms in Nature, the modifications, as it were, of the general transcendental principles of Nature left undetermined by the laws furnished *à priori* by the pure Understanding (since these apply only to the possibility of Nature in general, as perceptible by the senses), that there must exist for them laws which indeed, as *empirical*, may be accidental to the view of our Understanding, but which, if they are to have the name of Laws (as the idea of Nature demands) must be considered as necessary, and as proceeding from a principle of unity among the manifold Particulars.

The reflective Judgment, whose province it is to ascend from the Particular in Nature to the Universal, is therefore in need of a principle—and this it cannot derive from Experience, since its very aim is to establish the unity of all empirical principles under principles higher—though likewise empirical—and this is to establish the possibility of a systematic subordination among them. Such a transcendental principle the reflective Judgment must therefore give to itself, and cannot take it from anything else (since it would then be determinative); nor yet impose it upon Nature, since all study of the laws of Nature must conform to Nature as something independent of the conditions of reflection.

Now, as the general laws of Nature have their foundation in the Understanding, the principle in question can be none other than this, that the particular empirical laws (as far as they are left indeterminate by general laws) are to be considered as so connected together as if Nature had been subjected to these also, by an Understanding (though not by ours), so as to render possible a System of Experience according to particular natural laws. Not as if such an Understanding must actually be postulated (for it is only the *reflective* and not the *determinative* Judgment that requires this idea as its principle), but the reflective faculty prescribes it as a law for itself, and not for Nature.

OF THE IDEAL OF BEAUTY.

As to Taste, there are no objective rules to determine what is beautiful. For all judgment from these sources is æsthetic—that is, subjective—feeling, and not a con-

ception of any object that determines it. To seek a Principle of Taste, which should give indefinite conceptions of a universal criterion of the Beautiful, is a fruitless endeavor, since what is sought is impossible and self-contradictory.

That this feeling (of pleasure or displeasure) shall be capable of being generally communicated—and this without any conception of the nature of the object; and the general approximate agreement of all nations in relation to this feeling as to certain objects, is the empirical though obscure criterion of Taste, scarcely reaching to conjecture, which, as so many examples show us, has a deep hidden foundation in the common nature of man, in the common principles of judgment as to the forms under which objects are presented to us.

Hence some products of Taste are considered as models; not as if Taste could be acquired by imitation—for Taste must be a faculty of the individual; but he who copies a model shows himself expert, as far as he copies correctly; but Taste involves the power of judging of the model itself. From this it follows that the highest model—the prototype of Taste—can only be an Idea, which everyone must awaken in himself.

An *Idea* is properly a conception of Reason. An *Ideal* is the image of something adequate to the *Idea*. Each such prototype of Taste rests upon the vague idea of a “maximum of Beauty;” but can be reached only by representation, and not by conceptions. It is therefore more properly an “Ideal,” than an “Idea” of Beauty; and this, though we may not possess it, yet we strive to produce within ourselves. But since it depends upon representation, and not upon conception, it is an Ideal of the Imagination only—the Imagination being the faculty of Representation. Now, how do we arrive at this Ideal of Beauty—*à priori* or by experience? and also, what kind of Beauty is capable of an Ideal?

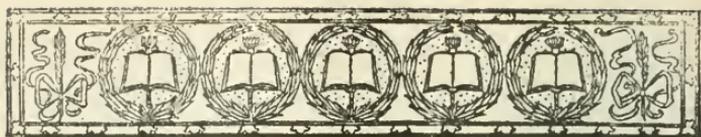
Man, as a being having the end of his existence within himself, and able to determine its aims by means of Reason—or, where he is obliged to take them from the outward world, yet able to compare them with fundamental and universal aims, and to form an æsthetic judgment from comparison—Man alone can present an Ideal of

Beauty ; in like manner as Humanity alone, among all earthly things, can afford an Ideal of perfection in him as Intelligence. The ideal of the human form consists in the expression of the moral nature, without which it cannot afford a universal and *positive* pleasure, as distinguished from the merely negative satisfaction of an academically correct representation.

The correctness of such an Ideal of Beauty is tested in this ; that it permits no intermixture of sensuous satisfaction with the pleasure derived from the object, and yet excites a strong interest in it.

The Understanding alone gives the law. But if the Imagination is compelled to proceed according to a definite law, the product will be determined as to its Form according to certain conceptions of the perfection of the thing ; and in this case the pleasure will not be owing to Beauty, but to Goodness (to Perfection, though mere formal Perfection), and the judgment will be no æsthetic judgment. It is thus a normal regularity without law ; a subjective harmony of the Imagination and the Understanding, without any objective harmony (wherein the Notion is referred to a previous conception of the object) ; and it is thus alone that the freedom and the regularity of the Understanding can co-exist with the peculiar nature of an æsthetic judgment.





KARAMZIN, NIKOLAI MIKHAILOVITCH, a Russian historian and poet, born at Mikhailovka, Orenburg, December 1, 1765; died near St. Petersburg, June 3, 1826. After studying at Moscow and St. Petersburg, and visiting Central and Western Europe, he published his *Letters of a Russian Traveller*, first (1791-92) in the *Moscow Journal*, which he edited then in six volumes (1797-1801). Sundry tales followed, as *Poor Liza*, *Natalia the Boyar's Daughter*, and *Marfa the Posadnitsa of Novgorod*, which are still popular in Russia. He published two miscellanies, *Aglaia* (1794-95) and *The Aonides* (1797), compiled from foreign authors *The Pantheon* (1798), and edited *The European Messenger* (1822-23). *My Trifles* is a collection of his lighter pieces. Appointed historiographer by the Tzar in 1803, he gave himself up to study and lived in retirement. In 1816 he removed to St. Petersburg, where he enjoyed the favor of Alexander I., who was interested in the progress of his history. He lived to carry it to the eleventh volume, A.D. 1813. It began to appear in 1818, and met with immediate success. Karamzin glorifies the rough Russian annals, and his sentiments are so conservative that the book has been called the "epic of despotism." It has been translated into French, modern Greek, and other languages, but not into English. As a novelist Karamzin was of the sen-

timental school then everywhere prevalent; as a lyric poet he is rather graceful than eminent. He was the introducer of reviews and essays in Russia.

SONG OF THE GOOD TZAR.

Russia had a noble Tzar,
Sovereign honored wide and far;
He a father's love enjoyed,
He a father's power employed.

And he sought his children's bliss,
And their happiness was his;
Left for them his golden halls,
Left for them his palace walls.

He, a wanderer for them,
Left his royal diadem;
Staff and knapsack all his treasure,
Toil and danger all his pleasure.

Wherefore hath he journeyed forth
From his glorious, sceptred North?
Flying pride, and pomp, and power;
Suffering heat, and cold, and shower.

Why? because this noble King
Light and truth and bliss might bring,
Spread intelligence, power,
Knowledge, out on Russia's shore.

He would guide by wisdom's ray
All his subjects in their way,
And while beams of glory giving,
Teach them all the arts of living.

Oh, thou noble King and Tzar!
Earth ne'er saw so bright a star.
Tell me, have ye ever found
Such a Prince the world around?

EPIGRAM.

He managed to live a long life through,
 If breathing be living ;—but where he was bound,
And why he was born, not asked nor knew,—
 Oh, why was **he** here to cumber the ground ?

AUTUMN.

The dry leaves are falling ;
 The cold breeze above
Has stript of its glories
 The sorrowing grove.

The hills are all weeping,
 The field is a waste,
The songs of the forest
 Are silent and past ;

And the songsters are vanished,
 In armies they fly
To a clime more benignant,
 A friendlier sky.

The thick mists are veiling
 The valley in white ;
With the smoke of the village
 They blend in their flight.

And lo ! on the mountain
 The wanderer stands,
And sees the pale Autumn
 Pervading the lands.

Thou sorrowful wanderer,
 Sigh not, nor weep :
For Nature, though shrouded,
 Will wake from her sleep.

The Spring, proudly smiling,
 Shall all things revive,
And gay bridal garments
 Of splendor shall give.

But man's chilling Winter
 Is darksome and dim,
 For no second Springtime
 E'er dawns upon him,

The gloom of his coming
 Time dissipates never ;
 His sun when departed
 Is vanished forever.

THE GRAVE.

First Voice. How frightful the grave ! how deserted
 and drear !
 With the howls of the storm-wind, the creaks of the
 bier,
 And the white bones all clattering together !

Second Voice. How peaceful the grave ! its quiet how
 deep !
 Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep,
 And flow'rets perfume it with ether.

First Voice. There riots the blood-crested worm on
 the dead,
 And the yellow skull serves the foul toad for a bed,
 And snakes in its nettle-weeds hiss.

Second Voice. How lovely, how sweet the repose of the
 tomb !
 No tempests are there :—but the nightingales come
 And sing their sweet chorus of bliss.

First Voice. The ravens of night flap their wings o'er
 the grave :
 'Tis the vulture's abode, 'tis the wolf's dreary cave,
 Where they tear up the earth with their fangs.

Second Voice. There the coney at evening disports with
 his love,
 Or rests on the sod, while the turtles above
 Repose on the bough that o'erhangs.

First Voice. There darkness and dampness with poisonous breath
And loathsome decay fill the dwelling of death ;
The trees are all barren and bare !

Second Voice. O soft are the breezes that play round
the tomb,
And sweet with the violet's wafted perfume,
With lilies and jessamines fair.

First Voice. The pilgrim who reaches this valley of
tears
Would fain hurry by, and with trembling and fears
He is launched on the wreck-covered river.

Second Voice. The traveller outworn with life's pilgrimage dreary
Lays down his rude staff, like one that is weary,
And sweetly reposes forever.

—*Translation of* JOHN BOWRING.





John Keats.



KEATS, JOHN, a celebrated English poet, born in London, October 29, 1795; died in Rome, February 23, 1821. His father, the proprietor of a livery-stable, died when his son was nine years of age, leaving a moderate competence to his family. The lad and his two brothers were sent to a good school at Edmonton, kept by the father of Charles Cowden Clarke. At fifteen he was removed from school, and apprenticed to a surgeon. He carried with him from school a little Latin, and apparently no Greek—a somewhat notable circumstance when taken in connection with the fact that his principal poems are imbued with the spirit of Grecian poesy. At the conclusion of his apprenticeship he went back to London to “walk the hospitals;” that is, to study surgery in a practical way. The profession was not suited to him, nor he for it. He had in the meantime become acquainted with Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Godwin, and other men of letters, and resolved to make literature his vocation. His first volume of poems, published in 1817, contained the *Epistles*, which appear in his collected *Works*. The poem *Endymion*, published in 1818, was sharply criticised in *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly Review*. A pulmonary disease set in, which was aggravated by private difficulties, and in 1820 he set out for Italy,

to try the effects of a warmer climate. Before leaving England he put forth a volume of poems which contained the fragmentary poems *Hyperion*, *Lamia*, *The Eve of St. Agnes*, *Isabella*, and several of the best of his smaller poems. He lingered for a while in Naples, and in Rome, where he died. A few days before his death he said that he "felt the daisies growing over him." He was buried in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome, and upon his tombstone was carved the inscription, dictated by himself: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." The *Life of Keats* has been written by several persons, notably by Richard Monckton Milnes, afterward Lord Houghton (1848), and lastly by Sidney Colvin (1887).

BEAUTY.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever :
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never
 Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathing.
 Therefore, on every morrow are we wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'erdarkened ways
 Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
 Trees, old and young, sprouting a shady boon
 For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils,
 With the green world they live in ; and the clear rills
 That for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms ;
 And such too, is the grandeur of the dooms

We have imagined for the mighty dead ;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read :
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

—*Endymion.*

HYMN TO PAN.

O hearkener to the loud-clapping shears,
 While ever and anon to his shorn peers
 A ram goes bleating : winder of the horn,
 When snouted wild-boars routing tender corn
 Anger our huntsmen : breather round our farms,
 To keep off mildews and all weather-harms :
 Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds,
 That come a-swooning over hollow grounds,
 And wither drearily on barren moors :
 Dread opener of the mysterious doors
 Leading to universal knowledge—see
 Great son of Dryopé,
 The many that are come to pay their vows,
 With leaves about their brows.

—*Endymion.*

SATURN.

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,
 Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
 Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
 Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
 Still as the silence round about his lair.
 Forest on forest hung about his head
 Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there ;
 Not so much life as on a summer's day
 Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
 But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
 A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
 By reason of his fallen divinity,
 Spreading a shade. The Naiad 'mid her reeds
 Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went,
 No farther than to where his feet had strayed,
 And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
 His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
 Unsceptred ; and his realmless eyes were closed ,

While his bowed head seemed listening to the Earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seemed no force could wake him from his place ;
But there came one who, with a kindred hand,
Touched his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a goddess of the infant world ;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height ; she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck ;
Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian Sphinx
Pedestalled haply in a palace court,
When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.
But oh ! how unlike marble was that face ;
How beautiful, if Sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun ;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder laboring up.
One hand she pressed upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain ;
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear,
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenor and deep organ tone :
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these-like accents ; O how frail
To that large utterance of the early gods !

—*Hyperion, Book I.*

OCEANUS.

So ended Saturn ; and the God of the Sea,
Sophist and sage, from no Athenian grove,
But cogitation in his watery shades,
Arose, with locks not oozy, and began,
In murmurs, which his first endeavoring tongue
Caught infant-like from the far-foamed sands :
“O ye, whom wrath consumes ! who, passion-stung

Writhe at defeat, and nurse your agonies ;
 Shut up your senses, stifle up your ears,
 My voice is not a bellows unto ire.
 Yet listen, ye who will, whilst I bring proof
 How ye, perforce, must be content to stoop ;
 And in the proof much comfort will I give,
 If ye will take that comfort in its truth.
 We fall by course of Nature's law, not force
 Of thunder nor of Jove. Great Saturn, thou
 Hast sifted well the atom-universe ;
 But for this reason that thou art the King,
 And only blind from sheer supremacy :
 One avenue was shaded from thine eyes
 Through which I wandered to eternal truth.
 And first, as thou wast not the first of powers,
 So art thou not the last ; it cannot be.
 Thou art not the beginning or the end.

" From Chaos and parental Darkness came
 Light, the first fruits of that intestine broil,
 That sullen ferment, which for wondrous ends
 Was ripening in itself. The ripe hour came,
 And with it Light ; and Light, engendering
 Upon its own producer, forthwith touched
 The whole enormous matter into life.
 Upon that very hour, our parentage,
 The Heavens and the Earth, were manifest :
 Then thou first-born, and we the giant race,
 Found ourselves ruling new and beauteous realms.

" Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain ;
 O folly ! for to bear all naked truths,
 And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
 That is the top of sovereignty. Mark well !
 As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer far
 Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs ;
 And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth,
 In form and shape compact and beautiful,
 In will, in action free, companionship,
 And thousand other signs of purer life ;
 So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
 A power more strong in beauty, born of us,
 And fated to excel us, as we pass
 In glory that old Darkness · nor are we

More conquered than by us the rule
Of shapeless Chaos.

“Say, doth the dull soil
Quarrel with the proud forests it hath fed,
And feedeth still, more comely than itself?
Can it deny the chieftdom of green groves?
Or shall the tree be envious of the dove
Because it cooeth, and hath snowy wings
To wander wherewithal and find its joys?—
We are such forest-trees, and our fair boughs
Have bred forth, not pale, solitary doves,
But eagles, golden-feathered, who do tower
Above us in their beauty, and must reign
In right thereof; for 'tis the eternal law
That first in beauty should be first in might.
Yea, by that law, another race may drive
Our conquerors to mourn as we do now.

“Have ye beheld the young God of the Seas,
My dispossessor? Have ye seen his face?
Have ye beheld his chariot, foamed along
By noble-winged creatures he hath made?
I saw him on the calmèd waters scud,
With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,
That it enforced me to bid sad farewell
To all my empire. Farewell sad I took,
And hither came to see how dolorous fate
Had wrought upon ye; and how I might best
Give consolation in this woe extreme.
Receive the truth, and let it be your balm.”

—*Hyperion, Book II.*

ODE TO A GRECIAN URN.

Thou still unravished bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempé or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone :
 Fair Youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss
 Though winning near the goal—yet do not grieve ;
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
 Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

Ah, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
 Your leaves or ever bid the Spring adieu ;
 And happy melodist, unwearied,
 Forever piping songs forever new :
 More happy love ! More happy, happy love !
 Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
 Forever panting, and forever young ;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
 A burning forehead and a parching tongue.

Who are those coming to the sacrifice ?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?
 What little town by river or sea-shore,
 Or mountain-built, with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn ?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be, and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed ;
 Thou silent form ! dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity. Cold pastoral !
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st :
 " Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

ON FIRST READING CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
 Round many Western Islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne :
 Yet never did I breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken ;
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak of Darien.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-ward had sunk :
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thy happiness
 That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of Summer in full-throated ease.

Oh, for a draught of vintage, that hath been
 Cooled a long time in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth !
 Oh, for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stainèd mouth ;
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou amongst the leaves hast never known,

The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despair ;
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
 Already with thee ! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Clustered around by all her starry Fays ;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding, mossy
 ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;
 White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine ;
 Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves ;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen, and for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme
 To take into the air my quiet breath ;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad,
 In such an ecstasy !—
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain !—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
 No hungry generations tread thee down ;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
 The same that oftentimes hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self
 Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fabled to do—deceiving elf.
 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades :
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
 Fled is the music :—do I wake or sleep ?

A FAIRY SONG.

Shed no tear ! Oh, shed no tear !
 The flower will bloom another year.
 Weep no more ! Oh, weep no more !
 Young birds sleep in the root's white core.
 Dry your eyes ! Oh, dry your eyes !
 For I was taught in Paradise
 To ease my breast of melodies—
 Shed no tear.

Overhead ! look overhead !
 'Mong the blossoms white and red—
 Look up, look up. I flutter now
 On this flush pomegranate bough.
 See me ! 'tis this silvery bill
 Ever cures the good man's ill.
 Shed no tear ! Oh, shed no tear !
 The flower will bloom another year.
 Adieu, adieu—I fly, adieu,
 I vanish in the heaven's blue—
 Adieu, adieu !

ODE TO AUTUMN.

Season of mists, and mellow fruitfulness!
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves
 run;

To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel-shells
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft within thy store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
 Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozyings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music, too,
 While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river shallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

BARDS OF PASSION AND OF MIRTH.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
 Ye have left your souls on earth!

Have ye souls in heaven, too,
 Double-lived in regions new ?
 Yes, and those of heaven commune
 With the spheres of sun and moon ;
 With the noise of fountains wondrous,
 With the parle of voices thunderous :
 With the whisper of heaven's trees,
 And one another, in soft ease
 Seated on Elysian lawns
 Browsed by none but Dian's fawns ;
 Underneath large blue-bells tented,
 Where the daisies are rose-scented,
 And the rose herself has got
 Perfume which on earth is not ;
 Where the nightingale doth sing
 Not a senseless trancèd thing,
 But divine melodious truth,
 Philosophic numbers smooth,
 Tales and golden histories
 Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
 On the earth ye live again ;
 And the souls ye left behind you
 Teach us here the way to find you,
 Where your other souls are joying,
 Never slumbered, never cloying.
 Here, your earth-born souls still speak
 To mortals of their little week ;
 Of their sorrows and delights ;
 Of their passions and their spites ;
 Of their glory and their shame,
 What doth strengthen and what maim :
 Thus ye teach us, every day,
 Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
 Ye have left your souls on earth !
 Ye have souls in heaven, too,
 Double-lived in regions new.



KEBLE, JOHN, an English clergyman and poet, born at Fairford, Gloucestershire, April 25, 1792; died at Bournemouth, Hampshire, March 27, 1866. He took his degree at Oriel College, Oxford, in 1810, receiving a "double first" in classics and mathematics, a distinction which had never been gained before except by Robert Peel, in 1808. He was ordained in 1815, and in 1823 resigned all his Oxford employments and accepted three small curacies, the united emoluments of which were less than £100 a year. In 1824 he declined an archdeanery in the West Indies, worth £2,000 a year; and in 1825 accepted the curacy of Hursley, becoming Vicar of the parish in 1839. In 1832 he was made Professor of Poetry at Oxford, holding that position for two terms of five years each, with an interval between them. His *Prælectiones Academica*, in Latin, were published in 1832-40. His sermon, "The National Apostacy," preached by appointment at Oxford in 1833, is characterized by Dr. Newman as "the start of the religious movement" of that time. He was also the author of several of the famous "Tracts for the Times." He edited and annotated *The Complete Works of Richard Hooker* (4 vols., 1836); and in 1838, in conjunction with Newman and Pusey, began the editing of the *Library of the Fathers*, a collection extending to some forty volumes. His poetical

works, upon which his reputation mainly rests, comprise *The Christian Year* (1827, 100th edition, 1865); *The Child's Christian Year* (4th edition, 1841); *The Psalter, in English Verse* (1839); *Lyra Innocentium* (1846), and a volume of *Posthumous Poems*. The *Life of Keble* has been written by Chief-Justice Sir John Taylor Coleridge (1868).

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

(*The Christian Inheritance.*)

See Lucifer like lightning fall,
 Dashed from his throne of pride ;
 While, answering Thy victorious call,
 The Saints his spoils divide ;
 This world of Thine, by him usurped too long,
 Now opening all her stores to heal Thy servants' wrong.

So when the first-born of Thy foes
 Dead in the darkness lay,
 When Thy redeemed at midnight rose
 And cast their bonds away,
 The orphaned realm threw wide her gates and told
 Into freed Israel's lap her jewels and her gold.

And when their wondrous march was o'er,
 And they had won their homes,
 Where Abraham fed his flocks of yore,
 Among their fathers' tombs ;—
 A land that drinks the rain of Heaven at will,
 Whose waters kiss the feet of many a vine-clad hill :—

Oft as they watched, at thoughtful eve,
 A gale from bowers of balm
 Sweep o'er the billowy corn, and heave
 The tresses of the palm,
 Just as the lingering Sun had touched with gold,
 Far o'er the cedar shade, some tower of giants old.

It was a fearful joy, I ween,
 To trace the Heathen's toil—

The limpid wells, the orchards green,
 Left ready for the spoil,
 The household stores untouched, the roses bright
 Wreathed o'er the cottage-walls in garlands of delight.

And now another Canaan yields
 To Thine all-conquering Ark ;—
 Fly from the "old poetic" fields,
 Ye Paynim shadows dark !
 Immortal Greece, dear land of glorious lays,
 Lo ! here the "unknown God" of thy unconscious
 praise !

The olive-wreath, the ivied wand,
 "The sword in myrtles drest,"
 Each legend of the shadowy strand
 Now wakes a vision blest ;
 As little children lisp, and tell of Heaven,
 So thoughts beyond their thought to those high bards
 were given.

And these are ours ; Thy partial grace
 The tempting treasure lends :
 These relics of a guilty race
 Are forfeit to Thy friends ;
 What seemed an idol hymn now breathes of Thee,
 Tuned by Faith's ear to some celestial melody.

There's not a strain to Memory dear,
 Nor flower in classic grove ;
 There's not a sweet note warbled here,
 But minds us of Thy love ;
 O Lord, our Lord, and spoiler of our foes,
 There is no light but Thine ; with Thee all beauty
 glows.

—*The Christian Year.*

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

(*Balaam's Prophecy.*)

Oh, for a sculptor's hand,
 That thou might'st take thy stand,

Thy wild hair floating on the eastern breeze,
 Thy tranced yet open gaze
 Fixed on the desert haze,
 As one who deep in heaven some airy pageant sees.

In outline dim and vast
 The fearful shadows cast
 The giant forms of empires on their way
 To ruin : one by one
 They tower, and they are gone,
 Yet in the Prophet's soul the dreams of avarice stay.

No sun or star so bright,
 In all the world of light,
 That they should draw to heaven his downward eye :
 He hears the Almighty's word,
 He sees the angel's sword,
 Yet low upon the earth his heart and treasures lie.

Lo ! from yon argent field,
 To him and us revealed,
 One gentle star glides down, on earth to dwell :
 Chained as they are below,
 Our eyes may see it glow,
 And as it mounts again, may track its brightness well.

To him it glared afar,
 A token of wild war,
 The banner of his Lord's victorious wrath :
 But close to us it gleams,
 Its soothing lustre streams
 Around our home's green walls, and on our church-way
 path.

We in the tents abide
 Which he at distance eyed,
 Like distant cedars by the waters spread ;
 While seven red altar-fires
 Rose up in wavy spires,
 Where on the mount he watches his sorceries dark and
 dread.

He watched till morning's ray
 On lake and meadow lay,
 And willow-shaded streams, that silent sweep
 Around the bannered lines,
 Where by their several signs
 The desert-wearied tribes in sight of Canaan sleep.

He watched till knowledge came
 Upon his soul like flame,
 Not of those magic fires at random caught :
 But true Prophetic light
 Flashed o'er him, high and bright,
 Flashed once, and died away, and left his darkened
 thought.

And can he choose but fear,
 Who feels his God so near,
 That when he fain would curse, his powerless tongue
 In blessing only moves ?—
 Alas ! the world he loves
 Too close around his heart her tangling veil hath flung.

Sceptre and Star divine,
 Who in Thine inmost shrine
 Hast made us worshippers, O claim Thine own ;
 More than thy seers we know :—
 O teach our love to grow
 Up to Thy heavenly light, and reap what Thou hast
 sown.

—*The Christian Year.*

THE WATERFALL.

Mark how a thousand streams in one—
 One in a thousand, on they fare—
 Now flashing in the sun,
 Now still as beast in lair.

Now round the rock, now mounting o'er,
 In lawless dance they win their way,
 Still seeming more and more
 To swell as we survey.

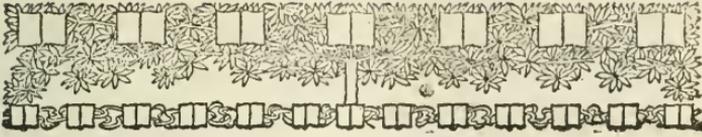
They rush and roar, they whirl and leap,
Not wilder drives the winter storm ;
Yet a strong law they keep,
Strange powers their course inform.

Even so the mighty, sky-born stream :
Its living waters, from above,
All marred and broken seem,
No union and no love.

Yet in dim caves they softly blend
In dreams of mortals unespied :
One is their awful end,
One their unfailing Guide.

—*Lyra Innocentium.*





KELLER, GOTTFRIED, a Swiss novelist and poet, born at Glattfelden, near Zurich, July 19, 1819; died July 15, 1890. He studied painting at Vienna, but abandoned art for literature. He was State Secretary for his native canton from 1861 to 1876; after which he gave himself up entirely to his literary work. His fame as an author rests upon the romantic *Der Grüne Heinrich* (1854): *Die Leute von Seldwyle* (1856), a collection of short tales, of which some, as *Romeo und Juliet auf dem Dorf*, *Kleider machen Leute*, and *Der Schmied seines Glückes*, are excellently told; the humoristic *Sieben Legenden* (1872); *Züricher Novellen* (1878); a volume of *Gesammelte Gedichte* (1883), and the romance *Martin Salander* (1886). Keller has a warm and fertile imagination, a rich humor, and true poetic feeling; he excels in delineation of Swiss characters. *Die Leute von Seldwyle* ("The People of Seldwyle"), from which the following extract is taken, first made the fame of its author; for his earlier work was of such a peculiar character that at first it had not been appreciated. Seldwyle is an imaginary typical Swiss town, nestling in a sunny valley between forests and mountains, having its old fortifications, and knowing nothing of modern "progress." Perhaps the best story in this collection is the one entitled *Kleider machen Leute*—"It is the clothes that make the people."

THE SLEIGHING PROCESSION.

Out of a sweet-smelling wood covered with hoarfrost there burst a medley of gay colors and forms that proved to be a sleighing procession. They were mostly large peasants' carrying sledges, bound two and two together to serve a basis for extraordinary representations and pictures. On the foremost sledge towered an enormous figure, representing the Goddess Fortuna, who seemed to be flying into space. It was a gigantic straw doll covered with glittering spangles, whose gauze garments fluttered in the air. On the second carriage rode an equally gigantic goat, looking black and gloomy, and pursuing Fortuna with bent horns. This was followed by an enormous erection, which represented a tailor's goose fifteen feet high; then came an immense pair of scissors which was opened and shut by means of a string, and seemed to regard the sky as blue silk material for a waistcoat. At the feet of these emblems sat, on the roomy sledges drawn by four horses, the Seldwyler company in the gayest of costumes, amid both laughter and singing. The foremost sledge bore the inscription, "MEN MAKE CLOTHES;" and, so it was that its inmates represented tailors of all nations and ages. In the last sledge, bearing the inscription "CLOTHES MAKE MEN," sat, as the work of the tailors who had driven on before, venerable emperors and kings, counsellors and generals, prelates and abbesses, all in the greatest solemnity.

The tailor-groups entered, one after another. Each of them represented in dumb show the motto, "MEN MAKE CLOTHES," as well as its converse, by appearing most industriously to make some article of clothing, and then dressing some shabby person in it, who, suddenly transformed, received the highest regard and stepped along solemnly to the sound of music. The fables were also represented in a similar manner. An enormous crow appeared, decked itself with peacock's feathers, and hopped about croaking; a wolf who cut out a sheepskin for himself; and last of all, a donkey carrying a terrible lion's skin made of tow, with which he draped himself heroically, as with a cabanaro's cloak.—*From Kleider machen Leute.*



KELLGREN, JOHAN HENRIK, a Swedish poet and critic, born at Floby, West Gothland, December 1, 1751; died in Stockholm, April 20, 1795. He took his first degree at the University of Abo in 1772, and in 1777 became tutor in the family of a nobleman of Stockholm. In the following year, in conjunction with Lenngren, he established the *Stockholms Posten*, a weekly literary journal, and became a favorite with the King and Court. He contributed liberally to his journal, and was made private librarian to Gustavus III. in 1780, and private secretary to the King in 1785. The next year the Swedish Academy was established, and Kellgren was appointed one of its first members. His early literary models were selected from the school of Voltaire, but in late life he realized the value of Goethe and Shakespeare. A strong satirical tendency marks his writings, and in his *Nyt Försök til Orimnad vers*, directed at Thorild, he sneers at the "ravings of Shakespeare" and the "convulsions of Goethe."

He published several dramatic pieces, among which are *Gustav Vasa*, *Christine*, and *Gustav-Adolf och Ebba Brahé*, which were the joint work of Kellgren and Gustavus III. But his reputation in Swedish literature rests mainly upon his *Satires* and *Lyrical Poems*. The best productions of his later years are the satire *Ljusets Fiender*, the

comic poem *Dumbom Lefverne*, the patriotic *Kantat d. 1 January, 1789*, and the beautiful song *Nya Skapelsen*.

Kellgren became in his later years a worthy exponent of earnest, moral feeling and wide human sympathy in his felicitous and melodious verse.

FOLLY NO PROOF OF GENIUS.

I grant 'tis oft of greatest men the lot
 To stumble now and then, or darkly grope ;
 Extremes forever border on a blot,
 And loftiest mountains' sides abruptest slope.

Mortals, observe what ills on Genius wait !
 Now God, now worm !—Why fallen ?—a dizzy head,
 The energy that lifts thee to heaven's gate,
 What is it but a hair, a distaff's thread ?

He who o'er twenty centuries, twenty climes,
 Has reigned—whom all will first of poets vote—
 E'en our good father Homer, nods at times—
 So Horace says.—(Your pardon, but I quote.)

Thou, Eden's bard, next claimest Genius's throne :
 But is the tale of Satan, Death, and Sin,
 Of Heaven's artillery, the poet's tone ?—
 More like street-drunkard's prate, inspired by gin.

Is madness only amongst poets found ?
 Grows folly but on literature's tree ?
 No ! Wisdom's self is to fixed limits bound,
 And, passing those, resembles idiocy.

He who the planetary laws could scan,
 Dissected light, and numbers' mystic force
 Explored, to Bedlam once that wondrous man
 Rode on the Apocalypse's mouse-colored horse.

Thou whose stern precepts against sophists hurled,
 Taught that to Truth Doubt only leads the mind,
 Thy law forgot'st—and in a vortex whirled,
 Thou wanderest, as a Mesmer, mad and blind.

But though some spots bedim the star of day,
 The moon, despite her spots, remains the moon;
 And though great Newton once delirious lay,
 Swedenborg's nothing but a crazy loon.

Fond dunces ! ye who claim to be inspired,
 In letters and philosophy unversed,
 Who deem the Poet's fame may be acquired
 By faults with which great poets have been cursed !

Ye Swedenborgian, Rosicrucian schools,
 Ye number-pickers, ye physiognomists,
 Ye dream-expounding, treasure-seeking fools,
 Alchemists, magnetizers, cabalists—

Ye're wrong : though error to the wisest clings,
 And judgments, perfect here, may there be shaken,
 That Genius, therefore out of Madness springs,
 When ye assert, ye're deucedly mistaken.

Vain reasoning !—all would easily succeed.
 Was Pope deformed, were Milton, Homer, blind ?
 To be their very likeness what would need
 But just to crook the back, the eyes to blind ?

But leave we jest ;—weak weapon jest, in sooth,
 When Justice and Religion bleeding lie,
 Society disordered, and 'gainst Truth
 Error dares strike, upheld by Treachery.

Arouse thee, Muse ! snatch from the murderer
 His dagger, plunging it in his vile breast !
 By Nature thou Reason's interpreter
 Wast meant ; obey—and nobly—her behest !

Manheim ! so named from older Manhood's sense,
 And older Manhood's force, from Error's wave
 What haven shelters thee ? Some few years hence
 On spacious Bedlam shall the Baltic lave.

Virtue from light and Vice from folly spring ;
 To sin 'gainst Wisdom's precept is high treason
 Against the majesty of Man and Kings !
 Fanaticism leads on Rebellion's season.

Pardon, my Liege, the venturous honesty
That swells the poet's breast, and utterance craves !
The enthusiast for thy fame must blush to see
Thy sceptre raised to favor fools or slaves.

But you who to his eyes obscure the light,
What is't you seek ? what recompense higher prized ?
I see it—O Fame ! all, all confess thy might,
And even fools would be immortalized.

Ye shall be so ! Your brows and mind await
A thistle and a laurel crown. To thee,
Posterity, their names I dedicate,
Thy laughing-stock to all eternity.

—*Translation in Foreign Quarterly Review.*





KEMPIS, THOMAS À, a German devotional writer, born at Kempen, near Cologne, about 1380; died at the monastery of Mount St. Agnes, near Zwolle, in The Netherlands, July 25, 1471. The name by which he is known comes from his birth-place, the family name being Hammerkin, "Little Hammer" (Lat. *Malleolus*, as he is sometimes called). At the age of thirteen he entered the school of "The Brothers of the Common Life" at Deventer. In 1400 he began his novitiate at the monastery of Mount St. Agnes; was ordered priest in 1413; and in 1425 was elected sub-prior of the monastery, having in charge the spiritual direction of the novices. In 1429 he and his brethren were forced to migrate to Lunekerke, in Friesland. They returned to Mount St. Agnes in 1432, when Brother Thomas was made treasurer of the monastery. In 1448 he was again chosen sub-prior, and held that post as long as he lived. He was a voluminous writer. A complete edition of his works, in Latin, was printed at Antwerp (third edition in 1615), and a translation into German by Silbert was published at Vienna in 1834. *De Imitatione Christi* has been attributed to several persons, notably to John Gerson, Chancellor of the University of Paris (1363-1429); but it is almost universally accepted as the work of the monk of Mount St. Agnes. *De Imitatione*

Christi is probably the most popular work of its kind ever written, not even excepting Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. It has been translated into every civilized language, including Hebrew. There are more than sixty versions into French, and in the library of Cologne are not less than five hundred editions published within the present century. A polyglot edition, in seven languages—Latin, Italian, Spanish, French, German, English, and Greek, was published at Sulzbach in 1837. It is divided into four books, entitled, respectively, "Admonitions Useful for a Spiritual Life," "Admonitions Tending to Things Internal," "Of Internal Consolations," and "Concerning the Sacrament;" each book being subdivided into from twelve to sixty short chapters.

ON THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.

"He that followeth Me walketh not in darkness," saith the Lord. These are the words of Christ, by which we are admonished how we ought to imitate His life and manners if we will be truly enlightened, and delivered from all blindness of heart. Let, therefore, our chiefest endeavor be to meditate upon the life of Jesus Christ. The doctrine of Christ exceedeth all the doctrines of holy men; and he that hath the spirit will find therein a hidden manna. But it faileth out that many who often hear the gospel of Christ are yet but little affected, because they are void of the spirit of Christ.

But whosoever would fully and feelingly understand the words of Christ must endeavor to conform his life wholly to the life of Christ. What will it avail thee to dispute profoundly of the Trinity if thou be void of humility, and art thereby displeasing to the Trinity? Surely high words do not make man lofty and just; but a virtuous life maketh him dear to God. I had

rather feel compunction than understand the definition thereof. If thou didst know the whole Bible by heart, and the sayings of all the philosophers, what would all that profit thee without the love of God, and without grace?—*De Imitatione, Book I., Chap. 1.*

OF OBEDIENCE AND SUBJECTION.

It is a great matter to live in obedience, to be under a superior, and not to be at our own disposing. It is much safer to obey than to govern. Many live under obedience rather for necessity than for charity; such are discontented, and do easily repine and murmur. Neither can they attain to freedom of mind unless they willingly and heartily put themselves under obedience, for the love of God. Go whither thou wilt, thou shalt find no rest but in humble subjection under the government of a superior. The imagination and change of place have deceived many. True it is that everyone willingly doth that which agreeth with his own sense and liking; and is apt to affect those most that are of his own mind.

But if God be among us, we must sometimes cease to adhere to our own opinion for the sake of peace. Who is so wise that he can fully know all things? Be not therefore too confident in thine own opinion, but be willing to hear the judgment of others. If that which thou thinkest be not amiss, and yet thou partest with it for God, and followest the opinion of another, it shall be better for thee. I have often heard that it is safer to hear and take counsel than to give it. It may also fall out that each one's opinion may be good; but to refuse to yield to others, when reason or a special cause requireth it, is a sign of pride and stiffness.—*De Imitatione, Book I., Chap. 9.*

THE LOVE OF SOLITUDE AND SILENCE.

Seek a convenient time to retire into thyself; and meditate often upon God's loving kindnesses. Meddle not with curiosities; but read such things as may rather yield compunction to thy heart than occupation to thy head. If thou withdraw thyself from speaking vainly

and from gadding idly, as also from hearkening after novelties and rumors, thou shalt find leisure enough and suitable for meditation on good things.

The greatest saints avoided the society of men when they could conveniently, and did rather choose to live to God in secret. One said: "As oft as I have been among men, I returned home less a man than I was before." And this we find true when we talk long together. It is easier not to speak a word at all than not to speak more words than we should. He therefore that intends to attain to the more inward and spiritual things of religion must, with Jesus, depart from the multitude and press of people.

No man doth safely appear abroad but he who gladly can abide at home, out of sight. No man speaks securely but he that holds his peace willingly. No man ruleth safely but he that is willingly ruled. No man securely doth command but he that hath learned readily to obey. No man rejoiceth securely unless he hath within him the testimony of a good conscience.—*De Imitatione, Book I., Chap. 20.*

OF THE INWARD LIFE.

"The Kingdom of God is within you," saith the Lord. Turn thee with thy whole heart unto the Lord, and forsake this wretched world, and thy soul shall find rest. Learn to despise outward things, and give thyself to things inward, and thou shalt perceive the Kingdom of God to come in thee. "For the Kingdom of God is peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," which is not given to the unholy. Christ will come unto thee, and show thee His consolations, if thou prepare for Him a worthy mansion within thee. All his glory and beauty is from within, and there He delighteth himself. The inward man He often visiteth, and hath with Him sweet discourses, pleasant solace, much peace, familiarity exceedingly wonderful.—*De Imitatione, Book II., Chap. 2.*

OF THE CONSIDERATION OF ONE'S SELF.

We cannot trust much to ourselves, because grace oftentimes is wanting to us, and understanding also. There

is but little light in us, and that which we have we quickly lose by our negligence. Oftentimes, too, we do not perceive our own inward blindness. We often do evil, and excuse it worse. We are sometimes moved with passion, and we think it to be zeal. We reprehend small things in others, and pass over greater matters in ourselves. We quickly enough feel what we suffer at the hands of others ; but we mind not what others suffer from us.

He that doth well and rightly consider his own works, will find little cause to judge harshly of another. The inward Christian preferreth the care of himself before all other cares ; and he that diligently attendeth unto himself doth seldom speak much of others. Thou wilt never be so inwardly religious unless thou pass over other men's matters with silence, and look especially unto thyself. If thou attend wholly unto God and thyself, thou wilt be but little moved with whatsoever thou seest abroad. Where art thou when thou art not with thyself ? and when thou hast run over all, what hast thou then profited if thou hast neglected thyself ? If thou desirest peace of mind and true unity of purpose, thou must put all things behind thee, and look only upon thyself. Thou shalt then make great progress if thou keep thyself free from all temporal care ; thou shalt greatly decrease if thou esteem anything temporal as of value. Let nothing be great unto thee, nothing high, nothing pleasing, nothing acceptable, but only God himself, or that which is of God ; esteem all comfort vain which thou receivest from any creature. A soul that loveth God despiseth all things that are inferior unto God. God alone is everlasting, and of infinite greatness, filling all creatures, the soul's solace and the true joy of the heart.—*De Imitatione, Book II., Chap. 3.*





KEN, THOMAS, an English divine and hymn-writer, born at Little Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, in July, 1637; died at Longleat, Wiltshire, March 19, 1711. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford; took Holy Orders; held various ecclesiastical positions, and became chaplain to Charles II., who, in 1684, made him Bishop of Bath and Wells. After the accession of James II. he refused to read in his church the Declaration of Indulgence issued by that monarch, and was with six other bishops committed to the Tower for contumacy. Upon the accession of William III., in 1688, Ken refused to take the oath of allegiance to the new sovereign and was deprived of his bishopric. He had saved about £700, for which Lord Weymouth gave him an annuity of £80, with a residence at his mansion of Longleat, in Wiltshire. Ken was a voluminous writer, both in prose and verse, mainly upon devotional themes. Ten years after his death was published a collection of his poems, in four volumes; and an edition of his prose writings was issued in 1838. His *Life* has been written by Hawkins (1713), and by George L. Duyckinck (1859). Many of his *Hymns*—usually abridged and sometimes considerably altered—find place in various hymnals; and that “his morning and evening hymns are still repeated daily in thousands of

dwelling," is the testimony of Macaulay, the historian, to his lasting influence. And Queen Anne, on her accession to the throne of England, in 1703, marked her appreciation of his worth by granting him a comfortable pension.

AN EVENING HYMN.

All praise to Thee, My God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light !
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may,
Triumphing, rise at the last day.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Dull sleep ! of sense me to deprive !
I am but half my time alive ;
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved
To live so long of Thee bereaved.

But though sleep o'er my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains ;
And now and then let loose my heart,
Till it a Hallelujah dart.

The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfettered are our minds.
Oh, may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see !

Oh, may my Guardian, while I sleep,
 Close to my bed his vigils keep,
 His love angelical instil,
 Stop all the avenues of ill.

May He celestial joys rehearse,
 And thought to thought with me converse ;
 Or, in my stead, all the night long,
 Sing to my God a graceful song.

Oh, when shall I, in endless day,
 Forever chase dark sleep away,
 And hymns divine with angels sing,
 Glory to Thee, eternal King !

A MORNING HYMN.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily course of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
 To pay the morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy misspent time that's past ;
 Live this day as if 'twere thy last ;
 To improve thy talents take due care ;
 'Gainst the Great Day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience as the noonday clear ;
 Think how the all-seeing God thy ways
 And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part ;
 Who all night long unwearied sing,
 "Glory to Thee, eternal King !"

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir ;
 May your devotion me inspire ;
 That I, like you, my age may spend,
 Like you may on my God attend.

Glory to thee, who safe has kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day
All I design, or do, or say :
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, angelic host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.





KENNAN, GEORGE, an American traveller and descriptive writer, born at Norwalk, Ohio, February 16, 1845. His education was derived from the public schools, and he early supported himself as a telegraph operator. In that capacity he went to Kamtchatka at the end of 1864, and for three years was engaged in exploring northeastern Siberia, and locating a route for the proposed Russo-American telegraph line from the Okhotsk Sea to Behring Strait. These experiences he described in *Tent Life in Siberia and Adventures Among the Koraks* (1870). He came home in 1868, but undertook an exploration of the Caucasus in 1870-71, crossing the great range thrice. In 1885 the *Century* Company sent him again to Russia and Siberia to investigate the exile system. In a journey of 15,000 miles he visited the prisons and mines between the Ural and the Amoor River. Beginning his task with sympathies leaning toward the government and against the revolutionists, he found occasion to change this view. The publication of his articles on *Siberia and the Exile System*, in the *Century Magazine*, 1887-90, and in book form in 1891, has proved an event of more than literary importance. Besides drawing wide attention and deep interest in English-speaking countries, they have been translated into several foreign languages, and have appeared as serials in the organ of the Russian Liberals at Geneva.

EXILE BY ADMINISTRATIVE PROCESS.

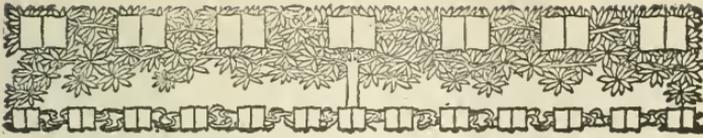
Exile by administrative process means the banishment of an obnoxious person from one part of the empire to another without the observance of any of the legal formalities that, in most civilized countries, precede or attend deprivation of rights and the infliction of punishment. The person so banished may not be guilty of any crime, and may not have rendered himself amenable in any way to any law of the state; but if, in the opinion of the local authorities, his presence in a particular place is "prejudicial to social order," he may be arrested without a warrant, and, with the concurrence of the Minister of the Interior, may be removed forcibly to any other place within the limits of the empire, and there be put under police surveillance for a period of five years. He may, or may not, be informed of the reasons for this summary proceeding, but in either case he is perfectly helpless. He cannot examine the witnesses upon whose testimony his presence is declared to be prejudicial to social order. He cannot summon friends to prove his loyalty and good character without great risk of bringing upon them the same calamity which has befallen him. He has no right to demand a trial, or even a hearing. He cannot sue out a writ of habeas corpus. He cannot appeal to the public through the press. He is literally and absolutely without any means whatever of self-protection. . . .

A young student, called Vladimir Sidorski (I use a fictitious name), was arrested by mistake instead of another and a different Sidorski, named Victor, whose presence in Moscow was regarded by somebody as "prejudicial to social order." Vladimir protested that he was not Victor, that he did not know Victor, and that his arrest in the place of Victor was the result of a stupid blunder; but his protestations were of no avail. The police were too much occupied in unearthing "conspiracies" and looking after "untrustworthy" people to devote any time to a troublesome verification of an insignificant student's identity. There must have been something wrong about him, they argued, or he would

not have been arrested, and the safest thing to do with him was to send him to Siberia—and to Siberia he was sent. When the convoy officer called the roll of the outgoing exile party, Vladimir Sidorski failed to answer to Victor Sidorski's name, and the officer, with a curse, cried, "Victor Sidorski! why don't you answer to your name?" "It's not my name," replied Vladimir, "and I won't answer to it. It's another Sidorski who ought to be going to Siberia." "What is your name, then?" Vladimir told him. The officer coolly erased the name "Victor," in the roll of the party, inserted the name "Vladimir," and remarked cynically, "It doesn't make a —— bit of difference!"

EXILE SUFFERINGS.

In the city of Tomsk we began to feel for the first time the nervous strain caused by the sight of remediless human misery, and it was harder to bear than cold, hunger, or fatigue. One cannot witness unmoved such suffering as we saw in the "bologans" and the hospital of the Tomsk forwarding prison, nor can one listen without the deepest emotion to such stories as we heard from political exiles in Tomsk, Krasnoyarsk, Irkutsk, and the Trans-Baikal. One pale, sad, delicate woman, who had been banished to Eastern Siberia, and who had there gone down into the valley of the shadow of death, undertook one night, I remember, to relate to me her experience. I could see that it was agony for her to live over in narration the sufferings and bereavements of her tragic past, and I would gladly have spared her the self-imposed torture; but she was so determined that the world should know through me what Russians endure before they become terrorists, that she nerved herself to bear it, and told me the story of her life. It was the saddest story I had ever heard. After such an interview as this with a heart-broken woman—and I had many such—I could neither sleep nor sit still; and to the nervous strain of such experiences, as much as to hardship and privation, was attributable the final breaking down of my health and strength in the Trans-Baikal.



KENNEDY, JOHN PENDLETON, an American lawyer, statesman, and novelist, born at Baltimore, October 25, 1795; died at Newport, R. I., August 18, 1870. He graduated at Baltimore College in 1812, and was admitted to the bar in 1816. He was elected to the Maryland House of Delegates in 1820, and was re-elected in the two subsequent years. He was elected to Congress in 1838, and again in 1842. In 1852 he was made Secretary of the Navy, and in this capacity rendered efficient aid to Perry's Japan expedition, and to Kane's second Arctic voyage. During the Civil War he was an earnest supporter of the Union cause. Mr. Kennedy made several visits to Europe, where he became acquainted with Mr. Thackeray, who was then writing *The Virginians*. Mr. Thackeray on one occasion spoke of the difficulty in preparing the copy for the forthcoming number, and said jestingly to Mr. Kennedy, "I wish you would write one for me." "Well," replied Mr. Kennedy, "so I will, if you will give me the run of the story." The result was, as we are told, that Mr. Kennedy wrote the fourth chapter of the second volume of *The Virginians*, which contains an accurate description of the local scenery of a region with which Mr. Thackeray was wholly unacquainted.

Besides a large number of discourses, addresses,

and essays, his works include his three novels: *Swallow Barn*, a story of rural life in Virginia (1832); *Horse-Shoe Robinson*, a tale of the Tory Ascendency (1835), and *Rob of the Bowl*, describing the province of Maryland in the days of the second Lord Baltimore (1838).

A VIRGINIA COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, A.D. 1825.

Frank Meriwether has some claim to supremacy as Justice of the Peace ; for during three years he smoked cigars in a lawyer's office in Richmond, which enabled him to obtain a bird's-eye view of Blackstone and the Revised Statutes. Besides this, he was a member of a Law Debating Society, which ate oysters once a week in a cellar ; and he wore, in accordance with the usage of the most promising law students of the day, six cravats, one above the other, and yellow-topped boots, by which he was recognized as a blood of the metropolis.

Having in this way qualified himself to assert and maintain his rights, he came to his estate, upon his arrival at age, a very model of a country gentleman. Since that time his avocations have a certain literary tincture ; for having settled himself down as a married man, and got rid of his superfluous foppery, he rambled with wonderful assiduity through a wilderness of romances, poems, and dissertations, which are now collected in his library, and, with their battered blue covers, present a lively type of an army of Continentals at the close of the war, or a hospital of invalids. These have all at last given way to newspapers—a miscellaneous study very attractive to country gentlemen. This line of study has rendered Meriwether a most perilous antagonist in the matter of Legislative Proceedings.

A landed proprietor, with a good house and a host of servants, is naturally a hospitable man. A guest is one of his daily wants. A friendly face is a necessity of life, without which the heart is apt to starve, or a luxury without which it grows parsimonious. Men who are isolated from society by distance feel those wants by an instinct, and are grateful for an opportunity to relieve

them. In Meriwether the instinct goes beyond this. It has, besides, something dialectic in it. His house is open to everybody as freely almost as an inn. But to see him when he has had the good fortune to pick up an intelligent, educated gentleman—and particularly one who listens well!—a respectable, assentatious stranger!—all the better if he has been in the Legislature; or, better still, in Congress. Such a person caught within the purlieu of Swallow Barn may set down one week's entertainment as certain—inevitable—and as many more as he likes; the more the merrier. He will know something of the qualities of Meriwether's rhetoric before he is gone.

Then, again, it is very pleasant to note Frank's kind and considerate bearing toward his servants and dependents. His slaves appreciate this, and hold him in most affectionate reverence; and therefore are not only contented but happy under his dominion.

The solitary elevation of a country gentleman, well-to-do in the world, begets some magnificent notions. He becomes as infallible as the Pope; gradually acquires a habit of making long speeches; is apt to be impatient of contradiction; and is always very touchy upon "the point of honor." There is nothing more conducive than a rich man's logic anywhere; but in the country, among his dependents, it flows with the smooth and unresisted course of a full stream irrigating a meadow, and depositing its mud in fertilizing abundance. Meriwether's sayings about Swallow Barn import absolute verity. But I have discovered that they are not so current out of his jurisdiction. Indeed, every now and then, we have quite obstinate discussions when some of the neighboring potentates, who stand in the same sphere with Frank, come to the house. For these worthies have opinions of their own; and nothing can be more dogged than the conflict between them. They sometimes fire away at each other, with a most amiable and convincing hardihood, for a whole evening, bandying interjections, and making bows, and saying shrewd things, with all the courtesy imaginable. But for inextinguishable pertinacity in argument, and utter impregnable of belief, there is no other disputant like

your country gentleman who reads the newspapers. When one of these discussions fairly gets under weigh, it never fairly comes to an anchor again of its own accord. It is either blown out so far to sea as to be given up for lost, or puts into port in distress for want of documents, or is upset by a call for boot-jacks and slippers—which is something like the Previous Question in Congress.

He is somewhat distinguished as a breeder of blooded horses; and ever since the celebrated race between *Eclipse* and *Henry* has taken to this occupation with a renewed zeal, and as a matter affecting the reputation of the State. It is delightful to hear him expatiate upon the value, importance, and patriotic bearing of this employment, and to listen to all his technical lore touching the mysteries of horse-craft. He has some fine colts in training, which are committed to the care of a pragmatical old negro named Carey, who in his reverence for the occupation is the perfect shadow of his master. He and Frank hold grave and momentous consultations upon the affairs of the stable, in such a sagacious strain of equal debate that it would puzzle a spectator to tell which was the leading member in the council. Carey thinks he knows a great deal more upon the subject than his master; and their frequent intercourse has begot a familiarity in the old negro which is almost fatal to Meriwether's supremacy. The old man feels himself authorized to maintain his positions according to the freest parliamentary form, and sometimes with a violence of asseveration that compels his master to abandon his ground, purely out of faint-heartedness.—*Swallow Barn.*





KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT, an American lawyer and poet, born in Frederick County, Md., August 1, 1779; died in Washington, D. C., January 11, 1843. He was educated at St. John's College, Annapolis, studied law with his uncle, Philip Barton Key, and commenced practice in his native county, but subsequently removed to Washington, where he became District Attorney for the District of Columbia. When the British troops invaded Washington in 1814, they seized and held as a prisoner Dr. William Beanes, a planter, and Key and John S. Skinner were sent by President Madison with a flag of truce to the British General Ross to negotiate for his release. Their mission was successful, but the party were detained by the British commander, who had prepared to attack Baltimore. The engagement began with the bombardment of Fort Henry, near the city, and was witnessed by Key and his companions. From the deck of their ship, nearly all of the night, they beheld the American flag on the fort. The glare of the battle threw light on the scene, but long ere the dawn the firing had ceased. The prisoners thus were held in suspense till the gray dawn of morning should tell them the tale. It could hardly be hoped that the colors could stand through the terrible shower of bullet and shell. The watchers in doubt waited long to

descry what flag on the ramparts the morning would fly. Under the tension of patriotism and anxiety for the fate of the fort, Key wrote the ever-since popular national song, *The Star-Spangled Banner*. The morning light disclosed the Stars and Stripes floating "o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave." The song was at once published and sung to the tune *Anacreon in Heaven*, and became popular throughout the country. A collection of Key's poems was published in 1857, but none of the others attracted attention. An imposing monument to him was erected in 1887, in the Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, by the munificence of James Lick, who bequeathed \$60,000 for the purpose.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last
 gleaming—

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the clouds
 of the fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
 streaming?

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof, through the night, that our flag was still
 there.

O say, does that Star-spangled Banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence re-
 poses,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.

'Tis the Star-spangled Banner ; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore

That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more ?

Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave

From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave ;

And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph doth wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand

Between their loved home and the war's desolation !

Blest with victory and peace, may the Heav'n-rescued
land

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a
nation !

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just ;

And this be our motto—" In God is our trust !"

And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.





KIMBALL, RICHARD BURLEIGH, an American novelist, born at Plainfield, N. H., October 11, 1816; died in New York, December 28, 1892. He was graduated at Dartmouth in 1834, studied law at home and in France, and practised it at Waterford and in New York City from 1842 till he went to Texas, founded a town which bore his name, constructed a railroad from Galveston to Houston (the first in Texas), and was its president from 1854-60. He received the degree of LL.D. from Dartmouth in 1873. He published *Letters from England* (1842); *St. Leger, or Threads of Life* (1849); *Letters from Cuba* and *Cuba and the Cubans* (1850); *Romance of Student Life Abroad* (1852); *Law Lectures* (1853); *Undercurrents of Wall Street* (1861); *Was He Successful?* (1864); *Henry Powers, Banker* (1868); *To-day in New York* (1870), and *Stories of Exceptional Life* (1887). He edited *In the Tropics* (1862); *The Prince of Kashna* (1864), and *Virginia Randall*. He was an editor, with others, of the *Knickerbocker Gallery* (1853), and wrote much for the magazines. *St. Leger*, his most popular work, was twice reprinted in England and once in Leipsic; four of his books were translated into Dutch, and several into German and French.

PROBLEMS OF YOUTH.

My father (erroneously perhaps) determined to give his children a private education, affirming that public

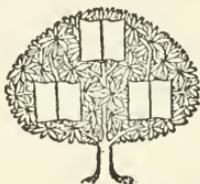
schools and universities were alike destructive to mind, manners, and morals. So at home we were kept, and furnished with erudite teachers, who knew everything about books and nothing about men.

I had in all this abundance to foster the unhappy feeling which burned within. Thought, how it troubled me—and I had so much to think about. But beyond all, the great wonder of my life was, "What was life made for?" I wondered what could occupy the world. I read over the large volumes in the old library, and wondered why men should battle it with each other for the sake of power when power lasted but so short a time. I wondered why kings who could have done so much good had done so much evil; and I wondered why anybody was very unhappy, since death would so soon relieve from all earthly ills. Then I felt there was some unknown power busy within me, which demanded a field for labor and development, but I knew not what spirit it was of. I wanted to see the world, to busy myself in its business, and try if I could discover its fashion, for it was to me a vast mystery. I knew it was filled with human beings like unto myself, but what were they doing, and wherefore? The *what* and the *why* troubled me, perplexed me, almost crazed me. The world seemed like a mad world, and its inhabitants resolved on self-destruction. How I longed to break the shell which encased this mystery! I felt that there was a solution to all this; but how was I to discover it? —*St. Leger.*

AN INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

The ceremony went on—the moments to me seemed ages; the responses had been demanded and were made by Leila in a firm, unwavering voice; and the priest had taken the ring in order to complete the rite. At this moment, a moan at my side caused me to turn. Wallenroth had sunk down insensible. The priest paused, startled by the interruption; a gesture from Vautreay recalled him to his duty; but now a slight disturbance was heard, proceeding from the entrance: the noise increased—the priest paused again—when a hideous creat-

ure with the aspect of a fiend darted swiftly forward, and, before one could say what it was, lighted with a single bound upon the shoulders of the Count. I saw the glitter of steel aloft and flashing suddenly downward; I saw Vautre fall heavily upon the mosaic—*dead*. His executioner crouched a moment over him, with a brute fierceness; then drew the dirk from the wound, and as drops of blood fell from its point, sprang quickly toward me, shaking the weapon with a wild and triumphant air, and exclaiming, "Tat's petter dune!" The truth flashed upon me—I beheld in the repulsive wretch before me the creature we had encountered at the toll-gate—the wild savage seen at St. Kildare, the fierce cateran of the highlands, the leal subject of Glen-finglas.—*Donacha Mac Ian*.





KING, THOMAS STARR, Unitarian minister, son of Rev. Thomas F. King, was born in New York City, December 17, 1824; died in San Francisco, Cal., March 4, 1864. His father, who had been pastor of a Universalist church in Charlestown, Mass., died when he was fifteen years old, and he was not only thrown upon his own resources, but was obliged to assist in the support of the family. He became successively clerk in a dry-goods store, teacher in a grammar-school, and clerk in the Charlestown Navy Yard. While engaged in these pursuits he devoted all the time he could get to study, especially the study of languages, as he realized that the knowledge of a language "opened the door to an acquaintance with its literature." He studied theology with Rev. Hosea Ballou, and preached his first sermon at Woburn, Mass., in the fall of 1845. For a short time after this he preached to a small Universalist Society in Boston during the absence of its minister. In 1846 he accepted a call to the Universalist church in Charlestown, Mass., the same pulpit which his father had filled at the time of his death. Mr. King's immediate predecessor was the gifted pulpit and platform orator, Edwin H. Chapin. He remained in this church two years and then accepted a call from the Hollis Street Unitarian Church in Boston, a church whose

history dates back to the year 1732. While in this church he became very popular as a lecturer. His first lecture was on *Goethe*, and the subjects of other lectures were *Substance and Show*, *Socrates*, *Sight and Insight*, and *The Laws of Disorder*. He spent his summer vacations in the White Mountains, and published a series of letters in the *Boston Transcript* describing their scenery, which was the beginning of his book *The White Hills* (1859). In 1860 he accepted a call to a church in San Francisco. This church was an obscure and struggling one, but within a year after he became its pastor it was one of the most prominent church organizations in the city, and in 1862 the corner-stone of a costly building was laid. Here, as in the East, he was in demand as a lecturer. On the breaking out of the Rebellion he began a series of lectures, which he delivered in all parts of the State and which were assaults on Secession. His subjects were *Washington*, *Daniel Webster*, *The Constitution of the United States*, and *Lexington and Concord*. These lectures were received with enthusiasm, and to these and to his political sermons is due, it has been said, the preservation of California to the Union. When the War began he was active in the work of the sanitary commission.

His new church was completed at the close of 1863, and on January 10, 1864, he preached his first sermon in it. On February 26th he was attacked with diphtheria, and died on March 4th. His publications, which, with the exception of *The White Hills* (1859), were issued after his death, include

Patriotism and Other Papers (1864); *Christianity and Humanity*, sermons (1877), and *Substance and Show*, lectures (1877).

His friend and biographer, E. P. Whipple, says of him: "Both as a thinker and as a reformer he was brave almost to audacity; but his courage was tempered by an admirable discretion and sense of the becoming, and his quick self-recovery from a mistake or error was not one of the least of his gifts. He seemed to have no fear, not even the subtlest form which fear assumes in our day—the fear of being thought afraid. No supercilious taunt, or imputation of timidity, could sting him into going farther in liberal theology and reforming politics than his own intelligence and conscience carried him. Malignity was a spiritual vice of which I have sometimes doubted if he had even the mental perception. His charity and toleration were as wide as his knowledge of men."

THE FUTURE LIFE.

To my mind one of the sublimest records of history is the reply of old heathen Socrates to his judges, when they condemned him, at seventy years old, to die. "If death," said he, "be a removal from hence to another place, and if all the dead are there, what greater blessing can there be than this, my judges? At what price would you not estimate a conference with Orpheus and Musæus, with Hesiod and Homer? I go to meet them, and to converse with them, and to acquaint myself with all the great sages that have been the glory of the past, and that have died by the unjust sentence of their time." That is what we need,—to think of the future, not as the dungeon where the wicked are locked up forever in an arbitrary doom, and the good shut apart from the evil to enjoy forever the consciousness of

being saved from perdition, but with vigorous imagination to regard it as the great sphere of life, filled with society amid whose myriads we must rank according to quality, overarched with all the glory of God's wisdom, and flooded with the effluence of His holiness and love, with continual occupations for the exploring mind of Newton, for the massive understanding of Bacon, for the genius of Shakespeare, for the reverent intellect of Channing, for the saintly heart of Fénelon,—with duties for every faculty and every affection, and with joys proportioned exactly to our desire of truth, our willingness of service, and the purity of love that makes us kindred with Christ and God.

I have spoken of the great faculties of our nature as passing into the future to be educated, but I have not ranked them. Of course the highest is love, and the order of the future seems most clear and most impressive to my mind, when I think that we shall go to our places there according to our love rather than our wisdom. It will be part of our business to become acquainted with God outwardly by the intellect; but the great law of life will be more fully manifest there than even here, that our joy shall consist in the quality of our affections, in our sympathy and our charity. Though we have the gift of prophecy and understand all mystery and all knowledge, and though we have all faith so that we could remove mountains, and have not charity, we shall be nothing. Glorious will it be, no doubt, in that world of substance to be surrounded with the splendors of God's thought, to have the privilege of free range whithersoever taste may lead through the domains of infinite art, to enjoy the possibilities of reception from the highest created intellects; but our bliss, the nectar of the soul, will flow from our consecration, our openness to the love of God, and our desire of service to his most needy ones.

For, brethren, let us associate also with the future, the business and the glory of practical service. All degrees of spirits float into that realm of silence. Ripe and unripe, mildewed, cankered, stunted, as well as stately and strong and sound, they are garnered for the eternal state by death. Is Christ, whose life was

sympathy and charity upon the earth, busy in no ministries of instruction and redemption there? Has Paul no missionary zeal and no heart of pity for the Antiochs and the Corinthians that darken and pollute the eternal spaces? Has Loyola lost his ambition to bring the heathen hearts to the knowledge of Jesus? Will not the thousands of the merciful who have found it their joy here to collect the outcasts under healthier influence, to kindle the darkened mind, to clothe the shivering forms of destitution, to carry comfort to sick beds, and cheer into desolate homes—will not the divine brothers and sisters of charity, who are the glory of this life, find some call and some exercise for their Christlike sympathy in that world—in that world which is colonized by millions of the heathen and the unfortunate, the sin-sick, the polluted, and the ignorant, every year? Oh, doubt not, brethren, that the highest in Heaven are the helpers, the spirits of charity, the glorified Samaritans who penetrate into all the abysses of evil with their aid and their hope.—*Christianity and Humanity.*





KINGLAKE, ALEXANDER WILLIAM, an English historian, born at Wilton House, near Taunton, August 5, 1809; died January 2, 1891. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1832, and was called to the bar in 1837. Soon after he made a tour in European Turkey, Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt. Letters which he wrote to his friends were, several years later, in 1844, published under the title of *Eothen* ("From the East"). On his return from the East he entered upon practice in London as a chancery lawyer. In 1857 he was returned to Parliament, in the Liberal interest, for the borough of Bridgewater; and again in 1868, but was unseated on petition. Besides *Eothen* his only notable work is the *History of the Invasion of the Crimea* (1863-88). He was a prominent anti-Napoleonite.

Kinglake was a man of independent means and remarkable talents, and a brilliant and powerful writer, but something of a terrible example in regard to the practice which characterized his time, of devoting enormously long histories to insignificant subjects. He was also intensely partisan.

TODLEBEN, THE DEFENDER OF SEBASTOPOL.

The more narrow-minded men of the Czar's army—and even, while Nicholas lived, the confused Czar himself—would have thought they sufficiently described the

real defender of Sebastopol by calling him an "Engineer Officer," with perhaps, superadded, some epithet such as "excellent," or "able," or "good;" and it is true that his skill in that branch of the service enabled the great volunteer to bring his powers to act at a critical time. He was by nature a man great in war, and richly gifted with power, not only to provide in good time for the dimly expected conditions which it more or less slowly unfolds, but to meet its most sudden emergencies. When, for instance, we saw him at Inkerman in a critical moment, he, in theory, was only a spectator on horse-back; but to avert the impending disaster, he instantly assumed a command. He seized, if one may so speak, on a competent body of troops, and rescued from imminent capture the vast, clubbed, helpless procession of Mentschikoff's retreating artillery.

He was only at first a volunteer colonel, and was afterward even no more, in the language of formalists, than a general commanding the engineers in a fortress besieged; but the task he designed, the task he undertook, the task he—till wounded—pursued with a vigor and genius that astonished a gazing world, was—not this or that fraction of a mighty work, but simply the whole defence of Sebastopol.

The task of defending Sebastopol was a charge of superlative moment, and drew to itself before long the utmost efforts that Russia could bring to bear on the war. Since the fortress—because not invested—stood open to all who would save it, and only closed against enemies, the troops there at any time planted were something more than a "garrison," being also in truth the foremost column of troops engaged in resisting invasion; and moreover the one chosen body out of all the Czar's forces which had in charge his great jewel—the priceless Sebastopol Roadstead.

There, accordingly, and of course with intensity proportioned to the greatness and close concentration of efforts made on both sides, the raging war laid its whole stress.

On the narrow arena thus chosen it was Russia—all Russia—that clung to Sebastopol, with its faubourg the Karabelnaya; and since Todleben there was con-

ducting the defence of the place, it follows, from what we have seen, that he was the chief over that very part of the Czar's gathered, gathering, armies which had "the jewel" in charge; and moreover that, call him a Sapper, or call him a warlike Dictator, or whatever men choose, he was the real commander for Russia on the one confined seat of conflict where all the long-plotted hostilities of both the opposing forces had drawn at last to a centre.

The commander of a fortress besieged in the normal way, cut off from the outer world, must commonly dread more or less the exhaustion of his means of defence; but no cares of that exact kind cast their weight on the mind of the chief engaged in defending Sebastopol; for, being left wholly free to receive all the succors that Russia might send him, he had no exhaustion to fear, except, indeed, such an exhaustion of Russia herself as would prevent her furnishing means for the continued defence of the fortress. The garrison holding Sebastopol, and made, one may say, inexhaustible by constant reinforcement, used in general to have such a strength as the Russians themselves thought well fitted for the defence of the fortress; and if they did not augment it, this was simply because greater numbers for service required behind ramparts would have increased the exacted sacrifices without doing proportionate good.

And what Todleben achieved he achieved in his very own way. Never hearkening apparently to the cant of the Russian army of those days, which, with troops marshalled closely like sheep, professed to fight with the bayonet, he made it his task to avert all strife at close quarters, by pouring on any assailants such storms of mitrail as should make it impossible for them to reach the verge of his counterscarps. That is the plan he designed from the first, and the one he in substance accomplished. From the day when he made his first efforts to cover with earthworks the suddenly threatened South Side to the time when his wound compelled him to quit the fortress, he successfully defended Sebastopol; and, as we have seen, to do this—after Inkerman, or at all events, after the onset attempted against Eupatoria—was to maintain the whole active resistance that

Russia opposed to her invaders in the southwestern Crimea.

One may say of Todleben, and the sailors and the other brave men acting with them, that by maintaining the defence of Sebastopol, not only long after the 20th of September, but also long after the 5th of November, they twice over vanquished a moral obstacle till then regarded as one that no man could well overcome: "If a battle undertaken in defence of a fortress is fought and lost, the place will fall." This, before the exploit of the great volunteer, was a saying enounced with authority as though it were almost an axiom that science had deigned to lay down. Yet after the defeat of their army on the banks of the Alma, after even its actual evasion from the neighborhood of Sebastopol, he, along with the glorious sailors and the rest of the people there left to their fate, proved to be of such quality that, far from consenting to let the place "fall," as experience declared that it must, he and they—under the eyes of the enemy—began to create, and created that vast chain of fortress defence which, after more than eight months, we saw him still holding intact. And again, when—in sight of the fortress which it strove to relieve—an army gathered in strength, fought and lost with great slaughter the battle of Inkerman, sending into the Karabelnaya its thousands upon thousands of wounded soldiery, the resolute chief and brave garrison did not therefore remit, did not slacken, their defence of the place; so that—even twice over—by valor they refuted a saying till then held so sure that, receiving the assent of mankind, it had crystallized into a maxim.

If the Czar had come down to Sebastopol, or rather to the Karabeinaya, at the close of the engagement on the morning of the 18th of June, he might there have apostrophized Todleben, as he did long years after at Plevna, when saying: "Edward Ivanovitch, it is thou hast accomplished it all!"—*Invasion of the Crimea.*



KINGSLEY, CHARLES, an English clergyman, philanthropist, and novelist, born at Holney, Devonshire, June 12, 1819; died at Eversley, Hampshire, January 23, 1875. He took his degree at Magdalen College, Cambridge, in 1842, and two years afterward was presented to the living of Eversley in Hampshire. In 1859 he was appointed Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, and was made Canon of Westminster in 1872. His publications number about thirty-five. Besides several volumes of *Sermons*, his principal works are *The Saint's Tragedy* (1848); *Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet* (1850); *Yeast, a Problem* (1851); *Hypatia, or New Foes with an Old Face* (1853); *Alexandria and Her Schools* (1854); *Westward Ho!* (1855); *The Heroes, or Greek Fairy Tales* (1856); *Sir Walter Raleigh and His Times* (1859); *The Water Babies* (1863); *Hereward, the Last of the English* (1866); *How and Why* (1869); *A Christmas in the West Indies* (1871); *Prose Idyls* (1873), and *Health and Education* (1874).

Kingsley took a deep interest in the labor question and the welfare of workingmen, and assisted in forming co-operative associations for the betterment of the condition of the working class. His novels *Alton Locke* and *Yeast* deal with this question. Most of his poems are inserted in his tales.

Sainthury says Kingsley was "one of those

darlings of the muses to whom they grant the gift not only of doing a little poetry exquisitely, but the further gift of abstaining from doing anything ill; and he seems to have recognized almost at once that 'the other harmony,' that of prose, was the one meant for him to do his day's work in."

THE SANDS OF DEE.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 Across the sands o' Dee."
 The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
 And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see;
 The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
 And never home came she.

"Oh, is it a weed, or fish, or floating hair—
 A tress o' golden hair,
 O' drownèd maiden's hair,
 Above the nets at sea?
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
 Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel, crawling foam,
 The cruel, hungry foam,
 To her grave beside the sea;
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
 Across the sands o' Dee.

THE GOTHIC TRIBES AND THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

The health of a church depends not merely on the creed which it professes, not even on the wisdom and

holiness of a few great ecclesiastics, but on the faith and virtue of its individual members. The *mens sana* must have a *corpus sanum* to inhabit. And even for the Western Church the lofty future which was in store for it would have been impossible without some infusion of new and healthier blood into the veins of a world drained and tainted by the influence of Rome. And the new blood was at hand in the early years of the fifth century. The great tide of those Gothic nations of which the Norwegian and the German are the purest remaining types, though every nation of Europe, from Gibraltar to St. Petersburg, owes to them the most precious elements of strength, was sweeping onward, wave over wave, in a steady southwestern current across the Roman territory, and only stopping and recoiling when it reached the shores of the Mediterranean.

Those wild tribes were bringing with them into the magic circle of the Western Church's influence the very materials which she required for the building up of a future Christendom, and which she would find as little in the Western Empire as in the Eastern:—comparative purity of morals; sacred respect for woman, for family life, for law, equal justice, individual freedom, and above all, for honesty in word and deed; bodies untainted by hereditary effeminacy; hearts earnest though genial, and blest with a strange willingness to learn even from those whom they despised; a brain equal to that of the Roman in practical power, and not too far behind that of the Eastern in imaginative and speculative acuteness.

And their strength was felt at once. Their vanguard, confined with difficulty for three centuries beyond the Eastern Alps, at the expense of sanguinary wars, had been adopted, wherever it was practicable, into the service of the Empire; and the heart's core of the Roman legions was composed of Gothic officers and soldiers. But now the main body had arrived. Tribe after tribe was crowding down to the Alps, and trampling upon each other on the frontiers of the Empire. The Huns, singly their inferiors, pressed them from behind with the irresistible weight of numbers; Italy, with her rich cities and fertile lowlands, beckoned them on to plunder.

As auxiliaries, they had learned their own strength and Roman weakness ; a *casus belli* was soon found.

The whole pent-up deluge burst over the plains of Italy, and the Western Empire became from that day forth a dying idiot, while the new invaders divided Europe among themselves.

The fifteen years, 398-413, had decided the fate of Greece ; the next four years that of Rome itself. The countless treasures which five centuries of rapine had accumulated round the Capitol had become the prey of men clothed in sheepskins and horse-hide ; and the sister of an Emperor had found her beauty, virtue, and pride of race worthily matched by those of the hard-handed Northern hero who led her away from Italy as his captive and his bride to found new kingdoms in South France and Spain, and to drive the newly arrived Vandals across the Straits of Gibraltar into the then blooming coast-land of Northern Africa.

Everywhere the mangled limbs of the Old World were seething in the Medea's caldron, to come forth whole, and young, and strong. A few more tumultuous years, and the Franks would find themselves lords of the Lower Rhineland ; and before the hairs of Hypatia's scholars had grown gray, the mythic Hengist and Horsa would have landed on the shores of Kent, and an English nation have begun its world-wide life.

But some great Providence forbade our race a footing beyond the Mediterranean, or even in Constantinople, which to this day preserves in Europe the faith and manners of Asia. The Eastern World seemed barred by some strange doom from the only influence which could have regenerated it. Every attempt of the Gothic races to establish themselves beyond the sea—whether in the form of an organized kingdom, as did the Vandals in Africa ; or as a mere band of brigands, as did the Goths in Asia Minor, under Gainas ; or as a pretorian guard, as did the Varangians of the Middle Ages ; or as religious invaders, as did the Crusaders—ended only in the corruption and disappearance of the colonists. Climate, bad example, and the luxury of power degraded them in one century into a race of helpless and debauched slaveholders, doomed the Vandals to utter extirpation before the

semi-Gothic armies of Belisarius; and with them vanished the last chance that the Gothic races would exercise on the Eastern World the same stern yet wholesome discipline under which the Western had been restored to life.—*Hypatia*.

THE DEAR OLD DOLL.

I had once a sweet little doll, dears,
 The prettiest doll in the world;
 Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
 And her hair was so charmingly curled.
 But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
 As I played in the heath one day;
 And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
 But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
 As I played in the heath one day;
 Folks say that she is terribly changed, dears,
 For her paint is all washed away,
 And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
 And her hair not the least bit curled;
 Yet, for old sake's sake, she is still, dears,
 The prettiest doll in the world.

—*The Water Babies*.

THE WORLD'S AGE.

Who will say the world is dying?
 Who will say our prime is past?
 Sparks from Heaven, within us lying,
 Flash, and will flash, till the last.
 Fools! who fancy Christ mistaken;
 Man a tool to buy and sell;
 Earth a failure, God-forsaken,
 Ante-room of Hell.

Still the race of Hero-spirits
 Pass the lamp from hand to hand;
 Age from age the words inherit—
 "Wife, and child, and Fatherland."

Still the youthful hunter gathers
 Fiery joy from wold and wood ;
 He will dare, as dared his fathers,
 Give him cause as good.

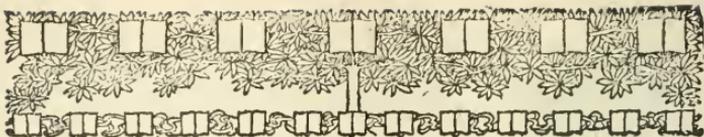
While a slave bewails his fetters ;
 While an orphan pleads in vain ;
 While an infant lisps his letters,
 Heir of all the ages' gain ;
 While a lip grows ripe for kissing ;
 While a moan from man is wrung—
 Know, by every want and blessing,
 That the world is young.

THE THREE FISHERS.

Three fishers went sailing away to the West,
 Away to the West as the sun went down ;
 Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the
 town ;
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
 Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
 And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down ;
 They looked at the squall, and they looked at the
 shower,
 And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
 But men must work, and women must weep,
 Though the storms be sudden, and waters deep,
 And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay on the shining sands,
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
 And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
 For those who will never come home to the town ;
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep ;
 And good-by to the bar and its moaning.



KIPLING, RUDYARD, an Anglo-Indian poet and story-writer, was born at Bombay in 1864. His father, head-master of the Lahore School of Art, sent him to England to be educated; and in 1882 he returned to India as an editor and correspondent of the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette*, and the Allahabad *Pioneer*. With wonderful rapidity he issued volume after volume dealing with English life in India. In 1889 he left India and travelled in China, Japan, America, and England, and then settled at Brattleboro, Vt.; but within the current year Mr. Kipling has taken up his residence in England. His wife is a sister of the late Wolcott Balestier. Kipling's works include *Departmental Ditties* (1888); *Plain Tales from the Hills* (1888); *Soldiers Three* (1889); *Phantom Rickshaw* (1889); *The Light That Failed* (1890); *Story of the Gadsbys* (1890); *The Naulahka* (1892), written in collaboration with his brother-in-law. Other books are *Life's Handicaps* (1891); *Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads* (1892); *Many Inventions* (1893); *The Jungle Book* (1893); *The Second Jungle Book* (1895); *The Seven Seas* (1896), a volume of poetry, and *Captains Courageous* (1897).

The London *Athenæum* says that Kipling's characters are simply inimitable. "They are types, it is true, but they are living types, not moribund abstractions. They positively palpitate with act-



Rudyard Kipling.

uality, and we make bold to say there has never been anything like them in literature before."

Of his earlier poems the *Academy* said: "They possess the one quality which entitles *vers de société* to live. For they reflect with light gayety the thoughts and feelings of actual men and women, and are true as well as clever."

THE CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS.

When the flush of a new-born sun fell first on Eden's
green and gold,
Our father Adam sat under the Tree and scratched with
a stick in the mould;
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen was
joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves, "It's pretty,
but is it Art?"

Wherefore he called to his wife, and fled to fashion his
work anew—
The first of his race who cared a fig for the first, most
dread review;
And he left his lore to the use of his sons—and that
was a glorious gain
When the Devil chuckled "Is it Art?" in the ear of the
branded Cain.

They builded a tower to shiver the sky and wrench the
stars apart,
Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks: "It's strik-
ing, but is it Art?"
The stone was dropped at the quarry-side and the idle
derrick swung,
While each man talked of the aims of Art, and each in
an alien tongue.

They fought and they talked in the North and the
South, they talked and they fought in the West,
Till the waters rose on the pitiful land, and the poor
Red Clay had rest—

Had rest till the dank blank-canvas dawn when the
dove was preened to start,
And the Devil bubbled below the keel : " It's human,
but is it Art ? "

The tale is as old as the Eden Tree—and new as the
new-cut tooth—
For each man knows ere his lip-thatch grows he is mas-
ter of Art and Truth ;
And each man hears as the twilight nears, to the beat
of his dying heart,
The Devil drum on the darkened pane : " You did it,
but was it Art ? "

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to the shape
of a surplice-peg,
We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the yelk
of an addled egg,
We know that the tail must wag the dog, for the horse
is drawn by the cart ;
But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old : " It's
clever, but is it Art ? "

When the flicker of London sun falls faint on the Club-
room green and gold,
The sons of Adam sit them down and scratch with their
pens in the mould—
They scratch with their pens in the mould of their
graves, and the ink and the anguish start,
For the Devil mutters behind the leaves : " It's pretty,
but is it Art ? "

Now, if we could win to the Eden Tree where the Four
Great Rivers flow,
And the wreath of Eve is red on the turf, as she left it
long ago ;
And if we could come when the sentry slept and softly
scurry through
By the favor of God we might know as much—as our
father Adam knew.

THE OTHER MAN.

Far back in the "seventies" before they had built any public offices at Simla, and the broad road round, Jakko lived in a pigeon-hole in the P. W. D. hovels, her parents made Miss Gaurey marry Colonel Schreiderling. He could not have been much more than thirty-five years her senior; and as he lived on two hundred rupees a month and had money of his own, he was well off. He belonged to good people, and suffered in the cold weather from lung complaints. In the hot weather he dangled on the brink of heat-apoplexy; but it never quite killed him.

Understand, I do not blame Schreiderling. He was a good husband according to his lights, and his temper only failed him when he was being nursed. Which was seventeen days each month. He was almost generous to his wife about money matters, and that, for him, was a concession. Still Mrs. Schreiderling was not happy. They married her when she was this side of twenty and had given all her poor little heart to another man. I have forgotten his name, but we will call him the *Other Man*. He had no money and no prospects. He was not even good-looking; and I think he was even in the Commissariat or Transport. But, in spite of all these things, she loved him very badly; and there was some sort of an engagement between the two when Schreiderling appeared and told Mrs. Gaurey that he wished to marry her daughter. Then the other engagement was broken off—washed away by Mrs. Gaurey's tears, for that lady governed her house by weeping over disobedience to her authority and the lack of reverence she received in her old age. The daughter did not take after the mother. She never cried. Not even at the wedding.

The *Other Man* bore his loss quietly, and was transferred to as bad a station as he could find. Perhaps the climate consoled him. He suffered from intermittent fever, and that may have distracted him from his other trouble. He was weak about the heart also. Both ways. One of the halves was affected, and the fever made it worse. This showed itself later on

Then many months passed and Mrs. Schreiderling took to being ill. She did not pine away like people in story-books, but she seemed to pick up every form of illness that went about a Station, from simple fever upward. She was never more than ordinarily pretty at the best of times; and the illnesses made her ugly. Schreiderling said so. He prided himself on speaking his mind.

When she ceased being pretty, he left her to her own devices, and went back to the lairs of his bachelordom. She used to trot up and down Simla Mall in a forlorn sort of way, with a gray Terai hat well on the back of her head and a shocking bad saddle under her. Schreiderling's generosity stopped at the horse. He said that any saddle would do for a woman as nervous as Mrs. Schreiderling. She never was asked to dance, because she did not dance well; and she was so dull and uninteresting that her box very seldom had any cards in it. Schreiderling said that if he had known that she was going to be such a scarecrow after her marriage, he would never have married her. He always prided himself on speaking his mind, did Schreiderling.

He left her at Simla one August, and went down to the regiment. Then she revived a little, but she never recovered her looks. I found out at the Club that the *Other Man* was coming up sick—very sick—on an off-chance of recovery. The fever and the heart valves had nearly killed him. She knew that, too, and she knew—what I had no interest in knowing—when he was coming up. I suppose he wrote to tell her. They had not seen each other since a month before the wedding, and here comes the unpleasant part of the story.

A late call kept me down at the Dovedell Hotel till dusk one evening. Mrs. Schreiderling had been flitting up and down the Mall all the afternoon in the rain. Coming up along the Cart-road, a tonga passed me, and my pony, tired with standing so long, set off at a canter. Just by the road down to the Tonga Office Mrs. Schreiderling, dripping from head to foot, was waiting for the tonga. I turned up hill, as the tonga was no affair of mine; and just then she began to shriek. I went back at once and saw, under the Tonga Office lamps, Mrs.

Schreiderling kneeling in the wet road by the back seat of the newly arrived tonga, screaming hideously. Then she fell face down in the dirt as I came up.

Sitting in the back seat, very square and firm, with one hand on the awning-stanchion and the wet pouring off his hat and mustache, was the *Other Man*—dead. The sixty-mile up-hill jolt had been too much for his valve, I suppose. The tonga-driver said, "This Sahib died two stages out of Solon. Therefore, I tied him with a rope, lest he should fall out by the way, and so came to Simla. Will the Sahib give me *bukshish*? It," pointing to the *Other Man*, "should have given one rupee."

The *Other Man* sat with a grin on his face, as if he enjoyed the joke of his arrival; and Mrs. Schreiderling, in the mud, began to groan. There was no one except us four in the office and it was raining heavily. The first thing was to take Mrs. Schreiderling home, and the second was to prevent her name from being mixed up with the affair. The tonga-driver received five rupees to find a bazar 'rickshaw for Mrs. Schreiderling. He was to tell the *Tonga Babu* afterward of the *Other Man*, and the Babu was to make such arrangements as seemed best.

Mrs. Schreiderling was carried into the shed out of the rain, and for three-quarters of an hour we two waited for the 'rickshaw. The *Other Man* was left exactly as he had arrived. Mrs. Schreiderling would do everything but cry, which might have helped her. She tried to scream as soon as her senses came back, and then she began praying for the *Other Man's* soul. Had she not been as honest as the day she would have prayed for her own soul, too. I waited to hear her do this, but she did not. Then I tried to get some of the mud off her habit. Lastly, the 'rickshaw came and got her away—partly by force. It was a terrible business from beginning to end; but most of all when the 'rickshaw had to squeeze between the wall and the tonga, and she saw by the lamplight that thin, yellow hand grasping the awning-stanchion.

She was taken home just as everyone was going to a dance at Viceregal Lodge—"Peterhoff" it was then—

and the doctor found out that she had fallen from her horse, that I had picked her up at the back of Jakko, and really deserved great credit for the prompt manner in which I had secured medical aid. She did not die—men of Schreiderling's stamp marry women who don't die easily. They live and grow ugly.

She never told of her one meeting, since her marriage, with the *Other Man*; and when the chill and cough following the exposure of that evening allowed her abroad, she never by word or sign alluded to having met me by the Tonga Office. Perhaps she never knew.

She used to trot up and down the Mall on that shocking bad saddle, looking as if she expected to meet someone round the corner every minute. Two years afterward she went Home and died—at Bournemouth—I think.

Schreiderling, when he grew maudlin at mess, used to talk about "my poor dear wife." He always set great store on speaking his mind, did Schreiderling.





KIRK, JOHN FOSTER, an American historian, born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada, March 22, 1824. He took up his residence at Boston about 1843, and from 1847 to 1859 was secretary to William H. Prescott, whom he aided in the preparation of his later works. From 1870 to 1886 he was the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, in Philadelphia. In 1886 he was appointed Lecturer on European History at the University of Pennsylvania. His principal work is the *History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy* (three volumes, 1863-68). This is the most complete account of the doings of the last Burgundian duke and of his struggle with Louis XI. for the possession of Provence and for the erection of an independent Rhine Kingdom to rival France. Kirk also issued a supplement to *Allibone's Dictionary of Literature* (1891).

Richardson says, in *American Literature* : " Kirk is like Prescott, in that he is thorough in his search for materials, and wisely chooses an important and comparatively unconsidered subject. Among his faults is his too-zealous attempt to 'rewrite history' in Charles's favor, and to explain, at all hazards, the Duke's military failures. To this is to be added a prolixity hardly warranted by the subject selected, and an exclamatory rhetoric very different from the style of Prescott."

FINDING THE BODY OF CHARLES THE BOLD.

If the Duke of Burgundy were still alive—that was the thought which now occupied every breast. Messengers were sent to inquire, to explore. The field was searched. Horsemen went to Metz and neighboring places to ask whether he had passed. None had seen him, none could find him. Wild rumors had started up. He had hidden in the forest, retired to a hermitage, assumed the religious garb. Goods were bought and sold, to be paid for on his reappearance. Years afterward there were those who still believed, still expected.

Yet intelligence, proof, was soon forthcoming. In the evening of Monday Campobasso presented himself, bringing with him Colonna, who told what he had seen, and gave assurance that he could find the spot. Let him go, then, and seek, accompanied by those who would be surest to recognize the form—Mathieu, a Portuguese physician, a valet-de-chambre, and a “laundress” who had prepared the baths for the fallen prince. They passed out of the gate of Saint John, descending to the low, then marshy ground, on the west of the town. It was drained by a ditch, the bed of a slender rivulet that turned a mill in the faubourg. The distance was not great—less than half an English mile. Several hundred bodies lay near together; but these they passed coming to where a small band, “thirteen or fourteen,” had fallen, fighting singly, yet together. Here lay Citey, here Contay, here a Croy, a Belvoir, a Lalain—as in every battle-field; here a Bièvre, loved by his enemies, his skull laid open “like a pot.”

These are on the edge of the ditch. At the bottom lies another body, “short, but thick-set and well-membered,” in a worse plight than all the rest: stripped naked, horribly mangled, the cheek eaten away by wolves, or famished dogs. Can this be he? They stoop and examine. The nails, never pared, are “longer than any man’s.” Two teeth are gone—through a fall years ago. There are other marks: a fistula in the groin, in the neck a scar left by a sword-thrust received at Montlhéry. The men turn pale, the woman shrieks and

throws herself upon the body: "My Lord of Burgundy! My Lord of Burgundy!" Yes, this is he—the "Great Duke," the destroyer of Liège, the "Terror of France!"

They strive to raise it. The flesh, embedded in the ice, is rent by the effort. Help is sent for. Four of René's men come—men with implements, cloths, and bier; women have sent their veils. It is lifted and borne into the town, through the principal street, to the house of George Marqueiz, where is a large and suitable chamber.

It is carried in, washed with wine and warm water, again examined. There are three principal wounds. A halberd, entering at the side of the head, has cloven it from above the ear to the teeth; both sides have been pierced with a spear; another has been thrust into the bowels from below. It is wrapped in fine linen, and laid out upon a table. The head, covered with a cap of red satin, lies on a cushion of the same color and material. An altar is decked beside it; waxen tapers are lighted; the room is hung with black.

Bid his brother, his captive nobles, his surviving servants, come and see if this be indeed their prince. They assemble around, kneel, and weep; take his hands, his feet, and press them to their lips and breast. He was their sovereign, their "good lord," the chief of a glorious house, the last, the greatest of his line.

Let René come, to see and to exult. Let him come in the guise of the paladins and *preux* on occasions of solemnity and pomp—in a long robe sweeping the ground, with a long beard interwoven with threads of gold! So attired, he enters, stands beside the dead, uncovers the face, takes between his warm hands that cold right hand, falls upon his knees, and bursts into sobs. "Fair cousin," he says—not accusingly, but half-excusingly—"thou broughtest great calamities and sorrows upon us; may God assoil thy soul!" A quarter of an hour he remains, praying before the altar; then retires to give orders for the burial. Let him who for a twelvemonth was Duke of Lorraine be laid in the Church of Saint George, in front of the high altar, on the spot where he stood when invested with the sovereignty won by conquest to be so lost.—*History of Charles the Bold.*



KIRKLAND, CAROLINE MATILDA (STANSBURY), an American miscellaneous writer, born in New York City, January 12, 1801; died there, April 6, 1864. After the death of her father, a publisher of books, the family removed to Clinton, N. Y., where in 1827 she married Professor William Kirkland, of Hamilton College. About 1838 they emigrated to Michigan, which was their home for nearly three years; and this residence, in what was then a "new country," furnished material for several books. Returning to New York, she established a successful school for young ladies, and wrote much for various periodicals, becoming in 1848 editor of the *Union Magazine*, afterward issued at Philadelphia as *Sartain's Magazine*. At the beginning of the Civil War she entered warmly into the philanthropic measures growing out of that struggle. Her sudden death was the result of overwork in behalf of the "Sanitary Fair." Her principal works are *A New Home: Who'll Follow* (1839); *Forest Life* (1842); *Western Clearings* (1846); *Holidays Abroad* (1849); *The Evening Book* (1852); *A Book for the Home Circle* (1853); *The Book of Home Beauty* and *Personal Memoirs of George Washington* (1858).

Her husband, WILLIAM KIRKLAND (1800-46), after returning from Michigan, embarked in jour-

nalism, being one of the founders of the *Christian Inquirer*.

Her daughter, ELIZABETH STANSBURY KIRKLAND, principal of a female seminary in Chicago, has written *Six Little Cooks* (1875); *Dora's House-keeping* (1877); *A Short History of France* (1878); *Speech and Manners* (1885); *What Shall We Write About?* (1891); *History of England* (1891); *History of English Literature* (1893).

Her son, JOSEPH KIRKLAND (1830-94), an American lawyer and novelist, was born at Geneva, N. Y. In early life he accompanied his parents to the backwoods of Central Michigan, receiving only a common-school education, and limited instruction at home. From 1842 to 1856 he lived in New York. He then took up his residence in Chicago, and later in Central Illinois. He entered the war as a private and was promoted until he became a major. At the close of the war he went back to Illinois and finally took up his residence in Chicago, where he followed his profession and engaged in literary work. His novels of Western life were the result of studies during his long life on the prairies of Central Illinois. They include *Zury* (1887); *The McVeys* (1889); *The Captain of Company K* (1889); *Story of Chicago* (1892), and *The Chicago Massacre of 1812* (1893). In 1889 Major Kirkland became the literary critic of the *Chicago Tribune*.

MEETING OF THE FEMALE BENEFICENT SOCIETY.

At length came the much desired Tuesday, whose destined event was the first meeting of the Society. I had made preparations for such plain and simple fare as

is usual at such feminine gatherings, and began to think of arranging my dress with the decorum required by the occasion, when about one hour before the appointed time came Mrs. Nippers and Miss Clinch, and ere they were unshawled and unhooded, Mrs. Flyter and her three children—the eldest four years, and the youngest six months. Then Mrs. Muggles and her crimson baby, four weeks old. Close on her heels, Mrs. Briggs and her little boy of about three years' standing, in a long-tailed coat, with vest and decencies of scarlet circassian. And there I stood in my gingham wrapper and kitchen apron, much to my discomfiture and the undisguised surprise of the Female Beneficent Society.

"I always calculate to be ready to begin at the time appointed," remarked the gristle-lipped widow.

"So do I," responded Mrs. Flyter and Mrs. Muggles, both of whom sat the whole afternoon, and did not sew a stitch.

"What ! isn't there any work ready ?" continued Mrs. Nippers, with an astonished aspect ; "well, I *did* suppose that such smart officers as we have would have prepared all beforehand. We always used to at the East."

Mrs. Skinner, who is really quite a pattern woman in all that makes woman indispensable—cooking and sewing—took up the matter quite warmly, just as I slipped away in disgrace to make the requisite reform in my costume. When I returned, the work was distributed, and the company broken up into little knots or coteries, every head bowed, and every tongue in full play.

I took my seat at as great a distance from the sharp widow as might be ; though it is vain to think of eluding a person of her ubiquity—and reconnoitred the company, who were "done off" in first-rate style for this important occasion. They were nineteen women, with thirteen babies, or at least "young 'uns," who were not above ginger-bread. Of these thirteen, nine held large chunks of ginger-bread or doughnuts in trust, for the benefit of the gowns of the Society ; the remaining four were supplied with lumps of maple-sugar, tied up in bits of rag and pinned to their shoulders, or held dripping in the hands of their mammas.

Mrs. Flyter was "slicked up" for the occasion in the snuff-colored silk she was married in, curiously enlarged in the back, and not as voluminous in the floating part as is the wasteful custom of the present day. Her three immense children, white-haired and blubber-lipped like their amiable parent, were in pink gingham and blue glass-beads. Mrs. Nippers wore her unfailing brown merino and black apron; Miss Clinch her inevitable scarlet calico; Mrs. Skinner her red merino, with baby of the same; Mrs. Daker shone out in her very choicest city finery; and a dozen other Mistresses shone in their "t'other gowns" and their tamboured collars. Mrs. Philo Doubleday's pretty black-eyed Dolly was neatly stowed in a small willow basket, where it lay looking about with eyes of sweet wonder, behaving itself with marvellous quietness and discretion—as did most of the other little torments, to do them justice.

Much consultation, deep and solemn, was held as to the most profitable kinds of work to be undertaken by the Society. Many were in favor of making up linen—cotton-linen of course—but Mrs. Nippers assured the company that shirts never used to sell well at the East, and therefore she was perfectly certain that they would not do here. Pincushions and such like feminalities were then proposed; but at these Mrs. Nippers held up both hands and showed a double share of blue-white around her eyes. Nobody about her needed pincushions; and, besides, where should we get materials? Aprons, capes, caps, collars were all proposed with the same ill-success. At length Mrs. Doubleday, with an air of great deference, inquired what Mrs. Nippers would recommend. The good lady hesitated a little at this. It was more her forte to object to other people's plans than to suggest better; but, after a moment's consideration, she said she should think fancy boxes, watch-cases, and alum-baskets would be very pretty.

A dead silence fell on the assembly; but of course it did not last long. Mrs. Skinner went on quietly cutting out shirts, and in a very short time furnished each member with a good supply of work, stating that any lady might take work home to finish if she liked.

Mrs. Nippers took her work, and edged herself into a coterie of which Mrs. Flyter had seemed till then the magnate. Very soon I heard—"I declare it's a shame!"—"I don't know what'll be done about it!"—"She told me so with her own mouth!"—"Oh, but I was there myself!" etc., etc., in many different voices; the interstices filled with undistinguishable whispers, "not loud but deep." It was not long before the active widow transferred her seat to another corner; Miss Clinch plying her tongue—not her needle—in a third. The whispers and exclamations seemed to be gaining ground. The few silent members were inquiring for more work.

"Mrs. Nippers has the sleeve! Mrs. Nippers, have you finished that sleeve?" Mrs. Nippers colored, said "No," and sewed four stitches. At length the storm grew loud apace: "It will break up the Society——"

"What is that?" asked Mrs. Doubleday in her sharp treble. "What is it, Mrs. Nippers? *You* know all about it."

Mrs. Nippers replied that she only knew what she had heard, etc., etc. But after a little urging consented to inform the company in general that there was great dissatisfaction in the neighborhood; that those who lived in *log-houses* at a little distance from the village had not been invited to join the Society; and also that many people thought twenty-five cents quite too high for a yearly subscription.

Many looked quite aghast at this. Public opinion is nowhere so strongly felt as in the country, among new settlers; and as many of the present company still lived in log-houses, a tender string was touched. At length an old lady, who had sat quietly in a corner all the afternoon, looked up from behind the great woollen sock she was knitting:

"Well, now! that's queer!" said she, addressing Mrs. Nippers, with an air of simplicity simplified. "Miss Turner told me you went round her neighborhood last Friday, and told that Miss Clavers and Miss Skinner despised everybody that lived in log-houses. And you know you told Miss Briggs that you thought twenty-five cents was too much; didn't she, Miss Briggs?"

Mrs. Briggs nodded. The widow blushed to the **very**

centre of her pale eyes ; but "e'en though vanquished," she lost not her assurance : "Why, I am sure I only said that we only paid twelve and a half cents at the East ; and as to log-houses, I don't know—I can't just recollect—but I didn't say more than the others did."

But human nature could not bear up against the mortification : and it had, after all, the scarce credible effect of making Mrs. Nippers sew in silence for some time, and carry her colors at half-mast the remainder of the afternoon.

At tea each lady took one or more of her babies on her lap, and much grabbing ensued. Those who wore calicoes seemed in good spirits and appetite—for green tea, at least ; but those who had unwarily sported silks and other unwashables looked acid and uncomfortable. Cake flew about at a great rate, and the milk-and-water which ought to have quietly gone down sundry juvenile throats was spirted without mercy into sundry wry faces. But we got through. The astringent refreshment produced its usual crisping effect upon the vivacity of the company. Talk ran high upon all Montacutian themes :

"Do you raise any butter now?"—"When are you going to raise your barn?"—"Is your man a-going to kill this week?"—"I ha'n't seen a bit of meat these six weeks."—"Was you to meetin' last Sabbath?"—"Has Miss White got any wood to sell?"—"Do tell if you've been to Detroit?"—"Are you out of candles?"—"Well, I *should* think Sarah Teals wanted a new gown!"—"I hope we shall have milk in a week or two." And so on ; for, be it known that in a state of society like ours the bare necessaries of life are subjects of sufficient interest for a good deal of conversation.

"Is your daughter Isabella well?" asked Mrs. Nippers of me, solemnly, pointing to little Bell, who sat munching her bread-and-butter, half asleep at the fragmentious table.

"Yes, I believe so ; look at her cheeks."

"Ah, yes ! it was her cheeks I was looking at. They are so *very* rosy. I have a little niece who is the very image of her. I never see Isabella without thinking of Jerusha ; and Jerusha is most dreadfully scrofulous."

Satisfied at having made me uncomfortable, Mrs. Nippers turned to Mrs. Doubleday, who was trotting her pretty babe with her usual proud fondness.

"Don't you think your baby breathes rather strangely?" said the tormentor.

"Breathes! how!" said the poor thing, off her guard in an instant.

"Why, rather croupish, I think, if I am any judge. I have never had any children of my own, to be sure; but I was with Miss Green's baby when it died, and——"

"Come, we'll be off," said Mr. Doubleday, who had come for his spouse. "Don't mind that envious vixen"—aside to his Polly. Just then somebody on the opposite side of the room happened to say, speaking of some cloth affair, "Mrs. Nippers says it ought to be sponged." "Well, sponge it then by all means," said Mr. Doubleday; "nobody else knows half as much about sponging." And with wife and baby in tow, off set the laughing Philo, leaving the widow absolutely transfixed.

"What *could* Mr. Doubleday mean by that?" was at length her indignant exclamation. Nobody spoke. "I am sure," continued the crestfallen widow, with an attempt at a scornful giggle, "I am sure, if anybody understood him, I would be glad to know what he *did* mean."

"Well now, I can tell you," said the same simple old lady in the corner, who had let out the secret of Mrs. Nippers's morning walks: "Some folks call that *sponging* when you go about getting your dinner here and your tea there, and sich-like—as you know you and Meesy there does. That was what he meant, I guess."

And the old lady quietly put up her knitting and prepared to go home. Mrs. Nippers's claret cloak and green bonnet, and Miss Clinch's ditto, ditto, were in requisition; and I do not think that either of them spent a day out that week.—*A New Home.*

CIRCUIT COURT OF SPRING COUNTY.

After Zury had put away his team and eaten supper, he strolled out in front of the weather-beaten frame struct-

ure which was then the only house of entertainment in Danfield—now a thriving and pretty city; with hotels, theatres, water-works, horse-cars, gas, electric lights, and other comforts and elegancies of civilization; and inhabited by a cultivated society in keeping with itself.

There, on the long, low, wooden porch, almost level with the dusty road in front, were sitting in amicable, anecdotal confab, the judge and the attorneys of the —th Judicial Circuit, comprising eight counties. The bench and bar were in the habit of journeying, on horseback, from county-seat to county-seat, holding in each its allotted term, and trying, before local juries, the causes that might be presented. This is called "riding the circuit," and is described by one who knows it well as "*the happiest life ever led by mortal man.*" Nature, human and inanimate; adventure; politics; sense and nonsense; much wit and more laughter; and "law, law, law, till you couldn't rest!" What was lacking for the perfect exercise of body and mind? These men were making the precedents which the bench and bar of to-day have to follow. That was creation and originality; this is memory and docility.

Some were sitting on the platform, with their feet on the ground, their backs against the posts; more sat on chairs tilted back against the wall. When Zury joined them Lincoln happened to be in a favorite posture of his, "sitting on his shoulder-blades," and nursing his thin knees in front of his breast; his large hands clasped around his shins, while his long feet dangled in front. For a score of years afterward, through all the wild times of national convulsion, whenever Zury heard the name of Lincoln, in peace or in war, in life or in death, the quaint image he then saw rose again before his mind's eye.

"That reminds me of a leetle story."

This was Lincoln's formula for the introduction of anecdotes innumerable. Quaint, droll, witty, humorous; sometimes pathetic, always pat and persuasive, these yarns and illustrations were; whether used at the bar, in the horse-shed, on the road, on the stump, under the tavern-porch, or at a Cabinet meeting. Some of them really arose in his memory; more of them

flashed upon his active fancy, and were coined as they were uttered. Does anyone imagine, because a hundred or two of them have been recorded, that the world knows them all or nearly all? A score have perished or are perishing where one survives.

All his late fellow-travellers greeted Zury kindly—the circuit judge even volunteering unanswerable reasons why he should not rise and offer his seat. Lincoln said:—

“Friend Prouder, I hear that they are talking of running you for the legislature.”

“Wal—ya-as—some has be'n tryin' t' put up some sech a joke on me; from which I jidge th't they 'llow to be beat in the race. I notice th't when the' 'xpect t' win, the' don't hunt 'raound fer aoutsiders t' share th' stakes; but when the' expect t' lose, the' 're awful lib'ral.”

“Aha! Probably they think some of the stock on the Prouder farm—live-stock or other—will help them pull the load uphill.”

“No. To do 'em justice I guess they don't expect no campaign-fund contributions from the me-aneest man in Spring County! The' don't fool themselves with no sech crazy dreams as that, no more'n the' fool me with talkin' abaout my gittin' thar.”

“Oh, well—let them try, and you jest try and help 'em a leetle. You don't know where lightning might strike. I may be in the House myself, and whether I am or not, we want jest such men as you there—men that won't steal, and that are too smart to be stole from.”—*From The McVeys, by JOSEPH KIRKLAND.*





KJELLAND, ALEXANDER LANGE, a Norwegian novelist, born at Stavanger, Norway, October 2, 1849. He gave no signs of literary talent in his youth. He began life as a manufacturer of tiles in his native city. He made a long sojourn in Paris just before his thirtieth year, and while there wrote a number of sketches, which were published under the title *Novelletter*. These attracted considerable notice because of the excellence of his style. The next year, 1880, he published two volumes of short stories, *Nye Novelletter* and *For Scenen*, and also a novel, *Garman og Worse*, which was very well received. The following year appeared two more ambitious works, *Arbeidsfolk* and *Elsie*, which determined his standing among the novelists of that tongue. Both were intensely realistic and radical, and the keenest criticism of the existing customs of Norway that had ever appeared. Moreover, the literary style was so fine that it has been pronounced by the critics that "no man has written Norwegian as this man writes it." The style in its elegant simplicity reminds one of Swift, of Hawthorne, or Holmes. But in his dramatic art Kjelland is no less noteworthy, his command over the sympathies of his readers being indeed remarkable, especially as not all of them were favorable to the

views which he was promulgating. The two books which now appeared both dealt with phases of the sex problem, but were cleanly written, though severely satirical. They were, however, denounced as "poison;" in consequence of which his next book was called *Gift or Poison*, and in it he undertook to convict his antagonists of themselves poisoning society. Other works are *Skipper Worse*, *To Novelletter*, *Fortuna*, *Sne*, *Tre Par*, *Betty's Formynder*, *En Professor*, *Maend og Dyre*, *Sankt Hans Fest*, and *Jakob*. They are all social satires of the most drastic type.

Kjelland became a personal issue in Norwegian society, and at last in Norwegian politics. Especially was he attacked by a Stavanger clergyman who was the original for an unenviable figure in several of his books. This clergyman, by his eloquence and pietistic teachings, had made himself a power in Norway, and especially in the Liberal party. He was himself a member of the Storting, and led a wing of the party which was liberal in everything but religion. By his followers Kjelland was denounced as an infidel throughout the country, and when a motion to vote him the "digtergage," or poet's pension, such as was enjoyed by Ibsen and Björnson, came before the Storting, this clergyman and his followers joined the Conservatives to defeat the motion. This caused a violent split in the Liberal party, which was not healed until the clergyman, some years later, was compelled to confess from his pulpit that he was guilty of the grossest immorality. Until he thus disappeared from public life

and politics, the split continued and the Conservative ministry was kept in power by Liberal votes. Kjelland was for some years editor of a newspaper in Stavanger. When his opponent's discomfiture was complete, the motion to vote Kjelland the "digtergagge" was again brought forward and carried. He was afterward honored by election to the mayoralty of Stavanger.

Though a realist, Kjelland is not a naturalist in method. He indulges in no psychological studies of motives; neither does he cater to pruriency. He writes from the stand-point of the mere onlooker, imbued with the ordinary ideas of decency and morality, and he contrives to show the hollowness and inconsistency of the pretensions of the respectable. He is so clever and adroit in divining how a thing will strike the reader, and what he will infer from it, that he finds it not merely unnecessary to go into details, but really impossible, except at the expense of artistic completeness and dramatic effect. Thus his books escape the vulgarity which mars realistic works of other authors. He is at the opposite pole from Zola, for instance, and is, in fact, by far the cleanest and also the most effective of the modern realistic school. His books have all been translated into German and French, and many of them into other languages. An authorized edition in English has been published, also, embracing all but the most recent. We quote from the American translation of his most popular story, *Elsie*, by Miles Menander Dawson, an illustration of Kjelland's style and method.

AN OPPORTUNITY NEGLECTED.

The police-chief's handsome wife no longer kept office hours from ten to eleven. She was tired of it.

These preliminary labors dragged along interminably: when the chaplain once had the institution organized, it seemed as if he had gained his point, and the institution's farther growth and progress he did not allow to lie so much upon his mind.

At the last meeting he had even, with his customary decision, proposed that the matter should temporarily rest until autumn; for the summer was now at hand, when all the institution's promoters were going to the baths or into the country; they could, therefore, confine themselves to working secretly—as the chaplain expressed himself—and so meet again, if God will, at autumn with renewed powers.

Working secretly was not to this lady's taste. She desired, on the contrary, to distinguish herself in one way or another; but there was no opportunity, and at last she let the register lie unopened on the desk; but she did let it lie there; it was always a graceful object, and every stranger was sure to ask what it was.

One delightful May morning, between ten and eleven, the maid came into her bedchamber and announced that Miss Falbè was waiting to see her.

At first the lady wished to excuse herself; but when she heard that it concerned the Institution for Fallen Women of St. Peter's Parish, she made a becoming negligé toilet and went down. But she was a little provoked, anyhow; it was just like Miss Falbè to come at the wrong time.

It was like her, too, not to seem to hear the story of the horrible headache which the lady related; but, without further ado, to go straight to the matter in hand.

"You remember, madam," she began, "that some time since I presented a young girl for your institution? Do you also recall what hindered her reception at that time?"

The lady nodded stiffly.

"This hindrance is now certainly removed"—Miss

Falbè's voice sounded a little sharp as she said it—"the girl has gone astray—to a pitiable degree."

The police-chief's wife did not really see what answer she should make. She assumed a business-like mien, and sought for excuses ; she felt an instinctive longing to oppose Miss Falbè.

But all at once it occurred to her : here was the most excellent opportunity to distinguish herself ; she was the institution's secretary, and, although the organization was not yet complete, still she had both money and clothing at her disposal. She looked at the register ; the women who received support from the institution were to be recorded in it.

She made a bold decision, and solemnly opened the register.

With a rapid and graceful hand she now at last filled the empty spaces in the first line : Name, Age, By whom presented, etc. ; all with a business expression, as if it were the twentieth time she had done it.

When it was all filled out, Miss Falbè asked :

"Well, as to the baby——"

"The baby !" cried the lady. "Is there a baby ?"

"There will be," responded the imperturbable Miss Falbè.

For a moment the poor lady thought she would faint ; but her wrath got the upper hand. Flaming red, and with anything but mild eyes, she arose :

"It's a shame for you, Miss Falbè ; but that's always the way with you. Now I must scratch in the register ; it is spoiled—all spoiled !" and the lady burst into tears for grief and vexation.

"But what's to be understood by that ?" asked Miss Falbè.

"Oh ! you know well enough," sobbed the lady. "When there is a baby, you should go to the lying-in hospital for poor women, and not to us. You knew it well—yes, you knew it ; I am sure you did."

Miss Falbè smiled ; Miss Falbè really smiled a little contemptuously as she went down the steps. Whether she knew it or not, is as well unknown ; at any rate, she did not go to the lying-in hospital for poor women.

On the contrary, she went home again to the Ark and hunted up Madam Speckbom. When Miss Falbè was really in a strait to procure aid for some poor creature or other she had found, she always knew that Madam Speckbom had a little to spare on a pinch.

And Madam held Miss Falbè infinitely high—mostly, perhaps, because she was the only educated person who had ever shown genuine respect for her medical skill.

But then when Madam learned that it was Loppen who was to be helped, she shook her curls in disapproval :

“It will do no good with her, miss—I know the blood—so I do !”

Madam Speckbom had missed Loppen so badly that she had almost grown old in six months' time ; she had repented, too, perhaps, but she was of too stern and obstinate a composition ever to acknowledge it.

But Miss Falbè proceeded without allowing herself to be scared off by the curls, telling how it had gone with Elsie of late ; she had kept an eye on her as well as she could.

Since early that year, Loppen had been living with the young boy from the brick-works—partly out there, partly in a notorious lodging-house in town.

But he was lazy and, besides, he drank all the time when he was in town. So Elsie had suffered very much ; and what was worse, she had changed so in this short time that when Miss Falbè called and tried to help and counsel her, Loppen had laughed defiantly and said that she would take care of herself.

“Yes, yes—there, you see ; that's the kind of a girl she is,” muttered Madam.

But Elsie was sick now ; and that afternoon when Miss Falbè found her alone—Svend had not shown his face for several days—she was humble and penitent.

Miss Falbè talked so long about Elsie that Madam thawed ; and at evening Loppen was brought home and had her old bed in the little chamber where the morning sun shone in.

At first Elsie did not dare to look Madam in the eye. But when she had accustomed herself to the old sur-

roundings, and especially after it was over with and she had given birth to a miserable, little, still-born child, the old intimacy between them began to return.

"But," said Madam Speckbom, when they had had a long talk about the past, "if after this you commit any follies or run away, or if you only a single time go up to Puppelena's, then it will be all over between us—over, once for all."

Elsie felt so certain that such a thing could never happen again; she had gone through too much for that.

And now it was so delightful.

As to Svend, Madam had promised herself that if he would be sober and work, she would help them to get married.

And it was that Elsie lay and thought about; and as her strength slowly waxed with good food and treatment, she began in her old way to dream.

But now they were quite different—her dreams—from those when she lay in her virgin bed, and really did not comprehend what she was dreaming of.

Now she cast away the horses and swan's-down and longed for a little house close by the brick-works for Svend and herself, and a big rose-bush in front like those in the bellman's garden; oh, when she thought of the bellman's roses! She could recall their fragrance so that she could smell them.

She was too young and light-hearted to grieve long because the child was still-born. And when she was up and began to walk around, she felt happier than she had felt for a long time. Her beauty came back, too; her eyes became bright again and her figure rounded.

One evening, when Madam had just gone out, Svend came in. Elsie was much alarmed, for Madam had forbidden her receiving him; she wanted to talk with Svend herself first.

But she could not drive him away; for that matter, he would not let himself be driven away; it was so long since they had seen each other. Loppen appeased herself by resolving that she would tell Madam when she came home, however it went with her.

But she did not do so. When she came to the point,

she had not the courage ; and Svend continued calling on her twice a week—especially Saturday evenings.

Whether Madam Speckbom suspected anything, Elsie could not be certain ; but it troubled her ; yet, she could not bring herself to confess. It was harder, too, the longer it ran on ; and at last she had not the slightest desire to talk confidently with Madam.

There was so much sunshine in July and August, and so little of it came into Madam Speckbom's narrow streets.

Loppen sat by the window and looked up at the sky, and she thought ever so long about Svend and the brick-works, and all the bright pearls which leaped from the water-wheel and of the bellman's roses. She breathed heavily. What would she not give for such a rose !

The next Saturday Svend brought her one. There were scores of them, he said ; one scented their fragrance clear out on the road, and they hung out over the hedge this year, so one did not have to climb over.

She held the rose in her hand ; it was wellnigh ruined, and he teased her to go out with him and pluck a good many more.

But she would not ; and she walked on and explained for the twentieth time how much more sensible it was for her to stay with Madam as long as possible ; and then they could better arrange to be married in the fall.

Svend listened patiently to her, and in this way they walked on from corner to corner, across the slopes behind the town. But when he had her so far, he took her about the waist and said : " Don't be foolish, now, Elsie ! What do you want down in that black hospital ? Only think how fresh and lovely it is here ! "

He was browned again by the sun ; the warm gypsy blood flowed up into his cheeks, and his teeth glistened in the twilight. It was impossible for her to withstand him ; and, happy and careless, she ran away with him into the silent, beautiful summer night.—*From Elsie ; translated for the UNIVERSITY OF LITERATURE by MILES MENANDER DAWSON.*



F. KLOPSTOCK.



KLOPSTOCK, FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB, a German poet, born at Quedlinburg, Prussia, July 2, 1724; died at Hamburg, March 14, 1803. At an early age, while a student at the Seminary of Schulpforte, he conceived the idea of writing an epic poem upon the story of Henry the Fowler. He entered the University of Jena, where he studied until 1745, and his enthusiasm took a religious turn, and he chose "The Messiah" as the theme of his proposed epic. In 1746 he went to Leipsic, where a literary association had been gathered together, the aim of which was an entire renovation of the form and spirit of German poetry. This association established at Bremen a literary journal, the *Literarische Zeitung*. The first three cantos of Klopstock's *Messiah* were published in this journal in 1748, the last part as late as 1773. From the outset Klopstock was recognized in certain circles of Germany as a great epic poet, ranking with Dante and Milton. Later generations have failed to accord to him any such place.

The external life of Klopstock was a fortunate one. After the publication of the first three cantos of *The Messiah* he acted as a private tutor for a couple of years. In 1750 the Danish Prime-Minister invited him to Copenhagen, offering him a pension of \$300, so that he might be able to devote himself wholly to the composition of his epic. He

was received at Copenhagen with marked distinction ; became a favorite of the King, by whom he was employed in honorable official posts, ending in 1771 with that of Councillor of the Danish Legation at Hamburg, which thereafter became his residence. Another pension was granted him by the Prince of Baden, and the French Revolutionary Government made him an honorary citizen of the Republic. He died at the age of nearly fourscore, and his funeral was celebrated with a pomp almost regal.

Klopstock's works cover a great variety of topics, but the more important are dramatic poems based upon Scriptural themes—as *The Messiah, the Death of Adam, Solomon, and David*.

Of his works, taken en masse, Novalis says that "they resemble translations from some unknown poet, prepared by a skilful but unpoetical philologist." Some of his odes, however, are worthy of less guarded commendation. Perhaps the best of them is the *Ode to God*, which we give in the translation contained in the *Foreign Review*.

ODE TO GOD.

Thou Jehovah
 Art named, but I am dust of dust.
 Dust, yet eternal : for the immortal Soul
 Thou gavest me, gavest Thou for eternity ;
 Breathed'st into her, to form thy maze,
 Sublime desires for peace and bliss,
 A thronging host ! but one, more beautiful
 Than all the rest, is as the Queen of all,
 Of Thee the last, divinest image,
 The fairest, most attractive—Love !
 Thou feelest it, though, as the Eternal One,

It feel, rejoicing, the high angels whom
 Thou mad'st celestial—Thy last image,
 The fairest and divinest Love!
 Deep within Adam's heart Thou planted'st it,
 In his idea of perfection made,
 For him create, to him thou broughtest
 The Mother of the Human Race.
 Deep also in my heart thou planted'st it :
 In my idea of perfection made,
 For me create, from me Thou leadest
 Her whom my soul entirely loves.
 Toward her my soul is all outshed in tears—
 My full soul weeps, to stream itself away
 Wholly in tears! From me Thou leadest
 Her whom I love, O God! from me—
 For so Thy destiny, invisibly,
 Ever in darkness works—far, far away
 From my fond arms in vain extended—
 But not away from my sad heart!
 And yet Thou knowest why Thou didst conceive,
 And to reality creating, call
 Souls so susceptible of feeling,
 And for each other fitted so.
 Thou knowest, Creator! But Thy destiny
 Those souls—thus born for each other—parts :
 High destiny impenetrable—
 How dark, yet how adorable!
 But Life, when with Eternity compared,
 Is like the swift breath by the dying breathed,
 The last breath, wherewith flees the spirit
 That age to endless life aspired.
 What once was labyrinth in glory melts
 Away—and destiny is then no more.
 Ah, then, with rapturous rebeholding,
 Thou givest soul to soul again!
 Thought of the Soul and of Eternity,
 Worthy and meet to soothe the saddest pain :
 My soul conceives it in its greatness;
 But, Oh, I feel too much the life
 That here I live! Like immortality,
 What seemed a breath fearfully wide extends!
 I see, I see my bosom's anguish

In boundless darkness magnified.
 God ! let this life pass like a fleeting breath !
 Ah, no ! But her, who seems designed for me,
 Give—easy for Thee to accord me—
 Give to my trembling, tearful heart !
 The pleasing awe that thrills me, meeting her !
 The suppressed stammer of the dying soul,
 That has no words to say its feelings
 And save by tears is wholly mute !
 Give her unto my arms, which, innocent
 In childhood, oft to Thee in heaven,
 When with the fervor of devotion
 I prayed of Thee eternal peace !
 With the same effort dost Thou grant and take
 From the poor worm, whose hours are centuries,
 This brief felicity—the worm, man,
 Who blooms his season, droops and dies !
 By her beloved, I beautiful and blest
 Will Virtue call, and on her heavenly form
 With fixèd will gaze, and only
 Own that for peace and happiness
 Which she prescribes for me. But, Holier One,
 Thee, too, who dwell'st afar in higher state
 Than human virtue—Thee I'll honor,
 Only by God observed, more pure.
 By her beloved, will I more zealously,
 Rejoicing, meet before Thee, and pour forth
 My fuller heart, Eternal Father,
 In hallelujas ferventer.
 Then, when she with me, she Thine exalted praise
 Weeps up to heaven in prayer, with eyes that swim
 In ecstasy, shall I already
 With her that higher life enjoy.
 The song of the Messiah, in her arms
 Quaffing enjoyment pure, I nobler may
 Sing to the Good, who love as deeply
 And, being Christians, feel as we !



KNIGHT, CHARLES, an English publisher and compiler, born at Windsor, March 15, 1791; died at Addlestone, Surrey, March 9, 1873. In 1823 he commenced the publication of *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, in which appeared Macaulay's earliest writings; the title was changed in 1827 to *The London Magazine*, and in it appeared Carlyle's *Life of Schiller* and De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*. About 1830 he became connected with the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, as publisher and agent. Among the works, issued mainly at his own risk, were the *Penny Magazine*, which at one time had a circulation of 200,000 copies. In 1856-62 was published *The Popular History of England*, written mainly by himself. Among his numerous compilations are *Half Hours with the Best Authors* (1848), and *Half Hours with the Best Letter-Writers* (1866). His *Life of Caxton*, published in 1844, was in 1854 greatly enlarged, and issued under the title *The Old Printer and the Modern Press*. Mr. Knight's publishing enterprises were not ultimately successful; but about 1860 he received from the government the appointment of publisher of the *London Gazette*, the duties being merely nominal, and the salary £1,200 a year. Soon after his death a statue of him was erected at Windsor, where he first entered upon business as a bookseller and publisher.

A PROPHECY OF PRINTING.

It was evensong time when, after a day of listlessness, the printers in the Almonry of Westminster prepared to close the doors of their workshop. This was a tolerably spacious room, with a carved oaken roof. The setting sun shone brightly into the chamber, and lighted up such furniture as no other room in London could then exhibit. Between the columns which supported the roof stood two presses—ponderous machines. A “form” of types lay unread upon the “table” of one of these presses; the other was empty. There were “cases” ranged between the opposite columns; but there was no “copy” suspended, ready for the compositors to proceed with in the morning. No heap of wet paper was piled upon the floor. The “balls,” removed from the presses, were rotting in a corner. The “ink-blocks” were dusty, and a thin film had formed over the oily pigment. William Caxton, he who had set these machines in motion and filled the whole space with the activity of his mind, was dead. His daily work was ended.

Three grave-looking men, decently clothed in black, were girding on their swords. Their caps were in their hands. The door opened, and the chief of the workmen came in. It was Wynkyn de Worde. With short speech, but looks of deep significance, he called a “Chapel”—the printers’ Parliament—a conclave as solemn and as omnipotent as the Saxons’ Witenagemote. Wynkyn was the “Father of the Chapel.”

The four drew their high stools round the “imposing-stone.” Upon the stone lay two uncorrected folio pages—a portion of the *Lives of the Fathers*. The “proof” was not returned. He that they had followed a few days before to his grave in Saint Margaret’s Church had lifted it once to his failing eyes—and then they closed in night.

“Companions,” said Wynkyn—surely that word “companion” tells of the antiquity of printing, and of the old love and fellowship that subsisted among its craft—“Companions, the good work will not stop.”

"Wynkyn," said Richard Pynson, "who is to carry on the work?"

"I am ready," answered Wynkyn.

A faint expression of joy arose to the lips of these honest men; but it was dampened by the remembrance of him they had lost.

"He died," said Wynkyn, "as he lived. *The Lives of the Holy Fathers* is finished, as far as the translator's labor. There is the rest of the copy. Read the words of the last page which *I* have written: '*Thus endeth the most virtuous history of the devout and right-renowned lives of the Holy Fathers living in the desert, worthy of remembrance to all well-disposed persons, which has been translated out of French into English by William Caxton, of Westminster, late dead, and finished at the last day of his life.*'"

The tears were in all their eyes; and "God rest his soul!" was whispered around.

"Companion," said William Machlinia, "is not this a hazardous enterprise?"

"I have encouragements," replied Wynkyn; "the Lady Margaret, his Highness's mother, gives me aid. So droop not, fear not. We will carry on the work briskly in our good master's house. So fill the case."

A shout almost mounted to the roof.

"But why should we fear? You, Machlinia, you, Letton, and you, dear Richard Pynson, if you choose not to abide with your old companion here, there is work for you all in these good towns of Westminster, London, and Southwark. You have money; you know where to buy types. Printing *must* go forward."

"Always full of heart," said Pynson. "But have you forgot the statute of King Richard? We cannot say, 'God rest his soul!' for our old master scarcely ever forgave him putting Lord Rivers to death. You forgot the statute. We ought to know it, for we printed it. I can turn to the file in a moment. It is the Act touching the merchants of Italy, which forbids them selling their wares in this realm. Here it is—'Provided always that this Act, or any part thereof, in no wise extend or be prejudicial of any let, hurt, or impediment to any artificer or merchant stranger, of what nation or coun-

try he be or shall be of, for bringing into this realm, or selling by retail or otherwise, of any manner of books written or imprinted.'—Can we stand up against that, if we have more presses than the old press of the Abbey of Westminster?"

"Aye, truly, we can, good friend," briskly answered Wynkyn. "Have we any books in our store? Could we ever print books fast enough? Are there not readers rising up on all sides? Do we depend upon the Court? The mercers and the drapers, the grocers and the spicers of the city crowd here for our books—the rude uplandish men even take our books—they that our master rather vilipended. The tapsters and taverners have our books. The whole country-side cries out for our ballads and our Robin Hood stories; and, to say the truth, the citizen's wife is as much taken with our King Arthurs and King Blanchardines as the most noble knight that Master Caxton ever desired to look upon in his green days of jousts in Burgundy. So fill the case!"

"But if foreigners bring books into England," said the cautious William Machlinia, "there will be more books than readers."

"Books make readers," rejoined Wynkyn. "Do you not remember how timidly our bold master went on before he was safe in his sell? Do you forget how he asked this lord to take a copy, and that knight to give him something in fee; and how he bargained for his summer venison and his winter venison as an encouragement in his ventures? But he found a larger market than he ever counted upon; and so shall we all. Go ye forth, my brave fellows. Stay not to work for me, if you can work better for yourselves. I fear no rivals."

"Why, Wynkyn," interposed Pynson; "you talk as if printing were as necessary as air; books as food, clothing, or fire."

"And so they will be some day. What is to stop the wish for books? Will one man have the command of books, and another man desire them not? The time may come when every man shall require books."

"Perhaps," said Letton, who had an eye to printing the Statutes, "the time may come when every man shall

want to read an Act of Parliament, instead of the few lawyers who buy our Acts now."

"Hardly so," grunted Wynkyn.

"Or perchance you think that when our Sovereign Liege meets his Peers and Commons in Parliament, it were well to print a book, some month or two after, to tell what the Parliament said, as well as ordained."

"Nay, nay, you run me hard," said Wynkyn.

"And if within a month, why not within a day? Why shouldn't we print the words as fast as spoken? We only want fairy fingers to pick up our types, and presses that Doctor Faustus and his devils may some day make, to tell all London to-morrow morning what is done this morning in the palace at Westminster."

"Prithee, be serious," ejaculated Wynkyn. "I was speaking of possible things; and I really think the day may come when one person in a thousand may read books and buy books, and we shall have a trade almost as good as that of armorers and fletchers."

"The Bible!" exclaimed Pynson. "Oh, that we might print the Bible! I know of a copy of Wickliffe's Bible. That were indeed a book to print!"

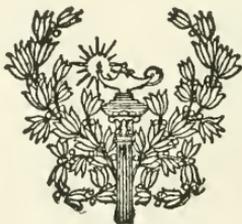
"I have no doubt, Richard, that the happy time may come when a Bible shall be chained in every church, for every Christian man to look upon. You remember when our brother Hunte showed us the chained books in the Library at Oxford. So, a century or two hence, a Bible may be found in every parish. Twelve thousand parishes in England! We should want more paper in that good day, Master Richard."

"You had better fancy," said Letton, "that every housekeeper will want a Bible! Heaven save the mark, how some men's imaginations run away with them!"

"I cannot see," interposed Machlinia, "how we can venture upon more presses in London. Here are two. They have been worked well since the day when they were shipped at Cologne. Here are five founts of type—as much as a thousand-weight. They have been well worked; they are pretty nigh worn out. What man would risk such an adventure after our good old master? He was a favorite at court and in cloister. He was well patronized. Who is to patronize us?"

“The people, I tell you,” exclaimed Wynkyn. “The babe in the cradle wants an Absey-book ; the maid at her distaff a Ballad ; the priest wants his Pié ; the young lover wants a Romance of Chivalry to read to his mistress ; the lawyer wants his Statutes ; the scholar wants his Virgil and Cicero. They will all want more, the more they are supplied. How many in England have a book at all, think you ? Let us make bocks cheaper by printing more of them at a time. The church-wardens of Saint Margaret’s School asked me six-and-eight-pence yesterday for the volume that our master left the parish ; for not a copy can I get, if we should want to print again. Six-and-eight-pence ! That was exactly what he charged his customers for the volume. Print five hundred instead of two hundred, and we could sell it for three-and-fourpence.”

“And ruin ourselves,” said Machlinia. “Master Wynkyn, I shall fear to work for you if you go on so madly. What has turned your head ?”—*William Caxton, a Biography.*





KNOWLES, JAMES SHERIDAN, an Irish dramatist, born at Cork, May 12, 1784; died at Torquay, Devonshire, November 30, 1862. His family removed to London in 1793, and at an early age he produced a play and a popular ballad. In 1806 he appeared on the stage at Dublin, and for some years joined to the labors of an actor those of dramatic author and teacher. His first important success was attained at Belfast by *Caius Gracchus*, in 1815. *Virgilius*, produced in 1820, established his reputation. *William Tell* followed in 1825. His other plays are *The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green* (1828); *Alfred the Great* (1831); *The Hunchback* (1832); *The Wife* (1833); *The Daughter* (1836); *The Love Chase* (1837); *Woman's Wit* (1838); *The Maid of Mariendorpt* (1838); *Love* (1839); *John of Procida* (1840); *Old Maids* (1841); *The Rose of Aragon* (1842), and *The Secretary* (1843). These were gathered into three volumes as his *Dramatic Works* (1843), revised edition in two volumes (1856). Knowles abandoned the stage from conscientious scruples in 1845, wrote two novels, *Fortescue* and *George Lovell* (1847), received a pension of £200 in 1849, published *The Rock of Rome* (1849) and *The Idol Demolished by Its Own Priests* (1851), and became a Baptist preacher in 1852.

Saintsbury says: "Knowles's plays justify the theatrical maxim that no one who has not practi-

cal knowledge of the stage can write a good acting play. They also justify the maxim of the study that in his day literary excellence had obtained a divorce from dramatic merit. Knowles's plays are not entirely devoid of literary value, but they might never have been heard of except as dramas. Independently of his technical knowledge, Knowles had that knowledge of human nature without which drama is impossible, and he could write very respectable English. His style, his verse, his theme, his characters, his treatment, are all mediocre, but his technique as a dramatist deserves warmer praise."

DEATH OF VIRGINIA.

Appius.—Virginius,
 I feel for you : but though you were my father,
 The majesty of justice should be sacred—
 Claudius must take Virginia home with him !
Virginius.—And if he must, I should advise him, *Appius,*
 To take her home in time, before his guardian
 Complete the violation which his eyes
 Already have begun.—Friends ! fellow-citizens :
 Look not on Claudius—look on your Decemvir !
 He is the master claims Virginia !
 The tongues that told him she was not my child
 Are these :—the costly charms he cannot purchase,
 Except by making her the slave of Claudius,
 His client, his purveyor, that caters for
 His pleasure—markets for him, picks and scents,
 And tastes, that he may banquet—serves him up
 His sensual feast, and is not now ashamed,
 In the open, common street, before your eyes—
 Frighting your daughters' and your matrons' cheeks
 With blushes they ne'er thought to meet—to help him
 To the honor of a Roman maid ! my child !
 Who now clings to me, as you see, as if

This second Tarquin had already coiled
 His arms around her. Look upon her, Romans !
 Befriend her ! succor her ! see her not polluted
 Before her father's eyes !—He is but one.
 Tear her from Appius and his lictors while
 She is sustained !—Your hands ! your hands ! **your**
 hands !

Citizens.—They are yours, Virginius.

App.—Keep the people back !

Support my lictors, soldiers ! Seize the girl,
 And drive the people back.

Icilius.—Down with the slaves !

[*The people make a show of resistance ; but, upon the advance of the soldiers, retreat, and leave ICILIUS, VIRGINIUS, and his daughter in the hands of APPIUS and his party.*]

Deserted ! Cowards ! traitors !—Let me free
 But for a moment !—I relied on you :
 Had I relied upon myself alone,
 I had kept them still at bay.—I kneel to you :
 Let me but loose a moment, if 'tis only
 To rush upon your swords.

Vir.—Icilius, peace !

You see how 'tis : we are deserted, left
 Alone by our friends, surrounded by our enemies,
 Nerveless and helpless.

App.—Separate them, lictors !

Vir.—Let them forbear awhile, I pray you, Appius :
 It is not very easy. Though her arms
 Are tender, yet the hold is strong by which
 She grasps me, Appius—forcing them will hurt them :
 They'll soon unclasp themselves. Wait but a little ;
 You know you're sure of her.

App.—I have not time

To idle with thee : give her to my lictors.

Vir.—Appius, I pray you wait ! If she is not
 My child, she hath been like a child to me
 For fifteen years. If I am not her father,
 I have been like a father to her, Appius,
 For even such a time. They that have lived
 So long a time together, in so near
 And dear society, may be allowed

A little time for parting. Let me take
The maid aside, I pray you, and confer
A moment with her nurse; perhaps she'll give me
Some token will unloose a tie so twined
And knotted round my heart that, if you break it,
My heart breaks with it.

App.—Have your wish. Be brief!
Lictors, look to them.

Virginia.—Do you go from me?
Do you leave me? Father! Father!

Vir.—No, my child.
No, my Virginia. Come along with me.

Virginia.—Will you not leave me? Will you take
me with you?
Will you take me home again? O, bless you, bless
you!

My father! my dear father! Art thou not
My father?

[VIRGINIUS, perfectly at a loss what to do, looks anxiously around
the Forum; at length his eye falls on a butcher's stall, with a knife
upon it.]

Vir.—This way, my child.—No, no; I'm not going
To leave thee, my Virginia! I'll not leave thee.

App.—Keep back the people, soldiers! Let them
not
Approach Virginius! Keep the people back!—

[VIRGINIUS seizes the knife.]

Well, have you done?

Vir.—Short time for converse, Appius,
But I have.

App.—I hope you are satisfied.

Vir.—I am—

I am—that she is my daughter!

App.—Take her, lictors!

[VIRGINIA shrieks, and falls half-dead upon her father's shoulder.]

Vir.—Another moment, pray you. Bear with me
A little: 'tis my last embrace. 'Twon't try
Your patience beyond bearing, if you're a man!

Lengthen it as I may, I cannot make it
Long.—My dear child! My dear Virginia!

[*Kissing her.*]

There is one only way to save thine honor—
'Tis this.

[*VIRGINIUS stabs her and draws out the knife. ICILIUS breaks from the soldiers that held him, and catches her.*]

Lo, Appius, with this innocent blood
I do devote thee to the infernal gods!
Make way there!

App.—Stop him! seize him!

Vir.—If they dare

To tempt the desperate weapon that is maddened
With drinking of my daughter's blood, why, let them:
thus

It rushes in amongst them. Way there! way!

—*Virginus.*

TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free! Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty and how free!
How do you look, for all your barèd brows,
More gorgeously majestic than kings
Whose loaded coronets exhaust the mine!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine, whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible; whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine; whose subject never kneels
In mockery, because it is your boast
To keep him free! Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again!—I call to you
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you
To show they still are free! I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!

—*William Tell.*



KNOX, THOMAS WALLACE, an American traveller and newspaper correspondent, born at Pembroke, N. H., June 26, 1835; died at New York, January 7, 1896. His newspaper work began in Colorado in 1860. He was transferred to the United States Army in the Southwest in 1860-61, and continued in a journey round the world in 1866-67, and another in 1877-78. He invented a system of topographical telegraphy, which was adopted by the United States Government for the transmission of weather maps. In 1880 he received the order of the White Elephant from the King of Siam. He published *Camp-fire and Cotton-field* (1865); *Overland Through Asia* (1870); *Underground Life* (1873); *Backshcesh* (1875); *How to Travel* (1880); *Pocket-Guide for Europe* (1881); *Around the World* (1882); *Voyage of the "Vivian" to the North Pole* (1884); *Lives of Blaine and Logan* (1884); *Marco Polo for Boys and Girls* (1885); *Robert Fulton and Steam Navigation* (1886); *Life of Henry Ward Beecher* (1887); *Decisive Battles Since Waterloo* (1887); *Dog Stories and Dog Lore* (1887); *A Close Shave* (1892); *The Republican Party* (1892); *John Boyd's Adventures* (1893); *Siberian Exiles* (1893); *Talking Handkerchief* (1893); *The Lost Army* (1894); *In Wild Africa* (1895), and *Hunters Three* (1895). He is perhaps best known by his series of *Boy Travellers*.

FUTURE MODES OF TRAVEL.

We may yet come to the speed of a railway train on the water, and more than one inventor believes that he can do so. The prediction that we will yet cross the Atlantic in three days is no wilder than would have been the prediction, at the beginning of this century, that we could travel on land or sea at our present rate, and that intelligence could be flashed along a wire in a few seconds of time from one end of the world to the other. The railway, the ocean steamer, the telegraph, the telephone, and many other things that seem almost commonplace to us, would have been regarded as the emanations of a crazy brain a hundred years ago. We, or our descendants, may be able to go through the air at will, and show the birds that we can do as much as they can. Not long ago, I was reading a sketch supposed to be written a thousand years hence. The writer describes his travels, and gives a picture of the public highway. An omnibus supported by balloons, and drawn by a pair of them—harnessed as we would harness horses—is represented on its way through the air. The driver is on his box, and the conductor at the door, while the passengers are looking out of the windows. A bird who has doubtless become thoroughly familiar with the aërial craft, has seized the hat of a passenger and flies away with it, and the victim of the theft is vainly stretching his hands toward his property. Balloons are sailing through the air, and in one a man is seated, who is evidently out for a day's sport. He has a rod and line, and is industriously occupied in birding, just as one might engage in fishing from the side of a boat. A string of birds hangs from the seat of his conveyance, and he is in the act of taking a fresh prize at the end of his line. There is another picture representing the ferry of the future. It consists of an enormous mortar, from which a couple of bombs have been fired; they are connected by a chain, and each bomb is large enough to contain several persons.—*The Bov Travellers in the Far East.*



KNOX, WILLIAM, a Scottish poet, was born at Firth, in the parish of Lilliesleaf, Roxburghshire, August 17, 1789; died at Edinburgh, November 12, 1825. He was educated at Lilliesleaf and Musselburgh. At the age of twenty-three he became the lessee of a farm near Langholm, in Dumfriesshire; but, as Sir Walter Scott says of him, he "became too soon his own master, and plunged into dissipation and ruin;" and by 1817 his farming career was ended and he returned to his native place. In 1820 the family settled in Edinburgh, and there Knox became a journalist. He had already commenced, however, that precarious literary life which he continued to the close; having published in 1818 his *Lovely Hearth and Other Poems*. In 1824 appeared *The Songs of Israel*; followed in the year of his untimely death by *The Harp of Zion*. Scott, Wilson, and others befriended him; the former, indeed, often gave him pecuniary relief. But he squandered the resources of health and strength, and died of paralysis at the age of thirty-six. A complete edition of his poems was issued in 1847. They are pervaded with a pathetic and religious sentiment. "It is my sincere wish," he wrote, "that while I may have provided a slight gratification for the admirer of poetry, I may also have done something to raise the devotional feelings of the pious Christian."

Scott thought that Knox, in *The Lonely Hearth*, was superior to Michael Bruce; and the poem *Mortality*, in *The Songs of Israel*, was a favorite with President Lincoln—to whose own pen, indeed, it was for some time ascribed.

MORTALITY.

O why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid ;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blest,
Each, all, are away to their dwelling of rest.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by ;
And the memory of those that beloved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed
That wither away to let others succeed ;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been ;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen ;
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think ;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would
shrink ;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling ;
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

Yea ! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain ;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud :—
O why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?





KOHL, JOHANN GEORG, a German traveller and historian, born in Bremen, April 28, 1808; died there, October 28, 1878. He studied at Göttingen, Heidelberg, and Munich, and for six years was a tutor in Courland. His Russian travels were described in volumes whose success determined his vocation. Journeys throughout Europe and America were taken, and similarly utilized in works on Austria (1842), the British Islands (1844), Denmark, etc. (1846-47), the Alps (1849-51), the Netherlands (1850), Istria, etc. (1851), Southeastern Germany (1852), the Danube (1854), Canada and New England (1857), and the Northwest (1859). The years 1854-58 were spent in the United States and Canada. In 1858 he returned to Bremen and became city librarian in 1863. Some of his books appeared in English versions, 2s *Kitchi-Gami, Wanderings Round Lake Superior* (1857); *Travels in Canada and Through New York and Pennsylvania* (1861), and a *Popular History of the Discovery of America* (1862).

OJIBBEWAY MARRIAGES.

A well-known writer on the Indians is of opinion that it is not considered exactly honorable and respectable among the Ojibbeways to have several wives. This view my people here contradict point-blank. They assert that, on the contrary, it is considered highly honorable to be in a position to support several wives.

The cleverer and more fortunate a hunter is, the more wives does he have. A distinguished hunter has no occasion to look after wives—he can scarcely keep them at bay. A man who can support several squaws gains influence; he is regarded as a man of great gifts and powerful character, and parents offer him their daughters. Usually they take their wives from one family—frequently a whole row of sisters. The first wife, however, always remains at the head of affairs. Her place in the lodge is usually by her husband's side. The hunter also intrusts the game he has killed to her for distribution.—*Kitchi-Gami*; translation of WRAXALL.

NATIVE HELP TO EXPLORERS.

Down to the latest times all the successors of Columbus have acted as he did. In almost every instance the first intimations of new countries and of their natural capabilities have been derived from natives. The reports of the Cuban Indians of land in the west led the Spanish colonists of that island to Mexico. The inhabitants of the Isthmus of Darien spread the first news of the great ocean in the south. The road through the valleys of the Andes had been prepared for the Spaniards by the old Incas of Peru. Pizarro and Almagro, the conquerors of that realm, in all their enterprises marched in the same directions as the generals of the Incas had marched before them. Even the travelers and discoverers of modern times, when they have come to a new part of America, have above all things made inquiries of the natives, and got them to draw with a piece of chalk or charcoal on paper, on the bark of trees, or on the skins of buffaloes, the form of land, an outline of the coast, or the course of the rivers, and they have shaped their plans and directed their course according to the information thus obtained.—*Discovery of America*; translation of R. R. NOEL.



KORAN, THE (Arabic *al Qūrān*, "the Reading"), the sacred book of the Mohammedans. For Islam the Koran is all, and more than all, that the Bible is for Christianity. It is not only the ultimate authority in all matters of faith, but is the basis of all jurisprudence, and the foundation of all right civil and domestic life. It is, moreover, in the estimation of the Moslems, a model of composition so absolutely perfect that it could have only a divine origin. If the Caliph Omar, as is said, ordered all the books in the library at Alexandria to be burned, because if they contained only what was in the Koran they were useless, and if they contained anything not in the Koran they were false, he only gave voice to what has ever been the current belief of Islam. The Koran everywhere claims to be a direct revelation from the Most High to Mohammed his Prophet. The mode of this revelation is over and over again declared. In heaven, we are told, is "the mother of the book, a concealed book, a well-guarded tablet." The revelation was made piecemeal, as occasion required. The mediator was an angel, who is sometimes called simply "the spirit," sometimes "the holy spirit," and sometimes "Gabriel;" that is, "the Mighty one of God." This angel dictated the revelations to Mohammed, who repeated them aloud to amanuenses, who wrote

down the words as they fell from the lips of the Prophet. The period during which these revelations were vouchsafed may be approximately placed as covering the last twenty-three years of Mohammed's life, beginning when he was about forty years old.

According to legends, which may be accepted as trustworthy, no collection of these revelations was made until A.D. 633, the year after the death of Mohammed. Abubekr, his immediate successor, deputed a young man named Zied, who had acted as the amanuensis of the Prophet, to collect these revelations from copies written on flat stones, on bits of leather, on the ribs of palm-leaves, but chiefly from his own memory. He wrote out a fair copy and presented it to Abubekr, who gave it to Omar, who succeeded him, who bequeathed it to Hassa, one of the widows of the Prophet. This original copy was somehow lost. Some seventeen years later (about A.D. 650) the Caliph Othman perceived the necessity of an authorized text of the Koran. The task of preparing this was confided to Zied, with whom three other learned men were associated. They collected all the codices which they could find, collated them, and prepared a text, and then burned all the previous codices. Four copies of this Koran were made, one of which was deposited at Medina, and one was sent to each of the great metropolitan cities, Cufa, Basra, and Damascus. It is admitted that these four copies were essentially identical, and that all later manuscripts are derived from **this** original, and fairly represent it.

The Koran contains somewhat less matter than the New Testament. It is divided into one hundred and fourteen *Suras*, or sections, of very unequal length; and there is no apparent principle regulating the order of the arrangement, except that the longer *Suras* are placed at the beginning of the volume. To this, however, there is one notable exception. The first Sura is one of the shortest of all. It forms at once the *Credo* and the *Pater Noster* of Islam, and is recited on all solemn occasions. It is commonly designated as the *Fatihah*, or "Exordium," but is also called "The Mother of the Koran," "The Pearl," and "The All-sufficient." It runs thus:

SURA I.—"AL-FATIHAT," OR THE EXORDIUM.

In the name of God, the compassionate Compassioner: Praise be to God, the Lord of the worlds, the compassionate Compassioner, the Sovereign of the day of judgment. Thee do we worship, and of Thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way; in the way of those to whom Thou hast been gracious, on whom there is no wrath, and who go not astray.

The second Sura, the longest of all, contains, in the English version, about 12,000 words; there are some half dozen of half that length; many with about 1,000 words, and several with less than 100. The cardinal idea pervading the entire Koran is the being of one God—the Most High—the Creator of all things, the Ruler of the Universe, and its final Judge, to the absolute exclusion of any other divinity. It is written in a sort of rhythmical prose. Not infrequently the sentences run into long-continued rhyming passages. These

graces of style, so pleasing to an Oriental ear, can hardly be reproduced in any version. In reciting the Koran the sentences are invariably intoned or chanted, as we may presume was the case with the Greek and probably the Hebrew poems. No small part of the Koran is a paraphrastic reproduction of portions of the Pentateuch, with which Mohammed must have been fairly conversant. Other passages evince some acquaintance, if not with the New Testament itself, with several of what are designated as "the Apocryphal Gospels."

There are few things more strongly insisted upon in the Koran than the duty of almsgiving, the abstaining from usury, and the performance of the strictest justice between man and man. The following passages are from near the close of the second Sura as translated by Sale :

CONCERNING ALMSGIVING.

If ye make your alms to appear, it is well ; but if ye conceal them, and give to the poor, this will be better for you, and will atone for your sins ; and God is well informed of that which ye do. The direction of them belongeth not unto thee ; but God directeth whom He pleaseth. The good that ye shall give in alms shall redound unto yourselves ; and ye shall not give unless out of desire of seeing the face of God. And what good things ye shall give in alms, it shall be repaid you. They who distribute alms of their substance night and day, in private and in public, shall have their reward with their Lord ; on them shall no fear come, neither shall they be grieved.

CONCERNING USURY.

They who devour usury shall not arise from the dead, but as he ariseth whom Satan hath infected by a touch. This shall happen to them because they say, " Truly

selling is but as usury ;" and yet God hath permitted selling and forbidden usury. He therefore who, when there cometh unto him an admonition from his Lord, abstaineth from usury for the future, shall have what is past forgiven him ; and his affair belongeth unto God. But whoever returneth to usury, they shall be the companions of hell-fire ; they shall continue therein forever.

CONCERNING CONTRACTS.

Deal not unjustly with others, and ye shall not be dealt with unjustly. If there be any debtor under a difficulty of paying his debt, let his creditor wait till it be easy for him to do it ; but if he remit it as alms, it will be better for you, if ye knew it. And fear the day when ye shall return unto God ; then shall every soul be paid what it hath gained, and they shall not be treated unjustly.

O true believers, when ye bind yourselves one to the other in a debt for a certain time, write it down ; and let a writer write between you according to justice ; and let not a writer refuse writing according to what God hath taught him ; but let him write, and let him who oweth the debt dictate, and let him fear God his Lord, and not diminish aught thereof. But if he who oweth the debt be foolish or weak, or be not able to dictate himself, let his agent dictate according to equity ; and call to witness two witnesses of your neighboring men ; but if there be not two men, let there be a man and two women of those whom ye shall choose for witnesses ; if one of these women should mistake, the other of them shall cause her to recollect. And the witnesses shall not refuse, whensoever they shall be called. And disdain not to write it down, be it a large debt, or be it a small one, until its time of payment. This will be more just in the sight of God, and more right for bearing witness, and more easy, that ye may not doubt. And take witnesses when ye shall sell one to the other, and let no harm be done to the writer nor to the witness, which if ye do it will surely be injustice to you ; and fear God, and God will instruct you, for God knoweth all things.

This long Sura, which was revealed at different times and places, concludes with the following prayer :

A GENERAL SUPPLICATION.

We implore Thy mercy, O Lord, for unto Thee must we return. God will not force any soul beyond its capacity. It shall have the good which it gaineth, and it shall suffer the evil which it gaineth. O Lord, punish us not, if we forget, or act sinfully. O Lord, lay not on us a burthen like that which Thou hast laid on those who have gone before us.* Neither make us, O Lord, to bear what we have not strength to bear ; but be favorable unto us, and spare us, and be merciful unto us. Thou art our Patron : help us therefore against the unbelieving nations.

One of the most striking of the Suras is the thirty-second, which we quote entire. It is entitled " Adoration," simply because that word occurs near the middle of it.

SURA XXXII.—ENTITLED ADORATION.

The revelation of this book—there is no doubt thereof—is from the Lord of all creatures. Will they say, " Mohammed hath forged it ?" Nay, it is the truth from thy Lord, that thou mayest preach to a people unto whom no preacher hath come before thee ; peradventure they will be directed. It is God who hath created the heavens and the earth, and whatever is between them, in six days ; and then ascended his throne. Ye have no Patron or Intercessor besides him. Will ye not therefore consider ? He governeth all things from heaven even to the earth. Hereafter shall they return unto him, on the day whose length shall be a thousand years of those which ye compute.

This is He who knoweth the future and the present : the Mighty, the Merciful. It is He who made every-

* Referring, according to the commentators, to various observances and prohibitions in the Mosaic law.

thing which He hath created exceeding good ; and first created man of clay, and afterward made his posterity of an extract of despicable water ; and formed him into proper shape, and breathed of His spirit into him ; and hath given you the senses of hearing and seeing, and hearts to understand. How small thanks do ye return !

And they say, "When we shall lie hidden in the earth, shall we be raised thence a new creature?" Yea, they deny the meeting of their Lord at the resurrection. Say : The Angel of Death, who is set over you, shall cause you to die : then shall ye be brought back unto your Lord. If thou couldest see, when the wicked shall bow down their heads before their Lord, saying, "O Lord, we have seen and heard : suffer us therefore to return into the world, and we will work that which is right, since we are now certain of the truth of what hath been preached unto us," thou wouldest see an amazing sight. If we had pleased, we had certainly given unto every soul its direction ; but the word which hath proceeded from Me must necessarily be fulfilled, when I said, "Newly I will fill hell with genii and men altogether. Taste, therefore, the torments prepared for you ; because ye have forgotten the coming of this your day, we also have forgotten you. Taste therefore a punishment of eternal duration for that which ye have wrought."

Verily, they only believe in our signs who, when they are warned thereby, fall down in *adoration* and celebrate the praises of their Lord, and are not elated with pride. Their sides are raised from their beds, calling on the Lord with fear and with hope, and they distribute alms out of what We have bestowed on them. No soul knoweth the complete satisfaction which is secretly prepared for them as reward for that which they have wrought. Shall he, therefore, who is a true believer be as he who is an impious transgressor ? They shall not be held equal.

As to those who believe and do what is right, they shall have gardens of perpetual abode, an ample recompense for that which they shall have wrought. But as for those who impiously transgress, their abode shall be hell-fire ; so often as they shall endeavor to get there-

out they shall be dragged back into the same, and it shall be said unto them, "Taste ye the torment of hell-fire, which ye rejected as a falsehood." And We will cause them to taste the nearer punishment of this world, besides the more grievous punishment of the next. Peradventure they will repent. Who is more unjust than he who is warned by the signs of his Lord, and then turneth aside from the same? We will surely take vengeance upon the wicked.

We heretofore delivered the Book of the Law unto Moses: wherefore be not thou in doubt as to the revelation thereof. And we ordained the same to be a direction unto the children of Israel; and we appointed teachers from among them, who should direct the people at Our command, when they had persevered with patience, and had firmly believed in Our signs. Verily the Lord will judge between them, on the day of the resurrection, concerning that wherein they have disagreed. Is it not known unto them how many generations we have destroyed before them, through whose dwellings they walk? Verily herein are signs: Will they not therefore hearken? Do they not see that We drive rain into a land bare of grass and parched up, and thereby produce corn, of which their cattle eat, and themselves also? Will they not therefore regard?

The infidels say to the true believers, "When will this decision be made between us, if ye speak the truth?" Answer: "On the day of that decision the faith of those who shall have disbelieved shall not avail them; neither shall they be respited any longer. Wherefore, avoid them, and expect the issue. Verily they expect to obtain some advantage over thee."

The teachings of the Koran are often couched in the form of an apologue. One of the most neatly turned of these is the following, which constitutes a portion of the eighteenth Sura:

MOSES AND THE DIVINE MESSENGER.

Moses and Joshua, the son of Nun, found one of Our servants unto whom We had granted mercy from Us,

and whom We had taught wisdom before Us. And Moses said unto him, "Shall I follow thee that thou mayest teach me part of that which thou hast taught, for a direction unto me?" He answered, "Verily, thou canst not bear with me; for how canst thou patiently suffer those things the knowledge whereof thou dost not comprehend?" Moses replied, "Thou shalt find me patient, if God please; neither will I be disobedient unto thee in anything." He said, "If thou follow me therefore ask me not concerning anything until I shall declare the meaning thereof unto thee."

So they both went on unto the sea-shore until they went up into a ship; and he made a hole therein. And Moses said unto him, "Hast thou made a hole therein that thou mightest drown those who are on board? Now hast thou done a strange thing." He answered, "Did I not tell thee that thou couldest not bear with me?" Moses said, "Rebuke me not, because I did forget; and impose on me not a difficulty in which I am commanded."

Wherefore they left the ship, and proceeded until they met with a youth; and he slew him. Moses said, "Hast thou slain an innocent person, without his having killed another? Now hast thou committed an unjust action." He answered, "Did I not tell thee that thou couldest not bear with me?" Moses said, "If I ask thee concerning anything hereafter, suffer me not to accompany thee. Now thou hast received an excuse from me."

They went forward therefore until they came to the inhabitants of a certain city. And they asked food of the inhabitants thereof; but they refused to receive them. And they found there a wall which was ready to fall down, and he set it upright. Whereupon Moses said unto him, "If thou wouldest thou mightest doubtless have received a reward for it." He answered, "This shall be a separation between me and thee; but I will first declare unto thee the signification of that which thou couldest not bear with patience:—

"The vessel belonged to certain poor men, who did their business in the sea; and I was minded to render

it unserviceable, because there was a king behind them who took every sound ship by force. As to the youth, his parents were true believers, and we feared lest he, being an unbeliever, should oblige them to suffer by his perverseness and ingratitude; wherefore we desired that their Lord might give them a more righteous child in exchange for him, and one more affectionate toward them. And the wall belonged to two orphan youths in the city, and under it was a treasure hidden which belonged to them; and their father was a righteous man; and thy Lord was pleased that they should attain their full age, and take forth their treasure through the mercy of thy Lord. And I did not what thou hast seen of mine own will, but by God's direction. This is the interpretation of that which thou couldest not bear with patience."

The closing twenty Suras are very brief, consisting usually of but a single sentence. The place and time of the delivery of most of them is not stated. It may be presumed that they are among those which Zied wrote down from memory after the death of the Prophet.

SURA CXII.—ENTITLED "THE DECLARATION OF GOD'S UNITY."

Say: "God is one God; the eternal God. He begetteth not, neither is He begotten; and there is not anyone like unto Him."

SURA CXIII.—ENTITLED "THE DAYBREAK."

Say: "I fly for refuge unto the Lord of the day-break, that He may deliver me from the mischief of those things which He hath created, and from the night when it cometh on; and from the mischief of women blowing on knots, and from the mischief of the envious when he envieth."



KÖRNER, KARL THEODOR, a German patriot and poet, born at Dresden, September 23, 1791; killed in a skirmish at Wöbbelin, August 26, 1813. He published a volume of poems in 1810. In 1812 he was appointed poet to the Court Theatre in Vienna, and while there wrote *Der Nachtwachter*, *Der Grüne Domino*, and *Der Vetter aus Bremen*, comedies, and *Zriny* and *Rosamunde*, tragedies. Full of ardor for German freedom, he joined the Black Huntsmen of Lützow in March, 1813, and marched with them into Saxony. He was one of the first to enlist in the war against Napoleon; and, inspired with patriotic enthusiasm and a keen sense of his country's wrongs, he produced some of the most spirited and beautiful martial lyrics in the German language.

"Körner, singer and hero," says Scherer, in his *History of German Literature*, "sealed with his death the sentiments expressed in his songs. These, half-lyrical, half-rhetorical in tone, and set to beautiful melodies, exercised a most inspiring influence. There is no backward glance on past times here, no sentimental dreaming, but youthful energy and ardent enthusiasm in a great cause. His father was Schiller's friend, and Theodor grew up in the worship of Schiller, and imbibed his lofty spirit. He became an idealist like Max Piccolomini, and his patriotic views were those

expressed by Schiller's 'Joan of Arc.'" While waiting in a wood to attack the French on the night (August 25th) before his death, he wrote his famous *Schwertlied*. An iron monument marks the spot where he fell. His father published some of his lyrics as *Leier und Schwert* (1814). His complete Works appeared in 1834, and his Life by his father in an English version in 1845. Our extracts are taken from an Edinburgh translation, *Lyre and Sword* (1841), and from Professor John Stuart Blackie's *War Songs of the Germans* (1870).

ON THE SOLEMN BENEDICTION OF THE PRUSSIAN FREE-CORPS IN THE CHURCH OF ROGAU IN SILESIA.

Nigh to God's altars while we draw,
 Bent on a pious aim,
 Our duty summons us to war,
 Our hearts are kindling flame.
 For Fight and Victory we fire :
 'Twas God who gave the fierce desire—
 To God alone be glory !

Yes, God is our unfailing trust,
 Dread though the fight be found.
 For Right and Duty strive we must,
 And for our holy ground.
 We'll rise and rescue Fatherland ;
 God will achieve it by our hand.
 To God alone be glory.

The plot of Pride and Tyranny
 Explodes with demon start ;
 Thy hallowed torches, Liberty,
 Shall blaze in every heart !
 Then sweep to the battle-flurry grim !
 God is with us, and we with Him !
 To God alone be glory !

He cheers us now to victory's goal,
 For truth, for justice's sake :

He whispered in our inmost soul,
 "Wake! German People, wake!"
 He'll land us, death and doom despite,
 Where Freedom's day is dawning bright:—
 To God alone be glory!

PRAYER DURING THE FIGHT.

Father, I call on Thee!
 Clouds from the thunder-voiced cannon enveil me,
 Lightnings are flashing, death's thick darts assail me:
 Ruler of battles, I call on Thee!
 Father, O lead Thou me!

Father, O lead Thou me!
 Lead me to victory, or to death lead me;
 With joy I accept what Thou hast decreed me.
 God, as Thou wilt, so lead Thou me!
 God, I acknowledge Thee!

God, I acknowledge Thee!
 Where in still autumn, the sear leaf is falling,
 Where peals the battle, its thunder appalling;
 Fount of all grace, I acknowledge Thee!
 Father, O bless Thou me!

Father, O bless Thou me!
 Into Thy hand my soul I resign, Lord;
 Deal as Thou wilt with the life that is Thine, Lord,
 Living or dying, O bless Thou me!
 Father, I praise Thy name!

Father, I praise Thy name!
 Not for Earth's wealth or dominion contend we;
 The holiest rights of the freeman defend we.
 Victor or vanquished, praise I Thee!
 God, in Thy name I trust!

God, in Thy name I trust!
 When in loud thunder my death-note is knelling,
 When from my veins the red blood is welling,
 God, in Thy holy name I trust!
 Father, I call on Thee!

—*Translation of J. S. BLACKIE.*

A PRAYER.

Hear us, Almighty One!
 Hear us, All-gracious One!
 Lord God of battles, give ear!
 Father, we praise Thee!
 Father, we thank Thee!
 The dawn of our freedom is here.

'Spite all the rage of hell,
 God, Thy strong hand shall quell
 Devils who falter and juggle.
 Lead, Lord of Sabaoth!
 Lead us, O triune God!
 Onward to victory's struggle.

Lead! though our lot should hap
 In the grave's bloody lap:
 "Laus Deo" sit nostrum carmen!
 Kingdom, power, and glory
 Are Thine! we adore Thee!
 Lead us, Almighty One! Amen.

ADIEU TO LIFE.

[Written when I lay sore wounded and helpless, and thought to die.]

The parched wound burns! the lips all bloodless quiver:
 The laboring heart, and pulse, which feebly plays,
 They warn me it is here, my last of days.
 God, as Thou wilt! or slay me, or deliver!
 Bright forms swept by on Fancy's flowing river;
 Now the dull death-dirge quells those dreamy lays.
 Yet, cheerly! One heart-anchored treasure stays,
 Will live with me in yonder skies forever!
 And what could here my holiest raptures move,
 What still I prized all youthful joys above—
 Or name it Liberty, or call it Love—
 It stands before me now, a seraph bright,
 And ere these faltering senses fail me quite,
 Wafts me on gentle breath to heaven's own rosy light.

SWORD-SONG.

Thou sword so cheerly shining,
 What are thy gleams divining?
 Look'st like a friend on me;
 Triumphs my soul in thee.
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

"I love my brave knight dearly,
 Therefore I shine so clearly,
 Borne by a gallant knight,
 Triumphs the sword so bright."

Yes, trusty sword, I love thee;
 A true knight thou shalt prove me.
 Thee, my beloved, my bride,
 I'll lead thee forth in pride.

"My iron-life, clear-raying,
 I give it to thy swaying.
 O come and fetch thy bride!
 Lead, lead me forth in pride!"

The festal trump is blaring,
 The bridal dance preparing.
 When cannon shakes the glen,
 I'll come and fetch thee then.

"O blest embrace that frees me!
 My hope impatient sees thee.
 Come, bridegroom, fetch thou me;
 Waits the bright wreath for thee!"

Why in thy sheath art ringing,
 Thou iron-soul, fire-flinging?
 So wild with battle's glee,
 Why ray'st thou eagerly?

"I in my sheath am ringing;
 I from my sheath am springing:
 Wild, wild with battle's glee,
 Ray I so eagerly."

Remain, remain within, love ;
 Why court the dust and din, love ?
 Wait in thy chamber small,
 Wait till thy true knight call.

“ Then speed thee, true knight, speed thee !
 To love's fair garden lead me.
 Show me the roses red,
 Death's crimson-blooming bed.”

Then, from thy sheath come free thee !
 Come, feed mine eye to see thee !
 Come, come, my sword, my bride ;
 I lead thee forth in pride !

“ How glorious is the free air !
 How whirls the dance with glee there !
 Glorious, in sun arrayed,
 Gleams, bridal-bright, the blade.”

Then up, true Ritter German,
 Ye gallant sons of Herman !
 Beats the knight's heart so warm,
 With 's true love in his arm.

With stolen looks divining,
 Those on my left wert shining.
 Now on my right, my bride,
 God leads thee forth in pride.

Then press a kiss of fire on
 The bridal mouth of iron.
 Woe now or weal betide,
 Curst whoso leaves his bride !

Then break thou forth in singing,
 Thou iron-bride, fire-flinging !
 Walk forth in joy and pride !
 Hurrah, thou iron-bride !
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !



KOSEGARTEN, LUDWIG THEOBUL, a German ecclesiastic and poet, born at Grevismühlen, Mecklenburg, February 1, 1758; died at Greifswald, Prussia, October 26, 1818. From 1792 to 1807 he was preacher in the island of Rügen, and in the latter year became Professor of History at Greifswald, and subsequently of theology, and rector of the university. He wrote dramas, novels, and poems, and published several translations from the English. His romance of *Ida von Plessen* (1788), as well as his *Legends* and lyric poems, enjoy a wide popularity. Richardson's *Clarissa* is the best of his translations from the English. He also translated from the Danish.

His son, JOHANN GOTTFRIED KOSEGARTEN, was born in the island of Rügen in 1792; died in 1860. He studied philology in Paris, and was an accomplished Oriental scholar. He published translations from Arabic, Persian, and Sanskrit, holding the Professorship of Oriental Literature at Jena and Greifswald from 1817 to his death. He translated into German the Hindu poem *Nala* (1820), and made several versions from the Persian. He also published editions of the *Moalakat*, and other Arabic works.

THE AMEN OF THE STONES.

Blind with old age, the Venerable Bede
Ceased not, for that, to preach and publish forth

The news from Heaven—the tidings of great joy.
 From town to town—through all the villages—
 With trusty guidance roamed the aged Saint,
 And preached the word with all the fire of youth.

One day his boy had led him to a vale
 That lay all thickly sown with rugged rocks :
 In mischief, more than malice, spake the boy :—
 “ Most reverend father, there are many men
 Assembled here, who wait to hear thy voice.”

The blind old man, so bowed, straightway rose up,
 Chose him his text, expounded, then applied ;
 Exhorted, warned, rebuked, and comforted
 So fervently that soon the gushing tears
 Streamed thick and fast down to his hoary beard.
 When, at the close, as seemeth always meet,
 He prayed, “ Our Father,” and pronounced aloud,
 “ Thine is the kingdom and the power ; Thine
 The glory now, and through eternity ! ”
 At once there rang through all that echoing vale
 A sound of many voices crying

“ Amen ! most reverend Sire, Amen ! Amen ! ”

Trembling with terror and remorse, the boy
 Knelt down before the Saint, and owned his sin.
 “ Son,” said the old man, “ hast thou ne'er read,
 ‘ When men are dumb, the stones shall cry aloud ? ’
 Henceforward mock not, son, the word of God.
 Living it is, and mighty, cutting sharp,
 Like a two-edged sword. And when the heart
 Of flesh grows hard and stubborn as the stone,
 A heart of flesh shall stir in stones themselves.”

— *Translation of* CHARLES T. BROOKS.





KRASINSKI, SIGMUND NAPOLEON, COUNT, a Polish poet, born in Paris, France, February 19, 1812; died there, February 24, 1859. His father was Count Vincent Krasinski, an adjutant to Napoleon, who was the poet's godfather. The elder Krasinski afterward became a Russian general. The earliest instructor of Sigmund was the celebrated romance-writer, Joseph Korzeniowski. He continued his studies at the Lyceum, and for a short time at the University of Varsovie. His literary talent revealed itself at such an early age that he was called the "Wonderful Child." When scarcely fifteen he had written novels in the style of Sir Walter Scott. In 1834 his historical novel of *Agay Han* appeared, followed by the *Undivine Comedy*, a fantastic drama in prose, which Mickiewicz styled the Modern Apocalypse; *Irydion*; *The Three Thoughts of Henry Logenza*; *Day Dawn*; *Psalms of the Future*; *Psalm of Good Will*; *Resurrecturis*; *Letters to My Friends*.

The Russian critic Trawinski says: "Krasinski's work is really grandiose by the elevation of the thought, and the unimpeachable purity and majesty of his style."

Kral ranks him next to Mickiewicz and Slowacki, and believes that he has considerably influenced modern Polish poets. "His lyrical poems, praising heroism and martyrdom, combine patriotism with piety."

Referring to the anonymity of Krasinski's works, the *North American Review* said, in 1848: "His name has never been formally given to the public; it is, however, no secret to his countrymen. He is known to be a son of one of the noblest and most ancient families of Poland, and allied either by birth or by marriage to the most powerful magnates of the land. This circumstance is not to be lost sight of in reading his works; it is necessary to the full appreciation of an author that we should know the point of view from which he looks upon the world. It is, besides, a fact full of significance and of hope for Poland. It shows what she may expect of her privileged children when the day of her restoration at length arrives. Through all the works of the author of *Przedświt* and the *Nieboska Komedya*, breathes a spirit truly liberal, thoroughly humane, and profoundly religious. He accepts in its entirety the Christian law, and looks forward in confident hope to the time when this law shall be not merely the rule for the conduct of individuals, but shall govern the councils of states, and be heard from the throne and the senate-house."

POLAND DIES FOR THE WORLD.

The divine law, wounded and offended in this world, must possess the inward force to heal itself from the wound, to reinstate itself in its own form. In that nationality, by whose injury humanity has been most cruelly violated, the idea of humanity must most powerfully vibrate. Our death was necessary; our rising up will be necessary; in order that the word of the Son of God, the eternal word of life, may diffuse itself through the social circles of the world. It is through our nationality, tortured to death upon the cross of history, that

it will be revealed to the human spirit, that the political sphere must be transformed into a religious sphere, and that the temple of God on earth must be, not this or that place, this or that form of worship, but the whole planet. For "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."—*From Przedświt (Morning Twilight)*.

THE TRUE POET.

But blest is he in whom thou hast thy dwelling,
 As the creating spirit dwells in nature ;
 Invisible, unheard, yet felt through all ;
 Ennobling all ; the God before whose presence
 Creation bends, confessing, He is here !
 From this man's brow thy glory shall beam forth,
 Even as a star, nor shall he ever set
 A gulf of words between his soul and thee.
 He shall love men, and shall go forth a man
 Among his brothers.—But who guards thee not
 Yielding thee forth a vain delight to men,
 Upon his head thou scatterest fading flowers,
 And turn'st away. He grasps thy parting gifts,
 And twines these funeral garlands to the close.
 —*From Nieboska Komedyia (The Undivine Comedy)*.

THE INSURGENTS.

See you the crowd before the city gates,
 Between the heights and the long rows of poplars ?
 There tents are pitched ; there, on long wooden planks,
 Raised upon blocks, are spread forth meat and drink.
 The cup flies round, and from the lips it touches
 Burst threats and imprecations. On it goes,
 Amid the thousands ; now returns again ;
 Again careers ; still full, still foaming, flashing,
 Hail to the cup, the maddener, the consoler !

See you not how impatiently they wait,
 Murmur among themselves, prepare for clamor ?
 Poor wretches all, with sweat upon their brows ;
 All with rough hair, torn garments, sunburnt faces,
 And hands made hard by labor. These bear hammers,
 Those brandish scythes ; that tall man swings an axe ;
 One waves above his head an iron ramrod.

There, in the corner, underneath the willows,
 A little boy is seated, eating cherries,
 An awl grasped tightly in the small right hand.
 Women, their wives and mothers, too, are there,
 Wretched and hungry, like themselves ; wan, **withered**
 Before their time ; without a trace of beauty ;
 The dust of the highway upon their hair ;
 In their sunk eyes a dim, expiring gleam,
 A dismal mockery of the sense of sight.
 They suddenly revive ; the cup goes round.
 Hail to the cup that stupefies, consoles !

And now a murmur rises from the crowd ;—
 Is it the tone of joy or of despair ?—
 Who, in the voice of thousands, can distinguish
 The varying feelings !—He who, just arrived,
 Mounts on the table, springs upon a chair,
 And now addresses and controls the mob.
 His voice is penetrating, clear, distinct ;
 You hear each word, you understand each **word** ;
 His easy, quiet, and harmonious gestures
 Accompany his words as music song.
 His forehead broad and lofty ; from the **temples**,
 The face wreathed by a thick black beard ; the **hair**
 Is from the upper part of the head worn off,
 As by the wearing of incessant thought.
 No blood, no changeful color on that cheek ;—
 On brow and cheeks, the yellow, wrinkled skin
 Is channelled in among the bones and muscles.
 His eye, unwavering, fixed upon his hearers ;
 No doubt, no hesitation in that look.—
 And now he stretches forth his arms above **them** ;
 They bow their heads to him, as they would **kneel**
 Before the blessing of a mighty mind,
 Not of a heart.—Die, heart ! die, prejudice !
 And let the words of hope and murder live !

This is their leader, their informing spirit ;
 Their loved—adored—he that will give them bread.
 A shout breaks forth—spreads—bursts from every side,
 “ Long live Pancratius !—Bread ! Pancratius ! Bread ! ”

—From *Nieboska Komedya* (*The Undivine Comedy*) ;
translated for the North American Review in 1848.



KRUMMACHER, FRIEDRICH ADOLF, a German religious writer, born at Tecklenburg, Westphalia, in July, 1768; died at Bremen, April 4, 1845. He studied theology at Lingen and Halle, and was Rector of the Grammar-School at Mörs, Professor of Theology at Duisburg, Reformed pastor at Krefeld and Kettwich, Superintendent at Bernberg, and lastly pastor at Bremen. He wrote *Cornelius the Centurion*, a *Life of St. John*, (both published in an English translation in 1840), and many other books, of which the *Parabeln* (1805) is the most popular: this appeared in an English version in 1858.

His son, **FRIEDRICH WILHELM KRUMMACHER**, also a religious writer, was born at Mörs in 1796; died at Potsdam in 1868. He studied at Halle and Jena, and was pastor at Ruhrot and Gemarke. In 1843 he was called to a chair at Mercersburg, Pa., but declined. He was appointed chaplain of the Russian court at Potsdam in 1853. He was an eloquent preacher. Of his numerous books *Elijah the Tishbite* (1828); *Elisha* (1837); *Solomon and the Shulamite*; *David, King of Israel* (1868), and others have appeared in English versions, as well as an *Autobiography* (1869). The first named is his most popular book.

“His views of religion,” says the biographer of Friedrich Adolf Krummacher, “were equally of
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posed to an enthusiastic mysticism on the one hand, and to an unbelieving rationalism on the other. He remained all his life a representative of the genuine spirit of the German Reformation."

DAVID'S HARP.

One day David the King of Israel sat on Mount Zion. His harp was before him, and he leaned his head upon it. Then the prophet Gad came to him, and said, "Whereon muses my lord the king?"

David answered: "On the continual changes of my destiny. How many songs of gratitude and joy have I sung to this harp! but how many songs also of mourning and sorrow!"

"Be thou like unto the harp," said the prophet.

"What meanest thou?" asked the king.

"Behold," answered the man of God, "both thy sorrow and thy joy drew heavenly sounds from the harp, and animated its strings. Thus let joy and sorrow form thy heart and life to a celestial harp."

Then David arose and touched the strings.

THE SHEEP-SHEARING.

A mother once took her little daughter Ida to see the shearing of the sheep. Then the little girl complained, and said, "Ah, how cruel men are to torment the poor animals!"

"O no," answered the mother; "God has ordered it so, that men might clothe themselves, for they are born naked."

"But," said Ida, "now the poor sheep will be so cold."

"O no," answered the mother. "He gives the warm raiment to man, and tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

THE PSALMS.

Who that is somewhat intimately acquainted with the Psalms is not forced, as he reads them, to pause and consider whether it be true that between him, the reader,



DAVID THE PSALMIST.

Drawing by Johann Ritter von Fährich

and the birthdays of these songs, almost three thousand years intervene? Do they not all breathe the same freshness of life as if they had been composed but yesterday? It seems to us with them as if we dwelt in our *own* houses and beside our *own* altars; and this thought rests on no delusion. How strange the songs of other nations sound to us, while in the Psalms of Israel we everywhere meet with *our own* God, and with the whole range of our own personal feelings and experiences. Is it not clear from this that it was He who knows the hearts, whose throne is in the heavens, who himself loosed the tongue of the sacred singer that he might sing his songs *for all ages*, and give expression to all the diverse moods of feeling which move ever and anon in the world of hallowed human thought?—*David, King of Israel.*





KRYLOFF, or KRILOFF, IVAN ANDRIEVITCH, a Russian fabulist, born at Moscow, February 13, 1768; died in St. Petersburg, November 21, 1844. In boyhood he held a post under government, and wrote *Philomela*, *Cleopatra*, and other plays. He was engaged in journalism at the capital for some years, and from 1797 to 1801 lived as tutor at the country-seat of Prince Galitzin, whom he then accompanied to Livonia as secretary. A passion for cards led him for a time into a wandering life. His first fables, numbering twenty-three, appeared in 1809; their success was so rapid that he gave his mind to this species of composition. Beginning with translations and imitations of La Fontaine, he soon became original and national; before his death 77,000 copies had been sold in Russia, and his fame had reached other lands. He became a member of the Academy of Sciences in 1811, held a post in the Imperial Library 1812-41, and was made councillor in 1840. In 1838 a festival was held in his honor. His works were collected at St. Petersburg in 1844, and his statue erected in the summer-garden. His life was written by three different Russians. His *Fables*, which are the first of their kind in modern literature, have been translated into English by W. R. S. Ralston (1868), into French by Einerling (1845) and others, and into German by Löwe (1847).

THE ELEPHANT AND THE PUG-DOG.

An Elephant was being taken through the streets, probably as a sight. It is well known that Elephants are a wonder among us; so crowds of gaping idlers followed the Elephant. From some cause or other, a Pug-dog comes to meet him. It looks at the Elephant, and then begins to run at it, to bark, to squeal, to try to get at it, just as if it wanted to fight it.

"Neighbor, cease to bring shame on yourself," says another Dog. "Are you capable of fighting an Elephant? Just see now, you are already hoarse; but it keeps straight on, and pays you not the slightest attention."

"Aye, aye," replies the Pug-dog, "that's just what gives me courage. In this way, you see, without fighting at all, I may get reckoned among the greatest bullies. Just let the dogs say, 'Ah, look at Puggy! He must be strong, indeed, that's clear, or he would never bark at an Elephant.'"

THE HORSE AND THE DOG.

A Dog and a Horse which served the same peasant began to discuss each other's merits one day.

"How grand we are, to be sure," says the Dog. "I shouldn't be sorry if they were to turn you out of the farm-yard. A noble service, indeed, to plough or draw a cart! And I've never heard of any other proof of your merit. How can you possibly compare yourself with me? I rest neither by day or by night. In the daytime I watch the cattle in the meadows; by night I guard the house."

"Quite true," replied the Horse. "What you say is perfectly correct. Only remember that, if it weren't for my ploughing, you wouldn't have anything at all to guard here."



LABOULAYE, ÉDOUARD RENÉ LEFEBVRE DE, a French publicist and historian, born in Paris, January 18, 1811; died there, May 25, 1883. He began life as a type-founder, then studied law, and in 1839 published a *History of Landed Property in Europe*. This was followed by an *Essay on the Life and Doctrines of De Savigny* (1840); *Researches into the Civil and Political Condition of Women* (1843), and an *Essay on the Criminal Laws of the Romans, Concerning the Responsibility of Magistrates* (1845). In 1849 he was appointed to the Chair of Comparative Legislation in the College of France. During the Second Empire he took an active part in the efforts of the Liberal party, and was consequently regarded with disfavor by the Government. He was an admirer of American institutions, and both before and during the War of Secession threw his influence on the side of the Union, to which he rendered good service by his work, entitled *The United States and France* (1862). Among his works not already mentioned are *Contemporary Studies on Germany and the Slavic States* (1855); *Religious Liberty* (1856); *Studies upon Literary Property in France and England* (1858); *Abdallah, an Arabian Romance* (1859); *Moral and Political Studies* (1862); *The State and Its Limits* (1863); *Paris in America* (1863); *Prince Caniche* (1868).

THE DEPARTURE OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

The roll of a drum, followed by the flourish of resounding trumpets, drowned my voice. Two Zouaves entered the school; one of them—it was Alfred—ran to Susanna, and tenderly took her hand. The other, my son Henry, threw himself upon my neck. "Father," said he, "the Southerners have crossed the Potomac; Washington is threatened. There is a call for volunteers, and we set out to-night. Come quickly. Mother is waiting."

Followed by my children, I left the peaceful retreat where, at last, I had surprised the secret of American greatness. The aspect of the city had changed; houses were decorated with flags, from every window the Federal standard, tossed by the wind, displayed its stripes of crimson and azure and its thirty-four stars, a mute protest in favor of the Union. Large handbills announced the disaster to the Federal army, and summoned the citizens to their country's aid. Armed battalions were marching to the sound of trumpets and drums. The churches were crowded with volunteers invoking the God of their fathers before they marched to battle. War-songs and religious hymns came, mingled, to the ear; fathers, mothers, sisters, accompanied the young recruits, encouraging them, shaking hands, weeping, embracing, lifting their hands to heaven. It was the fervor of a crusade.

I reached home greatly agitated. A Parisian, I had grown up in the midst of disturbances and of civil war; the remembrance of these things saddened me. But in this departure for the frontier, in this enthusiasm impelling a whole nation to arms, there was something so noble, so grand, that I felt myself lifted up. Even the perils that lay before Henry and Alfred did not frighten me: I felt a secret impulse to accompany them. Had not I a fireside, a family to defend? Was not America, where I possessed these treasures, my country also?

At my door I found a whole regiment of Zouaves, volunteers from that ward, the aged Colonel St. John

mounted on a white horse. Forgetful of his rheumatism and his wounds, the gallant veteran was eager to lead the young men to conflict. Beside the Colonel marched Rose in a captain's uniform, accompanied by his eight sons, and four other fine young men, Green's sons. Fox, turned into a lieutenant, and the centre of a group, was holding forth, gesticulating and breathing blood and slaughter. His false collar and his snuff-box did not accord very well with his uniform, and might have made me laugh at another time, but he spoke with so much fire that he had to me a martial air. He was different from a professional soldier: he was a man resolved to die for his country.

"Neighbor," said Rose to me, "we count on you; the old should set an example. We need a surgeon for our regiment of Zouaves; you have been unanimously chosen; nothing is wanting but your consent."

"You have it," cried I; "yes, my good friends, I will go with you. We shall be there to watch over the boys, and, if need be, to fire a shot with them. Hurrah for the Union! Our country forever!"

The cry was repeated through all the ranks, mingled with that of "Hurrah for Daniel! Hurrah for the Major!" I felt the very depths of my heart stirred by the acclamations of these brave young fellows. I entered the house with head erect and sparkling eyes. A new life was awakening in my soul. I was happy!

A few hours sufficed to procure me a surgeon's uniform. Rose presented me with a fine case of instruments: I bought revolvers, a sabre, a horse; in three hours I was ready: we were to set out on the same evening.

Up to this time I had not reflected on what I was doing; my French ardor had carried me away. But at the moment of quitting the house in which I had passed so many happy and useful days, I felt an indescribable sadness, as if once gone, I should never return. And if I did return, would it be with my son, and Alfred, whom I had begun to love as if he were my son?

I shook off these sad thoughts, which nevertheless returned ceaselessly to the assault, when the old Colonel entered my house. The sight of him did me good. He

was one of those brave soldiers prodigal of their blood, sparing of the blood of others. We could not have had a more honorable and trustworthy leader.

"Colonel," said I, when his congratulations were ended, "we are alone and I can speak freely. Between ourselves, what do you make of these new recruits? Enthusiasm is a good thing, but what is it beside military drill and discipline? Notwithstanding the courage of these well-meaning young men, there are battalions that break up at the first fire."

"Patience, Major," replied the veteran. "I am less severe than you; and, besides, I have been a soldier all my life. Two months behind the redoubts at Washington will turn these volunteers into soldiers. Discipline is much, it is true, but it is an attainment within reach of the most ignorant. What cannot be given is courage, faith, patriotism. There is the final spring, if we talk of swordsmen; to handle the bayonet a quick and rigorous arm is needed; but it is the soul that gives strength to the arm. A few years of war and endurance suffice to educate a nation and make two enemies equal. There remains, then, moral force; that always has the last word; and this is why the best armies are those composed of citizens."

"Excuse me, Colonel, I think nothing equals experienced troops."

"You are mistaken," said St. John. "In a review, or a parade, that is possible; war is another thing. Good officers, young soldiers, old generals, are necessary. There is nothing like youth for marching without complaint, obeying without murmur, meeting danger fearlessly, and death unmoved and smiling. The more intelligent, pious, and patriotic it is, the more it can be depended upon. They have other ideas in the Old World: there precedent and the worship of brute force still reign. Here civilization has opened our eyes. No doubt, victory always belongs to the general who at the critical moment can throw against a given point the greatest number of battalions. But other conditions being equal, the young and patriotic soldier is worth more than an old one who follows war as a trade."

"You have no generals," said I. "Up to the present

time yours has been a peaceful country, begetting farmers and merchants rather than Cæsars."

"Be tranquil," replied the Colonel. "You will have generals, and more than enough of them. War is like the chase, a profession in which certain men excel from the first. Such an one—to-day a blacksmith, an engineer, a lawyer, perhaps a doctor—will awake to-morrow a general. History shows that there are sterile epochs when letters, art, and industry are dead, but in none of them have soldiers been wanting. Man has the hunter's sanguinary instinct; peace may restrain, but cannot destroy it. With the coming of war you will have heroes. Heaven grant that the people may esteem them aright, and not sacrifice liberty to them!" . . .

The sound of bugles announced the time of departure. I went down holding the hands of Henry and Alfred. Jenny embraced us all with the courage of a woman and a Christian mother. Susanna, silent and agitated, gave us each a Bible to carry with us everywhere. Martha had prepared a prophetic sermon, but at the first word the poor girl gave a terrible sob, and taking Henry in her arms, as if he had been a child, covered him with tears and kisses. I wrung her hand; she threw herself on my neck, and half-strangled me before I could mount my horse.

At the same instant Sambo came running out, ludicrously accoutred, with a red and blue sash, a plumed hat, and a sabre that dragged on the ground. "Massa," cried he, "take me with you; I am brave. If my skin is black, my blood is red. If they don't kill me first I will beat them all." I could hardly get rid of the poor boy, though I gave the sagest reasons to convince him that his courage was ridiculous.

As long as I was near the house I dared not look back; there were tears in my eyes, and I feared they would overflow; but at a turn in the street I looked back. The three women were waving their handkerchiefs and following us with their eyes. My heart beat tumultuously. "O God!" cried I, "to thee I confide my loved ones!" For the first time I wept, I prayed, and was comforted.

At four o'clock we were drawn up in battle array be-

fore the Mayor's office. Green reviewed us, and spoke to us of the country with an emotion that bordered on eloquence. His voice was drowned by our cheers. Then all became silent, self-controlled. Perhaps I alone of the whole regiment was restless. Strange thing! I longed to be under fire. In a moment of rest I passed before my companions, laughing, talking, gesticulating, with a word for everyone, rallying those who were moved, encouraging those who tried to smile, promising my aid in time of danger. I had already the war-fever. . . .

The night was fine: the early risen moon shone far and wide on fields bordered with poplars and divided by willows. On the horizon a river rolled its silvered waters. There was a certain charm in letting myself be carried by my horse; and in giving myself up to reverie in the midst of that beautiful country. It is the soldier's good fortune that he can enjoy the present hour without disquieting himself about the morrow.

The camping-place was not far distant. At eight o'clock we halted. The Colonel had wished us to learn to march. The lesson was not needless; the regiment had the air of a flock of sheep in disorder. But the brave St. John congratulated all the recruits, accustoming them, little by little, to look upon him as a father, and put confidence in him.

"Major," said he to me, "do not laugh. In a month we shall be worth as much as the Prussians. When a man believes himself a soldier, he is half one already; you shall see what an army of citizens can be."

The bivouac was in the midst of the fields. The fires lighted and the horses picketed, we supped cheerfully on the provisions that each one had brought with him. For the conscripts this first repast in the open air was a feast: war had not yet made them regret the comfort and affection of the fireside.

When supper was over, and it did not last long, the soldiers, instead of laughing and shouting, seated themselves in silence upon their blankets to listen to the ministers. The officers formed the circle. Truth advanced in the midst of us, and opening the Bible, read

with inspired voice the song of David when God had delivered him from the hand of his enemies.

While Truth recited this lofty poem, I looked about me. All the officers listened, praying, their eyes flashing with ardor and faith. The last flames of our dying fires illuminated their noble faces and cast upon them an indescribable, mysterious brightness. I could almost have believed myself carried back into the middle of the seventeenth century, and set down in a camp of Roundheads. "And these," thought I, "are the men to whom our Parisian newspapers deny all patriotism and all religion! No; military despotism can never obtain a foothold in this generous land. The soil upturned and made fruitful by the Puritans can bring forth only liberty."

The reading over, I wrung the hand of Truth, and, taking advantage of my privilege, I inspected all the companies, in search of my son and Alfred. I found them both lying on the ground, wrapped in their blankets, and talking in low tones, I well knew of whom.

"Boys," said I, "a soldier must husband his strength; the first requisite is sleep. Make a place for me between you, and dream with your eyes shut."

So saying I embraced my two sons, wrapped my cloak carefully about me, drew the hood over my face, and went to sleep with a heart as light as if I were at home.
—*Paris in America.*





LACOSTE, MARIE R., an American poet, of whose life we know nothing beyond a brief sketch in Epes Sargent's *Cyclopædia of British and American Poetry*. This biographical sketch reads thus: "Miss Lacoste was born about the year 1842, was a resident of Savannah, Georgia, at the time (1863) she wrote the poem, *Somebody's Darling*. Without her consent it was published, with her name attached, in the *Southern Churchman*. Her residence in 1886 was Baltimore, and her occupation that of a teacher. In a letter of that year she writes: 'I am thoroughly French, and desire always to be identified with France; to be known and considered ever as a Frenchwoman. I cannot be considered an authoress at all, and resign all claim to the title.' But," comments Mr. Sargent, "if she did not wish to be regarded as an authoress, and a much esteemed one, she ought never to have written *Somebody's Darling*. The marvel is that the vein from which came the felicitous little poem has not been more productively worked."

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's Darling was borne one day:—
Somebody's Darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet, on his pale, sweet face,

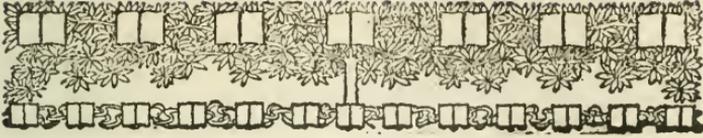
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow,
Pale are the lips of delicate mould :—
Somebody's Darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful, blue-veined brow
Brush all the wondering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now :—
Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once more for somebody's sake ;
Murmur a prayer soft and low ;
One bright curl from its fair mates take—
They were somebody's pride, you know ;
Somebody's hand had rested there :—
Was it a mother's soft and white ?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light ?

God knows best. He has somebody's love ;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there ;
Somebody wafted his name above
Night and morn on the wings of prayer ;
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand ;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay ;
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to hold him again to the heart ;
And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear ;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's Darling slumbers here."



LA FAYETTE, MARIE MADELEINE PIOCHE DE LA VERGNE, COMTESSE DE, a French novelist, born in Paris, March 16, 1634; died there in May, 1693. Her father, Aymar de la Vergne, was governor of Havre. She received an excellent education, and in 1655 married the Count de La Fayette. Her house was frequented by persons of the highest rank and fashion in Paris, and was the resort of the most distinguished literary men of the age. After the death of her husband, an attachment grew up between her and La Rochefoucauld, which lasted until the death of the latter. She wrote *Histoire de Madame Henrietta d'Angleterre* and *Mémoires de la Cour de France*; but her fame rests upon her novels and short stories. *La Princesse de Clèves*, her masterpiece, was published in 1678. *Zayde*, another novel, was issued eight years earlier. Other works were *Mademoiselle de Montpensier* (1662) and *La Comtesse de Tende* (1680).

La Princesse de Clèves was an immediate success; everybody talked about it, and the authoress spoke of people even "coming to blows" about it. Boursault dramatized it, and the best critics wrote it up and down. "Never," says Anatole France, "was success better deserved. Madame de La Fayette was the first to introduce naturalness into fiction—the first to draw human

MARIE MADELEINE DE PIOCHE LA FAYETTE

beings and real feelings ; and thereby she earned a place among the true classics."

"*La Princesse de Clèves*," says Lafitte, "seems to me the most perfect work that ever issued from a woman's hand. It will be read so long as there shall survive men of taste and intelligence."

THE BETROTHAL OF MADAME ELIZABETH.

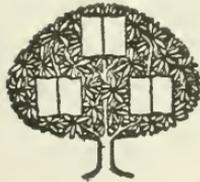
The ceremony of her betrothal took place at the Louvre ; and, the banquet and the ball concluded, the whole royal household went, as was the custom, to the bishop's palace to pass the night. The next morning the Duke of Alva, who was always very simple in his dress, donned a coat of cloth and gold, interwoven with red, yellow, and black, and plentifully besprinkled with precious stones : on his head, he had a crown. The Prince of Orange, dressed in as splendid style, came with his servants, and all the Spaniards, too, appeared with a goodly following, to escort the Duke of Alva from the Villeroy mansion where he was staying ; and, four abreast, they started to walk to the bishop's palace. Upon their arrival, they proceeded in due order to the church, and the wedding ceremony took place. They returned to dine with the bishop, and at about five left for the palace to attend the banquet, to which the parliament, the sovereign courts, and the city officials had been invited. The King, the queens, the princes ate at the marble table in the great hall of the palace, the Duke of Alva's seat being near the new Queen of Spain. At the King's right hand, below the steps of the marble table, sat the ambassadors, the archbishops and the knights of the orders ; opposite them were seated the members of parliament.—*From La Princesse de Clèves.*

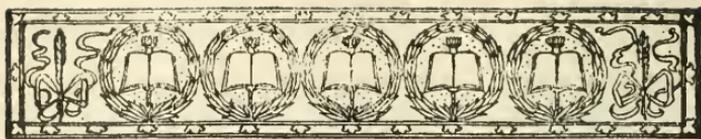
THE TOURNAMENT.

At last came the day of the tournament. Raised seats were reserved for the queens in the galleries, and thither they betook themselves. The four champions, with their many horses and servants, appearing at the

end of the lists, formed the most magnificent spectacle ever witnessed in France. Out of respect to Madame de Valentinois, who was a widow, the King's colors were always plain black and white. The Duke of Ferrara and his entire suite wore yellow and red, Monsieur de Guise pink and white, Monsieur de Nemours yellow and black. Never was seen greater skill than the four champions evinced. If the King was the best horseman in the realm, it was difficult to decide to whom to give the palm.

Toward evening, when the jousts were all but concluded, and the company about to depart, the evil fate of the country induced the King to break another lance. The Count of Montgomery, who was very skilful, was ordered to enter the lists. The lances broke, and a splinter from that of the Count's struck the King in the eye, and could not be withdrawn. He at once fell to the ground. It is easy to imagine the excitement and distress which this unhappy accident caused, after a day devoted to merry-making. The Constable recalled the prophecy, of the fulfilment of which he had no doubt, that the King should be slain in single combat. On the seventh day the King grew so much worse that his physicians lost all hope. He received the news of his approaching death with wonderful firmness, all the more praiseworthy since he died by such an unfortunate accident, in the prime of life, happy and almost worshipped by his people.—*From La Princesse de Clèves.*





LA FONTAINE, JEAN DE, a noted French fabulist and poet, was born in Champagne, July 8, 1621; died in Paris, April 13, 1695. In his early youth he learned almost nothing, and at the age of twenty was sent by his father to the Oratory at Rheims, in a state of extreme ignorance. Here, however, he began to exhibit a decided taste for the classics and for poetry. Though selfish and vicious to the last degree, he possessed withal a certain childlike *bonhomie*; it was not grace, or vivacity, or wit, but a certain soft and pleasant amiability of manner, so that he never wanted friends. He successively found protectors in the Duchess de Bouillon, who drew him to Paris; in Madame de Sablière, and in M. and Madame Hervert. He enjoyed the friendship of Molière, Boileau, Racine, and other contemporary celebrities; and even the saintly Fénelon lamented his death in extravagant strains. In 1693, after a dangerous illness, he carried into execution what a French critic characteristically terms his *projet de conversion*, and spent the brief remainder of his life in a kind of artificial penitence, common enough among licentious men and women in those sensual days. His best, which, however, are also his most immoral, productions are *Contes et Nouvelles en Vers* (1665; 2d part, 1666; 3d part, 1671) and *Fables Choisies mises en Vers* (1668-93).



JEAN DE LA FONTAINE.

THE CRAFTY FOX AND THE SIMPLE GOAT.

A fox once journeyed, and for company
 A certain bearded, horned goat had he ;
 Which goat no farther than his nose could see ;
 The fox was deeply versed in trickery.

These travellers did thirst compel
 To seek the bottom of a well.
 There, having drank enough for two,
 Says fox, " My friend, what shall we do ?
 'Tis time that we were thinking
 Of something else than drinking.
 Raise you your feet upon the wall,
 And stick your horns up straight and tall ;
 Then up your back I'll climb with ease,
 And draw you after, if you please."
 " Yes, by my beard," the other said,
 "'Tis just the thing. I like a head
 Well stocked with sense, like thine.
 Had it been left to mine,
 I do confess,
 I never should have thought of this."
 So Renard clambered out
 And, leaving there the goat,
 Discharged his obligations
 By preaching thus on patience :—
 " Had Heaven put sense thy head within
 To match the beard upon thy chin,
 Thou would'st have thought a bit
 Before descending such a pit.
 I'm out of it ; good-by ;
 With prudent effort try
 Yourself to extricate.
 For me, affairs of state
 Permit me not to wait."

Whatever way you wend,
 Consider well the end.

—*Translation of* ELIZA WRIGHT.



LAMARTINE, ALPHONSE MARIE LOUIS DE, a French poet, historian, and statesman, born near Mâcon, October 21, 1790; died in Paris, March 1, 1869. He was educated chiefly by his mother, and was sent to the college at Belley, where he remained until his nineteenth year. In 1811 he went to Italy, where he spent two years. His family had suffered for their adherence to the Royalist cause, and when Napoleon was sent to Elba, Lamartine returned to France and entered the service of Louis XVIII. On the return of Napoleon he took refuge in Switzerland. In 1818-19 he travelled in Savoy, Switzerland, and Italy, writing poetry, of which his first volume, *Méditations Poétiques*, was published in 1820. He now entered the diplomatic service. In 1823 he married an English lady of fortune, and the same year published *Nouvelles Méditations*.

After the accession of Louis Philippe he travelled with his family in Turkey, Egypt, and Syria. During his absence he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, and took his place about the beginning of 1834. He was re-elected in 1837. In 1841 he opposed Thiers's project of fortifying the capital. In 1843 he advocated the extension of the franchise, and the foundation of a constitutional monarchy.

The Revolution of February, 1848, gave him a



LAMARTINE.

foremost place among the men of France. He was made Minister of Foreign Affairs, was elected for the Constitutional Assembly in ten departments, and was chosen one of the five members of the Executive Committee. For four months he held the reins of government, but in June his influence succumbed to that of Cavaignac.

The remainder of his life was spent in literary labor. His private fortune was gone, and the Government in 1867 granted him \$100,000. In 1860 he supervised an edition of his works in forty-one volumes. Among them are *Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses* (1830); *Souvenirs, Impressions, Pensées et Paysages pendant un Voyage en Orient* (1835); *Jocelyn, Journal trouvé chez un Curé de Village* (1836); *La Chute d'un Ange* (1838); *Récueils Poétiques* (1839); *Histoire des Girondins* (1847); *History of the Revolution of 1848*, and *Histories of Turkey and Russia*. The entire list of his writings in prose and verse, is very long.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

Eagles, that wheel above our crests,
 Say to the storms that round us blow,
 They cannot harm our gnarled breasts,
 Firm-rooted as we are below.
 Their utmost efforts we defy.
 They lift the sea-waves to the sky;
 But when they wrestle with our arms,
 Nervous and gaunt, or lift our hair,
 Balanced within its cradle fair
 The tiniest bird has no alarms.

Sons of the rock, no mortal hand
 Here planted us : God-sown we grew.
 We are the diadem green and grand
 On Eden's summit that He threw.

When waters in a deluge rose,
 Our hollow flanks could well enclose
 Awhile the whole of Adam's race ;
 And children of the Patriarch
 Within our forest built the Ark
 Of Covenant, foreshadowing Grace.

We saw the tribes as captives led,
 We saw them back return anon ;
 As rafters have our branches dead
 Covered the porch of Solomon ;
 And later, when the Word made man
 Came down in God's salvation-plan
 To pay for sin the ransom-price,
 The beams that form'd the Cross we gave :
 These, red in blood of power to save,
 Were altars of that Sacrifice.

In memory of such great events,
 Men come to worship our remains ;
 Kneel down in prayer within our tents,
 And kiss our old trunks' weather-stains,
 The saint, the poet, and the sage,
 Hear and shall hear from age to age
 Sounds in our foliage like the voice
 Of many waters ; in these shades
 Their burning words are forged like blades,
 While their uplifted souls rejoice.

—*Translation of TORU DUTT.*

THE TEMPLE.

We left Louis XVI. at the threshold of the Temple, where Pétion had conducted him, without his being able to know as yet whether he entered there as suspended from the throne or as a prisoner. This uncertainty lasted some days.

The Temple was an ancient and dismal fortress, built by the monastic Order of Templars, at the time when sacerdotal and military theocracies, uniting in revolt against princes with tyranny toward the people, constructed for themselves forts for monasteries, and

marched to dominion by the double power of the cross and the sword. After their fall their fortified dwelling had remained standing, as a wreck of past times neglected by the present. The chateau of the Temple was situated near the Faubourg St. Antoine, not far from the Bastille ; it enclosed with its buildings, its palace, its towers, and its gardens, a vast space of solitude and silence, in the centre of a most densely populated quarter. The buildings were composed of a *prieuré*, or palace of the Order, the apartments of which served as an occasional dwelling for the Comte d'Artois, when that prince came from Versailles to Paris. This dilapidated palace contained apartments furnished with ancient movables, beds, and linen for the suite of the prince. A porter and his family were its only hosts. A garden surrounded it, as empty and neglected as the palace. At some steps from this dwelling was the donjon of the chateau, once the fortification of the Temple. Its abrupt, dark mass rose on a simple spot of ground toward the sky ; two square towers, the one larger, the other smaller, were united to each other like a mass of walls, each one having at its flank other small suspended towers, in former days crowned with battlements at their extremity, and these formed the principal group of this construction. Some low and more modern buildings abutted upon it, and served, by disappearing in its shade, to raise its height. This donjon and tower were constructed of large stones, cut in Paris, the excoriations and cicatrices of which marbled the walls with yellow, livid spots, upon the black ground which the rain and snow incrust upon the large buildings of the north of France. The large tower, almost as high as the towers of a cathedral, was not less than sixty feet from the base to the top. It enclosed within its four walls a space of thirty square feet. An enormous pile of masonry occupied the centre of the tower, and rose almost to the point of the edifice. This pile, larger and wider at each story, leaned its arches upon the exterior walls, and formed four successive arched roofs, which contained four guard-rooms. These halls communicated with other hidden and more narrow places cut in the towers.

The walls of the edifice were nine feet thick. The embrasures of the few windows which lighted it, very large at the entrance of the hall, sunk, as they became narrow, even to the crosswork of stone, and left only a feeble and remote light to penetrate into the interior. Bars of iron darkened these apartments still further. Two doors, the one of doubled oak-wood very thick, and studded with large diamond-headed nails; the other plated with iron, and fortified with bars of the same metal, divided each hall from the stair by which one ascended to it.

This staircase rose in a spiral to the platform of the edifice. Seven successive wickets, or seven solid doors, shut by bolt and key, were ranged from landing to landing, from the base to the terrace. At each one of these wickets a sentinel and a key-bearer were on guard. An exterior gallery crowned the summit of the donjon. One made here ten steps at each turn. The least breath of air howled there like a tempest. The noises of Paris mounted there, weakening as they came. Thence the eye ranged freely over the low roofs of the quarter Saint Antoine, or the streets of the Temple, upon the dome of the Pantheon, upon the towers of the cathedral, upon the roofs of the pavilions of the Tuileries, or upon the green hills of Issy, or of Choisy-le-Roi, descending, with their villages, their parks, and their meadows, toward the course of the Seine.

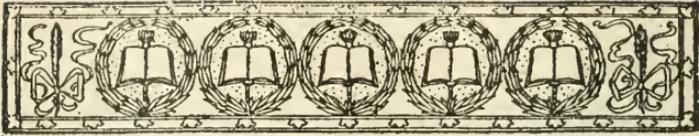
The small tower stood with its back to the large one. It had also two little towers upon each of its flanks. It was equally square, and divided into four stories. No interior communication existed between these two contiguous edifices; each had its separate staircase; an open platform crowned this tower in place of a roof, as on the donjon. The first story enclosed an antechamber, an eating-hall, and a library of old books collected by the ancient priors of the Temple, or serving as a depot for the refuse of the libraries of the Comte d'Artois; the second, third, and fourth stories offered to the eye the same disposition of apartments, the same nakedness of wall, and the same dilapidation of furniture. The winds whistled there, the rain fell across the

broken panes, the swallow flew in there at pleasure ; no beds, sofas, or hangings were there. One or two couches for the assistant jailers, some broken straw-bottom chairs, and earthen vessels in an abandoned kitchen, formed the whole of the furniture. Two low-arched doors, whose freestone mouldings represented a bundle of pillars, surmounted by broken escutcheons of the Temple, led to the vestibule of these two towers.

Large alleys paved with flagstones surrounded the building ; these were separated by barriers of planks. The garden was overgrown with vegetation—thick with coarse herbs, and choked by heaps of stones and gravel, the relics of demolished buildings. A high and dull wall, like that of a cloister, made the place still more gloomy. This wall had only one outlet, at the extremity of a long alley on the *Vieille Ru du Temple*.

Such were the exterior aspect and interior disposition of this abode, when the owners of the Tuileries, Versailles, and Fontainebleau arrived at nightfall. These deserted halls no longer expected tenants since the Templars had left them, to go to the funeral pile of Jacques de Molay. These pyramidal towers, empty, cold, and mute for so many ages, more resembled the chambers of a pyramid in the sepulchre of a Pharaoh of the West than a residence.—*History of the Girondists ; translation of H. T. RYDE.*





LAMB, CHARLES, an English poet, critic, and humorist, born in the Crown Office Row, in the Temple, London, February 10, 1775; died at Edmonton, a suburb of London, December 27, 1834. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, Coleridge being one of his school-fellows. At the age of fourteen he was employed as a clerk in the South Sea House; and three years later he received an appointment in the accountant's office of the East India Company, a position which he held for more than thirty years, until 1825, when he was suffered to retire with a life annuity of £450.

His sister, MARY ANN LAMB (born in 1765; died in 1847), was most intimately connected with the entire life of her brother. In 1796, in a sudden paroxysm of insanity, she stabbed her mother to the heart, killing her instantly, and for the remaining half-century of her life she underwent not unfrequent attacks of her mental malady. Charles Lamb, then barely one-and-twenty, devoted himself to the care of his afflicted sister; and in the intervals of her mental malady she shared in his literary tastes and labors. She wrote *Mrs. Leicester's School*, a collection of juvenile tales, and was joint author with him of *Tales from Shakespeare*, and of a small volume of *Poetry for Children*.

Charles Lamb commenced his literary career by putting forth, in conjunction with Coleridge



Ch^s Lamb

and Lloyd, a volume of poems (1797); the next year he wrote *Rosamond Gray*, a prose tale, and still later *John Woodville*, a drama. In 1808 he published *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*, who flourished nearly contemporary with Shakespeare. But by far the most notable of his writings are the *Essays of Elia*, begun in 1820, and continued until 1833. His sister survived him for thirteen years, and the annuity which the East India Company had settled upon him was continued to her during the remainder of her life, which was passed in retirement.

MODERN GALLANTRY.

In comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry: a certain obsequiousness, or deferential respect, which we are supposed to pay to females as females. I shall believe that this principle actuates our conduct when I can forget that in the nineteenth century of the era from which we date our civility we are just beginning to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public in common with the coarsest male offenders. I shall believe it when Dorimont hands a fishwife across the kennel, or assists the apple-woman to pick up her wandering fruit which some unlucky dray has just dissipated. Until that day comes I shall never believe this boasted point to be anything more than a conventional fiction—a pageant got up between the sexes, in a certain rank, and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

I shall be even disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life when in polite circles I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear—to the woman as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title. I shall believe it to be something more than a name when a well-dressed gentle-

man, in a well-dressed company, can advert to the topic of female old age without exciting, and intending to excite, a sneer; when the phrases "antiquated virginity," and such a one has "overstood her market," pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offence in man or woman that shall hear them spoken.

Joseph Paice, of Bread Street Hill, merchant, and one of the Directors of the South Sea Company, was the only pattern of consistent gallantry that I have ever met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the man of business (and that is not much) in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more.

Though bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not one system of attention to females in the drawing-room and another in the shop or in the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bare-headed—smile if you please—to a poor servant-girl while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street—in such a posture of unforced civility as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance nor himself in the offer of it. He was no dangler in the common acceptation of the word; but he revered and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, womanhood. I have seen him—nay, smile not—tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as though she had been a countess.

He was never married, but in his youth he had paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Winstanley, who, dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their courtship, he told me, that he had been treating his mistress with a profusion of civil speeches—the common gallantries—to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance; but in this instance with no effect. She rather seemed to resent his

compliments. He could not set it down to caprice, for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness. When he ventured on the following day—finding her a little better humored—to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her position had a right to expect all sort of civil things to be said to her; that she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women. But that, a little before he had commenced his compliments, she had overheard him, by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman, who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time; and she thought to herself:

“As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady—a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune—I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me; but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one, and had failed in bringing home the cravats to the appointed hour—though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them—what sort of compliments should I have received then? And my woman’s pride came to my assistance; and I thought that if it were only to do *me* honor, a female, like myself, might have received handsomer usage. And I was determined not to accept any fine speeches to the compromise of that sex, belonging to which was, after all, my strongest claim and title to them.”

I think the lady discovered both generosity and a just way of thinking in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined that the uncommon strain of courtesy which through life regulated the actions and behavior of my friend toward all of womankind owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress. I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consist-

ent gallantry, and no longer witness of the anomaly of the same man—a pattern of true politeness to a wife, of cold contempt or rudeness to a sister; the idolater of his female mistress; the despiser of his no less female aunt or unfortunate—still female—maiden cousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed—her handmaid or dependent—she deserves to have derogated from herself on that score.

What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is, first, respect for her as she is a woman; and next to that, to be respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions incident to individual preference be so many pretty additions and ornaments—as many and as fanciful as you please—to the main structure. Let her first lesson be, with sweet Susan Winstanley, to reverence her sex.—*Elia*.

DISTANT CORRESPONDENTS.

(In a Letter to B. F., Esq., at Sydney, New South Wales.)

My Dear F——: When I think how welcome the sight of a letter from the world where you were born must be to you in that strange one to which you are transplanted, I feel some compunctious visitings at my long silence. But, indeed, it is no easy effort to set about a correspondence at our distance. The weary world of waters between us oppresses the imagination. It is difficult to conceive how a scrawl of mine should ever stretch across it. It is a sort of presumption to expect that one's thoughts should live so far. It is like writing for posterity; and reminds me of one of Mrs. Rowe's superscriptions, "Alexander to Strephon in the Shades."

Epistolary matter usually comprises three topics: News, Sentiment, and Puns. In the latter I include all non-serious subjects; or subjects serious in themselves, but treated after my fashion, non-seriously. And first for News. In them the most desirable circumstance, I suppose, is that they shall be true. But what security

can I have that what I send you for truth shall not before you get it unaccountably turn into a lie? For instance, our mutual friend P—— is at this present writing—*my Now*—in good health, and enjoys a fair share of worldly reputation. You are glad to hear of it? This is natural and friendly. But at this present reading—*your Now*—he may possibly be in the Bench, or going to be hanged, which in reason ought to abate something of your transport (*i.e.*, at hearing he was well, etc.), or at least considerably to modify it.

Not only does truth, in these long intervals, unessence herself, but (what is harder) one cannot venture a crude fiction for fear that it may ripen into a truth upon the voyage. What a wild, improbable banter I put upon you some three years since—of Will Weatherall having married a servant-maid! I remember gravely consulting you how we were to receive her (for Will's wife was in no case to be rejected); and your no less serious replication in the matter; how tenderly you advised an abstemious introduction of literary topics before the lady, with a caution not to be too forward in bringing on the carpet matters more within the sphere of her intelligence; your deliberate judgment—a rather wise suspension of sentence—how far jacks and spits and mops could be introduced as subjects; whether the conscious avoiding of all such matters in discourse would not have a worse look than the taking them casually in our way; and in what manner we should carry ourselves to our Maid Becky—Mrs. William Weatherall being by: whether we should show more delicacy and truer sense for Will's wife by treating Becky with our customary chiding before her, or by unusual deferential civility paid to Becky as to a person of great worth, but thrown by the caprice of fate into a humble situation.

There were difficulties, I remember, on both sides, which you did me the favor to state with the precision of a lawyer, united to the tenderness of a friend. I laughed in my sleeve at your solemn pleadings, when lo! while I was valuing myself upon this flam put upon you in New South Wales, the devil in England—jealous of any lie-children not his own, or working after my copy—has actually instigated our friend (not three days

since) to the commission of a matrimony which I had only conjured up for your diversion. William Weatheral has married Mrs. Cotterel's maid. But to take it in its truest sense, you will see, my dear F——, that News from me must become History to you ; which I neither profess to write, nor, indeed, care much for reading. No person, unless a diviner, can with any prospect of veracity conduct a correspondence at such an arm's length.

Then as to Sentiment. It fares little better with that. This kind of dish, above all, requires to be served up hot, or sent off in water-plates, that your friend may have it almost as warm as yourself. If it have time to cool, it is the most tasteless of all cold meats. I have often smiled at a conceit of the late Lord C——. It seems that travelling somewhere about Geneva, he came to some pretty green spot or nook, where a willow or something hung so fantastically and invitingly over a stream—was it? or a rock?—no matter: but the stillness or the repose, after a weary journey, 'tis likely in a languid moment in his Lordship's not restless life, so took his fancy that he could imagine no place so proper, in the event of his death, to lay his bones in. This was all very natural and excusable as a sentiment, and shows his character in a very pleasing light. But when from a passing sentiment it came to be an act; and when by a positive testamentary disposal his remains were actually carried all that way from England, who was there—some desperate sentimentalists excepted—that did not ask the question, Why could not his Lordship have found a spot as solitary, a nook as romantic, a tree as green and pendent, in Surrey, in Dorset, or in Devon? Conceive the sentiment boarded up, freighted, entered at the Custom House (startling the tide-waiters with the novelty), hoisted into a ship. Conceive it passed about and handled between the rude jests of tarpaulin ruffians—a thing of its delicate texture—the salt bilge wetting it till it became as vapid as a damaged lustring. Trace it then to its lucky landing at Lyons, shall we say—I have not the map before me—jostled upon four men's shoulders—baiting at this town—stopping to refresh at t'other village—waiting a

passport here, a license there—the sanction of the magistracy in this district—the concurrence of the ecclesiastics in that canton ; till at length it arrives at its destination, tired out and jaded, from a brisk Sentiment into a feature of silly Pride or tawdry, senseless Affectation. How few Sentiments, my dear F——, I am afraid we can set down, in the sailors' phrase, as quite seaworthy.

Lastly, as to the agreeable levities which, though contemptible in bulk, are the twinkling corpuscula which should irradiate a right friendly epistle—your Puns and small Jests are, I apprehend, extremely circumscribed in their sphere of action. They are so far from a capacity of being packed up and sent beyond sea, that they will scarce endure to be transported by hand from this room to the next. Their vigor is at the instant of their birth. Their nutriment for their brief existence is the intellectual atmosphere of the by-standers. A Pun hath a hearty kind of present ear-kissing smack with it ; you can no more transmit it in its pristine flavor than you can send a kiss. Have you not tried in some instances to palm off a yesterday's pun upon a gentleman, and has it answered ? Not but it was new to his hearing, but it did not seem to come new from you. It did not seem to hitch in. It was like picking up at a village alehouse a two-days'-old newspaper. You have not seen it before, but you resent the stale thing as an affront. This sort of merchandise, above all, requires a quick return. A pun and its recognitory laugh must be co-instantaneous. The one is the brisk lightning, the other the fierce thunder. A moment's interval, and the link is snapped. A pun is reflected from a friend's face as from a mirror. Who would consult his sweet vision were it two or three minutes (not to speak of twelve months) in giving back its copy ?

I am insensibly chatting to you as familiarly as when we used to exchange good-morrow out of our old contiguous windows in pump-famed Hare-Court in the Temple. My heart is as dry as that spring sometimes turns in a thirsty August, when I revert to the space that is between us ; a length of passage enough to render obsolete the phrases of our English letters before

they can reach you. But while I talk, I think you hear me—thoughts dallying with vain surmise—

“Aye me ! while thee the seas and sounding shores hold far away.”

Come back before I am grown into a very old man, so as you shall hardly know me. Come before Bridget walks on crutches. Girls whom you left as children have become sage matrons while you are tarrying there. The blooming Miss W——r (you remember Sally W——r) called upon us yesterday, an aged crone. Folks whom you knew die off every year. If you do not make haste to return, there will be little left to greet you of me or mine.—*Elia*.

HESTER.

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavor.

A month or more hath she been dead ;
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her, together.

A springing motion in her gait
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call :—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool ;
But she was trained in nature's school—
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
 A heart that stirs, is hard to bind ;
 A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind—
 Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before
 To that unknown and silent shore !
 Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
 Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
 Hath struck a bliss upon the day—
 A bliss that would not go away—
 A sweet forewarning?

—CHARLES LAMB.

LINES WRITTEN IN MY OWN ALBUM.

Fresh clad from heaven in robes of white
 A young probationer of light
 Thou wert, my soul, an album bright,

A spotless leaf ; but thought and care,
 And friend and foe, in foul and fair,
 Have written "strange defeatures" there.

And Time, with heaviest hand of all,
 Like that fierce writing on the wall,
 Hath stamped sad dates he can't recall.

And error, gilding worse designs—
 Like speckled snake that slays and shines—
 Betrays his path by crooked lines.

And vice hath left his ugly blot ;
 And good resolves, a moment hot,
 Fairly begun—but finished not.

And fruitless late remorse doth trace—
 Like Hebrew lore a backward pace—
 Her irrecoverable race.

Disjointed numbers ; sense unknit ;
 Huge reams of folly ; shreds of wit ;
 Compose the mingled mass of it.

My scalding eyes no longer brook
 Upon this ink-blurred thing to look :—
 Go shut the leaves, and clasp the book.

—CHARLES LAMB

CHOOSING A NAME.

I have got a new-born sister ;
 I was nigh the first that kissed her.
 When the nursing-woman brought her
 To papa, his infant daughter,
 How papa's dear eyes did glisten !
 She will shortly be to christen ;
 And papa has made the offer
 I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her—

Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa ?
 Ann and Mary—they're too common ;
 Joan's too formal for a woman ;
 Jane's a prettier name beside ;
 But we had a Jane that died.
 They would say if 'twas Rebecca,
 That she was a little Quaker.
 Edith's pretty, but that looks
 Better in old English books ;
 Ellen's left off long ago ;
 Blanche is out of fashion now.
 None that I have named as yet
 Are as good as Margaret.
 Emily is neat and fine ;
 What do you think of Caroline ?

How I'm puzzled and perplexed,
 What to choose or think of next !
 I am in a little fever
 Lest the name that I should give her
 Should disgrace her or defame her :—
 I will leave papa to name her.

—MARY LAMB.

PARENTAL RECOLLECTIONS.

A child's a plaything for an hour ; its pretty tricks we
try
For that or for a longer space, then tire and lay it by.

But I know one that to itself all seasons could control ;
That would have mocked the sense of pain out of a
grieved soul.

Thou straggler into loving arms, young climber up of
knees,
When I forget thy thousand ways, then life and all shall
cease.

—MARY LAMB.





LAMB, MARTHA JOANNA READE (NASH), an American historical and miscellaneous writer, born at Plainfield, Mass., August 13, 1829; died in New York, January 2, 1893. In 1852 she married Mr. Charles A. Lamb, of Ohio. For several years she lived in Chicago, where she was instrumental in founding a Home for the Friendless and a Half-Orphan Asylum. After 1866 she lived in New York. In 1883 she became the editor of the *Magazine of American History*. Among her works are several books for children (1869-70); *Spicy*, a novel (1872); *The Tombs of Old Trinity* (1876); *State and Society in Washington* (1878); *The Coast Survey* (1879); *The Life-Saving Service* (1881); *The Christmas Owl* (1881); *History of the City of New York* (1866-81); *Snow and Sunshine* (1882), and *Wall Street in History* (1883). She also wrote numerous short stories, and contributed many papers to magazines. In 1879 she edited *American Homes*, and in 1883 wrote the *Historical Sketch of New York*, for the tenth census.

Her *History of the City of New York* is of enduring excellence, literary and historical.

MANHATTAN ISLAND.

Two hundred and sixty-five years ago the site of the city of New York was a rocky, wooded, canoe-shaped, thirteen-mile-long island, bounded by two salt rivers and a bay, and peopled by dusky, skin-clad savages. A

half-dozen portable wigwam villages, some patches of tobacco and corn, and a few bark canoes drawn up on the shore, gave little promise of our present four hundred and fifty miles of streets, vast property interests, and the encircling forest of shipping. . . .

To the right, the majestic North River, a mile wide, unbroken by an island ; to the left, the deep East River, a third of a mile wide, with a chain of slender islands abreast ; ahead, a beautiful bay fifteen miles in circumference, at the foot of which the waters were cramped into a narrow strait with bold steeps on either side ; and astern, a small channel dividing the island from the mainland to the north, and connecting the two salt rivers. Nature wore a hardy countenance, as wild and untamed as the savage landholders. Manhattan's twenty-two thousand acres of rock, lake, and rolling table-land, rising in places to an altitude of one hundred and thirty-eight feet, were covered with sombre forests, grassy knolls, and dismal swamps. The trees were lofty ; and old, decayed, and withered limbs contrasted with the younger growth of branches, and wild flowers wasted their sweetness among the dead leaves and uncut herbage at their roots. The entire surface of the island was bold and granitic, and in profile resembled the cartilaginous back of the sturgeon. Where the Tombs prison now casts its grim shadow in Centre Street, was a fresh-water lake, supplied by springs from the high grounds about it, so deep that the largest ships might have floated upon its surface, and pure as the Croton which now flows through the reservoirs of the city. It had two outlets—small streams, one emptying into the North, the other into the East River.—*History of the City of New York.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON IN NEW YORK.

The winter of 1790 opened auspiciously. New York City was in promising health and picturesque attire. The weather until February was remarkably mild and lovely. "I see the President has returned fragrant with the odor of incense," wrote Trumbull to Wolcott in December. "This tour has answered a good politi-

cal purpose, and in a great measure stilled those who were clamoring about the wages of Congress." The community at large was full of pleasing anticipations. People flocked into the metropolis from all quarters, and the presence of so much dignity of character, statesmanship, legal learning, culture, and social elegance produced new sensations, aspirations, and ambitions.

Washington was the observed of all observers. His wonderful figure, which it has pleased the present age to clothe in cold and mythical disguises, was neither unreal nor marble. He stood six feet three inches in his slippers, well-proportioned, evenly developed, and straight as an arrow. He had a long, muscular arm, and probably the largest hand of any man in New York. He was fifty-eight, with a character so firm and true, kindly and sweet, kingly and grand, as to remain unshaken as the air when a boy wings his arrow into it, through all subsequent history. His great will-power and gravity seem to have most attracted the attention of mankind. His abilities as a business man, the accuracy of his accounts, which through much of his life he kept with his own hand, and his boundless generosity should also be remembered. He took care of his money; at the same time he cast a fortune worth at least three-quarters of a million into the scale—to be forfeited should the Revolution fail. But the greatest of all his traits was a manly self-poise, founded upon the most perfect self-control. He was withal essentially human, full of feeling, emotional, sympathetic, and sometimes passionate. He was fond of society, conversed well, enjoyed humor in a quiet way, and was sensible to the beauty and open to the appeal of a good story.

While loyal to every duty, and closeted with Jay, Hamilton, and Knox for hours each day in shaping the conduct of the departments, he found time for healthful recreation. The citizens of New York grew accustomed to his appearance upon the streets in one or another of his numerous equipages, or on horseback, or on foot. His diary throws many a domestic and private light upon the pleasing picture. He tells us, for instance, how, after visiting the Vice-President and his wife one afternoon, at Richmond Hill, with Mrs.

Washington, in the post-chaise, he walked to Rufus King's to make a social call, "and neither Mr. King nor his lady was at home to be seen." On another occasion he sent tickets to Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Greene, General Philip and Mrs. Schuyler, Secretary and Mrs. Hamilton, and Mr. and Mrs. Rufus King, inviting them to seats in his box at the little John Street theatre. Music commenced, and the audience rose the moment Washington and his friends entered the building. The play was *Darby's Return*, written by William Dunlap. Darby, an Irish lad, proceeded to recount his adventures in New York and elsewhere to his friends in Ireland. Washington smiled at the humorous allusion to the change in the government :—

" Here, too, I saw some mighty pretty shows—
A revolution without blood or blows ;
For, as I understood, the cunning elves,
The people, all revolted from themselves."

But at the lines :—

" A man who fought to free the land from woe,
Like me, had left his farm a-soldiering to go,
Then, having gained his point, he had, *like me*,
Returned, his own potato-ground to see.
But there he could not rest. With one accord
He is called to be kind of—not a lord—
I don't know what ; he's not a *great man*, sure,
For poor men love him just as he were poor ;"

the eyes of the audience were fixed curiously upon the President, who changed color slightly and looked serious, when Kathleen asked,

" How looked he, Darby ? Was he short or tall ?" and Darby replied that he did not see him because he had mistaken a man " all lace and glitter, botherum and shine," for him, until the show was out of sight, Washington's features relaxed and he indulged in a rare and hearty laugh.—*History of the City of New York*.



LAMENNAIS, HUGUES FÉLICITÉ ROBERT DE, a French ecclesiastic and philosopher, born at St. Malo, June 19, 1782; died in Paris, February 27, 1854. He received the tonsure in 1811, and entered holy orders in 1817. His first book, *Réflexions sur l'État de l'Église* (1808), was destroyed by the police. *Tradition de l'Église sur l'Institution des Evêques* (1814) took Ultramontane ground against the Gallican position. The first volume of *Essai sur l'Indifférence en Matière de Religion* (1817) asserted the absolutism of faith; but the author valued the State chiefly as an adjunct to the Church. The second volume (1820) gave less satisfaction, and the third and fourth (1824) were denounced by the Sorbonne and the bishops. He presented a defence to Pope Leo XII., who said that he would give trouble. *De la Religion considérée dans ses Rapports avec l'Ordre Civil et Catholique* (1825-26) claimed entire spiritual supremacy for the Pope; for it he was prosecuted in France. *Des Progrès de la Révolution et de la Guerre contre l'Église* (1829) gave the first signs of his leaning toward political liberty. In 1830 he founded *L'Avenir*, with the motto "*Dieu et Liberté—le Pape et le Peuple*," and was assisted by Lacordaire, Montalembert, and others. They sought the papal approbation in vain, and were condemned by a rescript of August 25, 1832. They yielded, and

L'Avenir was suspended; but Lamennais's greatest book, *Paroles d'un Croyant* (1834), made a breach with all authority, alike ecclesiastical and civil. This prose poem won instant fame, ran rapidly through a hundred editions, and was translated into nearly every European language; the Pope condemned it as "small in size, but immense in its perversity." *Affaires de Rome* (1836); *Le Livre du Peuple* (1837); *Esquisse d'une Philosophie* (1840-46); *De La Religion* (1841), and *Du Passé et de l'Avenir du Peuple* (1842), maintained the position of pure theocratic democracy. For *Le Pays et le Gouvernement* (1840) he was imprisoned a year. In 1848 he was sent to the Assembly, and offered a Constitution, which was rejected as too radical. His last years were occupied in translating Dante. At his own direction, he was buried in Père la Chaise among the unknown poor.

JUSTICE AND LIBERTY.

He who asketh himself how much justice is worth profaneth justice in his heart; and he who stops to calculate what liberty will cost hath renounced liberty in his heart. Liberty and justice will weigh you in the same balance in which you have weighed them. Learn, then, to know their value.

There have been nations who have not known that value, and never misery equalled theirs.

If there be upon earth anything truly great, it is the resolute firmness of a people who march on, under the eye of God, to the conquest of those rights which they hold from Him, without flagging for a moment; who think not of their wounds, their days of toil and sleepless nights, and say, "What are all these? Justice and liberty are well worthy of severer labors." Such a people may be tried by misfortunes, by reverses, by treachery;

HUGUES FÉLICITÉ ROBERT DE LAMENNAIS

may, may even be sold by some Judas: but let nothing discourage them. For in truth I say unto you that when, like the Saviour of the world, they shall go down into the tomb, like Him they shall come forth again, conquerors over death, and over the prince of this world and his servants.

The laborer beareth the burthen of the day, exposed to the rain and sun and winds, that he may by his labor prepare that harvest which shall enrich his granaries in autumn.

Justice is the harvest of nations.

The workman rises before the dawn, he lights his little lamp, and endures ceaseless fatigue, that he may gain a little bread with which to feed himself and his children.

Justice is the bread of nations.

The merchant shrinks from no labor, complains of no trouble, exhausts his body, and forgets repose, that he may amass wealth.

Liberty is the wealth of nations.

The mariner traverses seas, trusts himself to wave and tempest, risks his body amid the rocks, and endures heat and cold, that he may secure repose in his old age.

Liberty is the repose of nations.

The soldier submits to many hard privations, he watches, fights, and sheds his blood, for what he calls glory.

Liberty is the glory of nations.

If there be on earth a people who think less of justice and liberty than the laborer does of his harvest, or the workman of his daily bread, or the merchant of his wealth, or the mariner of his repose, or the soldier of his glory:—build around that people a high wall, that their breath may not infect the rest of the world.

When the great day of judgment for nations shall come, it will be said to that people, "What hast thou done with thy soul? There is neither sign nor trace of it to be seen. The enjoyments of the brute have been everything to thee. Thou hast loved the mire—go, wallow in the mire."

And that people who, rising above mere material

good, have placed their affections on the true good ; who, to obtain that true good, have spared no labor, no fatigue, no sacrifice, shall hear this word : " For those who have a soul, there is the recompense of souls. Because thou hast loved justice and liberty before all things, come and possess forever liberty and justice." — *Words of a Believer.*

" LOYALTY."

The rulers of this world have opposed to the wisdom of God, which men understand not, the wisdom of the prince of this world, even of Satan.

Satan, who is the king of the oppressors of nations, suggested to them an infernal stratagem, by which to confirm their tyranny.

He said to them : " This is what ye should do. Take in each family the strongest of the young men, put arms in their hands and teach them to use them, and they will fight for you against their fathers and their brethren ; for I will persuade them that the action will be glorious. I will make for them two idols, which they shall call Honor and Loyalty, and a law which they shall call Passive Obedience ; and they will worship these idols, and blindly submit themselves to that law, because I will seduce their understandings ; and ye will then have nothing more to fear."

And the oppressors of nations did as Satan had advised them, and Satan accomplished what he had promised them.

Then might be seen the children of a nation, raising their hands against that nation, to murder their brothers and to chain their fathers, forgetting even the mothers who bore them.

And when you showed them the altars of that God who made man, of that Christ who saved him, they would say, " This is the God of the country ; but, as for us, we have no gods but those of our masters, Honor and Loyalty."

Since the seduction of the first woman by the serpent, there hath been no seduction more dreadful than this. But it approacheth its end.— *Words of a Believer.*



LANDON, LETITIA ELIZABETH, an English poet and novelist, born at Brompton, a suburb of London, August 14, 1802; died at Cape Coast Castle in Western Africa, October 15, 1838. At the age of eighteen she began to contribute to the *Literary Gazette*, with the editorship of which she soon became connected. In the summer of 1838 she married Mr. Maclean, the Governor of Cape Coast Castle, and accompanied him to Africa. She had been accustomed to take minute doses of prussic acid for a nervous affection. Soon after her arrival at the Castle she was found dead in her chamber; an accidental overdose of the poison probably caused her death. She published several volumes of prose and verse. Her *Literary Remains*, with a *Life* by Laman Blanchard, were published in 1841. The following verses—the last she ever wrote—were composed on the voyage to Africa, during which she had been wont to watch the Pole-star, as it nightly neared the horizon and finally sank from view.

Saintsbury says she was “the most popular of all the writers of verse who made any mark between the death of Byron and the time when Tennyson definitely asserted himself in 1842. She was a Mrs. Hemans with the influence of Byron added, not to the extent of any impropriety, but to the heightening of the romantic tone and na-

ive sentimentality. Her verse is generally musical and sweet; it is only sometimes silly. But it is too often characterized by gush."

THE SETTING OF THE POLE-STAR.

A star has left the kindling sky—
A lovely northern light :
How many planets are on high,
But that has left the night.

I miss its bright, familiar face ;
It was a friend to me—
Associate with my native place,
And those beyond the sea.

It rose upon our English sky,
Shone o'er our English land,
And brought back many a loving eye,
And many a gentle hand.

It seemed to answer to my thought,
It called the past to mind
And with its welcome presence brought
All I had left behind.

The voyage it lights no longer ends
Soon on a foreign shore ;
How can I but recall the friends
That I may see no more ?

Fresh from the pain it was to part—
How could I bear the pain ?—
Yet strong the omen in my heart
That says—We meet again.

Meet, with a deeper, dearer love,
For absence shows the worth
Of all from which we then remove—
Friends, home, and native earth.

Thou lovely Polar-Star, mine eyes
Still turned the first on thee,
Till I have felt a sad surprise,
That none looked up with me.

But thou hast sunk upon the wave,
Thy radiant place unknown ;
I seem to stand beside a grave,
And stand by it alone.

Farewell ! Ah, would to me were given
A power upon thy light !
What words upon our English heaven
Thy loving rays should write !

Kind messages of love and hope
Upon thy rays should be ;
Thy shining orbit should have scope
Scarcely enough for me.

Oh, fancy vain, as it is fond,
And little needed, too ;
My friends ! I need not look beyond
My heart to look for you.





Walter Savage Landor



LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE, an English poet and prose-writer, born at Warwick, January 30, 1775; died at Florence, Italy, September 17, 1864. His father was a practising physician, though a man of large private estate. The son was educated at Rugby, and afterward entered the University of Oxford, but having been rusticated for a trifling breach of discipline, he did not return, and so never took his degree. He early manifested an uncontrollable temper, which at times bordered upon insanity. At the death of his father he succeeded to the family estates, and purchased Llanthony Abbey, a wild property in Wales, upon which he spent much money, and commenced the building of a mansion, expending thereon £8,000. He soon quarrelled with his tenants and neighbors, and abandoned Llanthony, ordering his unfinished mansion to be demolished. In 1815 he went to the Continent and, after spending some time in France, proceeded to Italy, where he resided in several places until 1821, when he took up his abode at Florence, in the neighborhood of which he purchased the fine Gherardesca villa.

As early as 1811 he had married Julia Thuillier, a young woman of French extraction. Disagreements and quarrels arose, which culminated in 1835, when he finally broke with his family, and went back to England, settling himself at Bath.

which was his residence until 1858. In that year he put forth a metrical miscellany entitled *Dry Sticks Fagoted by W. S. Landor*; this brochure contained some attacks upon a lady who had become obnoxious to him. A suit for libel was instituted, and Landor—now past fourscore—was cast in large damages. He at once put his remaining property out of his hands, and went back to Florence, where the remaining six years of his life were passed. His property had all gone from him, and his last days would have been passed in poverty had not some of his friends settled upon him a moderate annuity.

Landor's English works were finally edited and arranged by John Forster (1869; second edition, 1874). They fill seven volumes, to which is prefixed a *Life of Landor*, in one volume. The principal of his prose works are *Imaginary Conversations*, of which several series appeared (1824-46); *The Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare* (1834); *Pericles and Aspasia* (1834); *The Pentameron* (1837). His poetical works fill something more than one volume. *Gebir* is a narrative poem, as wild and fanciful as *The Arabian Nights* or Beckford's *Vathek* (1798); of which he put forth in 1803 a Latin version, which, says Swinburne, "for might and melody of line, for power and perfection of language, must always dispute the palm of precedence with the English version." There are several dramatic pieces, among which is *Count Julian* (1812); of which Swinburne says: "No comparable work is to be found in English poetry between the date of Milton's *Samson Agonistes* and the

date of Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*. The style, if somewhat deficient in dramatic ease, has such might and purity and majesty of speech, as elsewhere we find in Milton alone." The *Hellenics* (1847) contain some of the very noblest of Landor's poetry. *The Last Fruit of an Old Tree* (1853) "contains," says Swinburne, "poems of various kinds and merit, closing with *Five Scenes* on the martyrdom of Beatrice Cenci, unsurpassed, even by the author himself, for noble and heroic pathos, for subtle and genial, tragic and profound, ardent and compassionate insight into character, with consummate mastery of dramatic and spiritual truth."

The *Imaginary Conversations*, of which there are about 125, form about half the works of Landor, as they appear in the collection edited by John Forster. The interlocutors are men and women of all ages and countries. In most of them one of the speakers—and sometimes both—are represented as saying precisely what Landor would have said had he been in their place; in some of them, indeed, he presents himself by name as one of the colloquists.

ROGER ASCHAM AND LADY JANE GREY.

Ascham.—Thou art going, my dear young lady, into a most awful state; thou art passing into matrimony and great wealth. God hath willed it; submit in thankfulness. Thy affections are rightly placed and well distributed. Love is a secondary passion in those who love most; a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a high degree is inspired by honor in a higher; it never reaches its plenitude of growth and perfection but in the most exalted minds. Alas! alas!

Lady Jane.—What aileth my virtuous Ascham? What is amiss? Why do I tremble?

Ascham.—I remember a sort of prophecy, made three years ago. It is a prophecy of thy condition and of my feelings upon it. Recollectest thou who wrote, sitting upon the sea-beach, the evening after an excursion to the Isle of Wight, these verses?—

“Invisibly bright water! so like air,
On looking down I fear'd thou could'st not bear
My little bark, of all light barks most light,
And look'd again, and drew me from the sight,
And hanging back, breathed each fresh gale aghast,
And held the bench, not to go on so fast.”

Lady Jane.—I was very childish when I composed them; and if I had thought any more about the matter, I should have hoped you had been too generous to keep them in your memory as witnesses against me.

Ascham.—Nay, they are not so much amiss for so young a girl; and there being so few of them, I did not reprove thee. Half an hour, I thought, might have been spent more unprofitably; and I now shall believe it firmly, if thou wilt but be led by them to meditate a little on the similarity of the situation in which thou wert to what thou art now in.

Lady Jane.—I will do it, and whatever else you command; for I am weak by nature, and very timorous, unless where a strong sense of duty holdeth and supporteth me: there God acteth, and not his creature. Those were with me at sea who would have been attentive to me if I had seemed to be afraid, even though worshipful men and women were in the company: so that something more powerful threw my fear overboard. Yet I never will go again upon the water.

Ascham.—Exercise that beauteous couple—that mind and body—much and variously; but at home, at home, Jane! indoors, and about things indoors; for God is there, too. We have rocks and quicksands on the banks of our Thames, O lady, such as ocean never heard of; and many (who knows how soon!) may be engulfed in the current under their garden-walls.

Lady Jane.—Thoroughly do I now understand you. Yes, indeed, I have read evil things of courts; but I

think nobody can go out bad who entereth good, if timely and true warning shall have been given.

Ascham.—I see perils on perils which thou dost not see, albeit thou art wiser than thy poor old master. And it is not because Love hath blinded thee, for that surpasseth his supposed omnipotence ; but it is because thy tender heart, having always leaned affectionately upon good, hath felt and known nothing of evil. I once persuaded thee to reflect much : let me now persuade thee to avoid the habitude of reflection ; to lay aside books, and to gaze carefully and steadfastly on what is under and before thee.

Lady Jane.—I have well bethought me of my duties. Oh, how extensive they are! what a goodly and fair inheritance ! But tell me, would you command me never more to read Cicero, and Epictetus, and Plutarch, and Polybius? The others I do resign: they are good for the arbor and for the gravel-walk ; yet leave unto me, I beseech you, my friend and father, leave unto me, for my fireside and for my pillow, truth, eloquence, courage, constancy.

Ascham.—Read them on thy marriage-bed, on thy child-bed, on thy death-bed. Thou spotless, undrooping lily, they have fenced thee right well. These are the men for men ; these are to fashion the bright and blessed creatures whom God one day shall smile upon in thy chaste bosom. Mind thou thy husband.

Lady Jane.—I sincerely love the youth who hath espoused me ; I love him with the fondest, the most solicitous, affection. I pray to the Almighty for his goodness and happiness ; and do forget at times—unworthy supplicant !—the prayers I should have offered for myself. Never fear that I will disparage my kind religious teacher by disobedience to my husband in the most trying duties.

Ascham.—Gentle is he, gentle and virtuous ; but time will harden him ; time must harden even thee, sweet Jane ! Do thou, complacently and indirectly, lead him from ambition.

Lady Jane.—He is contented with me, and with home.

Ascham.—Ah, Jane ! Jane ! men of high estate grow tired of contentedness.

Lady Jane.—He told me he never liked books unless I read them to him. I will read them to him every evening; I will open new worlds to him richer than those discovered by the Spaniards; I will conduct him to treasures—Oh, what treasures!—on which he may sleep in innocence and peace.

Ascham.—Rather do thou walk with him, ride with him, play with him; be his fairy, his page, his everything that love and poetry have invented. But watch him well; sport with his fancies, turn them about like the ringlets upon his cheek; and if he ever meditate upon power, go toss thy baby to his brow, and bring back his thoughts into his heart by the music of thy discourse. Teach him to live unto God and unto thee; and he will discover that women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade.—*Imaginary Conversations.*

The Pentameron ("Five Days") purports to be "Interviews of Messer Giovanni Boccaccio and Messer Francesco Petrarca, when Messer Giovanni lay infirm at his villetta hard by Certaldo; after which they saw not each other any more on our side of Paradise: Showing how they discoursed upon that famous theologian, Messer Dante Alighieri, and sundry other matters." The subjoined is a part of one of these colloquies:

THE GERMANS AND THE FRENCH.

Boccaccio.—The Germans, although as ignorant as the French, are less cruel, less insolent and rapacious. The French have a separate claw for every object of appetite or passion, and a spring that enables them to seize it. The desires of the German are overlaid with food, and extinguished with drink, which to others are stimulants and incentives. The German loves to see everything about him orderly and entire, however coarse and common. The nature of the Frenchman is to derange and destroy everything. Sometimes when he has done

so, he will construct and refit it in his own manner, slenderly and fantastically; oftener leaving it in the middle, and proposing to lay the foundation when he has pointed the pinnacles and gilt the weather-cock.

Petrarca.—There is no danger that the French will have a durable footing in our Italy or any other country. Their levity is more intolerable than German pressure, their falsehood than German rudeness, and their vexation than German exaction.

Boccaccio.—If I must be devoured, I have little choice between the bear and panther. May we always see the creatures at a distance and across the grating. The French will fondle us, to show how vastly it is our interest to fondle them; watching all the while their opportunity; seemingly mild and half-asleep; making a dash at last, and laying bare and fleshless the arm we extend to them, from shoulder-blade to elbow.

Petrarca.—No nation grasping so much ever held so little, or lost so soon, what it had inveigled. Yet France is surrounded by smaller and apparently weaker states, which she never ceases to molest and invade. Whatever she has won, and whatever she has lost, has been alike won and lost by her perfidy—the characteristic of the people from the earliest ages, and recorded by a series of historians, Greek and Roman.

Boccaccio.—My father spent many years among them, where also my education was completed; yet whatever I have seen, I must acknowledge, corresponds with whatever I have read, and corroborates in my mind the testimony of tradition. Their ancient history is only a preface to their later. Deplorable as is the condition of Italy, I am more contented to share in her sufferings than in the frothy festivities of her frisky neighbor.—*The Pentameron.*

We are inclined to regard *Pericles and Aspasia*, written at the age of fifty-eight, as the best of Landor's works. It consists of a series of letters written mainly by Aspasia, an Ionian girl who had just come to Athens, to her friend Cleone, who remained at her Asiatic home. In her first letter

Aspasia tells of her witnessing a representation on the stage of the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus.

THE PROMETHEUS OF ÆSCHYLUS.

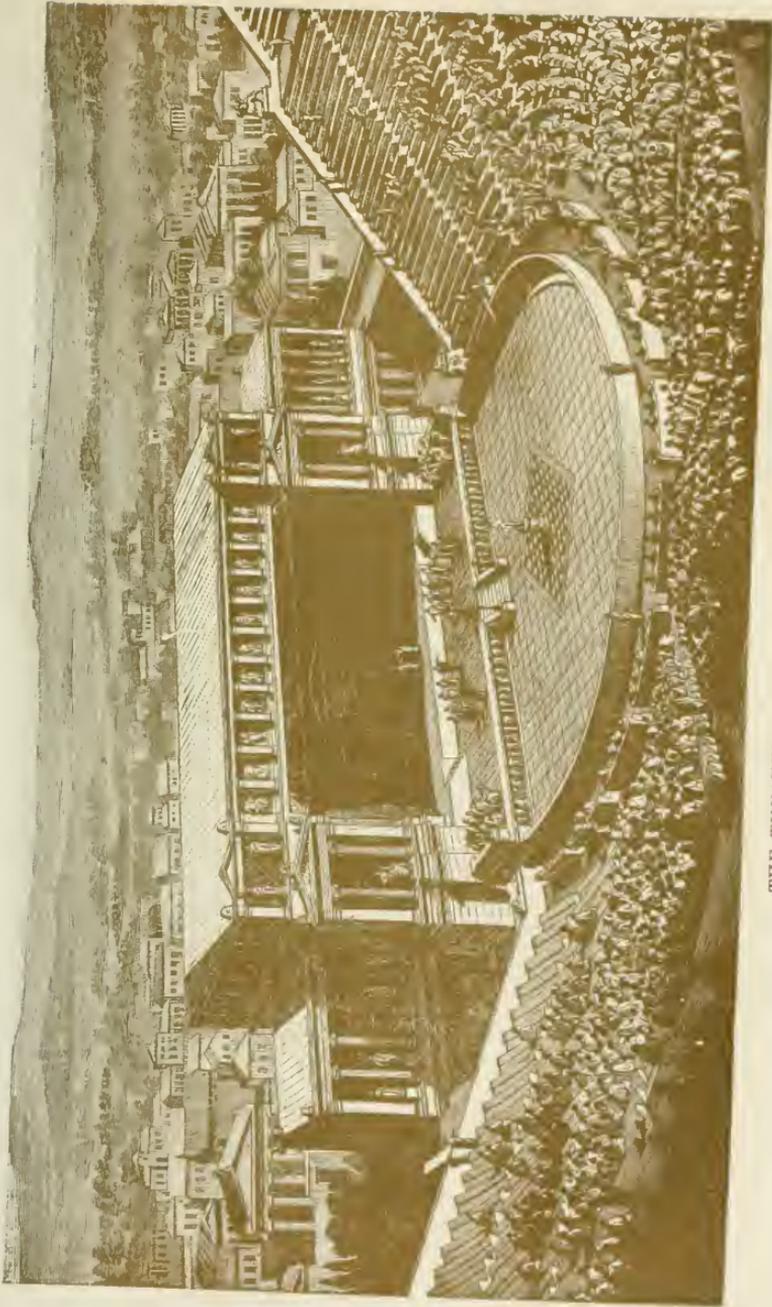
How fortunate ! To have arrived at Athens at dawn on the twelfth day of Elaphobolio. On this day began the festivals of Bacchus, and the theatre was thrown open at sunrise. What a theatre ! What an elevation ! what a prospect of city and port, of land and water, of porticoes and temples, of men and heroes, of demigods and gods ! It was indeed my wish and intention, when I left Ionia, to be present at the first of the Dionysiacs ; but how rarely are wishes and intentions so accomplished, even when winds and waters do not interfere.

I will now tell you all. No time was to be lost ; so I hastened on shore in the dress of an Athenian boy who came over with his mother from Lemnos. In the giddiness of youth he forgot to tell me that, not being eighteen years old, he could not be admitted ; and he left me on the steps. My heart sank within me ; so many young men stared and whispered ; yet never was stranger treated with more civility. Crowded as the theatre was (for the tragedy had begun) everyone made room for me.

When they were seated, and I, too, I looked toward the stage ; and behold, there lay before me, but afar off, bound upon a rock, a more majestic form, and bearing a countenance more heroic—I should rather say more divine—than ever my imagination had conceived ! I know not how long it was before I discovered that as many eyes were directed toward me as toward the competitor of the gods.

Every wish, hope, sigh, sensation, was successively with the champion of the human race, with this antagonist of Zeus, and his creator, Æschylus. How often, O Cleone, have we throbbed with his injuries ! how often has his vulture torn our breasts ! how often have we thrown our arms round each other's neck, and half-renounced the religion of our fathers !

Even your image, inseparable at other times, came not



THE THEATER OF BACCHUS AT ATHENS.

Reconstruction by F. Reblender.

across me then: Prometheus stood between us. He had resisted in silence and disdain the cruelest torments that Almightyness could inflict; and now arose the Nymphs of the Ocean, which heaved its vast waves before us; and now they descended with open arms and sweet, benign countenances, and spake with pity, and the insurgent heart was mollified and quelled. I sobbed, I dropped. There is much to be told when Aspasia faints in a theatre—and Aspasia in disguise! Everything appeared to me an illusion but the tragedy. What was divine seemed human, and what was human seemed divine.—*Pericles and Aspasia.*

This fainting of Aspasia discloses her sex, and brings her into connection with Pericles, to whom she soon came to be just what Marian Evans was to George Lewes. Landor was perhaps more thoroughly permeated with the Homeric spirit than any other man of modern times, and running through *Pericles and Aspasia* are remarks upon Homer and his poems. These are put into the mouth of Pericles.

THE HOMER OF THE ODYSSEY.

The Ulysses of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* is not the same, but the Homer is. Might not the poet have collected in his earlier voyages many wonderful tales about the chieftain of Ithaca; about his wanderings and return; about his wife and her suitors? Might not afterward the son or grandson have solicited his guest and friend to place the sagacious, the courageous, the enduring man among the others whom he was celebrating, in detached poems, as leaders against Troy? He describes with precision everything in Ithaca; it is evident he must have been on the spot. Of all other countries—of Sicily, of Italy, of Phrygia—he quite as undoubtedly writes from tradition and representation.—*Pericles and Aspasia.*

THE HOMER OF THE ILIAD.

Needless is it to remark that the *Iliad* is a work of much reflection and various knowledge; the *Odyssey* is a marvellous result of a vivid and wild imagination. Homer, in the nearly thirty years which I conceive to have intervened between the fanciful work and the graver, had totally lost his pleasantries. Polyphemus could amuse him no longer; Circe lighted up in vain her fires of cedar-wood; Calypso had lost her charms; her maidens were mute around her; the Læstrigons lay asleep; the Sirens sang, "Come hither, O passer-by! Come hither, O glory of the Achaians!" and the smooth waves quivered with the sound, but the harp of the old man had no chord that vibrated. In the *Odyssey* he invokes the Muse; in the *Iliad* he invokes her as a goddess he had invoked before. He begins the *Odyssey* as the tale of a family, to which she would listen as she rehearsed it; the *Iliad* as a song of warriors and divinities, worthy of the goddess herself to sing before the world.—*Pericles and Aspasia.*

HOMER AN ASIATIC.

We claim Homer, but he is *yours*. Observe with what partiality he always dwells upon Asia. How infinitely more civilized are Glaucus and Sarpedon than any of the Grecians he was called upon to celebrate. Priam, Paris, Hector; what polished men! Civilization has never made a step in advance, and never will, on those countries: she had gone so far in the days of Homer. He keeps Helen pretty vigorously out of sight, but he opens his heart to the virtues of Andromache. What a barbarian is Achilles, the son of a goddess! Pallas must seize him by the hair to arrest the murder of his leader; but at the eloquence of the Phrygian king the storm of the intractable homicide bursts into tears.

I cannot but think that Homer took from Sesostris the shield that he has given to Achilles. The Greeks never worked gold so skilfully as in this shield, until our own Phidias taught them; and even he possessed not the art of giving all the various colors to the metal

which are represented as designating the fruitage and other things included in this stupendous work, and which the Egyptians in his time, and long earlier, understood. How happened it that the Trojans had Greek names, and the leader of the Greeks an Egyptian one?—*Pericles and Aspasia*.

One passage at least in *Gebir* has become a household word. The sea-nymph, Tamar, thus describes the chief treasures of her ocean home :

LANDOR'S SEA-SHELL.

But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
 Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
 In the Sun's palace-porch where, when unyoked,
 His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave :
 Shake one, and it awakens ; then apply
 Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
 And it remembers its august abodes,
 And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

Wordsworth, in *The Excursion*, used the Sea-Shell. Landor will have it, filched it from him, and spoiled it: an opinion in which we think no one will agree. It is worth while to compare the two Shells.

WORDSWORTH'S SEA-SHELL.

“ I have seen
 A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
 Of inland ground, applying to his ear
 The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell ;
 To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
 Listened intensely ; and his countenance soon
 Brightened with joy : for from within were heard
 Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
 Mysterious union with his native sea.
 Even such a shell the universe itself
 Is to the ear of Faith ; and there are times,
 I doubt not, when to you it doth impart

Authentic tidings of invisible things ;
 Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,
 And central peace, subsisting at the heart
 Of endless agitation."

Touching this alleged appropriation and deformation, Landor says :

THE TWO SEA-SHELLS.

Within these few months a wholesale dealer in the brittle crockery-ware of market criticism has picked up some shards of my *Gebir*, and stuck them on his shelves. Among them is my "Sea-Shell," which Worosworth clapped in his pouch. There it became incrustated with a compost of mucus and shingle ; there it lost its "pearly hue within," and its memory of where it had abided.

EFFICACY OF PRAYERS.

Ye men of Gades, armed with brazen shields,
 And ye of near Tartessus, where the shore
 Stoops to receive the tribute which all owe
 To Bætis and his banks for their attire,
 Ye to whom Durius bore on level meads,
 Inherent in your hearts is bravery :
 For earth contains no nation where abounds
 The generous horse and not the warlike man.
 But neither soldier now nor steed avails ;
 Nor steed nor soldier can oppose the gods ;
 Nor is there aught above like Jove himself,
 Nor weighs against his purpose when once fixed,
 Aught but the supplicating knee, the Prayers.
 Swifter than light are they, and every face,
 Though different, glows with beauty ; at the throne
 Of mercy, when clouds shut it from mankind,
 They fall bare-bosomed, and indignant Jove
 Drops, at the soothing sweetness of their voice,
 The thunder from his hand. Let us arise
 On these high places daily, beat our breast,
 Prostrate ourselves, and deprecate his wrath.

—*Gebir*.

SPARING FLOWERS.

And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
 To let all flowers live freely, and all die,
 Whene'er their Genius bids their souls depart,
 Among their kindred in their native place.
 I never pluck the rose ; the violet's head
 Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank,
 And not reproached me ; the ever-sacred cup
 Of the pure lily hath between my hands
 Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold.
 —*Fæsulan Idyl.*

IPHIGENIA AND AGAMEMNON.

Iphigenia, when she heard her doom
 At Aulis, and when all beside the King
 Had gone away, took his right hand, and said :
 " O father ! I am young and very happy.
 I do not think the pious Calchas heard
 Distinctly what the Goddess spake. Old age
 Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew
 My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood,
 While I was resting on her knee both arms,
 And hitting it to make her mind my words,
 And looking in her face, and she in mine,
 Might not he also hear one word amiss,
 Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus ? "

The father placed his cheek upon her head,
 And tears dropped down it, but the King of men
 Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more :
 " O father ! say'st thou nothing ? Hear'st thou not
 Me whom thou ever hast, until this hour
 Listened to fondly, and awakened me
 To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,
 When it was inarticulate as theirs,
 And the down deadened it within the nest."

He moved her gently from him, silent still ;
 And this, and this alone brought tears from her,
 Although she saw fate nearer. Then with sighs :
 " I thought to have laid down my hair before
 Benignant Artemis, and not have dimmed

Her polished altar with my virgin blood ;
 I thought to have selected the white flowers
 To please the Nymphs, and to have asked of each
 By name, and with no sorrowful regret.
 Whether, since both my parents willed the change,
 I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipped brow ;
 And (after those who mind us girls the most)
 Adore our own Athena, that she would
 Regard me mildly with her azure eyes—
 But, father ! to see you no more, and see
 Your love, O father ! go ere I am gone——”

Gently he moved her off, and drew her back,
 Bending his lofty head far over hers,
 And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst.
 He turned away ; not far, but silent still.
 She now first shuddered ; for in him, so nigh,
 So long a silence seemed the approach of death,
 And like it. Once again she raised her voice :
 “ O father ! if the ships are now detained,
 And all your vows move not the Gods above,
 When the knife strikes me there will be one prayer
 The less to them : and purer can there be
 Any, or more fervent than the daughter's prayer
 For her dear father's safety and success ? ”

A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.
 An aged man now entered, and without
 One word, stepped slowly on, and took the wrist
 Of the pale maiden. She looked up, and saw
 The fillet of the priest and calm cold eyes.
 Then turned she where her parent stood, and cried
 “ O father ! grieve no more : the ships can sail ! ”

—*Hellenics.*

ROSE AYLMEY.

Ah ! what avails the sceptred race !
 Ah ! what the form divine !
 What every virtue, every grace !
 Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
 May weep, but never see,
 A night of memories and sighs
 I consecrate to thee.

ON SOUTHEY'S DEATH, 1843.

Friends, hear the words my wandering thoughts would
 say,
 And cast them into shape some other day :
 Southey, my friend of forty years, is gone,
 And, shattered by the fall, I stand alone.

AN OLD POET TO SLEEP.

No god to mortals oftener descends
 Than thou, O Sleep ! yet thee the sad alone
 Invoke, and gratefully thy gift receive.
 Some thou invitest to explore the sands
 Left by Pactolus ; some to climb up higher,
 Where points ambition to the pomps of war ;
 Others thou watchest while they tighten robes
 Which law throws round them loose, and they mean-
 while

Wink at the judge, and he the wink returns.
 Apart sit fewer, whom thou lovest more,
 And ledest where unruffled waters flow,
 Or azure lakes 'neath azure skies expand.
 These have no wider wishes, and no fears,
 Unless a fear, in turning, to molest
 The silent, solitary, stately swan,
 Disdaining the garrulity of groves,
 Nor seeking shelter there from sun or storm.

Me also hast thou led among such scenes,
 Gentlest of gods ! and age appeared far off,
 While thou wast standing close above the couch,
 And whispered'st, in whisper not unheard,
 " I now depart from thee, but leave behind
 My own twin-brother, friendly as myself,
 Who soon shall take my place : men call him Death.
 Thou hearest me, nor tremblest, as most do.
 In sooth, why should'st thou ? What man hast thou
 wronged

By deed or word ? Few dare ask this within."
 There was a pause ; then suddenly said Sleep :
 " He whom I named approacheth : so farewell !"

—*Last Fruits of an Old Tree.*



LANG, ANDREW, a British critic and general writer, born at Selkirk, Scotland, March 31, 1844. He was educated at St. Andrews University and at Balliol College, Oxford. In 1868 he was elected a Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. He contributed largely to periodical literature, writing sometimes light papers on current topics, and sometimes masterly essays on French literature, on scientific subjects, and on comparative mythology. He has published *Ballades in Blue China* (1881); *Helen of Troy* (1882); *Rhymes à la Mode* (1884); *Custom and Myth* and *Ballades and Verses Vaine* (1884); *The Mark of Cain*, a novel (1886); *Letters to Dead Authors* (1886); *Books and Bookmen* (1886); *Myth, Ritual, and Religion* (1887); *Grass of Parnassus* (1888); *Letters in Literature* (1889); *Life of Sir Stafford Northcote* (1890); *Essays in Little* (1891); *St. Andrews* (1893); *The Red True Story Book* (1895), and *My Own Fairy Book* (1895). In 1890 he collaborated with H. Rider Haggard in the production of *The World's Desire*, a novel. He also translated the *Odyssey* with Professor Butcher, and the *Iliad* with Walter Leaf and Ernest Myers, and has published a series of critical articles on Shakespeare's plays.

Mr. Lang is an industrious maker of books. His work is never poor, generally very good, often superlatively excellent.

EGYPTIAN DIVINE MYTHS.

All forces, all powers, were finally recognized in Osiris. He was Sun and Moon, and the Maker of all things ; he was the Truth and the Life ; in him all men were justified. His functions as king over death and the dead find their scientific place among other myths of the homes of the departed. M. Lefebvre recognizes in the name "Osiris" the meaning of "the infernal abode," or "the nocturnal residence of the sacred eye ;" for in the duel of Set and Horus he sees a mythical account of the daily setting of the sun. "Osiris himself—the sun at his setting—became a centre round which the other incidents of the war of the gods gradually crystallized." Osiris is also the Earth. It would be difficult either to prove or disprove this contention, and the usual divergence of opinion as to the meaning and etymology of the word "Osiris" has always prevailed. Plutarch identifies Osiris with Hades ; "both," says M. Lefebvre, "originally meant the dwelling—and came to mean the god—of the dead."

In the same spirit Anubis, the jackal (a beast still degraded as a ghost by the Egyptians), is explained as "the circle of the horizon," or "the portal of the land of darkness," the gate kept—as Homer would say—by Hades, the mighty warden. Whether it is more natural that men should represent the circle of the horizon as a jackal, or that a jackal *totem* should survive as a god, mythologists will decide for themselves. The jackal, by a myth which cannot be called pious, was said to have eaten his father Osiris. Thus, throughout the whole realm of Egyptian myths, when we find beast-gods, blasphemous fables, apparent nature-myths, such as are familiar in Australia, South Africa, or among the Eskimo, we may imagine that they are the symbols of noble ideas, deemed appropriate by priestly fancy. Thus the hieroglyphic name of Ptah, for example, shows a little figure carrying something on his head ; and this denotes "Him who raised the heaven above the earth." But is this image derived from *un point de vue philosophique*, or is it borrowed from a tale

like that of the Maori Tutenganahan, who first severed heaven and earth? The most enthusiastic anthropologist must admit that, among a race which constantly used a kind of picture-writing, symbols of noble ideas *might* be represented in the coarsest concrete forms—as of animals and monsters. The most devoted believer in symbolism, on the other hand, ought to be aware that most of the phenomena which he explains as symbolic are plain matters of fact, or supposed fact, among hundreds of the lower peoples. However, Egyptologists are seldom students of the lower races and their religions. The hypothesis maintained here is that most of the Egyptian gods (theriomorphic in their earliest shapes), and that certain of the myths about these gods, are a heritage derived from the savage condition.





LANIER, SIDNEY, an American poet and critic, born at Macon, Ga., February 3, 1842; died at Lynn, N. C., September 7, 1881. He studied at Oglethorpe College, Georgia, and at the breaking out of the Civil War entered the Confederate service; took command of a blockade-runner; was captured, and held a prisoner for five months. In 1873 he took up his residence at Baltimore, devoting himself to literature and music. In 1876 he was engaged to compose the Cantata for the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and in 1877 was appointed Lecturer on English Literature at the Johns Hopkins University. He had for many years suffered from a pulmonary affection which rendered him a confirmed invalid. His works are *Tiger Lilies*, a novel (1867); *Florida, Its Scenery, Climate, and History* (1876); *Poems* (1877); *The Boys' Froissart* (1878); *The Science of English Verse* and *The Boys' King Arthur* (1880); *The Boys' Mabinogion* (1881). After his death were published *The Boys' Percy* and *The English Novel and the Principles of Its Development*. An edition of his *Poems*, prepared by his wife, with a brief *Memorial* by W. H. Ward, was published in 1884.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN.

Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven
With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-cloven

Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs,
 Emerald twilights,—
 Virginal sky lights,
 Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,
 When lovers pace timidly down through the green col-
 onnades
 Of the dim, sweet woods, of the dear, dark woods,
 Of the heavenly woods and glades,
 That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within
 The wide sea-marshes of Glynn ;—

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon-day fire—
 Wild wood privacies, closets of lone desire,
 Chamber from chamber parted with wavering arras of
 leaves—
 Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer to the soul
 that grieves,
 Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through the
 wood,
 Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good ;—

O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the
 vine,
 While the riotous noon-day sun of the June-day long
 did shine
 Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in
 mine ;
 But now when the noon is no more, and riot is at rest,
 And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the
 West,
 And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth
 seem
 Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream—
 Ay, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the soul of
 the oak,
 And my soul is at ease from men, and the wearisome
 sound of the stroke
 Of the scythe of time, and the travel of trade is low,
 And belief o'ermasters doubt, and I know that I know,
 And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass within,
 That the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
 marshes of Glynn

Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought
 me of yore
 When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but
 bitterness sore,
 And when terror and shrinking and dreary, unnamable
 pain
 Drew over me out of the merciless miles of the plain—

Oh, now unafraid, I am fain to face
 The vast, sweet visage of space.
 To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn
 Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of the
 dawn,

For a mete and a mark
 To the forest-dark :—

So :

Aftable live-oak, leaning low—
 Thus—with your favor—soft, with a reverent hand,
 (Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the land !)
 Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand
 On the firm-packed sand,

Free

By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.
 Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering
 band
 Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the
 folds of the land.
 Inward and outward to northward and southward the
 beach-lines linger and curl,
 As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows
 the firm, sweet limbs of a girl.
 Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
 Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim, gray loop-
 ing of light,
 And what if behind me to westward the wall of the
 woods stand high ?
 The world lies east : how ample the marsh and the sea
 and the sky !
 A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high,
 broad in the blade,
 Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light
 or a shade,

Stretch leisurely off in a pleasant plain,
To the terminal blue of the main.

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of
sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing with-
holding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves
to the sea!
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the
sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath
mightily won
God out of knowledge, and good out of infinite pain,
And sight out of blindness, and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen
flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh
and the skies:
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of
Glynn.

And the sea bends large as the marsh; lo, out of his
plenty the sea
Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood-tide must
be:
Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that
flow
Here and there,
Everywhere,

Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and
 the low-lying lanes,
 And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
 That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
 In the rose-and-silver evening glow.

Farewell, my lord Sun!
 The creeks o'erflow; a thousand rivulets run
 'Twixt the roots of the rod; the blades of the marsh-
 grass stir;
 Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whir;
 Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run;
 And the sea and the marsh are one.
 How still the plains of the waters be!
 The tide is in his ecstasy.
 The tide is at his highest height:
 And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of
 sleep
 Roll in on the souls of men,
 But who will reveal to our waking ken
 The forms that swim and the waves that creep
 Under the waters of sleep?
 And I would I could know what swimmeth below when
 the tide comes in
 On the length and the breadth of the marvellous marshes
 of Glynn.

A ROSE-MORAL.

Soul, get thee to the heart
 Of yonder tube-rose; hide thee there,
 There breathe the meditations of thine art
 Suffused with prayer.

Of spirit grave yet light
 How fervent fragrances arise,
 Pure-born from these most rich and yet most white
 Virginities!

Mulched with unsavory death,
 Reach soul! yon rose's white estate:
 Give off thine art as she doth issue breath,
 And wait—and wait.



LARCOM, Lucy, an American poet, was born at Beverly, Mass., in 1826; died at Boston, April 17, 1893. She began to write stories and verses at the age of seven; and while working in a cotton-mill at Lowell, a few years later, she became known as a contributor to the *Lowell Offering*. Whittier gave her much encouragement; and a series of parables from her pen established her reputation as a writer. She studied and taught school for some time in Illinois, and then became a teacher in the seminary at Norton, Mass. Her name was familiar during the War as a writer of patriotic verses. *Our Young Folks* was founded in 1865; and Miss Larcom was its editor until 1874, after which she resided in her native town. Her works include *Ships in the Mist, and Other Stories* (1859); *Poems* (1868); *An Idyl of Work* (1875); *Childhood Songs* (1877); *Wild Roses of Cape Ann* (1880). In 1884 she issued a complete collection of her *Poetical Works*; and she was the editor of several collections of poetry. Her later publications were *Beckonings for Every Day* (1886); *A New England Girlhood* (1889); *Easter Gleams* (1890); *At the Beautiful Gate* (1891); *The Unseen Friend* (1892).

Miss Larcom's brother Jonathan says that when his sister was about six or seven years old, he one day suggested to her, in play, that they write some poetry; and so each of them went to the



LUCY LARCOM.

corner of the yard to attempt the task. He was utterly unsuccessful in evolving any rhyme; but she wrote out the following bit of childish verse, which is interesting as being her first attempt.

HER FIRST VERSE.

One summer's day, said little Jane,
I was walking down a shady lane,
When suddenly the wind blew high
And red lightning flashed in the sky.
The peals of thunder, how they roll.
I felt myself a little cool,
When just before I was so warm,
And now around me is a storm.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window binding shoes,
Faded, wrinkled,
Stitching, stitching in a mournful muse—
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree!
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly wooes;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing ;
'Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon cooes.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound a schooner sped !
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

'Tis November ;
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews ;
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely : " Fisher men
Have you, have you heard of Ben ? "
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views
Twenty seasons !
Never one has brought her any news ;
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea !
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.





LARDNER, DIONYSIUS, a British scientist, born in Dublin, April 3, 1793; died at Naples, April 29, 1859. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1812, graduated in 1817, and was a resident member of the University until 1827. He took orders, and was for some time chaplain of his college. It was during this period that he became the "guardian" of Dion Boucicault. In 1828 he took up his residence in London; and in 1830 began to edit the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, which was continued until 1844, making in all one hundred and thirty-two volumes, to which Herschel, Brewster, and other eminent authorities contributed. For this work Dr. Lardner wrote the treatises on hydrostatics, pneumatics, geometry, etc. In 1840 he eloped with the wife of a British officer (who recovered £8,000 damages), and came to the United States, where he remained about five years, delivering courses of lectures in the principal cities, from which he realized \$200,000. The following extract is from one of these lectures.

Though lacking in real originality or brilliancy, Lardner showed himself to be a successful popularizer of science.

THE STEAM ENGINE PROPER.

In the Atmospheric Engine the piston was maintained steam-tight in the cylinder by supplying a stream of cold water above it, by which the small interstice be-

tween the piston and the cylinder would be stopped. It is evident that the effect of this wall, as the piston descended, would be to cool the cylinder; besides which, any portion of it which might pass below the piston would boil the moment it would fall into the cylinder, which itself would be maintained at the boiling-point. This water, therefore, would produce steam, the pressure of which would resist the descent of the piston.

Watt perceived that, even though this inconvenience were removed by the use of oil or tallow upon the piston, still that as the piston would descend in the cylinder, the cold atmosphere would follow it, and would to a certain extent lower the temperature of the cylinder. On the next ascent of the piston this temperature would have to be again raised to 212° by the steam coming from the boiler, and would entail upon the machine a proportionate waste of power. If the atmosphere of the engine-house could be kept heated to the temperature of boiling water, this inconvenience would be removed. The piston would then be pressed down by air as hot as the steam to be subsequently introduced into it.

On further consideration, however, it occurred to Watt that it would be still more advantageous if the cylinder itself could be worked in an atmosphere of steam, having only the same pressure as the atmosphere. Such steam would press the piston down as effectually as the air would, and it would have the further advantage over air that if any portion of it leaked through between the piston and the cylinder, it would be condensed—which would not be the case with atmospheric air.

He therefore determined on surrounding the cylinder by an external casing, the space between which and the cylinder he proposed to be filled with steam supplied from the boiler. The cylinder would thus be enclosed in an atmosphere of its own, independent of the external air; and the vessel so enclosing it would only require to be a little larger than the cylinder, and to have a close cover at the top, the centre of which might be perforated with a hole to admit the rod of the piston to pass through—the rod being smooth, and so fitted to the perforation that no steam could escape between them.

This method would be attended also with the advantage of keeping the cylinder and piston always heated, not only inside but outside. And Watt saw that it would be further advantageous to employ the pressure of steam to drive the piston in its descent, instead of the atmosphere, as its intensity, or force, would be much more manageable; for by increasing or diminishing the heat of the steam in which the cylinder was enclosed, its pressure might be regulated at pleasure, and might be made to urge the piston with any force that might be required. The power of the engine would therefore be completely under control, and independent of all variations in the pressure of the atmosphere.

This was a step which totally changed the character of the machine, and which rendered it a Steam Engine instead of an Atmospheric Engine. Not only was the vacuum below the piston now produced by the property of steam in virtue of which it is re-converted into water by cold, but the pressure which urged the piston into this vacuum was due to the elasticity of steam. The external cylinder within which the working cylinder was enclosed was called the "Jacket," and is still in general use.—*Lectures on the Steam Engine.*





LARDNER, NATHANIEL, a noted English divine, a dissenter from the Established Church, born at Hawkhurst, Kent, June 6, 1684; died there, July 24, 1768. He studied at Utrecht and Leyden, and from 1713 to 1729 was chaplain in the family of Lady Treby. In 1723 he began his ministry by preaching to the Presbyterian congregation of Old Jewry, London. In 1727 he published the first part of his *Credibility of the Gospel History*. In 1729 he became assistant minister to the Presbyterian congregation at Crutched Friars. *A Letter Concerning the Question Whether the Logos (Word) Supplied the Place of the Human Soul in the Person of Jesus Christ* is the title of a pamphlet written in 1730 and published in 1759, in which Lardner inclines toward the Socinian doctrine.

Lardner's literary life was devoted to a vindication of the Scriptures, and the result is a work of profound reasoning and research, and one of the most successful arguments in defence of Christianity ever given to the world. Sir James Mackintosh remarks that it "soon wearies the greater part of readers, though the few who are more patient have almost always been gradually won over to feel pleasure in a display of knowledge, probity, charity, and meekness unmatched by an avowed advocate in a case deeply interesting his warmest feelings."

He was a voluminous writer, his works in the latest edition (1828) filling ten octavo volumes. The most important of these is *The Credibility of the Gospel History*, which is still regarded as a work of standard value.

CREDIBILITY OF THE EVANGELISTS.

The history of the New Testament hath in an eminent degree all the marks and characters of credibility. The writers appear honest and impartial. They seem to have set down very fairly the exceptions and reflections of enemies, and to have recorded without reserve the weaknesses, mistakes, or even greater faults, which they themselves, or any of their own number, engaged in the same design with them, were guilty of. There is between the four evangelists an harmony hitherto unparalleled between so many persons who have all written of the same times or events. The lesser differences, or seeming contradictions, which are to be found in them, only demonstrate that they did not write in concert. The other parts of the New Testament concur with them in the same facts and principles. These things are obvious to all who read the books of the New Testament with attention; and the more they are read, the more conspicuous will the tokens of credibility appear.

But it must be an additional satisfaction to find that these writers are supported in their narrations by other approved authors, of different characters, who lived at or near the time in which the facts related by the evangelists are said to have appeared. . . .

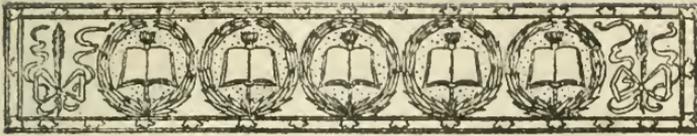
If it appear from other writers that our sacred historians have mistaken the peoples and affairs of the time in which, according to their own account, the things which they relate happened, it will be an argument that they did not write until some considerable time afterward. But if upon inquiry there be found an agreement between them and other writers, of undoubted authority—not in some few but in many—in all the particulars of this kind which they have mentioned, it

will be a very strong presumption that they wrote at or very near the time in which the things which they relate are said to have happened.

This will give credit to the other—the main parts of their narration; as history written and published near the time of any event is credible, unless there appear some particular views of interest—of which there is no evidence, but quite the contrary. . . .

I propose to give a long enumeration of particulars occasionally mentioned by the writers of the New Testament, in which they are supported by authors of the best note; and then, in answer to diverse objections, I shall endeavor to show that they are not contradicted in the rest. If I succeed in this attempt, here will be a good argument for the genuineness of these writings, and for the truth of the principal facts contained in them, distinct from the express and positive testimonies of the Christian writers, and the concessions of many others.—*The Credibility of the Gospel History.*





LATHROP, GEORGE PARSONS, an American miscellaneous writer, born at Honolulu, Hawaii, August 25, 1851; died in New York city, April 19, 1898. He was educated in New York and Dresden, and after leaving Germany, in 1870, studied law at Columbia College. He soon turned, however, to literature; and going abroad again he married in London a daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne; and in 1879 he settled at Concord in the old home of his father-in-law. He became assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1875, and editor of the *Boston Courier* in 1877. His works include *Rose and Roof-tree* (1875); *Afterglow* (1876); *An Echo of Passion* (1882); *Spanish Vistas* (1888); *Gettysburg, a Battle Ode* (1888); *Would You Kill Him?* (1889); *Dreams and Days* (1892).

Of his early book of poems the *Nation* said: "His feeling and expression are alike refined, and he has the sentiment of the poet and the artist." Of some of his prose writings the same authority has expressed the opinion that they are at times weakened by "a kind of refining which produces not so much refinement as thinness." Speaking particularly of *Newport*, this critic says: "Mr. Lathrop has chosen his characters well, selecting them as types without sacrificing individuality. With incidents he is less happy."

MUSIC OF GROWTH.

Music is in all growing things ;
 And underneath the silky wings
 Of smallest insects there is stirred
 A pulse of air that must be heard ;
 Earth's silence lives, and throbs, and sings.

If poet from the vibrant strings
 Of his poor heart a measure flings,
 Laugh not that he no trumpet blows :
 It may be that Heaven hears and knows
 His language of low listenings.

THE SUNSHINE OF THINE EYES.

The sunshine of thine eyes (Oh still celestial beam !)
 Whatever it touches it fills with the life of its lambent
 gleam.

The sunshine of thine eyes, Oh let it fall on me ;
 Though I be but a mote of the air, I could turn to gold
 for thee !

THE LOVER'S YEAR.

Thou art my Morning, Twilight, Noon, and Eve,
 My Summer and my Winter, Spring and Fall ;
 For nature left on thee a touch of all
 The moods that come to gladden or to grieve
 The heart of Time, with purpose to relieve
 From lagging sameness. So do these forestall
 In thee such o'erheaped sweetnesses as pall
 Too swiftly, and the taster tasteless leave.
 Scenes that I love, to me always remain
 Beautiful, whether under summer's sun
 Beheld, or, storm-dark, stricken across with rain.
 So, through all humors thou 'rt the same, sweet one :
 Doubt not I love thee well in each, who see
 Thy constant change is changeful constancy.



LATIMER, HUGH, an English ecclesiastic, born at Thurcaston, Leicestershire, about 1485; burned at the stake, at Oxford, October 16, 1555. He was the son of a small farmer; was sent to the University of Cambridge at fourteen years of age, received the degree of M. A. in 1514, and the baccalaureateship of theology in consequence of a sharp disputation with Melanchthon. In about 1520 he embraced the doctrines of Protestantism, and was summoned before Cardinal Wolsey, the Archbishop of York, who, however, dismissed him with a mild admonition. He took some part in furthering the divorce of Henry VIII. from Catharine of Aragon. In 1535 he was consecrated Bishop of Worcester, but resigned his see in 1539, on the adoption of the Six Articles making it a penal offence to impugn the dogmas of transubstantiation, communion in one kind, celibacy of the clergy, monastic vows, private masses, and auricular confession. He lived in great privacy until 1541, when he was arrested and imprisoned until 1547. Shortly after the accession of Edward VI., in 1547, he received an offer of restoration to his bishopric, which he declined, but continued to be a popular preacher. Queen Mary ascended the throne in July, 1553, and in the next year Latimer was arrested, in company with Cranmer and Ridley, and conveyed to Oxford,

where he was imprisoned for more than a year in the common jail; and upon his final refusal to recant, was brought to the stake. To Ridley, who was executed with him, Latimer said, while bound to the stake, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." Many of Latimer's discourses were printed during his lifetime. A complete edition of his *Works*, in eight volumes, was put forth in 1845; and his *Biography*, by Rev. R. Demaus, was published in 1869.

The following is an extract from a sermon—Latimer's third—preached before King Edward VI., March 22, 1549. The young King was then in his twelfth year. The orthography of the age has been carefully retained. If one will merely correct the spelling of many words so as to correspond to modern usage, this sermon would pass as a good specimen of the English of our own day.

ON COVETOUSNESS.

Syr, what forme of preachinge woulde you have me for to preache before a kynge. Wold you have me to preache nothinge as concernynge a kynge in the kynge's sermon? Have you any commission to apoynt me what I shall preach? Besydes thys, I asked hym dyvers other questions and he wolde no answere to none of them all. He had nothyng to say. Then I turned me to the kynge, and submittid my selfe to his Grace, and sayed, I never thoughte my selfe worthy nor I never sued to be a preacher before youre Grace but I was called to it, would be wyllyng (if you mislyke me) to geve place to my betters. For I graunt ther be a gret many more worthy of the roume than I

am. And if it be your Grace's pleasure so to allowe them for preachers, I could be content to bere ther bokes after theym. But if your Grace allowe me for a preacher I would desyre your Grace to geve me leve to discharge my conscience. Geve me leve to frame my doctrine accordyng to my audience. I had byne a very dolt to have preached so at the borders of your realin as I preached before your Grace. And I thanke Almyghty God, whych hath alwayes byne remedy, that my sayinges were well accepted of the kynge, for like a gracious Lord he returned unto a nother communicacyon. It is even as the Scripture sayeth, *Cor Regis in manu Domini*. The Lord dyrecteth the kynge's hart.

In the vii. of John the Priestes sent out certayne of the Jewes to bring in Christ unto them vyolentlye. When they came into the Temple and harde him preache, they were so moved wyth his preachinge that they returned home agayne, and sayed to them that sente them, *Nunquam sic locutus est homo ut hic homo*—There was never man spake lyke thys man. Then answered the Pharysees, *Num et vos seducti estis?* What, ye braynesycke fooles, ye hoddy peckes, ye dod-dye poules, ye huddes, do ye beleve hym? Are ye seduced also? *Nunquis ex Principibus credit in eum?* Did ye se any great man or any great offyicer take hys parte! doo ye se any boddy follow hym but beggerlye fyshers. and such as her nothyng to take to? *Numquis ex Phariseis?* Do ye se any holy man? any perfect man? any learned man take hys parte? *Turba qui ignorat legem execrabilis est.* This laye people is accursed; it is they that knowe not the lawe.

So here the Pharises had nothyng to choke the people wyth al but ignoraunce. They dyd as oure byshoppes of Englande, who upbrayded the people alwayes with ignoraunce, where they were the cause of it themselves. There were, sayeth St. John, *Multi ex principibus qui credide runt in eum;* Manye of the chyefe menne beleved in hym, and that was contrarye to the Pharises saying. Oh then by lyke they belyed him, he was not alone.

So, thought I, there be more of myne opinion then

I; I thought I was not alone. I have nowe gotten one felowe more, a cympanyon of sedytyon, and wot ye who is my felowe? Esaye the prophete. I spake but of a lytle preaty shylllynge, but he speaketh to Hierusalem after an other sorte, and was so bold to meddle with theyr coine. Thou proude, thou covetouse, thou hautye cytye of Hierusalem, *Argentum tuum versus est in scoriam*. Thy silver is turned into what? into testyons. *Scoriam*, into drosse. Ah, sediciouse wretch, what had he to do wyth the mynte? Why should not have lefte that matter to some master of policy to reprove? Thy silver is drosse, it is not fyne, it is counterfaite, thy silver is turned, thou haddest good sylver! What pertained that to Esay? Marry he espyed a pece of divinity in that polici, he threatened them God's vengeance for it. He went to the rote of the matter, which was covetousnes. He espyed two poyntes in it, that eythere it came of covetousnesse whych became hym to reprove, or els that it tended to the hurte of the pore people, for the naughtyynes of the sylver was the occasion of dearth of all thynges in the realme. He imputeth it to them as a great cryme. He may be called a mayster of sedicion in dede. Was not this a sedyouse harlot to tell them thys to theyr beardes? to theyr face?

In the following extract from Latimer's sermon on "The Ploughers," the orthography is modernized.

SATAN A DILIGENT PRELATE AND PREACHER.

And now I would ask a strange question: Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him who it is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the others, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you: it is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of ~~all~~ others; he is never out of his diocese; he is never

from his cure ; ye shall never find him unoccupied ; he is ever in his parish ; he keepeth residence at all times ; ye shall never find him out of the way ; call for him when you will, he is ever at home ; the diligentest preacher in all the realm. He is ever at his plough ; no lording or loitering can hinder him ; he is ever applying his business ; ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you.

And his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition, to set up idolatry, to teach all kind of popery. He is ready as can be wished for to set forth his plough, to devise as many ways as can be to deface and obscure God's glory. Where the devil is resident, and hath his plough going, there away with books, and up with candles ; away with Bibles, and up with beads ; away with the light of the Gospel, and up with the light of candles, yea, at noondays. Where the devil is resident, that he may prevail, up with all superstition and idolatry ; censuring, painting of images, candles, palms, ashes, holy water, and new service of men's inventing—as though man could invent a better way to honor God with than God himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross ; up with purgatory pick-purse, up with him—the popish purgatory I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor, and impotent ; up with decking of images, and gay garnishing of stocks and stones. Up with man's traditions and his laws ; down with God's traditions and His most holy Word. Down with the old honor due to God ; and up with the new God's honor.

Let all things be done in Latin ; there must be nothing but Latin, not so much as—*Memento, homo, quod cinis es, et in cinem reverteris*—Remember, man, that thou art ashes, and unto ashes shalt thou return : which be the words that the minister speaketh unto the ignorant people, when he giveth them ashes upon Ash Wednesday—but it must be spoken in Latin. God's Word may in nowise be translated into English. Oh, that our prelates would be as diligent to sow the corn of good doctrine, as Satan is to sow cockle and darnel !



LAVATER, JOHANN CASPAR, a Swiss poet, theologian, and founder of the science of physiognomy, born at Zurich, November 15, 1741; died there, January 2, 1801. After studying theology at home and in Berlin, he became pastor at Zurich in 1764. His mystical views and enthusiastic but benevolent and amiable character attracted much friendly attention. Among his publications are *Schweitzerlieder* (1767); *Aussichten in die Ewigkeit* (1768-73), and *Pontius Pilatus* (1785). The last was the means of breaking Goethe's friendship with the author. The most important of his books is *Physiognomische Fragmente zur Beforderung der Menschenkenntniss und Menschenliebe* (1775-78), which first attempted to reduce physiognomy to a science, as some claim, though others say he regarded its practice as dependent on individual talent, and valued rules merely as a convenience. Lavater at first welcomed the French Revolution, but soon repudiated its barbarities with disgust. He was banished to Basel in 1796, and shot when Massena took Zurich in 1799; this wound caused his death fifteen months later. A selection from his works, in 8 vols., appeared in 1841-44. His book on physiognomy has been translated into many languages, and into English by H. Hunter (5 vols., 1789-98), by T. Holcroft (3 vols., 1789-93), by Morton (3 vols., 1793), and Moore (4 vols., 1797). His *Aphorisms on Man*

were translated by Fuseli (1788). Shortly after his decease, his *Life* was written by his son-in-law, George Gessner. It has also been written by Bodemin, from a purely religious point of view.

MAXIMS.

Maxims are as necessary for the weak as rules for a beginner: the master wants neither rule nor principle—he possesses both without thinking of them.

Who pursues means of enjoyment contradictory, irconcilable, and self-destructive, is a fool, or what is called a sinner—sin and destruction of order are the same.

He knows not how to speak who cannot be silent; still less how to act with vigor and decision. Who hastens to the end is silent: loudness is impotence.

Wishes run over in loquacious impotence, *Will* presses on with laconic energy.

All affectation is the vain and ridiculous attempt of poverty to appear rich.

There are offences against individuals, to all appearance trifling, which are capital offences against the human race:—fly him who can commit them.

Who will sacrifice nothing, and enjoy all, is a fool.

Call him wise whose actions, word, and steps, are all a clear *because* to a clear *why*.

Say not you know another entirely till you have divided an inheritance with him.

Who, without call or office, industriously recalls the remembrance of past errors to confound him who has repented of them is a villain.

Too much gravity argues a shallow mind.

Who makes too much or too little of himself has a false measure for everything.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint—the affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.

Kiss the hand of him who can renounce what he has publicly taught, when convicted of his error, and who with heartfelt joy embraces truth, though with the sacrifice of favorite opinions.

The friend of order has made half his way to virtue.

Whom mediocrity attracts, taste has abandoned.

The art to love your enemy consists in never losing sight of *man* in him. Humanity has power over all that is human: the most inhuman still remains man, and never can throw off all taste for what becomes a man—but you must learn to wait.

The merely just can generally bear great virtues as little as great vices.

He has not a little of the devil in him who prays and bites.

Be not the fourth friend of him who had three before, and lost them.

She neglects her heart who always studies her glass.

Who comes from the kitchen smells of its smoke; who adheres to a sect has something of its cant; the college air pursues the student, and dry inhumanity him who herds with literary pedants.

He knows little of the epicurism of reason and religion who examines the dinner in the kitchen.

Let none turn over books or scan the stars in quest of God who sees Him not in man.

He knows nothing of men who expects to convince a determined party man; and he nothing of the world who despairs of the final impartiality of the public.

He who stands on a height sees farther than those beneath; but let him not fancy that he shall make them believe all he sees.

Pretend not to self-knowledge if you find nothing worse within you than what enmity or calumny dares loudly lay to your charge. Yet you are not very good if you are not better than your best friends imagine you to be.

He who wants witnesses in order to be good has neither virtue nor religion.

He submits to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a fit of passion.

Receive no satisfaction for premeditated impertinence. Forget it, forgive it—but keep him inexorably at a distance who offered it.

The public seldom forgives twice.

He surely is most in want of another's patience who has none of his own.

—*Aphorisms on Man.*



LAYARD, SIR AUSTEN HENRY, an English diplomat and archæologist, born in Paris, March 5, 1817; died in London, July 5, 1894. He began the study of law, but in 1839 set out upon a series of travels which took him through European Turkey and various parts of the East, during which he mastered the Arabic and Persian languages. Of these early travels he published an account in 1837. In 1845, and subsequently, he set on foot explorations in the region of ancient Nineveh and Babylon. The results of his remarkable discoveries are embodied in two sumptuously illustrated works, *Nineveh and Its Remains* (1849) and *Discoveries Among the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon* (1853). As early as 1849 he entered upon political life in a diplomatic or semi-diplomatic capacity. In 1852 he was returned to Parliament for Ailesbury, was an unsuccessful candidate for York in 1859, but was returned as a Liberal for Southwark at the close of 1860. In 1868 he was made a member of the Privy Council; but near the close of 1869 he was appointed Envoy Plenipotentiary at Madrid. In 1877 he was sent as Ambassador to Constantinople; but in 1880, when Mr. Gladstone returned to power, Sir Henry Layard "received leave of absence" from his post at Constantinople. In 1887 he published *Early Adventures in Persia, Babylonia and Susiana*.

THE RUINS IN ASSYRIA AND BABYLONIA.

These ruins, chiefly large mounds, apparently of mere earth and rubbish, had long excited curiosity from their size and evident antiquity. They were the only remains of an unknown period—of a period antecedent to the Macedonian conquest. Consequently they alone could be identified with Nineveh and Babylon, and could afford a clew to the site and nature of those cities. There is at the same time a vague mystery attaching to remains like these, which induces travellers to examine them with more than ordinary interest, and even with some degree of awe. A great vitrified mass of brickwork, surrounded by the accumulated rubbish of ages, was believed to represent the identical tower which called down the Divine vengeance, and was overthrown, according to an universal tradition, by the fires of heaven. The mystery and dread which attached to the place were kept up by exaggerated accounts of wild beasts who haunted the subterraneous passages, and of the no less savage tribes who wandered among the ruins. Other mounds in the vicinity were identified with the Hanging Gardens, and those marvellous structures which tradition has attributed to two queens—Semiramis and Notocris. The difficulty of reaching the site of these remains increased the curiosity and interest with which they were regarded; and a fragment from Babylon was esteemed a precious relic, not altogether devoid of a sacred character.

The ruins which might be presumed to occupy the site of the Assyrian capital were even less known and less visited than those in Babylonia. Several travellers had noticed the great mounds of earth opposite the modern city of Mosul; and when the inhabitants of the neighborhood pointed out the tomb of Jonah upon the summit of one of them, it was of course natural to conclude at once that it marked the site of the great Nineveh. Macdonald Kinneir—no mean antiquarian and geographer—who examined these mounds, was inclined to believe that they marked the site of a Roman

camp of the time of Hadrian; and yet a very superficial knowledge of the subject would have shown at once that they were of a very different period.—*Nineveh and Its Remains, Introduction.*

LAYARD'S FIRST DAY'S EXCAVATION AT NIMROUD.

I had slept little during the night. The hovel in which we had taken shelter, and its inmates, did not invite shelter. I was at length sinking into sleep, when, hearing the voice of Awad, I arose from my carpet and joined him outside the hovel. The day had already dawned; he had returned with six Arabs, who agreed for a small sum to work under my direction. The lofty cone and broad mound of Nimroud broke like a distant mountain on the morning sky. No sign of habitation, not even the black tent of an Arab, was seen upon the plain. The eye wandered over a parched and barren waste, across which occasionally swept the whirlwind, dragging with it a cloud of sand. About a mile from us was the small village of Nimroud—like Naifa, a heap of ruins.

Ten minutes' walk brought us to the principal mound. The absence of all vegetation enabled me to examine the remains with which it was covered. Broken pottery and fragments of brick, both inscribed with cuneiform characters, were strewed on all sides. The Arab watched my motions as I wandered to and fro, and observed with surprise the objects I had collected. They joined, however, in the search, and brought me handfuls of rubbish, among which I found with joy the fragment of a bas-relief. The material on which it was carved had been exposed to fire, and resembled in every respect the burnt gypsum of Khorsabad.

Convinced from this discovery that sculptured remains must still exist in some part of the mound, I sought for a place where excavations might be commenced with a prospect of success. Awad led me to a piece of alabaster which appeared above the soil. We could not remove it, and on digging downward, it proved to be the upper part of a large slab. I ordered all the men to work around it and they shortly uncov-

ered a second slab to which it had been united. Continuing in the same line, we came upon a third; and in the course of the morning laid bare ten more—the whole forming a square, with one stone missing at the northwest corner. It was evident that the top of a chamber had been discovered, and that the gap was its entrance.

I now dug down the face of the stones, and an inscription in the cuneiform character was soon exposed to view. Similar inscriptions occupied the centre of all the slabs, which were in the best preservation, but plain, with the exception of the writing. Leaving half of the workmen to uncover as much of the chamber as possible, I led the rest to the southwest corner of the mound, where I had observed many fragments of calcined alabaster. I dug at once into the side of the mound, which was here very steep, and thus avoided the necessity of removing much earth. We came almost immediately to a wall bearing inscriptions in the same character as those already described; but the slabs had evidently been exposed to intense heat, were cracked in every part, and, reduced to lime, threatened to fall to pieces as soon as uncovered.

Night interrupted our labors. I returned to the village well satisfied with the result. It was now evident that buildings of considerable extent existed in the mound; and that although some had been destroyed by fire, others had escaped the conflagration. As there were inscriptions, and as a fragment of a bas-relief had been found, it was natural to conclude that sculptures were still buried under the soil. I determined to follow the search at the northwest corner, and to empty the chamber partly uncovered during the day.—*Nineveh and Its Remains, Chap. II.*

THE DISCOVERY OF "NIMROD."

I rode to the encampment of Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman, and was returning to the mound when I saw two Arabs of his tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching me they stopped. "Hasten, O Bey," exclaimed one of them; "hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself! Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true! we have seen him with our eyes."

There is no God but God!" And, both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

On reaching the ruins I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. While Awad advanced and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous head sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsabad and Persepolis. It was an admirable preservation. The expression was calm yet majestic; and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and, unlike that of the human-headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded and without ornamentation at the top.

While I was superintending the removal of the earth which still clung to the sculpture, and giving directions for the continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen was heard, and presently Abd-ur-rahman, followed by half of his tribe, appeared on the edge of the trench. As soon as the two Arabs had reached the tents and published the wonders they had seen, everyone mounted his mare and rode to the ground to satisfy himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head they all cried together, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet!" It was some time before the Sheikh could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit, and convince himself that the image he saw was of stone. "This is not the work of men's hands," exclaimed he, "but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet—peace be with him!—has said that they were higher than the tallest date-tree; this is one of the idols which Noah—peace be with him!—cursed before the flood." In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the by-standers concurred.—*Nineveh and Its Remains, Chap. III.*



LAZARUS, EMMA, an American poet, born in New York City, July 22, 1849; died there, November 19, 1887. She was of Hebrew parentage, and was educated by private tutors in her native city. The outbreak of the Civil War brought out her poetic gift at the age of eleven; and very early she began to publish her poems in *Lippincott's Magazine*. In 1866 she issued her first volume of *Poems and Translations*; and in 1871 a second collection, entitled *Admetus and Other Poems*. A prose work entitled *Alide* appeared in 1874. From this time she contributed many translations from Heine, and numerous original poems, to *Scribner's Magazine*; and the former were collected and published in 1881 as *Poems and Ballads of Heine*, and the latter the year following as *Songs of a Semite*. For the same magazine she also wrote some striking essays in behalf of her race; and during the great Russian-Jewish immigration of 1882, she elaborated, in the *American Hebrew*, her successful system of technical education for the suffering Jews. Her last works included *In Exile*, *The Crowing of the Red Cock*, *The Banner of the Jew*, and a series of beautiful prose poems. Her translations extended to the poetry of the mediæval Jewish writers, and several of them have been printed in the rituals of the synagogue.

The London *Athenæum*, qualifying its praise by

an allusion to what it considers a too modern interpretation of ancient legend, says: "Her chief poems are all good. She is able to produce vivid effect without display of force. Her subtlety is marked, and she leaves no traces of her art." "She is true," says the *Nation*, "to her race, yet not enslaved to its traditions. She has more than feminine boldness and freedom of touch, yet without a trace of coarseness. She has long since proved her credentials as a poet. . . . Among the pieces which we think are to be praised for positive merits of their own are those composing a series which the author names 'Epochs.' There is in them a naturalness of sentiment, a force and apparent honesty, united with certain artistic reserve of expression, a firm hold on the realities of feeling amid temptations to morbidness of feeling, which altogether seem to us worthy of high praise."

THE BANNER OF THE JEW.

Wake, Israel, wake! Recall to-day
 The glorious Maccabean rage;
 The sire heroic, hoary-gray,
 His fivefold lion lineage.
 The Wise, the Elect, the Help-of-God,
 The Burst of Spring, the Avenging Rod.

From Mizpah's mountain-ridge they saw
 Jerusalem's empty streets, her shrine
 Laid waste where Greeks profaned the Law,
 With idol and with pagan sign.
 Mourners in tattered black were there,
 With ashes sprinkled on their hair.

Then from the stony peak there rang
 A blast to ope the graves: down poured

The Maccabean clan, who sang
 Their battle-anthem to the Lord.
 Five heroes lead, and following, see,
 Ten thousand rush to victory !

Oh, for Jerusalem's trumpet now,
 To blow a blast of shattering power,
 To wake the sleepers high and low,
 And rouse them to the urgent hour !
 No hand for vengeance—but to save,
 A million naked swords should wave.

Oh deem not dead that martial fire,
 Say not the mystic flame is spent !
 With Moses's law and David's lyre,
 Your ancient strength remains unbent.
 Let but an Ezra rise anew,
 To lift the Banner of the Jew !

A rag, a mock at first—erelong,
 When men have bled and women wept,
 To guard its precious folds from wrong,
 Even they who shrunk, even they who slept,
 Shall leap to bless it and to save.
 Strike ! for the brave revere the brave !

THE NEW COLOSSUS.

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
 With conquering limbs astride from land to land ;
 Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
 A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
 Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
 Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
 Glows world-wide welcome ; her mild eyes command
 The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
 "Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp !" cries she
 With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
 Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
 The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
 Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me,
 I lift my lamp beside the golden door !"



LEA, HENRY CHARLES, an American publisher and historical writer, born in Philadelphia, September 19, 1825. He was educated in his native city; and from 1843 to 1880 he was connected with the publishing house founded by Matthew Carey, his grandfather. His writings include numerous papers on scientific, social, and political questions; but he is best known by his works on religious history. Among these are *Superstition and Force* (1866); *Sacerdotal Celibacy* (1867); *Church History* (1867); *The Inquisition of the Middle Ages* (1888); *Chapters from the Religious History of Spain* (1890); *Formulary of the Papal Penitentiary in the Thirteenth Century* (1893), and *A History of Sacramental Confession and Indulgences in the Latin Church* (1894), which is considered to be the crowning work of his series of writings in that line.

“His works,” says a recent reviewer, “are the result of a vast amount of patient labor, of endless reading, in almost the whole range of Church history; and so carefully arranged that one has little difficulty in holding the thread of the author’s narrative.”

THE INQUISITION AS AN INSTITUTION.

The history of the Inquisition naturally divides itself into two portions. The Reformation is the boundary line between them, except in Spain, where the new Inquisition was founded by Ferdinand and Isabella. The Inquisition

was not an organization arbitrarily devised and imposed upon the judicial system of Christendom by the ambition or fanaticism of the Church. It was, rather, a natural—one might almost say inevitable—evolution of the forces at work in the thirteenth century; and no one can rightly appreciate the process of its development and the results of its activity without a somewhat minute consideration of the factors controlling the minds and souls of men during the ages which laid the foundations of modern civilization.

No serious historical work is worth the writing or the reading unless it conveys a moral; but to be useful, the moral must develop itself in the mind of the reader without being obtruded upon him. Especially must this be the case in a history treating of a subject which has called forth the fiercest passions of man, arousing alternately his highest and his basest impulses. I have not paused to moralize, but I have missed my aim if the events narrated are not so presented as to teach their appropriate lesson.—*History of the Inquisition, Preface.*

POLICY OF THE CHURCH TOWARD HERESY.

The Church admitted that it had brought upon itself the dangers which threatened it at the close of the eleventh century; that the alarming progress of heresy was caused and fostered by clerical negligence and corruption. In his opening address to the great Lateran Council (1215) Innocent III. had no scruple in declaring to the assembled fathers: "The corruption of the people has its chief sources in the clergy. From this arise the evils of Christendom: faith perishes, religion is defaced, liberty is restricted, justice is trodden under foot, the heretics multiply, the schismatics are emboldened, the faithless grow strong, the Saracens are victorious." And after the futile attempt of the Council to strike at the root of the evil, Honorius III., in admitting its failure, repeated the assertion. Yet when, in 1204, the Legates whom Innocent had sent to oppose the Albigenses had appealed to him for aid against prelates whom they had failed to coerce, and whose infamy of life gave scandal to the faithful and an irresistible argument to

the heretic, Innocent had curtly bade them attend to the object of their mission, and not to allow themselves to be diverted to less important matters. The reply fairly indicates the policy of the Church. Thoroughly to cleanse the Augean stable was a task from which even Innocent's fearless spirit might well shrink. It seemed an easier and more hopeful plan to crush revolt with fire and sword.—*History of the Inquisition, Vol. I., Chap. IV.*

SUMMARY OF THE INQUISITION.

A few words will suffice to summarize the career of the mediæval Inquisition. It introduced a system of jurisprudence which infected the criminal laws of all the lands subjected to its influence, and rendered the administration of penal justice a cruel mockery for centuries. It furnished the Holy See with a powerful weapon in aid of political aggrandizement; it tempted secular sovereigns to imitate the example, and it prostituted the name of religion to the vilest temporal ends. It stimulated the morbid sensitiveness to doctrinal aberrations until the most trifling dissidence was capable of arousing insane fury, and of convulsing Europe from end to end. On the other hand, when atheism became fashionable in high places, its thunders were mute. Energetic only in evil, when its powers might have been used on the side of virtue, it held its hand, and gave the people to understand that the only sins demanding repression were doubts as to the accuracy of the Church's knowledge of the unknown, and attendance on the Sabbath. In its long career of blood and fire, the only credit which it can claim is the suppression of the pernicious dogmas of the Cathari; and in this its agency was superfluous, for these dogmas carried in themselves the seeds of self-destruction, and might more wisely have been left to self-destruction. Thus the judgment of impartial history must be that the Inquisition was the monstrous offspring of mistaken zeal, utilized by selfish greed and lust of power to smother the higher aspirations of humanity and stimulate its baser appetites.—*History of the Inquisition, Conclusion.*



LECKY, WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE, a British historian, born near Dublin, Ireland, March 26th, 1838. He was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1859, and in 1861 published anonymously *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*, of which a new edition with his name appeared in 1872. After some time spent in travel, he settled in London, and gave his attention to historical and philosophical studies. His *History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe* (1865) attracted great attention, and won for its author reputation as a deep scholar, acute thinker, and graceful and effective writer. In 1886 he became an opponent of home rule, to which he had been considered favorable. His *History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne* (1869) was of equal merit. Other works were *A History of England in the Eighteenth Century* (1890 and 1892); *Poems* (1891); *Political Value of History* (1893). A lecture on *The Influence of the Imagination in History* was subsequently delivered before the Royal Institution.

His works "unite to an elegant style a judicial impartiality and a more than German erudition." They were speedily republished in the United States, and have been translated into German. Some of them have become text-books in German universities.

THE MIDDLE AGES.

Every doubt, every impulse of rebellion against ecclesiastical authority, above all, every heretical opinion, was regarded as the direct instigation of Satan, and their increase as the measure of his triumph. Yet these things were now gathering darkly all around. Europe was beginning to enter into that inexpressibly painful period in which men have learned to doubt, but have not yet learned to regard doubt as innocent; in which the new mental activity produces a variety of opinions, while the old credulity persuades them that all but one class of opinions are the suggestions of the devil. The spirit of rationalism was yet unborn; or if some faint traces of it may be discovered in the writings of Abelard, it was at least far too weak to allay the panic. There was no independent inquiry; no confidence in an honest research; no disposition to rise above dogmatic systems or traditional teaching; no capacity for enduring the sufferings of a suspended judgment. The Church had cursed the human intellect by cursing the doubts that are the necessary consequence of its exercise. She had cursed even the moral faculty by asserting the guilt of honest error.—*Rationalism in Europe.*

RATIONALISM.

Its central conception is the elevation of conscience into a position of supreme authority as the religious organ, a verifying faculty discriminating between truth and error. It regards Christianity as designed to preside over the moral development of mankind, as a conception which was to become more and more sublimated and spiritualized as the human mind passed into new phases, and was able to bear the splendor of a more unclouded light. Religion it believes to be no exception to the general law of progress, but rather the highest form of its manifestation, and its earlier systems but the necessary steps of an imperfect development. In its eyes the moral element of Christianity is as the sun in heaven, and dogmatic systems are as the clouds that intercept and temper the exceeding brightness of its

ray. The insect whose existence is but for a moment might well imagine that these were indeed eternal, that their majestic columns could never sail, and that their luminous folds were the very source and centre of light. And yet they shift and vary with each changing breeze; they blend and separate; they assume new forms and exhibit new dimensions; as the sun that is above them waxes more glorious in its power, they are permeated and at last absorbed by its increasing splendor; they recede, and wither, and disappear, and the eye ranges far beyond the sphere they had occupied into the infinity of glory that is above them.—*Rationalism in Europe.*

MARCUS AURELIUS.

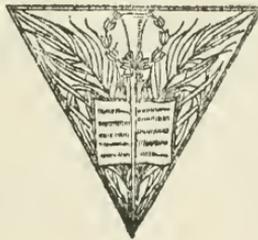
He had embraced the fortifying philosophy of Zeno in its best form, and that philosophy made him perhaps as nearly a perfectly virtuous man as has appeared upon our world. Tried by the checkered events of a reign of nineteen years, presiding over a society that was profoundly corrupt, and over a city that was notorious for its license, the perfection of his character awed even calumny to silence, and the spontaneous sentiment of his people proclaimed him rather a god than a man. . . . Never, perhaps, had such active and unrelaxing virtue been united with so little enthusiasm, and been cheered by so little illusion of success. "There is but one thing," he wrote, "of real value—to cultivate truth and justice, and to live without anger in the midst of lying and unjust men." . . . Shortly before his death he dismissed his attendants, and, after one last interview with his son, died, as he long had lived, alone. Thus sunk to rest in clouds and darkness the purest and gentlest spirit of all the pagan world, the most perfect model of the later Stoics. In him the hardness, asperity, and arrogance of the sect had altogether disappeared, while the affectionation its paradoxes tended to produce was greatly mitigated. Without fanaticism, superstition, or illusion, his whole life was regulated by a simple and unwavering sense of duty. The contemplative and emotional virtues which Stoicism had long depressed had regained

their place, but the active virtues had not yet declined. The virtues of the hero were still deeply honored, but gentleness and tenderness had acquired a new prominence in the ideal type.—*History of European Morals.*

TRUTH VERSUS DOGMA.

There is one, and but one, adequate reason that can always justify men in critically reviewing what they have been taught. It is the conviction that opinions should not be regarded as mere mental luxuries, that truth should be deemed an end distinct from and superior to utility, and that it is a moral duty to pursue it, whether it leads to pleasure or to pain. Among the many wise sayings which antiquity ascribed to Pythagoras, few are more remarkable than his division of virtue into two distinct branches—to seek truth and to do good. . . .

An age which has ceased to value impartiality of judgment will soon cease to value accuracy of statement, and when credulity is inculcated as a virtue, falsehood will not long be stigmatized as a vice. When, too, men are firmly convinced that salvation can only be found within their Church, and that their Church can absolve from all guilt, they will speedily conclude that nothing can possibly be wrong which is beneficial to it. They exchange the love of truth for what they call the love of *the* truth. They regard morals as derived from and subordinate to theology, and they regulate all their statements, not by the standard of veracity, but by the interests of their creed.—*European Morals.*





LECONTE DE LISLE, CHARLES MARIE RENÉ, a French poet, born at St. Paul, Réunion Isle, Indian Ocean, October 23, 1818; died at Louveciennes, near Versailles, July 17, 1894. He established himself at Paris in 1847, and first became known by the publication of his *Poèmes Antiques* in 1853. This work, and his *Poèmes et Poésies* (1855), gave him a leading position among the younger poets. In 1873 he was appointed sub-librarian at the Luxembourg, and in the same year he offered himself as a candidate at the Academy for the chair of the Abbé Gratey. In 1877 he again unsuccessfully presented himself, in opposition to Sardou and D'Audiffret-Pasquier. He became an officer of the Legion of Honor in 1883; and in 1886 was finally elected to the Academy. His other works include *Poèmes Barbares* (1862); *Catechisme Populaire Républicain* (1871); *Histoire Populaire du Christianisme* (1871), and *Poèmes Tragiques* (1884). He also published a series of translations of Theocritus, Anacreon, Homer, Hesiod, Orpheus, Æschylus, Horace, Sophocles, and Euripides. His tragedy *Erynnies* was produced at the Odeon in 1873.

Passing over all that has been written of Leconte de Lisle's "blasphemy," and of his admitted anti-Christian fanaticism, we may quote the remark of Brunetière that "he has added to the art of poetical description a value hitherto unknown in our

tongue." A recent writer, speaking of him as "certainly the greatest of contemporaneous French poets," especially in "this art of representing vivid pictures in lines of striking musical effect," has singled out *Les Elfes* as "the finest ballad of its kind in the French language. . . . Such verses differ from mere word-painting as a musk-rose differs from a red camellia. The perfume of poetry is about them, as well as the color and form. In the art of choosing words of charm and color, and of setting them in jewelled phrases, the greatest of French poets is neither Baudelaire nor Gautier—it is Leconte de Lisle."

THE ELVES.

With marjoram decked, and thyme-blossoms sweet,
In meads dance the elves, on gay tripping feet.

From paths of the wood, and coverts of doe,
On fiery black steed rides knight all aglow ;
Gold glimmer his spurs between day and night ;
And where on his path the moon shines full bright,
Of radiant hue the lustre is seen,
Aloft, of his helm of silvery sheen.

With marjoram decked, and thyme-blossoms sweet,
In meads dance the elves, on gay tripping feet.

Enshrouding him close—for him, what a strife !—
The still air is breathless, pregnant with life.
"Brave sir, by the light of moon shining clear,"
Spoke Faerie Queen, "why wanderest here ?
Ill sprites haunt these woods, these fens, this weird
spot.—
Come, dance on the green — stay ! stay !— wilt thou
not ?"

CHARLES MARIE RENÉ LECONTE DE LISLE

With marjoram decked, and thyme-blossoms sweet,
In meads dance the elves, on gay tripping feet.

“No, no ; my love’s eyes—dear eyes! clear and sweet!
To-morrow, in marriage, glad, I shall meet.
Back! back from my horse! ye meadowland fays,
Who circle these mossy, flowery ways;
Withhold ye me not from maiden so dear;
For lo! rosy dawn already is near.”

With marjoram decked, and thyme-blossoms sweet,
In meads dance the elves, on gay tripping feet.

“Stay, knight; and to thee rare gifts I will bring;
See, here, opal charmed, and burnished gold ring,
And, what is more worth than glory or name,
My robe of the moonbeam, radiant in fame.”
“No, no,” he replied. “Go, then,” said the sprite,
And touched his faint heart with finger cold, white.

With marjoram decked, and thyme-blossoms sweet,
In meads dance the elves, on gay tripping feet.

Now pricked by the spur, trots black charger fast;
No stop, at full speed the two hurry past;—
But see!—the knight bends! Alas! Will he freeze?
For there, in the road, a spectre he sees!
Before him, with outstretched arms, does it walk!
“Elf! demon! no time have I now for talk!”

“Let pass, O thou grewsome goblin or ghost,
To wed that fair maiden whose eyes are my boast.”
“My love, the dark tomb,” she, weeping sore, said,
“Is nuptial couch now, for that I am dead!”
She spoke; on his love’s stiff form his gaze fell;
His heart broke; the knight lay dead in the dell.

With marjoram decked, and thyme-blossoms sweet,
In meads dance the elves, on gay tripping feet.

—*Les Elfes*; translated by MISS DOROTHEA SHEPPER-
SON for THE UNIVERSITY OF LITERATURE.



LEDYARD, JOHN, an American traveller, born at Groton, Conn., in 1751; died at Cairo, Egypt, November 17, 1789. He entered Dartmouth College in 1772, with a view of fitting himself to be a missionary among the Indians; but abandoning this idea, he paddled in a canoe down the Connecticut, and went to New London, where he shipped as common sailor on a vessel bound to the Mediterranean. Afterward he went to London, where he enlisted as corporal of marines in Captain Cook's last expedition to the Pacific. He remained in the British naval service until 1782. The vessel to which he was attached happening to be off the coast of Long Island, he left it, and went back to his friends, having been absent eight years. While with Cook's expedition he kept a private journal of the voyage. The British Government took possession of this; but Ledyard wrote out from memory an account of the expedition, which was published at Hartford, Conn., in 1783. He now formed the project of an expedition to the then almost unknown northwest coast of America, and went to Europe, hoping to find furtherance of his plan. Baffled in his efforts, he determined to make the journey overland through Northern Europe and Asia to Behring Strait. Reaching Sweden, he attempted to cross the Gulf of Bothnia on the ice; but finding the

Gulf not entirely frozen over, he went back, and walked clear around it to St. Petersburg. The foot-journey of 1,400 miles was performed in seven weeks. He reached St. Petersburg in March, 1787, "without money, shoes, or stockings," as he says. The Empress Catharine II. granted him permission to go with Dr. Brown, a Scotchman in the Russian service, to Barnaul, in Southern Siberia, a distance of 3,000 miles; thence he sailed in a small boat down the River Lena, 1,400 miles, to Yakutsk, but was not allowed to go farther. Soon after, he was arrested by the order of the Empress, conveyed to Poland, and sent out of the country, under penalty of death if he should return. He made his way back to London, where he arrived, as he says, "disappointed, ragged, and penniless, but with a whole heart." An association had been formed for the exploration of the interior of Africa, and Ledyard eagerly accepted an offer to take part in this expedition. He was asked how soon he could be ready to set out. "Tomorrow morning," was the prompt reply. He left England late in June, 1788; but on reaching Cairo was attacked by a bilious disorder, from which he died, at the age of thirty-eight. The *Memoirs of Ledyard*, by Jared Sparks, were published in 1828, and subsequently in Sparks's *American Biography*.

THE TARTARS AND THE RUSSIANS.

The nice gradations by which I pass from civilization to incivilization appears in everything—in manners, dress, language; and particularly in that remarkable and important circumstance, *color*, which I am now fully

convinced originates from natural causes, and is the effect of external and local circumstances. I think the same of *feature*. I see here among the Tartars the large mouth, the thick lip, the broad, flat nose, as well as in Africa. I see also in the same village as great a difference of complexion—from the fair hair, fair skin, and gray eyes, to the olive, the black jetty hair and eyes; and all these are of the same language, same dress, and, I suppose, same tribe.

I have frequently observed in Russian villages, obscure and dirty, mean and poor, that the women of the peasantry paint their faces both red and white. I have had occasion, from this and many other circumstances, to suppose that the Russians are a people who have been early attached to luxury. The contour of their manners is Asiatic, and not European. The Tartars are universally neater than the Russians, particularly in their houses. The Tartars, however situated, are voluptuaries; and it is an original and striking trait in their character—from the Grand Seignior, to him who pitches his tent on the wild frontiers of Russia and China—that they are more addicted to sensual pleasure than any other people.

PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE TARTARS.

The Tartar face, in the first impression it gives, approaches nearer to the African than the European. And this impression is strengthened on a more deliberate examination of the individual features and the whole compages of the countenance; yet it is very different from an African face. The nose forms a strong feature in the human face. I have seen instances among the Kalmucks where the nose, between the eyes, has been much flatter and broader than I have witnessed among the negroes, and some few instances where it has been as broad over the nostrils, quite to the end, but the nostrils, in any case, are much smaller than in negroes. Where I have seen those noses, they were accompanied with a large mouth and thick lips; and these people were genuine Kalmuck Tartars. The nose protuberates but little from the

face, and is shorter than that of the European. The eyes universally are at a great distance from each other and very small. At each corner of the eye the skin projects over the ball; the part appears swelled; the eyelids go in nearly a straight line from corner to corner. When open, the eye appears as in a square frame. The mouth generally, however, is of a middling size, and the lips thin. The next remarkable features are the cheek-bones. These, like the eyes, are very remote from each other, high, broad, and withal project a little forward. The face is flat. When I look at a Tartar *en profile*, I can hardly see the nose between the eyes; and if he blow a coal of fire, I cannot see the nose at all. The face is like an inflated bladder. The forehead is narrow and low. The face has a fresh color, and on the cheek-bones there is commonly a good ruddy hue.

ORIGIN OF TARTAR PECULIARITIES.

The Tartars from a time immemorial (I mean the Asiatic Tartars), have been a people of a wandering disposition. Their converse has been more among the beasts of the forests than among men; and when among men, it has only been among men of their own nation. They have ever been savages, averse to civilization; and have never until very lately mingled with other nations. Whatever cause may have originated their peculiarities of features, the reason why they still continue is their secluded way of life, which has preserved them from mixing with other people. I am ignorant how far a constant society with beasts may operate in changing the features; but I am persuaded that this circumstance, together with an uncultivated state of mind—if we consider a long and uninterrupted succession of ages—must account in some degree for this remarkable singularity.



LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD, an English poet and novelist, born at Liverpool, January 20, 1866. He was educated at Liverpool College, and at the age of sixteen he entered the office of an accountant. While here he privately printed his first volume of poetry, *My Ladie's Sonnets* (1887). In 1889 he became private secretary to Wilson Barrett; and two years later he was engaged as literary critic for the *London Star*, for which he wrote under the pen-name "Logroller." He also joined the staff of the *Speaker* and of the *Daily Chronicle*. In 1893 he engaged in a newspaper controversy with Robert Buchanan on the question "Is Christianity Played Out?" which led to the publication of *The Religion of a Literary Man*. He has contributed much to the *Nineteenth Century*, the *New Review*, the *Pall Mall Budget*, and *The Book of the Rhymers' Club*. His works include, also, *Volumes in Folio* (1889); *The Book-Bills of Narcissus* (1889); *George Meredith* (1889); *English Poems* (1892); *Prose Fancies* (1894). He is very popular as a lecturer.

The *Review of Reviews* thinks him "reminiscent in some slight degree of the work of Robert Louis Stevenson;" while another authority recognizes in his books "a grace and flexibility of style almost French." "His sketches are not conventional," says an American critic; "there is a free, bold, independent style here. Some of them are clear-

cut, others vague and mysterious. They are often pervaded with a light touch of humor." *The Nation* tells us that "he occasionally lights his page with a fine perception of what makes gentle and lovely character." As to his poems, *The Saturday Review* has this to say: "Here is his fantastic after his own fashion—a fashion that is audacious, wayward, freakish, and very individual. He carries you captive in a fine lyric rapture to the very height of aspiration, to dash you to earth with some whimsical turn or far-fetched conceit. Most true, and deep, and touching is his song, when he is most simple in style, and most direct and clear in expression." Andrew Lang pronounces Le Gallienne's *Sunset in the City* the best of his poems.

SUNSET IN THE CITY.

Above the town a monstrous wheel is turning,
 With glowing spokes of red;
 Low in the West its fiery axle burning;
 And lost amid the spaces overhead,
 A vague white moth, the moon, is fluttering.

Above the town an azure sea is flowing,
 'Mid long peninsulas of shining sand;
 From opal into pearl the moon is growing
 Dropped like a shell upon the changing strand.

Within the town the streets grow strange and haunted,
 And dark against the western lakes of green
 The buildings change to temples, and unwonted
 Shadows and sounds creep in where day has been.

TREE WORSHIP.

Give me to clasp this earth with feeding roots like
 thine,
 To mount yon heaven with such star-aspiring head,

Fill full with sap and buds this shrunken life of mine,
 And from my boughs, oh! might such stalwart sons
 be shed.

With loving cheek pressed close against thy horny
 breast,
 I hear the roar of sap mounting within thy veins;
 Tingling with buds, thy great hands open toward the
 west,
 To catch the sweetheart winds that bring the sister
 rains.

O winds that blow from out the fruitful mouth of God,
 O rains that softly fall from His all-loving eyes,
 You that bring buds to trees and daisies to the sod—
 O God's best Angel of the Spring, in me arise.

TENNYSON.

We mourn as though the great good song he gave
 Passed with the singer's own informing breath:
 Ah, golden book, for thee there is no grave,
 Thine is a rhyme that shall not taste of death.

One sings a flower, and one a voice, and one
 Screens from the world a corner choice and small,
 Each toy its little laureate hath, but none
 Sings of the whole: yea, only he sang all.

Fame loved him well, because he loved not Fame,
 But Peace and Love, all other things before,
 A man was he ere yet he was a name,
 His song was much because his love was more.

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

Somewhere safe-hidden away
 In a meadow of mortals untrod,
 I saw in my dreaming to-day
 A wonderful flower of God;
 Somewhere deep buried in air;
 In a flashing abysm afar,
 I came in my dreaming aware
 Of the beam of a mystical star:

And I knew that each wonderful thing
Was the song that I never may sing.

Yet still it may be for my glory,
Though never the priesthood to bear,
To bend in the shrine of your story,
As the lowliest acolyte there;
And would that the rhyme I am bringing,
A censer incuriously wrought,
Might seem not too poor for the swinging,
Nor too simple the gums I have brought;
No marvel of gold-carven censer,
No frankincense fragrance or myrrh.

And O, if some light from the splendor
Of mystical Host might strike through
These wreaths as they rise and transfigure
Their gray to a glory for you,
A glory for you as the sunrise
Of the years that to-night have begun,
What singer would sing for his song craft
Boon richer than that I had won?
What token to augur were given
More bright with the blessing of Heaven?

GEORGE MUNCASTER.

It was one of his own quaint touches that the first night we found his nest there should be no one to welcome us into the bright little parlor but a wee boy of four, standing in the door-way like a robin that has hopped on to one's window-sill. But with what a dear grace did the little chap hold out his hand and bid us good-evening, and turn his little morsel of a bird's tongue round our names; to be backed at once by a ring of laughter from the hidden "prompter" there-upon revealed.

While we sat talking that first evening, there suddenly came three cries, as of three little heads straining out of a nest, for "Father." This was a part of the sweet evening ritual of home. After mother's more practical service had been rendered, and the little ones

were cosily "tucked in," then came "father's turn," which consisted of his sitting by their bedside and crooning to them a little evening-song. In the dark, too, for they should be saved from ever fearing that; whenever they awoke to find it round them, it should bring them no other association but "father's voice." His song was a loving croon of sleep and rest. In the morning, he is wont to sing them another little song of the brotherhood of work; the aim of his whole beautiful effort for them being to fill their hearts with a sense of the brotherhood of all living things—flowers, butterflies, bees and birds, the policeman, the grocer's pony—all within the circle of their little lives, as living and working in one great *camaraderie*.—From *The Book-Bills of Narcissus*, by permission of G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.





LEIGHTON, ROBERT, a Scottish ecclesiastic, born in Edinburgh in 1611; died at London, June 25, 1684. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, became a Presbyterian minister, and in 1653, finding that his moderation was unacceptable to the contentious spirit and fierce zeal which then prevailed in the dissenting church, he retired from the pulpit and was chosen Principal of the University of Edinburgh. Upon the restoration of Charles II. an attempt was made to establish Episcopacy in Scotland, and Leighton accepted the position of Bishop of Dumblane, and in 1670 was made Archbishop of Glasgow; but in 1674 he resigned the dignity and retired to England. He had a high reputation as a preacher, and his sermons and other works are greatly esteemed. His *Commentary on the Epistle of St. Peter* has been many times reprinted. His retirement was due to his abhorrence of the violent contest which disturbed both Church and State. His works, none of which were published during his lifetime, comprise *Sermons*, *Theological Lectures*, *Spiritual Exercises*, and the *Commentary on St. Peter*.

Coleridge (whose *Aids to Reflection* consists mainly of extracts from Leighton, with comments) styles him the "one best deserving, among all our learned theologians, the title of a spiritual divine."

THE HAPPINESS OF THE LIFE TO COME.

The first thing that necessarily occurs in the constitution of happiness is a full and complete deliverance from every evil and every grievance; which we may as certainly expect to meet in that heavenly life, as it is impossible to be attained while we sojourn here below. All tears shall be wiped away from our eyes, and every cause and occasion of tears forever removed from our sight. There are no tumults there, no wars, no poverty, no death, or disease. There is neither mourning, nor fear; nor sin—which is the source and fountain of all other evils. There is neither violence within doors nor without, nor any complaint on the streets of that blessed city. There no friend goes out, nor enemy comes in. Full vigor of body and mind, health, beauty, purity, and perfect tranquillity, are there.

There is the most delightful society of angels, prophets, apostles and martyrs, and all the saints; among whom there are no reproaches, contentions, controversies, or party-spirit, because there are there none of the sources whence they can spring, nor anything to encourage their growth. Hence there is among them a kind of infinite reflection and multiplication of happiness, like that of a spacious hall, adorned with gold and precious stones, dignified with a full assembly of kings and potentates, and having its walls quite covered with the brightest looking-glasses.

But what infinitely exceeds and quite eclipses all the rest is the boundless ocean of happiness which results from the beatific vision of the ever-blessed God, without which neither the tranquillity which they enjoy, nor the society of saints, nor the possession of any finite good—nor indeed of all such taken together—can satisfy the soul or make it completely happy. The manner of this enjoyment we can only expect to understand when we enter upon full possession of it. Till then, to dispute and raise many questions about it is nothing but vain and foolish talking, and fighting with phantoms of our own brain. Nor is it any objection to this doctrine that the whole of this felicity is commonly

comprehended in Scripture under the name of *vision*; for the mental vision, or contemplation of the primary and infinite good most properly signifies—or at least includes in it—the full enjoyment of that good.

We must therefore by all means conclude that this beatific vision includes not only distinct and intuitive knowledge of God, but, so to speak, such a knowledge as gives us the enjoyment of that most perfect Being, and, in some sense, unites us to Him; for such a vision it must of necessity be that converts that love of the infinite God which blazes in the souls of saints into full possession; that crowns all their wishes, and fills them with an abundant and overflowing fulness of joy that vents itself in everlasting blessings and songs of praise.—*Theological Lectures.*

THE COURSE OF HUMAN LIFE.

Every man walketh in a vain show. His walk is nothing but an on-going in continual vanity and misery, in which man is naturally and industriously involved, adding a new stock of vanity, of his own weaving, to what he has already within him, and vexation of spirit woven all along in with it. He “walks in an image,” as the Hebrew word is; converses with things of no reality, and which have no solidity in them, and he himself has as little. He himself is a walking image in the midst of these images. They who are taken with the conceit of pictures and statues are an emblem of their own life, and of all other men’s, also. Life is generally nothing else to all men but a doting on images and pictures. Every man’s fancy is to himself a gallery of pictures, and there he walks up and down, and considers not how vain these are, and how vain a thing he himself is.



LELAND, CHARLES GODFREY, an American poet, journalist, and historian, born in Philadelphia, August 15, 1824. He was graduated at Princeton in 1846, and studied for two years at Heidelberg, Munich, and Paris, where he witnessed the Revolution of 1848. Admitted to the bar in 1851, he soon relinquished law for literature. His works, which combine erudite research, often in uncommon fields, with quaint, sometimes brilliant humor, include *Meister Karl's Sketch Book* (1855); *The Poetry and Mystery of Dreams* (1855); *Pictures of Travel*; a translation of Heine's *Reisebilder* (1856); another of Heine's *Book of Songs* (1863); *Sunshine in Thought* (1862); *Legends of Birds* (1864); *Hans Breitman's Ballads*, in five parts (1867-70); *The Music Lesson of Confucius, and Other Poems* (1870); *Gaudeamus*, a translation of humorous poems, by Scheffel and others (1871); *Egyptian Sketch Book* (1873); *The English Gypsies and Their Language* (1873); *Fu Sing, or the Discovery of America by Chinese Buddhist Priests in the Fifth Century* (1875); *English Gypsy Songs* (with the aid of two friends, 1875); *Johnnykin and the Goblins* (1876); *Pidgin English Sing-Song* (1876); *Abraham Lincoln* (1879); *The Minor Arts* (1880); *The Gypsies* (1882), and *The Algonquin Legends of New England* (1884). He also edited a series of *Art Work Manuals* (1885).

Before Mr. Leland went to Europe to live, in

1869, he had been at different times editor of *The Illustrated News*, *The Continental Magazine*, and *The Philadelphia Press*. In 1880 he returned to Philadelphia and devoted himself to industrial education in that city. He has also published *Practical Education* (1888); *Manual of Wood-carving* (1891); *Gypsy Sorcery and Fortune-telling* (1891); *Leather-Work* (1892); *Etruscan Roman Remains in Popular Literature* (1893); *Hans Breitman in Germany* (1895), and *Songs of the Sea and Lays of the Land* (1895).

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

Thou and I in spirit-land,
 A thousand years ago,
 Watched the waves beat on the strand,
 Ceaseless ebb and flow;
 Vowed to love and ever love—
 A thousand years ago.

Thou and I in greenwood shade,
 Nine hundred years ago,
 Heard the wild dove in the glade,
 Murmuring soft and low;
 Vowed to love for evermore—
 Nine hundred years ago.

Thou and I in yonder star,
 Eight hundred years ago,
 Saw strange forms of light afar
 In wild beauty glow.
 All things change, but love endures
 Now as long ago!

Thou and I in Norman halls,
 Seven hundred years ago,
 Heard the warder on the walls
 Loud his trumpet blow,—
 “*Ton amors sera tojors*”—
 Seven hundred years ago.

Thou and I in Germany,
Six hundred years ago—
Then I bound the red cross on,
"True love, I must go,
But we part to meet again
In the endless flow!"

Thou and I in Syrian plains,
Five hundred years ago,
Felt the wild fire in our veins
To a fever glow.
All things die, but love lives on
Now as long ago!

Thou and I in shadow-land,
Four hundred years ago,
Saw strange flowers bloom on the strand,
Heard strange breezes blow.
In the ideal love is real,
This alone I know.

Thou and I in Italy,
Three hundred years ago,
Lived in faith and died for God,
Felt the faggots glow;
Ever new and ever true,
Three hundred years ago.

Thou and I on Southern seas,
Two hundred years ago,
Felt the perfumed even-breeze,
Spoke in Spanish by the trees,
Had no care or woe:
Life went dreamily in song
Two hundred years ago.

Thou and I 'mid Northern snow,
One hundred years ago,
Led our iron, silent life,
And were glad to flow
Onward into changing death,
One hundred years ago.

Thou and I but yesterday
 Met in Fashion's show.
 Love, did you remember me,
 Love of long ago?
 Yes; we keep the fond oath sworn
 A thousand years ago!

THE TWO FRIENDS.

I have two friends, two glorious friends—two better
 could not be;
 And every night when midnight tolls they meet to laugh
 with me.

The first was shot by Carlist thieves, ten years ago in
 Spain,
 The second drowned near Alicante—while I alive re-
 main.

The first with gnomes in the Under Land, is leading a
 lordly life;
 The second has married a mermaid, a beautiful water-
 wife.

And since I have friends in the Earth and Sea—with a
 few, I trust, on high,
 'Tis a matter of small account to me, the way that I
 may die.

For whether I sink in the foaming flood, or swing on
 the triple tree,
 Or die in my bed, as a Christian should, it is all the
 same with me.

SCHNITZERL'S PHILOSOPEDE.

Herr Schnitzerl make a philosopede,
 Von of de newest kind;
 It vent mitout a vheel in front,
 And hadn't none pehind.
 Von veel was in de mittel, dough,
 And it went as sure as ecks,
 For he shtraddled on de axel dree
 Mit der vheel between his lecks.

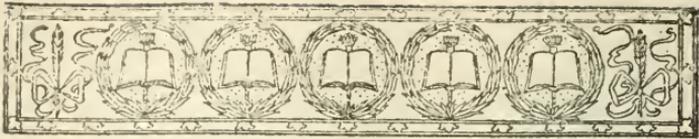
Und ren he vent to shtart id off
 He paddlet mit his feet,
 Und soon he cot to go so vast
 Dat avery dings he peat.
 He run her out on Broader Shtreet,
 He shkeeted like de vind,
 Hei! how he bassed de vancy craps,
 And lef dem all pchind!

De vellers mit de trotting nags
 Pooled oop to see him bass;
 De Deutchers all erstanished saidt:
 "Potztausend! Was ist das?"
 Boot vaster shtill der Schnitzerl flewed
 On—mit a gashtly smile:
 He tidn't tooch de dirt, py shings!
 Not vonce in half a mile.

Oh, vot ish all dis eartly pliss?
 Oh, vot ish man's sooksess?
 Oh, vot ish various kinds of dings?
 Und vot ish hobbiness?
 Ve find a pank note in de shtreet,
 Next dings der pank ish preak;
 Ve folls und knocks our outsides in,
 Ven ve a ten shtrike make.

So vas it mit der Schnitzerlein
 On his philosopede;
 His feet both shlipped outsideward shoost
 Vhen at his extra shpede.
 He felled oopon der vheel of coorse;
 De vheel like blitzen flew;
 Und Schnitzerl he vas schnitz in vact,
 For id shlished him grod in two.

Und as for his philosopede,
 Id cot so shkared, men say,
 It pounded onward till it vent
 Ganz teufelwards afay.
 Boot vhere ish now der Schnitzerl's soul?
 Vhere does his shpirit pide?
 In Himmel, troo de endless plue,
 It takes a medeor ride.



LEMAÎTRE, JULES, a French critic, born at Vennecy, April 25, 1853. His childhood was passed at Travers, near Beaugency, and his earliest studies were pursued at the little Seminary of Orléans. He completed his school-work in Paris, at the *Seminaire de la rue Notre-Dame des Champs*, received his baccalureate degree in July, 1871, and entered the Normal School in the following year. For five years he was Professor of Rhetoric in Havre, and in 1880 was nominated President of the Faculty of the High School of Literature of Algiers. Two years later he was represented on the Faculty of Besançon as head of the department of French literature. Doctor of Letters in 1883, he was offered a professorship on the Faculty of Grenoble. In 1884, desirous of a change from university life, he became editor of the *Revue Bleue* and dramatic critic for the *Journal des Débats*. He has written some Oriental verses and a collection of poems entitled *Les Médailles*, as well as some plays: *Le Théâtre de Dancourt*, *Les Contemporains*, and *Impressions de Théâtre*. His novel *Sérénus* is the story of a martyr.

MODERN LITERATURE.

When I open a modern book at hazard, I quiver sometimes with delight, as though I were thrilled to the marrow with pleasure. I love so this literature of the second half of the nineteenth century, so intelli-

gent, so restless, so weird, so morose, so eccentric, so subtle; I love it so even in its affectations, its follies, its extremes, for I feel a germ of them in myself, and I make them one by one my own. At the moment when I turn the last page, I feel myself wholly intoxicated. I am full of the delicious, melancholy reflection of an immense mass of very deep sensations, and my heart swells with a vague, all-embracing tenderness. The pleasure is too great, too acute, too piercing.—*Translated by PROFESSOR WELLS for The Bookman.*

RACINE AND EURIPIDES.

When we consider that Racine thought he was producing works at least resembling the tragedies of Euripides we are struck by the strange influence that education and tradition bring to bear upon our way of thought, and we feel how hard it is to discern in works of the past, and, I believe, in those of the present, what is really there. You would not speak like Admetes or Thésés in *Alceste*, though you would, I think, feel as they do.

Euripides seizes and brings to light those secret feelings, as yet unstrung cords of instinct, which move in the inner depths of our being, which we never speak of, or even scarcely own to ourselves. And I fancy he finds in this betrayal of our hearts a kind of satirical pleasure, not always harsh, but rather tempered by the thought that we must take life as it is with its unavoidable instinct of self-preservation and selfishness.—*Translated by YETTA BLAZE DE BURY.*

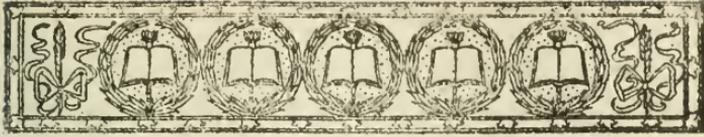
MOLIÈRE AND TERENCE.

Terence contrived, I know not how, to express the most delicate sentiments, and to utter the most touching words of love; whereas Molière, in taking his *Fourberies de Scapin* from *Phormio*, does not attain that poetic elevation by which Terence made the spectator forget the huge brazen mouth and the immovable mask worn by actors among the ancients.—*Translated by YETTA BLAZE DE BURY.*

CÉLIMÈNE'S "SALON."

We are told that this is the drawing-room of a court lady, and the talk is that of the servants' hall. It is stiff and odd, and we turn with delight to the polite conversation of our day, carried on discreetly and familiarly in low, broken tones. What shall we say of the scene where Arisnoe, instead of gently hinting what she has on her mind, informs Célimène that she has come to tell her unpleasant truths? What modern society of plain citizens (and we are supposed to be at court!) would stand the behavior of such cads as the men who show Célimène's letters one to another? Can one imagine worse manners than those of Elaine and Philinte to each other? "If Alceste does not marry Célimène, I shall be delighted to get him myself," thinks Elaine. "You know," says Philinte to Elaine, "you need not mind, if nobody else will have you, I'll marry you myself."—*From a critique in the Journal des Débats.*





LEO XIII., POPE, born at Carpineto, Italy, March 2, 1810. He is a son of Count Ludovico Pecci. He was educated at the Jesuit College of Viterbo, 1818 to 1824; the Collegio Romano, 1824; and the College of Noble Ecclesiastics. A Doctor of the Laws, Pope Gregory XVI. appointed him Referendary of the Segnatura, in 1837. In the same year he was consecrated priest by Cardinal Carlo Odescalchi. Pope Gregory conferred on him the title of "Prothonotary Apostolic," and sent him as Apostolic Delegate to Benevento, Perugia, and Spoleto, successively. In 1843 he went as Nuncio to Belgium, and was shortly afterward made Archbishop of Damietta. Nominated Bishop of Perugia in 1846, and created Cardinal in 1853, he became Pope on February 20, 1878. His reign has witnessed the restoration of the Scottish hierarchy, the contest with Germany, the Kulturkampf (contest of culture), the now famous Falk Laws, and the negotiations with Prince Bismarck. The Papal Jubilee at Rome toward the close of 1887 and the beginning of 1888 commemorated his fiftieth year as an ecclesiastic. His *Encyclical on Labor*, issued in June, 1891, was much discussed. Many pilgrims attended His Holiness's episcopal jubilee, February 19, 1893. A conference of the Patriarchs of the Eastern Churches was held at the

Vatican in October, 1894, but without any visible results. Although his letter of April, 1895, urging the union of the English Church with the Roman See, was also considered impracticable, it brought forth a published reply from the Archbishop of Canterbury, and was much discussed by the other religious denominations of the realm.

The *Catholic World* for March, 1879, apropos of *The Encyclical*, said: "The letter has been received with universal respect by the secular press, and spread abroad over the world. The eagerness with which it was caught up and discussed indicates that it contains something especially adapted to the needs of the present time. The Holy Father speaks with the authority that belongs to his office alone as the head of the Catholic Church. He goes to the very root of the evils that most afflict modern society in all lands, and shows the only remedy for them that is sure and lasting. The letter deserves to be studied and restudied as much from the character and position of the writer as from the manifest wisdom and charity of its advice."

THE RIGHT OF OWNERSHIP.

While the socialists would destroy the right of property, alleging it to be a human invention altogether opposed to the inborn equality of man, and, claiming a community of goods, argue that poverty should not be peaceably endured, and that the property and privileges of the rich may be rightly invaded, the church, with much greater wisdom and good sense, recognizes the inequality among men, who are born with different powers of body and mind, inequality in actual possession also, and holds that the right of property and of ownership, which springs from nature itself, must not be

touched and stands inviolate; for she knows that stealing and robbery were forbidden in so special a manner by God, the author and defender of right, that he would not allow man even to desire what belonged to another, and that thieves and despoilers, no less than adulterers and idolaters, are shut out from the kingdom of heaven. But not the less on this account does our holy mother not neglect the care of the poor or omit to provide for their necessities; but rather, drawing them to her with a mother's embrace, and knowing that they bear the person of Christ himself, who regards the smallest gift to the poor as a benefit conferred on himself, holds them in great honor. She does all she can to help them; she provides homes and hospitals where they may be received, nourished, and cared for all the world over, and watches over these. She is constantly pressing on the rich that most grave precept to give what remains to the poor; and she holds over their heads the divine sentence that unless they succor the needy they will be repaid by eternal torments. In fine, she does all she can to relieve and comfort the poor, either by holding up to them the example of Christ, *who being rich became poor for our sake* (2 Cor. viii. 9), or by reminding them of his own words, wherein he pronounced the poor blessed and bade them hope for the reward of eternal bliss.—*Translated from The Encyclical of December, 1878, for The Catholic World.*





LE SAGE, ALAIN RENÉ, a noted French novelist and dramatist, born at Sarzeau, Brittany, May 8, 1668; died at Boulogne, November 17, 1747. He was educated at the Jesuits' College at Vannes, held an office in the revenue, went to Paris in 1692, married in 1694, and adopted literature as his profession in preference to law, and was pensioned by the Abbé de Lyonne, who turned his attention toward Spanish books and subjects. His earlier works attracted little attention. In 1707 he won his first successes by a play, *Crispin Rival de son Maître*, and a romance, *Le Diable Boiteux*, known in English translations as *The Devil on Two Sticks*, and *Asmodeus*. In another play *Turcaret*, he attacked the farmers of the revenue, who delayed its production a year, after vainly trying to bribe the author to suppress it. Vols. I. and II. of the famous *Gil Blas de Santillane* appeared in 1715, Vol. III. in 1724, Vol. IV. not till 1735. It has been translated by Smollett and others. The later works of Le Sage (besides over 100 comic operas) are *Roland l'Amoureux* (1717-21), an imitation of Boiardo; an abridged translation of Aleman's *Guzman de Alfarache*; *Aventures de Robert, dit le Chevalier de Beauchesne* (1732); *Histoire d'Estévanille Gonzales* (1734), from the Spanish; *Une Journée des Parques* (1735); *Le Bachelier Salamanque* (1736), and *Melange amusant* (1743).

THEORY AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

"Child," said Dr. Sangrado, "I love thee, and will make thy fortune. I will discover to thee the whole mystery of the salutary art which I have so many years professed. Other doctors make it consist in a thousand difficult sciences; but I will shorten the way, and spare thee the pains of studying physics, pharmacy, botany, and anatomy. Know, friend, all that is necessary is bleeding and making them drink hot water. This is the secret for curing all the distempers in the world; yes, this wonderful secret which I reveal to thee and which Nature, impenetrable to my brethren, has not been able to keep from my observations, is all included in these two points, frequent bleeding and drinking water. I have nothing more to teach thee: thou knowest the very bottom of physic, and, reaping the fruit of my long experience, thou wilt at once become as skilful as I am.

"Thou mayst also be assistant to me: thou shalt keep the register in the morning, and in the afternoon visit some of my patients. While I take care of the nobility and clergy, thou shalt attend the third order for me; and when thou hast done so for some time, I will get thee admitted into the Faculty. Thou wert learned, Gil Blas, before thou wert a physician, whereas others are a long time physicians, and most of them all their lives, before they become learned."

So far from wanting business, it happened luckily, as my master foretold, to be a sickly time, and he had his hands full of patients; not a day but each of us visited eight or ten. Of consequence there was a great deal of water drunk, and much blood let. But—I cannot tell how it happened—they all died. We rarely visited the same sick man thrice; at the second we either were informed that he was about to be buried, or found him at the point of death. Being young in the profession, my heart was not sufficiently hardened for murders; I was grieved at so many fatal events, which might be imputed to me.

"Sir," said I one evening to Dr. Sangrado, "I call

Heaven to witness, I follow your method exactly, yet all my patients go to the other world. One would think they died on purpose to bring our practice into discredit. I met two being carried to the grave this afternoon."

"Child," said he, "I might tell the same of myself. I seldom have the satisfaction to cure those who fall into my hands; and if I were not certain of the principles I follow, I should take my remedies to be contrary to almost all the diseases I have in charge."

"If you will be ruled by me, Sir," I replied, "we will change our method, and out of curiosity, give our patients some drugs. The worst that can happen, is that they may produce the same effects as our hot water and bleeding."

"I would willingly make the experiment," said he, "if it would not have an ill result. I have published a book in vindication of frequent bleeding and hot-water drinking. Would you have me decry my own work?"

"You are right," I replied; "you must not give your enemies occasion to triumph over you. They will say you have suffered yourself to be undeceived; you will lose your reputation. Rather let the people, the nobility, and the clergy perish. Let us continue our accustomed practice."

We went on in our old course, and in such a manner that in less than six weeks we made as many widows and orphans as the siege of Troy. One would have thought the plague was in Valladolid, there were so many funerals. Fathers came every day to our house, to demand an account of the sons we had robbed them of; or uncles to reproach us for the death of their nephews. As for the nephews and sons whose fathers and uncles fared the worse for our medicines, they came not. The husbands whose wives we made away with were also very discreet, and did not scold us on that score. The afflicted persons, whose reproaches it was necessary for us to wipe off, were sometimes outrageous in their grief, and called us blockheads and murderers. They kept no bounds: I was enraged at their epithets; but my master, who had been long used to it, was not at all concerned.—*Gil Blas, Book II.*

PERILS OF A CRITIC.

"My dear Gil Blas," the Archbishop continued, "I require one thing of your zeal. Whenever you find my pen savors of old age, when you find me flag, do not fail to apprise me of it. I do not trust myself in that respect; self-love might deceive me. This observation requires a disinterested judgment, and I rely on yours, which I know to be good."

"Thank Heaven, my Lord," I replied, "that time is yet far from you, and you will always be the same. I look on you as another Cardinal Ximenes, whose superior genius, instead of decaying with years, seemed to gain new strength."

"No flattery, friend," said he. "I know I may sink all at once. People at my age begin to feel infirmities, and those of the body impair the mind. I repeat it, Gil Blas; whenever you think me to be failing, give me notice at once: do not fear to be too free and sincere. I shall receive this admonition as a mark of your affection for me. Besides, your interest is concerned; if, unluckily for you, I should hear in the city that my discourses have no longer their wonted energy, and that I ought to retire, I tell you fairly that you will both lose my friendship and the fortune I have promised you." . . .

Some time after we had an alarm at the palace. His Grace was seized with an apoplexy. He was relieved speedily; but he had received a terrible shock. I observed it the next sermon he composed, but the difference was not very great; I waited for another, to know better what I was to think. That put the matter beyond doubt. At one time the good prelate was tautological, at another he soared too high or sank too low. It was a long-winded oration, the rhetoric of a worn-out school-master, a mere capucinade.

I was not the only one who noticed the fact. Most of the audience (as if they, too, had been retained to criticise it) whispered to each other, as he was delivering it, "This sermon smells of the apoplexy." Hereupon I said to myself, "Come, Mr. Arbiter of the Homilies, prepare to discharge your office. You see my Lord

flags ; you ought to apprise him of it, not only as being his confidant, but also for fear some of his friends should be frank enough to speak before you. If that should happen, you know your fate ; you will lose the promised legacy."

After these reflections, I made others quite contrary. The part I was to act seemed to me very ticklish. I judged that an author in love with his own works might receive such an information but coldly ; but rejecting this thought, I represented to myself that it was impossible he should take it ill, after having exacted the office of me in so pressing a manner. Besides this, I relied on speaking to him with tact and address, and thought to gild the pill so well as to make him swallow it. In short, concluding that I ran a greater risk in keeping silence than in breaking it, I resolved on the latter.

I was now perplexed about only one thing—how to break the ice. Happily for me the orator himself assisted me to the plunge, by asking me what the world said of him, and if people were pleased with his last discourse. I replied that they always admired his homilies, but that I thought that the hearers were not so much affected by the last as by some earlier ones.

"How, friend," said he with surprise, "had they an Aristarchus among them?"

"No, my Lord," I answered ; "no ; such works as yours are not to be criticised. There was nobody but was charmed with it. But since you have charged me to be free and sincere, I take the liberty to tell you that your last discourse does not seem to possess your usual energy. Are you not of the same opinion?"

These words made my master turn pale. He said to me with a forced smile, "What, Mr. Gil Blas, this piece, then, is not to your taste?"

"I do not say so, Sir," I replied in confusion. "I think it excellent, though a little inferior to your other works."

"I understand you," said he. "I seem to flag, do I? Speak the word out. You believe it is high time for me to think of retiring."

"I should not have taken the liberty to speak thus," I answered, "if your Grace had not commanded me. I

do it only in obedience to you, and I humbly beg your Grace not to take my boldness amiss."

"God forbid," he interrupted, "that I should reproach you with it. I do not take it at all ill that you tell me your opinion; I only think your opinion wrong. I have been prodigiously deceived in your narrow understanding."

Though I was confounded, I would have found some expedient to qualify matters; but what way is there to pacify an exasperated author, and especially an author used to nothing but praise? "Speak no more, friend," said he; "you are too young yet to distinguish truth from falsehood. Know that I never wrote a finer sermon than that which you do not approve. My mind, thank Heaven, has as yet lost nothing of its vigor. For the future I will choose my confidants better, and have such as abler judges. Go," he went on, thrusting me out of the closet by the shoulders, "go tell my treasurer to pay you a hundred ducats, and may Heaven direct you with the money. Farewell, Mr. Gil Blas; I wish you all manner of prosperity, with a little better taste."

I went out cursing the caprice, or rather weakness, of the Archbishop, being more enraged at him than vexed at losing his favor. I was even in doubt whether to take the hundred ducats; but after thinking well upon it, I was not such a fool as to refuse them. I thought the money would not deprive me of the right to ridicule my Archbishop; which I resolved not to miss doing, every time his homilies should be mentioned in my presence.

As I swore in my passion to make the prelate pay for it, and to divert the whole city at his expense, the wise Melchior said to me, "Be ruled by me, dear Gil Blas; rather stifle your chagrin. Men of an inferior rank ought always to respect persons of quality, whatever reason they may have to complain of them. I grant there are many weak noblemen, who deserve no respect; but since it is in their power to hurt us, we ought to fear them."—*Gil Blas, Book VII.*



LESSING, GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM, a celebrated German dramatist and critic, born at Kamenz in 1729; died at Brunswick in 1781. His father, a Lutheran clergyman, wished him to adopt the same profession, and at the age of seventeen he was sent to the University of Leipsic to study theology. But he found the stage more attractive than the pulpit, consorted with actors, and wrote several dramatic pieces. At twenty he went to Berlin, when he devoted himself to literary pursuits. He early conceived the project of freeing German literature from the prevalent imitation of that of France, and giving it a new and original character. In conjunction with Nicolai he founded the *Literaturebriefe*, a periodical which was the first to call public attention to the genius of Kant, Hamann, and Winckelmann. About 1763 he produced the admirable drama *Minna von Barnhelm*. In 1772 he put forth the tragedy *Emilia Galotti*, in which the story of the Roman Virginia is presented in a modern aspect; this still remains one of the best tragedies on the German stage. In 1776 he published *Laocoon*, an elaborate treatise upon the limitations of Painting and Poetry. In 1779 he put forth the dramatic poem *Nathan the Wise*, which may be considered his profession of faith. The principal characters are a Jew, a Mohammedan, and a Christian, who rival



GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING.

each other in tolerance, charity, and regard for the principles of universal morality. His latest work, published in 1780, was *The Education of the Human Race*. All of the foregoing have been excellently translated into English. Lessing has been not unaptly styled "the Luther of German literature, of the German drama, and of German art." A complete edition of his *Works*, in 30 vols., was published at Berlin in 1771-94; and an excellent one in 13 vols., edited by Lachmann, 1838-40.

NATHAN THE WISE AND THE SULTAN SALADIN.

Nath.—In days of yore dwelt in the East a man
 Who from a valued hand received a ring
 Of endless worth: the stone of it an opal,
 That shot an ever-changing tint. Moreover,
 It had the hidden virtue him to render
 Of God and man beloved, who, in this view,
 And this persuasion, wore it. Was it strange
 The Eastern man ne'er drew it off his finger,
 And studiously provided to secure it
 Forever to his house? Thus he bequeathed it
 First to the most beloved of his sons;
 Ordained that he again should leave the ring
 To the most dear among his children; and,
 That without heeding birth, the favorite son,
 In virtue of the ring alone, should always
 Remain the lord o' th' house.—You hear me, Sultan?

Sal.—I understand thee. On!

Nath.— From son to son,
 At length the ring descended to a father
 Who had three sons alike obedient to him,
 Whom therefore he could not but love alike.
 At times seemed this—now that—at times the third,
 (According as each apart received
 The overflowing of his heart,) most worthy
 To bear the ring, which, with good-natured weakness,

He privately to each in turn had promised.
 This went on for a while. But death approached,
 And the good father grew embarrassed. So
 To disappoint two sons who trust his promise
 He could not bear. What's to be done? He sends
 In secret to a jeweller, of whom,
 Upon the model of the real ring,
 He might bespeak two others; and commanded
 To spare nor cost nor pains to make them like—
 Quite like the true one. This the artist managed.
 The rings were brought, and e'en the father's eye
 Could not distinguish which had been the model.
 Quite overjoyed, he summoned all his sons,
 Takes leave of each apart, on each bestows
 His blessing and his ring, and dies.—Thou hearest me?

Sal.—I hear, I hear. Come, finish with thy tale: Is
 it soon ended?

Nath.— It is ended, Sultan.
 For all that follows may be guessed of course.
 Scarce is the father dead, each with his ring
 Appears, and claims to be the lord o' th' house.
 Comes question, strife, complaint; all to no end,
 For the true ring could no more be distinguished
 Than now can—the true faith.

Sal.— How, how? Is that
 To be the answer to my query?

Nath.— No,
 But it may serve as my apology
 If I can't venture to decide between
 Rings which the father got expressly made
 That they might not be known from one another.

Sal.—The rings—don't trifle with me; I must think
 That the religions which I named can be
 Distinguished, e'en to raiment, drink, and food.

Nath.—And only not as to their grounds of proof.
 Are not all built alike on history,
 Traditional or written? History
 Must be received on trust:—is it not so?
 In whom, now, are we likeliest to put trust?
 In our own people, surely; in those men
 Whose blood we are: in them who from our childhood
 Have given us proof of love; who ne'er deceived us,

Unless 'twere wholesome to be deceived.
 How can I less believe in my forefathers
 Than thou in thine? How can I ask of thee
 To own that my forefathers falsified,
 In order to yield mine all the praise of truth?—
 The like of Christians.

Sal.— By the living God,
 The man is right. I must be silent.

Nath.—Now let us to our rings return once more.—
 As said, the sons complained. Each to the Judge
 Swore from his father's hand immediately
 To have received the ring—as was the case—
 After he had long obtained the father's promise
 One day to have the ring—as also was
 The father, each asserted could to him
 Not have been false. Rather than so suspect
 Of such a father—willing as he might be
 With charity to judge his brethren—he
 Of treacherous forgery was bold to accuse them.

Sal.—Well, and the Judge: I'm eager now to hear
 What thou wilt make him say. Go on, go on.

Nath.—The Judge said: "If ye summon not the
 father

Before my seat, I cannot give a sentence.
 Am I to guess enigmas? Or expect ye
 That the true ring shall here unseal its lips?
 But hold! You tell me that the real ring
 Enjoys the hidden power to make the wearer
 Of God and man beloved: let that decide.—
 Which of you do two brothers love the best?
 You're silent. Do these love-exciting rings
 Act inward only, not without? Does each
 Love but himself, ye're all deceived deceivers;
 None of your rings is true. The real ring
 Perhaps is gone. To hide or to supply
 Its loss, your father ordered three for one."

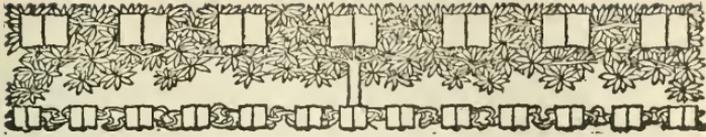
Sal.—Oh, charming, charming!

Nath.— And the Judge continued:
 "If you will take advice in lieu of sentence,
 This is my counsel to you: To take up
 The matter where it stands. If each of you
 Has had a ring presented by his father,

Let each believe his own the real ring.
'Tis possible the father chose no longer
To tolerate the one ring's tyranny ;
And certainly, as he much loved you all,
And loved you all alike, it could not please him,
By favoring one, to be of two the oppressor.
Let each feel honored by this free affection,
Unwarped of prejudice ; let each endeavor
To vie with both his brothers in displaying
The virtue of his ring ; assist its might
With gentleness, benevolence, forbearance,
With inward resignation to the Godhead ;
And if the virtues of the ring continue
To show themselves among your children's children,
After a thousand years, appear
Before the judgment-seat. A greater one
Than I shall sit upon it, and decide."—
So spake the modest Judge.

—*Translation of WILLIAM TAYLOR.*





LEVER, CHARLES JAMES, an Irish novelist, born in Dublin, August 31, 1806; died near Trieste, June 1, 1872. Having studied medicine at home and Göttingen, he practised for some years. In 1837 he was appointed physician to the British Embassy at Brussels, and completed *The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer* (1840), the first chapters of which had previously appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine*. Its success turned him to literature as a profession. *Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon*, appeared in 1841. In 1842-45 he lived in Dublin, and edited the *University Magazine*; then he retired to the Continent, residing mostly in Florence. He was vice-consul at Spezia from 1858-67, and consul at Trieste from 1867. Among his later books are *Tom Burke of Ours* (1844); *The O'Donoghue* (1845); *The Knight of Gwynne* (1847); *Roland Cashel* (1849); *The Daltons* (1852); *The Dodd Family Abroad* (1853); *The Nevilles of Garretstown* (1854); *The Commissioner* (1856); *Con Cregan* (1857); *The Martins of Cro' Martin* (1857); *The Mystic Heirs of Randolph Abbey* (1858); *Davenport Dunn* (1859); *Gerald Fitzgerald* (1860); *A Day's Ride, A Life's Romance* (1861); *Barrington* (1862); *Luttrell of Arran* (1865); *Sir Brooke Fosbrooke* (1867); *The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly* (1868); *That Boy of Norcott's* (1869); *A Rent in the Cloud* (1870); *Lord Kilgobbin* (1872).

LEGEND OF LUTTRELL AND THE —.

There was one of the Luttrells once that was very rich, and a great man every way, but he spent all his money trying to be greater than the King, and he came at last to be ruined entirely; and of all his fine houses and lands, nothing was left to him but a little cabin on Strathmere, where his herd used to live. And there he went and lived as poor as a laborin' man; in deed, except that he'd maybe catch a few fish or shoot something, he had nothing but potatoes all the year round. Well, one day as he was wanderin' about very low and sorrowful, he came to a great cave on the hillside, with a little well of clear water inside it; and he sat down and began to think over old times, when he had houses, and horses, and fine clothes, and jewels. "Who'd ever have thought," says he, "that it would come to this with me; that I'd be sittin' upon a rock, with nothing to drink but water?" And he took some up in the hollow of his hand and tasted it; but when he finished, he saw there was some fine little grains, like dust, in his hand, and they were bright yellow, besides, because they were gold.

"If I had plenty of you, I'd be happy yet," said he, looking at the grains.

"And what's easier in life, Mr. Luttrell?" says a voice; and he starts and turns round, and there, in a cleft of the rock, was sittin' a little dark man, with the brightest eyes that ever was seen, smoking a pipe. "What's easier in life," says he, "Mr. Luttrell?"

"How do you know my name?" says he.

"Why wouldn't I?" says the other. "Sure it isn't because one is a little down in the world that he wouldn't have the right to his own name? I have had some troubles myself," says he, "but I don't forget my name for all that."

"And what may that be, if it's pleasin' to you?" says Luttrell.

"Maybe I'll tell it to you," says he, "when we're better acquainted."

"Maybe I could guess it now," says Luttrell.

"Come over and whisper it then," says he, "and I'll tell you if you're right." And Luttrell did, and the other called out, "You guessed well; that's just it."

"Well," says Luttrell, "there's many a change come over me, but the strangest of all is to think that here I am, sittin' up and talkin' to the ——." The other held up his hand to warn him not to say it, and he went on: 'And I'm no more afeard of him than if he was an old friend."

"And why would you, Mr. Luttrell?—and why wouldn't you think him an old friend? Can you remember one pleasant day in all your life that I wasn't with you some part of it?"

"I know what you mean well enough," says Luttrell. "I know the sort of bargain you make, but what would be the good of all my riches to me when I'd lose my soul?"

"Isn't it much trouble you take about your soul, Mr. Luttrell?" says he. "Doesn't it keep you awake at night, thinkin' how you're to save it? Ain't you always correctin' and chastisin' yourself for the good of your soul, not lettin' yourself drink this or eat that, and warnin' you about many a thing I won't speak of, eh?"

"There's something in what you say, no doubt," says Luttrell; "but after all," says he, with a wink, "I'm not going to give it up as a bad job, for all that."

"And who asks you?" says the other. "Do you think that a soul more or less signifies to me? It don't: I've lashins and lavins of them."

"Maybe you have," says Luttrell.

"Have you any doubt of it, Mr. Luttrell?" says he. "Will you just mention the name of anyone of your friends or family that I can't give you some particulars of?"

"I'd rather you'd not talk that way," says Luttrell; "it makes me feel unpleasant."

"I'm sure," says the other, "nobody ever said I wasn't polite, or that I ever talked of what was not pleasin' to the company."

"Well," says Luttrell, "supposin' that I wanted to be rich, and supposin' that I wouldn't agree to anything that would injure my soul, and supposin' that there was,

maybe, something that you'd like me to do, and that wouldn't hurt me for doin' it, what would that be?"

"If you always was as cute about a bargain, Mr. Luttrell," says the other, "you'd not be the poor man you are to-day."

"That's true, perhaps," says he; "but, you see, the fellows I made them with wasn't as cute as the ——"

"Don't," says the other, holding up his hand to stop him; "it's never polite. I told you I didn't want your soul, for I'm never impatient about anything; all I want is to give you a good lesson—something that your family will be long the better of—and you want it much, for you have, all of you, one great sin."

"We're fond of drink?" says Luttrell.

"No," says he; "I don't mean that."

"It's gamblin'?"

"Nor that."

"It's a likin' for the ladies?" says Luttrell, slyly.

"I've nothing to say against that, for they're always well disposed to me," says he.

"If it's eatin', or spendin' money, or goin' in debt, or cursin', or swearin', or bein' fond of fightin'——"

"It is not," says he, "them is all natural. It's your pride," says he—"your upsettin' family pride, that won't let you do this, or say that. Ther's what's destroyin' you."

"It's pretty well out of me now," says Luttrell, with a sigh.

"It is not," says the other. "If you had a good dinner of beef, and a tumbler of strong punch in you, you'd be as impudent this minute as ever you were."

"Maybe you're right," says Luttrell.

"I know I am, Mr. Luttrell. You're not the first of your family I was intimate with. You're an ould stock, and I know ye well."

"And how are we to be cured?" says Luttrell.

"Easy enough," says he. "When three generations of ye marry peasants, it will take the pride out of your bones, and you'll behave like other people."

"We couldn't do it," says Luttrell.

"Try," says the other.

"Impossible!"

"So you'd say about livin' on potatoes, and drinkin' well-water."

"That's true," says Luttrell.

"So you'd say about ragged clothes and no shoes to your feet."

Luttrell nodded.

"So you'd say about settin' in a cave and talking over family matters to—to a stranger," says he, with a laugh.

"I believe there's something in it," says Luttrell; "but, sure, some of us might like to turn bachelors."

"Let them, and welcome," says he. "I don't want them to do it one after the other. I'm in no hurry. Take a hundred years—take two if you like, for it."

"Done," said Luttrell. "When a man shows a fair spirit, I'll always meet him in the same. Give me your hand; it's a bargain."

"I hurt my thumb," says he; "but take my tail, 'twill do all the same."

And though Mr. Luttrell didn't like it, he shook it stoutly, and only let go when it began to burn his fingers. And from that day he was rich, even till he died: but after his death nobody ever knew where to find the gold, nor ever will till the devil tells them.—*Luttrell of Arran.*

WIDOW MALONE.

Did you hear of the Widow Malone,	Ohone !
Who lived in the town of Athlone	Alone !
O, she melted the hearts	
Of the swains in them parts ;	
So lovely the Widow Malone,	Ohone !
So lovely the Widow Malone.	
Of lovers she had a full score,	Or more,
And fortunes they all had galore	In store ;
From the minister down	
To the clerk of the crown,	

All were courting the Widow Malone,
Ohone!

All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone,
That no one could see her alone!
'Twas known,
Ohone!

Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the Widow Malone,
Ohone!

So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Mither O'Brien from Clare
It's little for blushing they care
(How quare!
Down there),

Put his arm round her waist—
Gave ten kisses at laste—
"O," says he, "you're my Molly Malone,
My own!
"O," says he, "you're my Molly Malone!"

And the widow they all thought so shy,
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,
My eye!
For why?

But, "Lucius," says she,
"Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone,
Ohone!
You may marry your Mary Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong;
And one comfort, it's not very long,
But strong—

If for widows you die,
Learn to kiss, not to sigh;
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
Ohone!
O, they are all like sweet Mistress Malone!



LEWES, GEORGE HENRY, an English philosopher, born in London, April 18, 1817; died there, November 28, 1878. He was educated at home and abroad, and began active life as a merchant's clerk, but soon turned to medicine and then to literature and philosophy, for which he prepared himself by studies in Germany in 1838-39. He contributed to the periodicals, won an early reputation as a thinker and a writer, was literary editor of the *Leader* 1849-54, founded the *Fortnightly Review* 1865, and conducted it for a year or two. His connection with "George Eliot" began in 1854 and lasted till his death; they were in entire sympathy, and it was he who first suggested her attempting fiction. His own opinions were strongly Positivist. His works include a *Biographical History of Philosophy* (4 vols., 1845), several times reprinted, and partly rewritten in 2 vols. in 1871; two novels, *Ranthorpe* (1847), *Rose, Blanche, and Violet* (1848); *The Spanish Drama, Lope de Vega and Calderon* (1846); *Life of Robespierre* (1849); *The Noble Heart, a Tragedy* (1850); *Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences* (1853); *Life and Works of Goethe* (1855); *Seaside Studies* (1857); *Physiology of Common Life* (1860); *Studies in Animal Life* (1861); *Aristotle: a Chapter from the History of Science* (1864); *Problems of Life and Mind*, the first volume of which appeared in 1873, and the second in

1875. His researches in anatomy and physiology bore fruit in papers *On the Spinal Cord* (1858), and *On the Nervous System* (1859), read before the British Association. He is best known by his earliest book and by his latest, both in the domain of philosophy.

PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE.

The nature of Philosophy condemns its followers to wander forever in the same labyrinth, and in this circumscribed space many will necessarily fall into the track of their predecessors. In other words, coincidences of doctrine at epochs widely distant from each other are inevitable.

Positive Science is further distinguished from Philosophy by the incontestable *progress* it everywhere makes. Its methods are stamped with certainty, because they are daily extending our certain knowledge; because the immense experience of years and of myriads of intelligences confirm their truth, without casting a shadow of suspicion on them. Science, then, progresses, and must continue to progress. Philosophy only moves in the same endless circle. Its first principles are as much a matter of dispute as they were two thousand years ago. It has made no progress, although in constant movement. Precisely the same questions are being agitated in Germany at this moment as were being discussed in ancient Greece, and with no better means of solving them, with no better hopes of success. The united force of thousands of intellects, some of them among the greatest that have made the past illustrious, has been steadily concentrated on problems, supposed to be of vital importance, and believed to be perfectly susceptible of solution, without the least result. All this meditation and discussion has not even established a few first principles. Centuries of labor have not produced any perceptible progress.

The history of Science, on the other hand, is the history of progress. So far from the same questions being discussed in the same way as they were in ancient

Greece, they do not remain the same for two generations. In some sciences—chemistry for example—ten years suffice to render a book so behind the state of knowledge as to be almost useless. Everywhere we see progress, more or less rapid, according to the greater or less facility of investigation.

In this constant circular movement of Philosophy and constant linear progress of Positive Science, we see the condemnation of the former. It is in vain to argue that because no progress has yet been made, we are not therefore to conclude none will be made; it is in vain to argue that the difficulty of Philosophy is much greater than that of any science, and therefore greater time is needed for its perfection. The difficulty is Impossibility. No progress is made because no certainty is possible. To aspire to the knowledge of more than phenomena, their resemblances and successions, is to aspire to transcend the limitations of human faculties. To *know* more we must *be* more.

This is our conviction. It is also the conviction of the majority of thinking men. Consciously or unconsciously, they condemn Philosophy. They discredit or disregard it. The proof of this is in the general neglect into which Philosophy has fallen, and the greater assiduity bestowed on Positive Science. Loud complaints of this neglect are heard. Great contempt is expressed by the Philosophers. They may rail, and they may sneer, but the world will go its way. The empire of Positive Science is established.

We trust that no one will suppose we think slightingly of Philosophy. Assuredly we do not, or else why this work? . . . But we respect it as a great power that *has been*, and no longer *is*. It was the impulse to all early speculation: it was the parent of Positive Science. It nourished the infant mind of humanity; gave it aliment, and directed its faculties, rescued the nobler part of man from the dominion of brutish ignorance; stirred him with insatiable thirst for knowledge, to slake which he was content to undergo amazing toil. But its office has been fulfilled; it is no longer necessary to humanity, and should be set aside. The only interest it can have is a historical interest.—*A Biographical History of Philosophy.*

XENOPHANES.

One peculiarity of his philosophy is its double-sidedness. All the other thinkers abode by the conclusions to which they were led. They were dogmatical; Xenophanes was sceptical. He was the first who confessed the impotence of reason to compass the wide, exalted aims of philosophy. He was a great, earnest spirit struggling with Truth, and, as he obtained a glimpse of her celestial countenance, he proclaimed his discovery, however it might contradict what he had before announced. Long travel, various experience, examination of different systems, new and contradictory glimpses of the problem he was desirous of solving—these, working together, produced in his mind a scepticism of a noble, somewhat touching, sort, wholly unlike that of his successors. It was the combat of contradictory opinions in his mind, rather than disdain of knowledge. His faith was steady; his opinions were vacillating. He had a profound conviction of the existence of an eternal, all-wise, infinite Being; but this belief he was unable to reduce to a consistent formula. There is deep sadness in these verses:

“Certainly no mortal yet knew, and ne'er shall there be one
Knowing both well, the Gods and the All, whose nature we treat of,
For when by chance he at times may utter the true and the perfect,
He wists not, unconscious; for error is spread over all things.”

It is one of the greatest and commonest of critical errors to charge the originator or supporter of a doctrine with consequences which he did not see, or would not accept. Because they may be contained in his principles, it by no means follows that he saw them. To give an instance: Spinoza was a very religious man, although his doctrine amounted to atheism, or little better; but his critics have been greatly in the wrong in accusing him of atheism. Although Xenophanes was not a clear and systematic thinker, he exercised a very remarkable influence on the progress of speculation.—*History of Philosophy.*

A PICTURE OF WEIMAR.

Weimar is an ancient city on the Ilm, a small stream rising in the Thuringian forests, and losing itself in the Saal at Jena, a stream on which the sole navigation seems to be that of ducks, and which meanders peacefully through pleasant valleys, except during the rainy season, when the mountain-torrents swell its current and overflow its banks. The town is charmingly placed in the Ilm valley and stands some 800 feet above the level of the sea. "Weimar," says the old topographer, Matthew Merian, "is *Weinmar*, because it was the wine-market for Jena and its environs. Others say it was because someone here in ancient days began to plant the vine, who was hence called *Weinmayer*. But of this each reader may believe just what he pleases."—*Life and Works of Goethe*.





LEWIS, CHARLES BERTRAND, an American humorist, better known by his pen-name "M. Quad," born in Liverpool, Ohio, February 15, 1842. He was educated at the Michigan Agricultural College; and was a volunteer soldier in the Federal army during the Civil War. About 1869 he began to be known as "the Detroit *Free Press* man," under the following circumstances, as told by Edmund Kirke in *Harper's Monthly*: "His career did not begin till he was blown up on an Ohio River steamboat. He is, perhaps, the only man who has been lifted into fame by being tossed a hundred feet into the air, and coming down, more dead than alive, to tell the story. Standing at his printer's case, when he was so far recovered as to limp about, he put into type *How It Feels to be Blown Up*; and the whole West burst into laughter. That laugh made 'M. Quad' famous; and he was transferred from the composing-room to the editorial department." Some years later Mr. Lewis created the characters which are identified with his later writings—"His Honor" and "Bijah," of the police court, and "Brother Gardiner," the colored gentleman who presides over the "Lime-Kiln Club"—characters totally distinct, but each as natural, original, individual, and ludicrous as any in American literature. His published books include *Quad's Odds* (1875); *Goaks*
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and Tears (1875); *Sawed-off Sketches* (1884); *Field, Fort, and Fleet, Sketches of the Late War* (1885); *Under Fire, or, the Cruise of the Destroyer* (1886); *The Lime-Kiln Club* (1887).

"He is naturally and spontaneously funny," says a recent writer. "Humor gushes from him like champagne from an uncorked bottle, bubbling and effusive, and drenching us, whether we will or not, with laughter. And there is wisdom with his wit; strong, homely common-sense mixed with a racy, unctuous humor which makes his wisdom grateful to our taste."

BRUDDER CARTER GETS WHAT'S COMING TO HIM.

"In case Brudder Cinnamon Carter am in de hall to-night, I should like to have him step dis way," said the president, as Pickles Smith got through blowing his nose and Elder Toots secured an easy rest for his back.

The member inquired for rose up at the back end of the hall and came forward, with a look of surprise cantering across his countenance.

"Brudder Carter, when did you jine dis club?" asked the president.

"'Bout six months ago, sah."

"What was your object in becomin' a member?"

"I wanted to improve my mind."

"Do you find it has helped your mind any?"

"I do, sah."

"Well, I doan'! In de fust place, you has borrowed money from ebery member who would lend you eben a nickel. In de nex' place, I can't learn dat you has put in one honest day's work since you became one of us. You war' sayin' to Samuel Shin las' night dat de world owed you a livin'."

"Yes, sah."

"I want to undeceive you. De world owes no man only what he airns. You may reason dat you am not to

blame for bein' heal. Werry good ; de world kin reason dat you am to blame for stayin' in it when it costs nuffin to jump inter de ribber. Brudder Carter, what has you done for de world dat it owes you a livin'?"

"I—Ize—Ize——"

"Just so!" observed the president. "You has walked up an' down, an' wore cloze, an' consumed food an' drink, an' made one mo' in de crowd aroun' a new buildin'. An' for dis you claim de world owes you a livin'? You has made no diskiveries, brought out no inventions, written no song an' held no offis. Not five hundred people in de world know of you by name. You can't name one single man who am under obligashuns to you. You eat what odders produce. You w'ar out de cloze odder people make. An' yit you have the impudence to sot down on a bar'l of dried apples, cross your legs an' fold yer hands, and say dat the world owes yer a livin', an' by de great horn spoons mus' giv it to you! Brudder Carter, look at yerself a few minits!"

"Yes, sah—ahem—yes—Ize sorry, sah," stammered the member.

"What fur? Sorry kase you've bin found out? Sorry kase you've entered dis hall for de las' time? Brudder Carter, we doan' want sich men as you in dis club. De world doan' owe us a cent. On de contrary, we owe de world mo' dan we kin eber pay. De man who argys dat he am entitled to any mo' dan what his brains or muscle kin airn am a robber at heart. We shall cross you name from de rolls, show you de way downstairs, an' permit you to go your own road frew life. If you kin make de world clothe, feed an' shelter you fur de privilege of seein' you hold down a dry-goods box in front of a sto' which doan' advertise, dat will be your good luck."

The committee on internal revenue stepped forward at a nod from Brother Gardiner, and the expelled member only struck the stairs twice in going from top to bottom.



LEWIS, DIO, an American physician, born in Auburn, N. Y., March 3, 1823; died at Yonkers, N. Y., May 21, 1886. He was educated in the old school of medicine, at the Harvard Medical School, but became a convert to Homœopathy, and practised it in Buffalo, N. Y. At the same time he edited and published a medical magazine in which he condemned the use of drugs, and advocated physical training as a part of education. He finally abandoned his practice, and from 1852 to 1863 he travelled and lectured on hygiene and physiology. He then settled in Boston and opened the Boston Normal Physical Training School, from which many pupils were graduated. In 1864 he opened a school for young women in Lexington, Mass., in which physical training was a prominent feature. The school-building was burned down in 1868, and soon after the school was given up, and he again began lecturing, his subjects being hygiene and temperance. He was the originator of the woman's temperance crusade in Ohio. He published *New Gymnastics* (1862); *Weak Lungs and How to Make Them Strong* (1863); *Talks about People's Stomachs* (1870); *Our Girls* (1871); *Chats with Young Women* (1871); *Chastity* (1872); *Gypsies* (1881); *In a Nutshell* (1883); and edited *To-day*, *Dio Lewis's Monthly*, *Dio Lewis Nuggets*, and the *Dio Lewis Treasury*.

GYMNASTIC TRAINING.

An eminent writer says, "Give boys the unrestrained use of the grove, the field, the yard, the street, with the various sorts of apparatus for boys' games and sports, and they can well dispense with the scientific gymnasium."

This is a misapprehension, as is easy to convince all who are disposed to think!

With all our lectures, conversations, newspapers, and other similar means of mental culture, we are not willing to trust the intellect without scientific training. The poorest man in the State demands for his children the culture of the organized school; and he is right. An education left to chance would be but a disjointed product. To insure strength, patience, and consistency, there must be methodical cultivation and symmetrical growth. But there is no need to argue on this point. In regard to mental training, there is, fortunately, among Americans, no difference of opinion. Discriminating, systematic, scientific culture, is our demand.

Is not this equally true of the body? Is the body one single organ, which, if exercised, is sure to grow in the right way? On the contrary, is it not an exceedingly complicated machine, the symmetrical development of which requires discriminating, studied management? With the thoughtful mind, argument and illustration are scarcely necessary; but I may perhaps be excused by the intelligent reader for one simple illustration. A boy has round or stooping shoulders: hereby the organs of the chest and abdomen are all displaced. Give him the freedom of the yard and street—give him marbles, a ball, the skates! Does anybody suppose he will become straight? Must he not, for this, and a hundred other defects, have special, scientific training? There can be no doubt of it!

Before our system of education can claim an approach to perfection, we must have attached to each school a professor who thoroughly comprehends the wants of the body, and knows practically the means by which it may be made symmetrical, flexible, vigorous, and enduring.—*The New Gymnastics.*



LEWIS, TAYLER, an American biblical scholar and theological writer, born at Northumberland, Saratoga County, N. Y., March 27, 1802; died at Schenectady, May 11, 1877. He was graduated at Union College, Schenectady, in 1820; studied law, which he practised for several years. But his attention was directed especially to the study of the Hebrew Bible and to the works of Plato. In 1838 he became Professor of Greek in the University of the City of New York, and in 1849 was chosen to the same position in Union College, where he also lectured on ancient philosophy and poetry, and gave instruction in Hebrew. He contributed largely to periodicals upon ethical and philological subjects. In 1845 he put forth, under the title *Platonic Theology, or Plato Against the Atheists*, an edition of the tenth book of the laws of Plato, with an elaborate introduction, and illustrative Dissertations. He translated Plato's *Thætetus*, and Lange's *Commentary on Ecclesiastes*. His principal works are *The Six Days of Creation* (1855); *The Bible and Science* (1856); *The Divine Human in the Scriptures* (1860); *State Rights; a Photograph from the Ruins of Ancient Greece* (1864); *Heroic Periods in a Nation's History* (1866); and, in conjunction with E. W. Blyden and Theodore Dwight, *The People of Africa; Their Character, Condition, and Future Prospects* (1871).

THE THEOLOGY OF PLATO.

It is generally agreed among those who hold *The Laws* to be a genuine production of Plato that it was a treatise written in his old age. If so, it may be regarded as containing his most matured and best settled opinions on many of the great subjects discussed in his former Dialogues. Some have thought that they discovered many contradictions between this work and *The Republic*. One has even gone so far as to say that they are opposed on every page. In this opinion, however, we cannot concur. . . .

The practice of contrasting these two works has arisen from a wrong view of the true title of the one generally styled *The Republic*. Its most appropriate designation is, "An Inquiry into the Nature of Right." The imaginary State is evidently made subservient to this; or, as he expressly tells us in the Second Book, intended only as a model of the Human Soul, so magnified that we might read therein, in large letters, what would not be distinct enough for the mental view when examined in the smaller characters of the individual spirit. This comparison of the Soul to a Commonwealth has been a favorite not only with Plato, but with the most philosophic minds of the ages. In *The Republic* it is the great idea, to which the construction of the fancied State is altogether secondary. Sometimes, however, it must be admitted, the author seems so taken up with this imaginary Commonwealth that he—unconsciously, perhaps—brings it into the primary place. . . .

The treatise on *Laws* is undoubtedly intended for a really practicable, if not a really existing State. In discussing, however, the primary principles of legislation, the author takes a very wide range, occupying far more time in what he styles the "Preambles," or recommendatory reasonings about the laws, than in the laws themselves. Hence there are but few points in the Platonic philosophy and ethics, as exhibited in other Dialogues, but what have some representative here. We find the same questions started respecting the nature and origin of Virtue; whether it is capable of being taught as

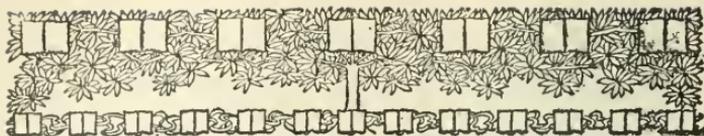
science or not; whether it is One or Many—that is, whether the virtues are all so essentially connected that one cannot exist without the others.

We find the same views in regard to the end and origin of Law—the importance of looking in all things to the Idea—“the One in Many.” There is the same reverence for antiquity and ancient myths; the same disposition to regard Religion as the beginning and foundation of every system of civil polity; and the same method of representing the idea of a God—and his goodness, his providence, of a present and future retribution—as lying at the foundation of all morals and of all religion.

In a moral and practical, as well as in a speculative point of view, the particular subject of this Dialogue has some claim to attention. He who thinks most deeply, and has the most intimate acquaintance with human nature, as exhibited in his own heart, will be the most apt to resolve all unbelief into Atheism. Theism, we admit, is everywhere the avowed creed; but it wants life. There are times when the bare thought that God *is* comes home to the soul with a power and a flash of light which gives a new illumination, and a more vivid interest to every other moral truth. It is on such occasions that the conviction is felt that all unbelief is Atheism, or an acknowledgment of a mere natural power, clothed with no moral attributes, and giving rise to no moral sanctions. . . .

Just as the idea of God is strong and clear, so will be a conviction of sin, so will be a sense of the need of expiation; so will follow in its train an assurance of all the solemn verities of the Christian faith, so strong and deep that no boastful pretension of that science which makes the natural the foundation of the moral, and no stumbling blocks in the letter of the Bible will for a moment yield it any disquietude.

The next great battle-ground of Infidelity will not be the Scriptures. What faith there will remain will be summoned to defend the very being of a God; the great truth involving every other moral and religious truth—that *He is*, and that He is the rewarder of all who diligently seek Him.—*Introduction to Plato Against the Atheists.*



LIE, JONAS LAURITZ IDEMIL, a Norwegian novelist, was born at Eker, near Drammen, November 6, 1833. He was educated at Christiania, and practised law from 1858 until 1868; when he gave himself up to the pursuit of literature, removing in 1882 to Paris. His wife has been his constant co-worker in all his literary labors. *Den Fremeynte, eller Billeder fra Nordland* (The Seer, or Pictures from Norway) appeared in 1870, and has been translated into several languages. *Familjen paa Gilje* (The Family on Gilje, 1883) is considered by many to be the best of his productions. Other works are *Stories and Sketches* (1872); *Thomas Ross* (1878); *Adam Schrader* (1879); *Rutland* (1880); *Go Ahead, a Sea Story* (1882); *The Life Convict* (1883); *A Maelstrom* (1884); *Eight Stories* (1885); *The Commander's Daughters* (1886); *Married Life* (1887); *Story of a Seamstress* (1888); *Evil Powers* (1890); *Tales* (1891); *Niobe* (1893). Mrs. Ole Bull translated *Tremasteren Fremtiden* (1872) as *The Bark Future* (1879) and *Lodsen of Hans Hustru* (1874, 7th edition, 1891) with the title *A Norse Love Story, The Pilot and His Wife* (1876). A pretty story from his second book was translated by Nellie Anderson: *Little Grey, the Pony of Nordfjord* (1885). His first novel appeared in English as *The Visionary* in 1894.

THE OLD CAPTAIN.

He was really very proud of his granddaughter's cleverness. She could distinguish with her naked eye as clearly as he could through the glass. She never made a mistake about the craft, large or small, that belonged to that part of the coast, and could, besides, say to a nicety what sort of master each had. Her superiority of sight she asserted, too, with a tyranny to which he made no resistance, although it might have tried a temper many degrees more patient than his was.

One day, however, she was at a loss. They made out a crescent on the flag, and this caused even the old man a moment's astonishment. But he declared then for her information, shortly and decisively, that it was a "barbarian."

This satisfied her for a moment. But then she asked :

"What is a barbarian, grandfather?"

"It is a Turk."

"Yes, but a Turk?"

"Oh! it's—it's—a Mohammedan——"

"A what?—a Moham——"

"A Mohammedan—a robber on board ship."

"On board ship!"

He was not going to give up his ascendancy in the matter, hard as she pushed him; so he bethought him of a pack of old tales thereanent, and went on to explain, dryly :

"They go to the Baltic—to Russia—to salt human flesh."

"Human flesh!"

"Yes, and sometimes, too, they seize vessels in the open sea and do their salting there."

She fixed a pair of large, terrified eyes on him, which made the old man continue :

"And it is especially for little girls they look. That meat is the finest, and goes by tons down to the Grand Turk."

Having played this last trump, he was going in *arabia*, but was stopped by her eager question :

"Do they use a glass there on board?" And when

he said they did, she slipped quickly by him through the door and kept cautiously within, as long as the vessel was to be seen through the window-pane on the horizon.

The moods of the two were for once reversed. The old man looked very sly over his work, whilst she was quiet and cowed. Once only she broke out, angrily :

“But why doesn't the King get rid of them? If I was captain of a man-of-war, I'd——”

“Yes, Elizabeth, if you were captain of a man-of-war—what then?”

The child's conceptions apparently reached no further than such matters as these as yet. She had seen few human beings as she grew up, and in recent years, after her grandmother's death, she and her grandfather had been the only regular inhabitants of the island.—*The Pilot and His Wife*; translation of G. L. TOTTENHAM.

AN UNDERSTANDING.

“No, Salve, it is not this which stands between us, however cleverly you may have discovered it; it is not this—it is something else. At heart you do not trust me, that is the truth—and thus all this has come up in your mind afterward. And do you see,” she continued, with a face expressive of pain, “it never will turn out well with us so long as you cherish one particle of doubt in your thoughts? Don't you understand yet, that it is the peace of our hearthstone that is at stake; that it is this I have fought for all these years, when I have borne it all as—as you well know I have not the nature to endure, Salve?” said she, giving him an impressive look. “If you do not understand it yet, then God help you and us!” she concluded, despairingly, and turned half about again to the fire, in which she lost herself gazing.

He stood before her averted form as if he had been paralyzed, and scarcely ventured to look at her; in that degree all that she had said now lay clear and striking before him as the truth. She had held a mirror of their united lives up before his eyes, and he saw himself therein so egotistical and small by the side of

all this love. He stood with a deep pain, humbled in heart, and he was both too noble and too true not to be willing to acknowledge it. Abstracted, he went over to the window and stood there awhile.

"Elizabeth," he said, despondingly, "you know certainly at heart that you have been everything to me in this world; I know, also, wherein my deepest wrong against you consists, and I shall now truly and freely acknowledge that to you, though it will make me stand an insignificant man before you. Yes, Elizabeth, I have never been able to feel myself really secure, that I alone wholly and fully possessed your mind since that time"—it cost him an effort, apparently, to speak out, for he contended with this humiliation in the acknowledgment—"since that affair of yours with the naval officer. It has been my sore spot, you perceive," said he, softly confidential, "which I could not control in spite of everything I still knew to the contrary. And perhaps I cannot bear it yet. This is my stumbling-block, I acknowledge honestly and plainly; but still I cannot lose you, Elizabeth. I have always seen that you were fitted for something grand; that you really should have a man who was somebody in the world—such a one as he, and not a common man like me. You see I have never been able to endure thinking of this, and so I have become rancorous toward all the world, and suspicious and oppressive toward you. Notwithstanding you are my wife, Elizabeth, I have never been able to believe that I possessed you, and therefore never really had you, although what you have said to me to-day, God be praised, has given me another assurance. I have not been strong enough—not as you—though I dare say I have striven with it, Elizabeth!" he burst out, looking so pale, while he laid both hands on her shoulders and looked her in the face.

She felt that his arms trembled, and her eyes filled with tears. It wounded her to the heart to see him thus. She suddenly released herself and went into the side chamber, whence she presently came out with an old note and handed it to him:

"It is the letter which I wrote to the naval officer that night I fled from the Becks." (He looked at her

a little amazed.) "I got it from Mrs. Beck," she said. "Read it, Salve!"

"Pardon me that I cannot become your wife, for my heart is another's."
ELIZABETH RAKLEV."

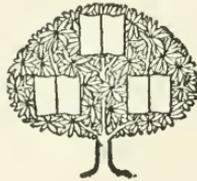
He spelled out the large, crooked letters, but seated himself thereupon down on the bench and read it over again. She stood bending over him, and looked now at the note, then at his face.

"What stands there, Salve?" she asked, at last. "Why could I not become young Beck's wife?"

"For my heart—is another's!" he answered slowly, and looked at her with moist eyes.

"No, not you—it was I who loved another, it stands; and who was that other?"

"God bless you—it was I!" and he drew her down on his lap.—*The Pilot and His Wife.*





LIEBER, FRANCIS, a German-American publicist, born at Berlin, March 18, 1800; died in New York, October 2, 1872. He had begun the study of medicine when, in 1815, he joined the Prussian army as a volunteer, and was severely wounded at the siege of Namur. After the close of the Waterloo campaign he resumed his studies; but his liberal sentiments drew upon him the disfavor of the Government, and he found it expedient to leave Germany. After spending some time at Rome and London, he came to the United States in 1827, taking up his residence in Boston, where he gave lectures on history and politics, and edited the *Encyclopædia Americana*, based upon, and partly translated from, Brockhaus's *Conversations-Lexikon* (13 vols., 1829-33). In 1832 he was appointed by the trustees of Girard College, Philadelphia, to draft a plan of education. In 1835 he accepted the professorship of History and Political Economy in the University of South Carolina. He held this position until 1856, when he was appointed to a similar one in Columbia College, New York, where he was subsequently made Professor of Political Science, a position which he retained until his death. His writings were very numerous, and in many departments. Notable among them are his *Manual of Political Ethics* (1838, second edition, 1875) and *Civil Liberty and*

Self-Government (1852, second edition, 1874). Both of these works have been adopted as text-books at Yale.

VOX POPULI, VOX DEI.

The poetic boldness of the maxim, *Vox populi, vox Dei*, its epigrammatic, its Latin and lapidary formulation, and its apparent connection of a patriotic love of the people with religious fervor, give it an air of authority and almost of sacredness. Yet history, as well as our own times, shows us that everything depends upon the question, who are "the people?" and that even if we have fairly ascertained the legitimate sense of this great yet abused term, we frequently find that their voice is anything rather than the voice of God.

If the term "people" is used for a clamoring crowd, which is not even a constituted part of an organic whole, we would be still more fatally misled by taking the clamor for the voice of the Deity. We shall arrive, then, at this conclusion, that in no case can we use the maxim as a test; for, even if we call the people's voice the voice of God in those cases in which the people demand what is right, we must first know that they do so before we call it the voice of God. It is no guiding authority; it can sanction nothing.

There are, indeed, periods in history in which, centuries after, it would seem as if an impulse from on high had been given to the whole masses, or to the leading minds of leading classes, in order to bring about some comprehensive changes. That remarkable age of maritime discovery which has influenced the whole succeeding history of civilization, and the entire progress of our kind, would seem, at first glance, and to many even after a careful study of its elements, to have received its motion and action from a breath not of human breathing. No person, however, living at that period would have been authorized to call the widespread love of maritime adventure the voice of God, merely because it was widely diffused. Impulsive movements of greater extent and intensity have been movements of error, passion, and crime. It must be observed that the thorough historian often acts in these cases as the nat-

ural philosopher who finds connection, causes and effects, where former ages thought they recognized direct and detached manifestations or interpositions of a superior power, and not the greater attribute of variety under eternal laws and unchanging principles. . . .

I am under the impression that the famous maxim first came into use in the Middle Ages, at a contested episcopal election, when the people, by apparent acclamation, having elected one person, another aspirant believed he had a better right to the episcopate on different grounds or a different popular acclamation. That the maxim has a decidedly mediæval character no one familiar with that age will doubt. When a king was elected it was by conclamation; the earliest bishops of Rome were elected or confirmed by conclamation of the Roman people. Elections by conclamation always indicate a rude or deficiently organized state of things; and it is the same whether this want of organization be the effect of primitive rudeness or of relapse.

Now, the maxim we are considering has a strongly conclamatory character: and to apply it to our modern affairs is degrading rather than elevating them. How shall we ascertain, in modern times, whether anything be "the voice of the people?" and next, whether that voice be "the voice of God," so that it may command respect? For unless we can do this, the whole maxim amounts to no more than a poetic sentence, expressing the opinion of an individual; but no rule—no canon.

Is it unanimity that indicates the voice of the people? Unanimity, in this case, can mean only a very large majority. But even unanimity itself is far from indicating the voice of God. Unanimity is commanding only when it is the result of digested and organic public opinion; and even then we know perfectly well that it may be erroneous, and consequently not the voice of God, but simply the best opinion at which erring and sinful men at the time are able to arrive. . . .

But the difficulty of fixing the meaning of this saying is not restricted to that of ascertaining what is "the voice of God." It is equally difficult to find out what is "the voice of the People." If by the voice of the people be meant the organically evolved opinion of a

people, we do not stand in need of the saying. We know we ought to obey the law of the land. If by the voice of the people be meant the result of universal suffrage without institutions—and especially in a large country with a powerful executive, not permitting even preparatory discussion—it is an empty phrase. It is deception, or it may be the effect of vehement yet transitory excitement. The same is true when the clamoring expression of many is taken for the voice of the whole people. . . .

Whatever meaning men may choose to give to *Vox populi, vox Dei*, in other spheres—or, if applied to the long tenor of the history of a people, in active politics and in the province of practical liberty—it either implies political levity—which is one of the most mordant corrosives of liberty—or else it is a political heresy, as much as *Vox regis, vox Dei* would be. If it be meant to convey the idea that the people can do no wrong, it is as grievous an untruth as would be conveyed by the maxim, “the king can do no wrong,” if it really were meant to be taken literally.—*Civil Liberty and Self-Government.*





LINCOLN, ABRAHAM, sixteenth President of the United States, was born in Hardin County, Ky., February 12, 1809; died by assassination at Washington, April 15, 1865, six weeks after entering upon his second term as President.

Lincoln's boyhood was passed amid the hardships and poverty incident to pioneer life. The advantages of education were denied him, but by his ninth year, when his mother died, the foundations of a noble character had been laid in her son's heart. She was a woman of fine physical organization and great force of character, and was possessed of shrewd, practical common-sense and deep religious feeling and gentleness of manner—traits which were so admirably developed in her son's character. Her favorite injunctions, which he always obeyed, were never to swear, never to touch liquor, and never to lie. He said, when President: "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my sainted mother." After his mother's death Lincoln's father removed to Indiana and afterward to Illinois. In 1832 the Black Hawk War broke out and young Lincoln led a company of volunteers against the Indians. Two years later he was elected to the Illinois Legislature from Sangamon County, and remained a member till 1842. In 1836 he obtained a license to practise law and rose rapidly in his profession. His education

was obtained through the careful study of the few books that came into his possession, and under no other direction than his own common-sense or inclination. His mother had taught him to read his Bible and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and he studiously perused the *Life of Washington* and *Franklin's Autobiography*, and became a great admirer of Henry Clay. The bulk of his further reading was comprehended in Shakespeare, Burns, and his law-books. In 1846 he was elected to Congress as a Whig. With the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, in 1854, fresh interest was added to the anti-slavery agitation and Lincoln became a candidate for United States Senator in opposition to Stephen A. Douglas, the acknowledged champion of slavery in Illinois. Douglas was successful, but the ability displayed by Lincoln in the *débats incidental* to the canvass brought him into national prominence. In February, 1860, Lincoln made a speech on the slavery question at Cooper Institute, New York, which gained him a lasting reputation throughout the country and the world, closing with the ringing words: "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it." In May following, the Republican National Convention nominated him for President of the United States, and he was inaugurated on March 4, 1861. As chief executive of the nation he opposed the secession of any of the States. When by force of arms the Federal garrison was compelled to evacuate Fort Sumter, he immediately issued a proclamation calling into

action an armed force of 70,000 militiamen. Later he called for the enlistment of 64,000 more soldiers and 18,000 seamen, declared a blockade of the Southern ports and called Congress into extra session to pass measures for the suppression of the rebellion of the confederated States. On September 22, 1862, he issued a proclamation declaring the freedom on January 1, 1863, of all slaves in the States and parts of States that should then be in rebellion. On October 16, 1863, he called forth 300,000 volunteer soldiers to take the place of those whose terms had expired. On November 19th of the same year he made his famous address at the consecration of the battle-field of Gettysburg, a portion of which is printed with this article. On his second inauguration, March 4, 1865, President Lincoln delivered an address which will stand forever as a model of lofty eloquence and sublime morality. On April 3d, at the head of the victorious Union army, he entered Richmond, the capital of the subjugated Confederacy. His last public address was made April 11, 1865. The night of April 14th he fell by an assassin's hand in Ford's Theatre, Washington. Mr. Lincoln was a true type of American—simple in manner, homely in speech and dress, full of good-nature and anecdote, shrewd and conservative in affairs, lofty in purpose, determined in action, and magnanimous in victory.

Emerson said, in the course of a funeral discourse delivered at Concord, Mass., April 19, 1865: "Lincoln was a plain man of the people. He had a face and manner which disarmed suspicion,

which inspired confidence, which confirmed goodwill. He was a man without vices. He had a strong sense of duty which it was very easy for him to obey. He had a vast good-nature which made him tolerant and accessible to all. His broad good-humor, running easily into jocular talk, in which he delighted and in which he excelled, was a rich gift to this wise man. It enabled him to keep his secrets, to meet every kind of man, and every rank in society. His occupying the chair of State was a triumph of the good-sense of mankind and of the public conscience. This middle-class country had got a middle-class President at last. Yes, in manners and sympathies, but not in powers, for his powers were superior. This man grew according to the need; his mind mastered the problem of the day, and as the problem grew so did his comprehension of it. In four years—four years of battle-days—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. There by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the centre of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people of his time—the true representative of this continent—the pulse of twenty million people throbbing in his heart, the thoughts of their minds articulated by his tongue.”

Although Mr. Lincoln would not be generally classed among men of letters, several of his State papers, viewed simply from a literary stand-point, are surpassed by nothing in our language, or in-

deed any other. Among these are his Inaugural Address, March 4, 1861; the Emancipation Proclamation, January 1, 1863; the Gettysburg speech, November 19, 1863; and the second Inaugural Address, March 4, 1865.

THE PERPETUITY OF THE UNION.

It is seventy-two years since the first inauguration of a President under our National Constitution. During that period fifteen different and greatly distinguished citizens have in succession administered the Executive branch of the Government. They have conducted it through many perils, and generally with great success. Yet with all this scope for precedent, I now enter upon the same task for the brief constitutional term of four years under great and peculiar difficulty. A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted.

I hold that, in contemplation of universal law, and of the Constitution, the union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our national government, and the Union will endure forever—it being impossible to destroy it except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself. Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States in the nature of contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it—break it, so to speak—but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?

But if destruction of the Union by one or by a part only of the States be lawfully possible, the Union is less perfect than before—the Constitution having lost the vital element of perpetuity. It follows from these views that no State, upon its own motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect

are legally void ; and that acts of violence within any State or States, against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken ; and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part ; and I shall perform it, so far as practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisite means, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary. I trust that this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, are the momentous issues of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, whilst I shall have the most solemn one to " Preserve, protect, and defend " it.

I am loath to close. We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature.—*From the First Inaugural.*

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

Now, therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three,

order and designate as States and parts of States wherein the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit : . . .

And by virtue of the power, and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within such designated States and parts of States are, and henceforward shall be free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons. And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

THE CONSECRATION SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon the continent a new nation conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a large sense *we* cannot dedicate, *we* cannot consecrate, *we* cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what *they* did here. It is for us—the living—rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God,

shall have a new birth of freedom ; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

MALICE TOWARD NONE—CHARITY FOR ALL.

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in—to bind up the nation's wound ; to call for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphans ; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.—*From the Second Inaugural.*





LINGARD, JOHN, an English ecclesiastic and historian, born at Winchester, February 5, 1771; died at Hornby, Lancashire, July 17, 1851. He entered the Roman Catholic College at Douai, France, in 1791; this college being dissolved during the Revolution, Lingard returned to England, and, with some others, established a seminary near Durham, of which he was made Vice-President and Professor of Natural and Moral Philosophy. In 1825 he received the offer of a cardinalship, which he declined. During his later years he received a pension of £300 from the British Government in consideration of his important historical labors. He put forth *Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church* (1806; enlarged edition, 1845), and several treatises of a somewhat polemical character. Of his principal work, *The History of England from the First Invasion by the Romans to the Accession of William and Mary in 1688*, the first volume in folio appeared in 1819, and the eighth in 1830. A new edition, thoroughly revised, was published in 1849.

His history is regarded as a fair statement of facts from a Roman Catholic stand-point. Saintsbury says of him in his *History of Nineteenth Century Literature*: "Lingard was the author of what still retains the credit of being the best history of England on a great scale in point of union and accuracy, skilful arrangement, fairness (despite his in-

evitable prepossessions), and competent literary form—no mean credit for a member of an unpopular minority to have attained in a century of the most active historical investigation.”

THE EXPULSION OF THE LONG PARLIAMENT BY
CROMWELL.

Cromwell's resolution was immediately formed, and a company of musketeers received orders to accompany him to the House. At this eventful moment, big with the most important consequences both to himself and his country, whatever were the workings of Cromwell's mind he had the art to conceal them from the minds of the beholders. Leaving the military in the lobby, he entered the House, and composedly seated himself on one of the other benches. His dress was a plain suit of black cloth with gray worsted stockings. For a while he seemed to listen with interest to the debate; but when the Speaker was going to put the question, he whispered to Harrison, "This is the time; I must do it;" and rising, put off his hat to address the House.

At first his language was decorous, and even laudatory. Gradually he became more warm and animated; at last he assumed all the vehemence of passion, and indulged in personal vituperation. He charged the members with self-seeking and profaneness, with the frequent denial of justice, and numerous acts of oppression; with idolizing the lawyers, the constant advocates of tyranny; with neglecting the men that bled for them in the field, that they might gain the Presbyterians who had apostatized from the cause: and with doing all this in order to perpetuate their own power and to replenish their own purses. But their time was come, the Lord had disowned them; He had chosen more worthy instruments to perform his work.

Here the orator was interrupted by Sir Peter Wentworth, who declared that he had never heard language so unparliamentary—language, too, the more offensive because it was addressed to them by their own servant, whom they had too fondly cherished, and whom by their unprecedented bounty they had made what he was.

At these words Cromwell put on his hat, and, springing from his place, exclaimed: "Come, sir, I will put an end to your prating!" For a few moments, apparently in the most violent agitation, he paced forward and backward; and then, stamping on the floor, added: "You are no Parliament; I say you are no Parliament; bring them in." Instantly the door opened, and Colonel Worsley entered, followed by more than twenty musketeers. "This," cried Sir Henry Vane, "is not honest; it is against morality and common honesty." "Sir Henry Vane," replied Cromwell; "O Sir Henry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane! He might have prevented this. But he is a juggler and has not common honesty himself!" From Vane he directed his discourse to Whitelock, on whom he poured a torrent of abuse; then pointing to Chaloner, "There," he cried, "sits a drunkard;" next to Marten and Wentworth, "There are two whoremasters;" and afterward selecting different members in succession, described them as dishonest and corrupt livers, a shame and a scandal to the profession of the Gospel.

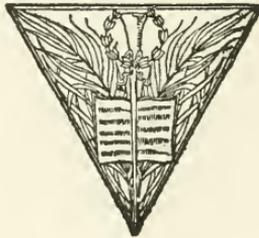
Suddenly, however, checking himself he turned to the guard and ordered them to clear the House. At these words Colonel Harrison took the Speaker by the hand, and led him from the chair. Algernon Sydney was next compelled to quit his seat; and the other members, eighty in number, on the approach of the military, rose and moved toward the doors.

Cromwell now resumed his discourse. "It is you," he exclaimed, "that have forced me to do this. I have sought the Lord both day and night that He would rather slay me than put me on the doing of this work." Alderman Allan took advantage of these words to observe that it was not yet too late to undo what had been done; but Cromwell instantly charged him with peculation, and gave him into custody. When all were gone, fixing his eyes on the mace, "What," said he, "shall we do with this fool's bauble? Here, carry it away." Then taking the Act of Dissolution from the clerk, he ordered the doors to be locked, and, accompanied by the military, returned to Whitehall.

That afternoon the members of the Council assembled

in their usual **place of meeting**. Bradshaw had just taken the chair, when the Lord-general entered and told them that if they were there as private individuals they were welcome; but if as the Council of State, they must know that the Parliament was dissolved. "Sir," replied Bradshaw, with the spirit of an ancient Roman, "we have heard what you did at the House this morning, and before many hours all England will know it. But, sir, you are mistaken to think that the Parliament is dissolved. No power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves; therefore, take you notice of that." After this protest they withdrew.

Thus, by the parricidal hands of its own children, perished the Long Parliament, which, under a variety of forms, had for more than twelve years defended and invaded the liberties of the nation. It fell without a struggle or a groan, unpitied and unregretted. The members slunk away to their homes, where they sought by submission to purchase the forbearance of their new master; and their partisans—if partisans they had—reserved themselves in silence for a day of retribution, which came not before Cromwell slept in his grave. The royalists congratulated each other on an event which they deemed a preparatory step to the restoration of the King; the army and navy, in numerous addresses, declared that they would live and die, stand and fall with the Lord-general; and in every part of the country the congregations of the saints magnified the arm of the Lord, which had broken the mighty, that in lieu of the sway of mortal men, the Fifth Monarchy, the reign of Christ, might be established on earth.





LINNÆUS.



LINNÆUS, CAROLUS, the Latinized name of Karl von Linné, a Swedish naturalist, born at Rashult, May 13, 1707; died at Upsala, January 10, 1778. From childhood he showed a great love for the study of botany, and though destined for the Church, his preference for natural history induced him to change his plans and take a medical course. While at the universities of Lund and Upsal, Celsius, the theological professor, who was also a naturalist, gave him considerable financial aid. He also earned a little from private pupils. It was now that he conceived the idea of his botanical system which has made his name immortal. In 1732, while touring through Lapland, he visited the mining district round Fahlun, and sketched the system which he afterward developed in his *Systema Naturæ*. The next three years were spent in Holland, where he took his doctor's degree. Here he was superintendent of Clifford's celebrated garden at Hartecamp, near Haerlem. He visited England and Paris in 1738, and toward the close of the year practised as physician at Stockholm, where he became one of the first members of the Royal Academy of the town. In 1741 he was made Professor of Medicine at Upsal and superintendent of the botanic gardens. In 1747 he was nominated first physician to the King, and in 1753 received an honor never before accorded a liter-

ary man—he was created a Knight of the Polar Star. Soon afterward he was elevated to the rank of the nobility, and purchasing an estate and mansion at Hammarby, near Upsal, chiefly resided there during his last years. His private character is sullied by his cruelty to his son. His chief works are the *Systema Naturæ*, *Species Plantarum*, *Genera Plantarum*, *Philosophia Botanica*, *Materia Medica*, etc.

“His arrangement of fishes, of insects, and of shells,” says Pennant, “is original and excellent; he hath, in all his classes, given philosophy a new language; hath invented apt names, and taught the world a brevity, yet a fulness of description, unknown to past ages; he hath, with great industry, brought numbers of synonyms of every animal into one point of view, and hath given a concise account of the uses and manners of each, as far as his observations extended, or the information of a numerous train of travelling disciples could contribute. His country may triumph in producing so vast a genius, whose spirit invigorates science in that chilly region, and diffuses it from thence to climates more favorable, which generally acknowledge the advantages of its influence.” *The Study of Nature* was translated and published as a tract, 1785, by Sir James Edward Smith, founder and first President of the Linnæan Society of Great Britain.

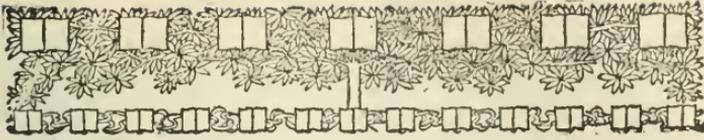
THE STUDY OF NATURE.

Mankind, as well as all other creatures, being formed with such exquisite and wonderful skill that human wisdom is utterly insufficient to imitate the most simple fibre,

vein, or nerve, much less a finger, it is perfectly evident, that all these things must originally have been made by an omnipotent and omniscient Being, for "He who formed the ear, shall He not hear; and He who made the eye, shall He not see?" If we consider the *generation* of animals, we find that each produces an offspring after its own kind; so that all living things, plants, animals, and even mankind themselves—form one "chain of universal being," from the beginning to the end of the world. While we turn our minds to the contemplation of the wonders and beauties which surround us, we are also permitted to employ them for our benefit. If the Maker of all things, who has done nothing without design, has furnished this earthly globe like a museum, with the most admirable proofs of His wisdom and power; if, moreover, this splendid theatre would be adorned in vain without a spectator, it follows that man is made for the purpose of studying the Creator's works, that he may be the publisher and interpreter of the wisdom of God. In order to lead us toward our duty, the Deity has so closely connected the study of His works with our general convenience and happiness that the more we examine them, the more we discover for our use and gratification. Can any work be imagined more forcibly to proclaim the majesty of its Author than a little inactive earth rendered capable of contemplating itself, as animated by the hand of God? of studying the dimensions and revolutions of the celestial bodies, rolling at an almost infinite distance, as well as the innumerable wonders dispersed by the Creator over this globe? The Author of Nature has frequently decorated even the minutest insects, and worms themselves, which inhabit the bottom of the sea, in so exquisite a manner that the most polished metal looks dull beside them. He who has given life to animals has given to them all different means of supporting it. The *Silurus Callichthys*, when the rivulet which it inhabits becomes dry, has a power of travelling over land till it finds more copious streams. The flying squirrel has a power of extending the skin on each side of its body in such a manner that, being enabled to descend by a precipitate

flight from one branch to another, it easily avoids its enemies. Thus also has He lengthened out the fins on the breast of the flying-fish that it might seek for safety in the air, when pursued by its enemies in the water. He has likewise formed an appendage to the tail of the great cuttlefish (*Sepia Loligo*) by means of which it springs out of the sea, at the same time being furnished with a bladder, full of a sort of ink, with which it darkens the water and eludes the sight of its pursuers. The sucking-fish (*Echeneis remora*), which of itself could not, without great difficulty, swim fast enough to supply itself with food, has an instrument not unlike a saw, with which it affixes itself to ships and the larger kinds of fishes, and in this manner is transported gratis from one shore of the world to another. The same Divine Artificer has given the sluggish fishing-frog (*Lophius piscatorius*) a kind of rod, furnished with a bait, by which it beguiles little fishes into its jaws. The slow-paced Lemur *tardigradus* is supplied with double ears that he may betake himself to the trees in time to avoid danger. We cannot avoid thinking that those which we know of the Divine works are much fewer than those of which we are ignorant.





LINTON, ELIZABETH (LYNN), an English novelist, born at Keswick in 1822; and died July 14, 1898. Her first novel, *Azeth, the Egyptian*, published in 1846, was followed by *Anymone: a Romance of the Days of Pericles* (1848), and *Realities* (1851). She contributed many articles to periodicals. Among them are the papers on *The Girl of the Period*. Among her other works are *Witch Stories* (1861); *The Lake Country*, illustrated by her husband (1864); *Grasp Your Nettle* (1865); *Sowing the Wind* (1866); *The True History of Joshua Davidson, Christian and Communist* (1872); *Patricia Kemball* (1874); *The Atonement of Leam Dundas*, *The World Well Lost* (1877); *The Rebel of the Family* (1880); *My Love* (1881); *Ione* (1882); *The Autobiography of Christopher Kirkland* (1885); *Paston Carew* (1886); *The One Too Many* (1894); *The New Woman* (1895); *In Haste and at Leisure* (1895).

Her husband, WILLIAM JAMES LINTON, an English wood-engraver, poet, and miscellaneous writer, was born in London in 1812; died in New Haven, Conn., December 29, 1897. In 1851 he was one of the founders of *The Leader*, a Radical newspaper, and in 1855 became manager of *Pen and Pencil*, an illustrated journal. In 1867 he came to the United States to live. Before coming to America he contributed largely to several periodicals. He is the author of a life of *Thomas Paine*,

and of several works on wood-engraving, an art in which he for a long time held the foremost place. In 1865 he put forth *Claribel and Other Poems*, a volume profusely illustrated by himself. In 1882 he edited *Rare Poems of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, and in 1883, in conjunction with Richard H. Stoddard, *English Verse*, in five volumes. His subsequent works include *Poems and Translations* (1889); *The Masters of Wood-Engraving* (1889); *Life of Whittier* (1893); *Reminiscences* (1895).

FENCED IN.

Though a sea-side place, the sea was only a passing adjunct, not an active part, of Milltown existence. A land-locked, placid bay, shallow and barren, it was artistically valuable on account of its color, and the changing lights lying on its cliffs; but nearly worthless for fishing, and very little used for boating. Only one house in the place had a yacht in the basin within the breakwater. This was the *Water Lily*, a pretty little toy belonging to the Lowes. Being thickly inhabited by the gentry, every rood of land had its exclusive owner, and its artificial as well as natural value. The very cliffs were fenced off against trespassers; perpetual attempts were made to stop old-established rights of way, which sometimes succeeded; if at others they failed when some man, of more public spirit than his neighbors, was personally inconvenienced, and the open paths across the fields which were inalienable were grudgingly marked off by lines of thorns, with fierce warnings of prosecution should the narrow strip be departed from; while all the gates were padlocked, and the stiles made unnecessarily high and difficult.

The country was noted for its garden-like neatness. Every hedge and bank for miles around was trimmed and combed like a croquet lawn. No wild flowers were allowed on the Milltown public wayside; no trailing growths, rich and luxuriant to attract an artist and dis-

ELIZA LINTON

gress the highway board and private gardens, hung about the well-kept hedges of thorn and privet. If you wanted to study botany you must go some five miles or so inland, where a certain stretch of unreclaimed lands gave the growths that flourish in peat and neglect, as well as afforded squatting ground to a few half-starved miserable sinners whom the Milltown people regarded with a mixture of fear and contempt, as if they were of another order of beings altogether from themselves.

If the face of the country was fenced and trimmed and curled, till not a vestige of wild beauty or natural grace was left in it, the society of Milltown was in harmony therewith. It would have been hard to find a more rigidly respectable or more conventionalized set of people anywhere, than were those who ordered their lives in this pretty hypæthral prison by the "safe," if untrue, gospel of repression and condemnation. They were all retired admirals and colonels and landed gentry, who lived there; all emphatically gentlemen.

The gentlefolks were one thing and the commonalty was another, and the one represented the sheep and the elect, and the other the ghosts and the discarded. The gentry classed these last all together in a lump, and the idea that they in their turn could be split into minor subdivisions, wherein the baker and the boatman, the farmer and his hind, held different degrees, seemed to them as ridiculous as the wars of pigmies, or the caste distinctions of savages. But the commonalty followed their leaders, and the example of class exclusiveness set in the higher circles was faithfully copied through the lower.

Milltown was respectable; as a rule, intensely so. No one got into debt publicly, or did wrong openly; and whatever sins might be committed were all out of sight and well covered down. The majority, too, went the right way in politics. No confessed Republican had ever troubled the clear stream of Milltown's Conservatism. The worst of the pestilent fellows who canvassed for the wrong side, and voted blue instead of yellow at the elections, and who stood up against board meetings and vestries, were nothing worse than mild Whigs, who would have been shocked to have heard themselves classed with Odger and Bradlaugh.

The parish church where Mr. Borrodaile, the rector, preached his weekly orthodox sermon, or what may be called dogmas of a second intuition, not wholly moral nor yet wholly theological, was a fine old building of the Early English style. The services were conducted in what they called "a proper and decent manner." There was no ecclesiastical vagueness at Milltown; no tampering with the unclean thing in any way. Extreme opinions were tabooed, to which side soever they leaned, and enthusiasm was regarded as both vulgar and silly.

Milltown prided itself on being English—English to the backbone; and as England was, to its mind, the Delos of the religious as well as of the social and political world, and as the Thirty-nine Articles were nourishment enough for the most hungry soul, any line of thought which would have led it a hair's-breadth away from ecclesiastical Christianity, as decided by Act of Parliament, would have been considered a heresy and a treason.

The inhabitants did their duty and the rector did his. They went to church; heard what he had to say with more or less attention and more or less personal profit, then went home to what amount of earthly comfort their rents or wages provided, and dismissed the subject of religion until the next Sunday, when they took it up again with their best clothes and a superior dinner. He prepared his sermon, wherein he either exhorted the poor to contentment and honest industry, or lectured his congregation on the sins and temptations to which those of low estate are specially prone (he dropped the subject of the sins of those in high places); or else he said a few words about elementary dogmas, which the more vigorous Wesleyan minister serving the little chapel by the water-side called "milk for babes;" then he, too, went home to his well-spread table, where he drank his fine old crusted port and ate his Dartmoor mutton with a good appetite and a tranquil soul.

Furthermore, there was the usual sprinkling of widows with marriageable daughters; of old bachelors who could, but would not; and of spinsters from whom hope, like chance, had long since fled. Of these last were the two kinds familiar to all who understand pro-

vincial life in England : the one strict and severe, who ignored all individual rights, as well as the rights of human nature, in favor of the conventional law—to whom most things were shocking, and the worst interpretation came easily ; and the other who could read French, had been to London, had a slight tendency to plain speaking, tolerated cigars, and did not encourage scandal, and was considered lax by mothers and strong-minded by men.

Furthermore, still, and different from the rest of the Milltown world, were Dr. Fletcher, and his sister, Catharine, of whom more when their turns come.

None of the questions agitating the world outside this little Sleepy Hollow of Philistinism found a sympathetic echo here. Woman's rights were considered immoral, unrighteous, and indelicate ; strikes, and the theory of the rights of labor, were criminal and treasonable ; the education of the poor was the knell of England's prosperity ; and the democratic spirit abroad boded the downfall of the empire and the ruin of society. But where all else was evil, one place at least remained pure. Milltown held itself clear of the prevailing sins, and constituted itself the Zoar of English social order and political righteousness. — *From Patricia Kemball, by ELIZA LINTON.*

A PRAYER FOR TRUTH.

O God ! the giver of all which men call good,
 Or ill, the Origin and Soul of Power !
 I pray to Thee as all must in their hour
 Of need, for solace, medicine, or food,
 Whether aloud or secretly—understood
 No less by Thee. I pray ; but not for fame,
 Nor love's best happiness, nor place, nor wealth :
 I ask Thee only for that spiritual health
 Which is perception of the True—the same
 As in Thy Nature : so to know and aim
 Toward Thee my thought, my word, my whole of life.
 Then matters little whether care or strife,
 Hot sun, or cloud, o'erpass this earthly day ;
 Night cometh, and my star climbeth Thy heavenly
 way. —WILLIAM J. LINTON.

REAL AND TRUE

Only the Beautiful is real !
 All things of which our life is full,
 All mysteries which life inwreathes,
 Birth, life, and death,
 All that we dread or darkly feel—
 All are but shadows, and the Beautiful
 Alone is real.

Nothing but love is true !
 Earth's many lies, whirled upon Time's swift wheel,
 Shift and repeat their state—
 Birth, life, and death,
 And all that they bequeath
 Of hope or memory, thus do alternate
 Continually ;
 Love doth anneal,
 Doth beautifully imbue
 The wine-cups of the archetypal Fate.

Love, Truth, and Beauty—all are one !
 If life may expiate
 The 'wilderings of its dimness, death be known
 But as the mighty ever-living gate
 Into the Beautiful.—All things flow on
 Into one Heart, one Melody,
 Eternally.

—WILLIAM J. LINTON.

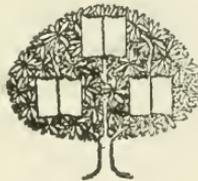
POETS.

True Poet ! Back, thou Dreamer ! Lay thy dreams
 In ladies' laps ; and silly girls delight
 With thy inane apostrophes to Night,
 Moonshine, and Wave, and Cloud ! Thy fancy teems—
 Not genius ! Else some high heroic themes
 Should from thy brain proceed, as Wisdom's might
 From head of Zeus. For now great Wrong and
 Right
 Affront each other, and War's trumpet screams,
 Giddyng the earth with dissonance. Oh, where
 Is He, voiced godlike, unto those who dare

To more than daring with the earnest shout.
 Of a true battle-hymn? We fight without
 The music which should cheer us in our fight
 While Poets learn to pipe like whiffing streams.
 —WILLIAM J. LINTON.

LABOR IN VAIN.

Oh not in vain! Even poor rotting weeds
 Nourish the roots of fruitfulest fair trees;
 So from thy fortune-loathed hope proceeds
 The experience that shall base high victories.
 The tree of the good and evil knowledge needs
 A rooting-place in thoughtful agonies.
 Failures of lofty essays are the seeds
 Out of whose dryness, when cold Night dissolves
 Into the dawning Spring, fertilities
 Of healthiest promise leap rejoicingly.
 Therefore hold on thy way, all undismayed
 At the bent brows of Fate, untiringly!
 Knowing this—past all the woe our earth involves,
 Sooner or later Truth must be obeyed.
 —WILLIAM J. LINTON.





LIPPINCOTT, SARA JANE (CLARKE), an American miscellaneous writer, born at Pompey, Onondaga County, N. Y., in September, 1823. In 1843 she removed with her parents to New Brighton, Pa., and entered upon literary work, her first prose articles being published over the signature of "Grace Greenwood," by which she is best known. She married Mr. Leander K. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, and in 1854 established there a juvenile paper, *The Little Pilgrim*, which she edited for several years. Among her works are *Greenwood Leaves* (1850); *Poems* (1851); *Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe* (1854); *The Forest Tragedy and Other Tales* (1856); *Stories and Legends of Travel* (1858); *Stories from Famous Ballads* (1860); *Stories of Many Lands* (1867); *Stories and Sights in France and Italy* (1868); *New Life in New Lands* (1873); *Stories for Home Folks* (1884); *Stories and Sketches* (1893).

"Her writings," said Rev. Henry Giles, "speak for themselves, and they have spoken widely; they are eminently characteristic; they are strictly national; they are likewise decisively individual."

INVOCATION TO MOTHER EARTH.

Oh, Earth! thy face hath not the grace
That smiling Heaven did bless,
When thou wert "good," and blushing stood
In thy young loveliness;

And, mother dear, the smile and tear
In thee are strangely met ;
Thy joy and woe together flow—
But ah ! we love thee yet.

Thou still art fair, when morn's fresh air
Thrills with the lark's sweet song ;
When Nature seems to wake from dreams,
And laugh and dance along ;
Thou'rt fair at day, when clouds all gray
Fade into glorious blue ;
When sunny Hours fly o'er the flowers,
And kiss away the dew.

Thou'rt fair at eve, when skies receive
The last smile of the sun ;
When through the shades the twilight spreads,
The stars peep, one by one ;
Thou'rt fair at night, when full starlight
Streams down upon the sod ;
When moonlight pale on hill and dale
Rests like the smile of God.

We bless thee now for gifts that thou
Hast freely on us shed ;
For dews and showers, and beauteous bowers,
And blue skies overhead ;
For morn's perfume, and midday's bloom,
And evening's hour of mirth ;
For glorious night, for all things bright,
We bless thee, Mother Earth !

But when long years of care and tears
Have come and passed away,
The time may be when sadly we
Shall turn to thee, and say :
"We're worn with life, its toils and strife,
We long, we pine for rest ;
We come, we come, all wearied, home—
Room, mother, in thy breast !"



LIVINGSTONE, DAVID, a Scottish missionary and explorer in Africa, born at Blantyre, near Glasgow, March 19, 1813; died in Ilala, Central Africa, April 30, 1873. His father was a poor weaver, and the son gained the greater part of his early education at an evening school, while working through the day in a cotton-mill. While still working in the mill, he studied medicine and theology, and in 1838 offered himself to the London Missionary Society as a missionary to Southern Africa, whither he set out in 1840. At Port Natal he married the daughter of Robert Moffatt, a missionary, and took up his station at Kuruman, about six hundred miles from Cape Town. In 1849 he started on his first exploring expedition, during which he discovered Lake Ngami, the first of the great African lakes made known to Europeans. In 1852 he set out upon his second expedition, which lasted four years. Leaving Cape Town, he made his way to the Portuguese settlements, thence going eastward across the entire breadth of the African continent to the sea, travelling in all not less than 11,000 miles. He returned to England in 1856, and the next year published his *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa*.

In 1858, having been provided with funds by Government and private individuals, he returned

to Africa. Among the results of this expedition, which lasted until 1863, was the discovery of Lake Nyassa. He also revisited the Falls of Mosioatunya ("Sounding Smoke") on the Zambesi, which he had discovered during his previous journey. To this cataract—not less remarkable than that of Niagara—he gave the name of "Victoria Falls." He returned to England in 1864, and in the following year put forth his *Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and Its Tributaries*.

In 1865 he set out on a new expedition. Nothing was heard of him for a year, and a report reached the coast that he had been murdered by the natives; but in April, 1868, letters were received from him. The next tidings came in May, 1869, when he was at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, in Central Africa. It was nearly two years before anything further was heard from him. In 1871 the proprietor of the *New York Herald* fitted out an expedition, under the command of Henry M. Stanley, to go in search of Livingstone. Stanley reached Lake Tanganyika, where he encountered Livingstone, who had just arrived from a long expedition, in the course of which he came upon a great river, to which he gave the native name of the Lualaba, which he erroneously believed to be the upper waters of the Nile; but which is now generally known as the Congo—the same which Stanley subsequently descended to its mouth—more than a thousand miles from that of the Nile.

Of Livingstone nothing further was heard until October, 1873, when Commander Cameron, who

had been sent by the British Government with a party for his relief, met a company of the explorer's party, who were bearing the dead body of their leader, who had died hundreds of miles away on the 1st of May. The remains were carried to the coast, thence to London, where they were solemnly buried in Westminster Abbey, April 18, 1874. These faithful attendants of Livingstone also brought his papers, which were deciphered, and published in 1874, under the title, *The Last Journals of David Livingstone, Including his Wanderings and Discoveries in Eastern Africa from 1865 to Within a Few Days of His Death.*

ENCOUNTER WITH A LION.

We found the lions on a small hill about a quarter of a mile in length, and covered with trees. A circle of men was formed round it, and they gradually closed up, ascending pretty near to each other. Being down below on the plain with a native school-master, named Mebálwe—a most excellent man—I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the now closed circle of men. Mebálwe fired at him before I could, and the ball struck the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him; then leaping away, broke through the opening circle, and escaped unhurt. The men were afraid to attack him, perhaps on account of their belief in witchcraft. When the circle was reformed, we saw two other lions in it; but we were afraid to fire lest we should strike the men, and they allowed the beasts to burst through also. If the Bakatla had acted according to the custom of the country, they would have speared the lions in their attempts to get out.

Seeing we could not get them to kill one of the lions, we bent our footsteps toward the village. In going round the end of the hill, however, I saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock as before; but this

time he had a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then called out, "He is shot! he is shot!" Others cried, "He has been shot by another man, too; let us go to him!" I did not see anyone else shoot at him; but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and turning to the people, said, "Stop a little till I load again."

When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout. Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of a cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and, if so, is a merciful provision of our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death.

Turning round to relieve myself of the weight—as he had one paw on the back of my head—I saw his eyes directed to Mebálwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards; his gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels. The lion immediately left me, and attacking Mebálwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebálwe. He left Mebálwe, and caught this man by the shoulder; but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysms of dying rage. In order to take out the charm from him, the Bakatla on the following

day made a huge bonfire over the carcass, which was declared to be that of the largest lion they had ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arm. —*Missionary Travels and Researches.*

THE FALLS OF MOSIOATUNYA.

It is rather a hopeless task to endeavor to convey an idea of this cataract in words, since, as was remarked on the spot, an accomplished painter, even by a number of views, could impart but a faint impression of the glorious scene. The probable mode of its formation may perhaps help to the conception of its peculiar shape. Niagara has been formed by a wearing back of the rock over which the river falls; and, during a long course of ages, it has gradually receded, and left a broad, deep, and pretty straight trough in front. But the Victoria Falls have been formed by a crack right across the river, in the hard, black basaltic rock which there forms the bed of the Zambesi. The lips of the crack are still quite sharp, save about three feet of the edge over which the river falls. The walls go sheer down from the lips without any projecting crag, or symptom of stratification or dislocation.

When the mighty rift occurred, no change of level took place in the two parts of the bed of the river thus rent asunder; consequently in coming down the river to Garden Island,* the water suddenly disappears, and we see the opposite side of the cleft, with grass and trees growing where once the bed of the river ran, on the same level as that part of the bed on which we now sail.

The first crack is in length a few yards more than the breadth of the Zambesi, which by measurement, we found to be a little over 1,860 yards; but this number we resolved to retain, as indicating the year in which the fall was for the first time carefully examined. The main stream here runs nearly north and south, and the cleft across is nearly east and west. The depth of the

* "Garden Island" lies at the very edge of the cataract, much as "Goat Island" does at Niagara. It was so named by Livingstone when, in 1855, he first saw Mosioatunya.

rift was measured by lowering a line, to the end of which a few bullets and a foot of white cotton cloth were tied. One of us lay with his head over a projecting crag, and watched the descending calico, till after his companions had paid out 310 feet, the weight rested on a sloping projection, probably 50 feet from the water below—the actual bottom being still farther down. The white cloth now appeared the size of a crown-piece. On measuring the width of this deep cleft by the sextant, it was found at Garden Island—its narrowest part—to be 80 yards, and at its broadest somewhat more. Into this chasm, of twice the depth of Niagara Falls, the river—a full mile wide—rolls with a deafening roar. And this is the Mosioatunya, or Victoria Falls.

Looking from Garden Island down to the bottom of the abyss, nearly half a mile of water which has fallen over that portion of the falls to our right, or west of our point of view, is seen collected in a narrow channel, 20 or 30 yards wide, and flowing at exactly right angles to its previous course, to our left; while the other half—or that which fell over the eastern portion of the falls—is seen on the left of the narrow channel below, coming toward our right. Both waters unite midway in a fearful boiling whirlpool, and find an outlet by a crack situated at right angles to the fissure of the falls. This outlet is about 1,170 yards from the western end of the chasm, and some 600 from its eastern end. The whirlpool is at its commencement. The Zambesi—now not apparently more than 20 or 30 yards wide—rushes and surges south, through the narrow escape-channel for 130 yards; then enters a second chasm, somewhat deeper and nearly parallel with the first. Abandoning the bottom of the eastern half of this second chasm to the growth of large trees, it turns sharply off to the west, and forms a promontory with the escape-channel 1,170 yards long, and 416 yards broad at the base. After reaching this base the river flows abruptly round the head of another promontory, much narrower than the rest, and away back to the west in a fourth chasm; and we could see in the distance that it appeared to round still another promontory, and bend once more in another chasm toward the east.

In this gigantic zigzag, yet narrow trough, the rocks are all so sharply cut and angular, that the idea at once arises that the hard basaltic trap must have been riven into its present shape by a force acting from beneath : and that this probably took place when the ancient inland seas were let off by similar fissures nearer the ocean.—
Expedition to the Zambesi.

Considering that it requires a journey of not less than three months to reach Mosioatunya from the coast in either direction, and as long to return, it is not strange that so few Europeans have seen the falls. We have endeavored to keep a record of these, and do not find more than a score up to 1889. Charles Livingstone, the younger brother of David, who accompanied him on this expedition, is the only person, as far as we know, who has seen both Mosioatunya and Niagara, and he considers the former to be the more striking of the two.





LIVY (TITUS LIVIUS, surnamed PATAVINUS, from the place of his birth), a Roman historian, born at Patavium, the modern Padua, 59 B.C.; died there, A.D. 17. His family, originally of Rome, was one of the most important in his native city. He went to Rome, where he became prominent as a rhetorician, which in his case was equivalent to a lecturer on belles-lettres, and was one of the brilliant circle, of which Virgil and Horace, somewhat his seniors, were members, that adorned the Court of the Emperor Augustus, at whose suggestion, we are told, Livy set about his great history, called by himself the *Annals of Rome*.

The *Annals*, when entire, consisted of one hundred and forty-two "Books;" but of these only thirty-five are now extant, so that more than three-fourths have been lost. It was at an early period divided into "decades," or series of ten Books. The decades which we have are the 1st, the 3d, the 4th, a portion of the 5th, and a few fragments of others. The lost decades are those which—apart from their quantity—would have been far more valuable than those which remain, since they relate to the later history of Rome, for which more trustworthy materials existed than for the earlier centuries. This deficiency is, however, partially supplied by a very early abstract of the contents of the lost portions; and these ab-

tracts are our only means of acquaintance with some of the most important periods of Roman history. The quarter which remains makes four stout volumes; so that the *Annals* was one of the most comprehensive historical works ever written by a single person.

The question of the authenticity of the *Annals* of Livy has been much debated. It is admitted that much is purely legendary. Livy himself affirms this of at least the earlier Books. But our purpose is not to set forth the verity of Roman history; but to show Livy's manner of telling it. Our extracts are from the very literal and somewhat bald translation by Spillan and Edmonds, and the more spirited rendering of certain passages by the Rev. W. Lucas Collins, embodied in his little work on Livy.

THE LEGEND OF ROMULUS AND REMUS.

In my opinion the origin of so great a city, and the establishment of an empire next in power to that of the gods, was due to the Fates. The vestal Rhea, being deflowered by force, when she had brought forth twins, declares Mars to be the father of her illegitimate offspring—either because she believed it to be so, or because a god was a more creditable author of her offence. But neither gods nor man protect her or her children from the king's cruelty. The priestess is bound and thrown into prison; the children he commands to be thrown into the current of the river.

By some interposition of Providence, the Tiber, having overflowed its banks in stagnant pools, did not admit of any access to the regular bed of the river; and the bearers supposed that the infants could be drowned in waters however still. Then, as if they had effectually executed the king's orders, they exposed the boys in the nearest land-flood, where now stands the

Ficus Ruminalis (they say that it was anciently called the *Ficus Romulanus*, "the Fig-tree of Romulus"). The country thereabout was then a vast wilderness.

The tradition is, that when the subsiding water had left on the dry ground the floating trough, in which the children had been exposed, a thirsty she-wolf coming from the neighboring mountains directed her course to the cries of the infants, and that she held down her dugs to them with so much gentleness that the keeper of the king's flocks found her licking the boys with her tongue. It is said that his name was Faustus; and that they were carried by him to his homestead to be nursed by his wife Laurentia. Some are of the opinion that she was called *Lupa*—She-wolf—among the shepherds, from her being a common prostitute, and that this gave rise to the surprising story.—*Annals, Book I; translation of SPILLAN and EDMONDS.*

HANNIBAL'S PASSAGE OF THE ALPS.

On the ninth day they came to a summit of the Alps, chiefly through places trackless; and after many mistakes of their way, which were caused either by the treachery of the guides; or, when they were not trusted, by entering valleys at random, on their own conjectures of the route. For two days they remained encamped on the summit; and rest was given to the soldiers, exhausted with toil and fighting; and several beasts of burden, which had fallen down among the rocks, by following the track of the army, arrived at the camp. A fall of snow—it being now the season of the setting of the constellation of the Pleiades—caused great fear to the soldiers, already worn out with weariness of so many hardships.

On the standards being moved forward at daybreak, when the army proceeded slowly over all places entirely blocked up with snow, and languor and despair strongly appeared in the countenances of all, Hannibal, having advanced before the standards, and ordered the soldiers to halt on a certain eminence, whence there was a prospect far and wide, points out to them Italy and the plains of the Po, extending themselves beneath the

Alpine mountains; and said that they were now surmounting not only the ramparts of Italy, but also of the city of Rome; that the rest of the journey would be smooth and down hill; that after one, or at most a second battle, they would have the citadel and capital of Italy in their power and possession.

The army then began to advance; the enemy now making no attempts beyond petty thefts, as opportunity offered. But the journey proved much more difficult than it had been in the ascent, as the declivity of the Alps being generally shorter on the side of Italy, is consequently steeper. Nearly all the road was precipitous, narrow, and slippery, so that neither those who made the least stumble could prevent themselves from falling, nor, when fallen, remain in the same place; but rolled, both men and beasts of burden, one upon another.

They then came to a rock much more narrow, and formed of such perpendicular ledges that a light-armed soldier—carefully making the attempt, and clinging with his hands to the bushes and roots around—could with difficulty lower himself down. The ground, even before very steep by nature, had been broken by a recent falling away of the earth into a precipice of nearly a thousand feet in depth. Here, when the cavalry had halted, as if at the end of their journey, it is announced to Hannibal, wondering what had obstructed the march, that the rock was impassable. Having then gone himself to view the place, it seemed clear to him that he must lead his army round it, by however great a circuit, through the pathless and untrodden regions around.

But this route also proved impracticable; for while the new snow of a moderate depth remained on the old, which had not been removed, their footsteps were planted with ease, as they walked upon the new snow, which was soft, and not too deep; but when it was dissolved by the trampling of so many men and beasts of burden, they then walked on the bare ice below, and through a dirty fluid formed by the melting snow.

Here there was a wretched struggle, both on account of the slippery ice not affording any foothold to the step, and giving away beneath the foot the more readily

by reason of the slope; and whether they assisted themselves in rising by their hands or their knees, their supports themselves giving way, they would tumble again. Nor were there any stumps or roots near, by pressing against which one might with hand or foot support himself; so that they only floundered on the smooth ice and amid the melted snow. The beasts of burden also cut into this lower ice by merely treading upon it; at others they broke it completely through by the violence with which they struck it with their hoofs in their struggling; so that most of them, as if taken in a trap, stuck in the hardened and deeply frozen ice.

At length, after the men and beasts of burden had been fatigued to no purpose, the camp was pitched on the summit, and the soldiers were set to make a way down the cliff, by which alone a passage could be effected; and it being necessary that they should cut through the rocks, having felled and lopped a number of large trees which grew around, they make a huge pile of timber; and as soon as a strong wind fit for exciting the flames arose, they set fire to it; and pouring vinegar on the heated stones, they rendered them soft and crumbling. They then open a way with iron instruments through the rock thus heated by the fire, and soften its declivities by gentle windings, so that not only the beasts of burden, but also the elephants, could be led down it.

Four days were spent about this rock, the beasts nearly perishing through hunger; for the summits of the mountains are for the most part bare, and if there is any pasture the snows bury it. The lower parts contain valleys, and some sunny hills, and rivulets flowing beside woods, and scenes more worthy of the abode of man. There the beasts of burden were sent out to pasture, and rest given for three days to the men, fatigued with forming the passage. They then descended into the plains—the country and the disposition of the inhabitants being now less rugged.

In this manner chiefly they came to Italy in the fifth month, having crossed the Alps in fifteen days. What number of forces Hannibal had when he passed into Italy, is by no means agreed upon by authors. Those

who state them at the highest make mention of 100,000 foot and 20,000 horse; those who state them at the lowest, of 20,000 foot and 6,000 horse. Lucius Cincius Alimentus would influence me most as an authority, did he not confound the number by adding the Gauls and Ligurians. Including these (who, it is more probable, flocked to him afterward—and so some authors assert), he says that 80,000 foot and 10,000 horse were brought into Italy; and that he had heard from Hannibal himself that after crossing the Rhone he had lost 36,000 men, and an immense number of horses and other beasts of burden, among the Taurini, the next nation to the Gauls, as he descended into Italy.—*Annals, Book XXI.; translation of SPILLAN and EDMONDS.*

THE DEATH OF HANNIBAL.

He had always anticipated some such end to his life [being delivered up to the Romans]; both because he knew the unrelenting hatred the Romans bore him, and because he had little faith in the honor of princes. He had taken refuge with Prusias, King of Bithynia; and the Roman General Flaminius demanded his death or rendition to them. He asked a slave for the poison which he had for some time kept ready for such an emergency. "Let us free Rome from this anxiety," said he, "since they think it long to wait for an old man's death." [His age was only forty-five.] "The triumph which Flaminius will win over an unarmed and aged man is neither great or glorious; verily, this moment bears witness that the character of the Roman people has somewhat changed. Their fathers, when King Pyrrhus—an armed enemy—lay camped in Italy, forewarned him to beware of poison. These present men have sent one of their Consulars on such an errand as this—to urge Prusias to the base murder of his guest."

Then launching execrations against Prusias and his kingdom, and calling on the gods to witness his breach of faith and hospitalities, he swallowed the draught. Such was the end of Hannibal.—*Annals, Chap. XXXIX.; translation of COLLINS.*



LLOYD, DAVID DEMAREST, an American journalist and playwright, born in New York City in 1851, and died in New Jersey in 1889. He was educated at the College of New York, and in early life became a reporter for the *Tribune*. He was private secretary to Chief-Justice Chase from 1871 until the death of the latter, in 1873, when he became one of the editors of the *Tribune*. He went to Albany as correspondent for his paper, and displayed much zeal and enterprise in the exposure of the "canal ring" in 1875. He wrote many articles for the magazines. Of his plays, *For Congress* appeared on the stage in 1883; *The Woman Hater* in 1885; *The Dominie's Daughter* in 1887; *The Senator* in 1889.

CHUNKALUNK'S SIXTY VOTES.

Anna.—Will papa be nominated?

Limber.—Papa will be nominated unanimously. You know the old phrase—as old Chunkalunk goes, so goes the Union. Well, old Chunkalunk, in spite of their banner there, were a little uncertain as to whom they'd give their sixty votes to. But they have agreed, in consideration of—ahem!—of Peter Woolley's many eminent qualities, to give him their sixty votes. It took me some time, but it's all settled.

Anna.—Why, here's papa now.

Woolley (entering).—Anna! What's all this about? What does it mean?

Anna.—It's the convention, papa. We thought no one would see us, and we were so anxious.

Woolley.—What, the convention? Oh, I must go right away! I haven't done half the work in the garden this morning.

Anna.—Now, wait, papa. General Limber has told us you will surely be nominated.

Woolley.—Dear! dear!

Anna.—Yes, Chunk—a—lunk—yes, that's it, Chunkalunk County is going to give you all its sixty votes!

Woolley.—I hope they won't do it now.

Anna.—Now, wait, papa.

Pelham (entering).—Twenty for Woolley. (*Exit.*)

Woolley.—What a start he gave me! I must go. I had no idea politics were so noisy.

Miss G.—What are your views on woman suffrage?

Woolley.—I haven't got any. (*Exit.*)

Charles Montgomery (entering).—Why, Anna, I just heard of this a few moments ago. I had no idea your father thought of running for Congress! I expect every moment to hear whom the other convention have nominated.

Voices (outside).—Sixty votes for Zephaniah Miggs!

Miss G. (shouting).—Sixty votes for Miggs!

Julia.—I wonder what that meant.

Pelham (entering).—I say, where's Limber? There's something wrong. There's a stampede for Miggs. Miggs is getting all the votes.

All.—Limmer! Limber! Where's Limber? (*Limmer enters.*)

Pelham.—Something's wrong. Chunkalunk County gave sixty votes for Miggs!

Limmer.—What! Grand old Chunkalunk?

Pelham.—Yes and they're all voting for Miggs. (*Exit.*)

Limmer.—Bill Dey's gone back on my bid! But I'll beat him yet. (*Exit.*)

Pelham (entering shouting).—Twenty more for Miggs!

Limmer (off the stage).—Boys, I appeal to your patriotism and intelligence. (*Shout.*) You've lots of both (*Shout "Yes!"*) Will you hesitate between the Honorable Peter Woolley and the infamous Miggs? ("No!") Remember, you are performing a momentous duty. The eyes of the world are on you. This is the hour of

your country's peril, and the very crisis of her fate.
(*Loud shouts.*)

Pelham (entering).—He's making a most eloquent speech. I don't believe there's a fellow in our club ever made such a speech.

Julia.—Too late!

Miss G.—I wonder if he will defeat Miggs.

Anna.—Hark.

Voice (outside).—Three cheers for Zephaniah Miggs!
(*A feeble shout.*)

Pelham.—That wasn't much of a cheer for Miggs.

Voice (outside).—Three cheers for Peter Woolley!
(*Loud cheers.*)

Pelham.—I say, that meant something. (*Exit.*)

Mike (entering).—Oh, Mr. Charles, the other convention have just up and nominated you for Congress.
(*Exit.*)

Charles.—What! Me? No, it can't be!

Anna.—Oh, Charles! You and papa running against each other!

Charles.—I don't know what to make of it at all.

Pelham (entering).—I say, they're changing their votes back to Woolley. Limber is swinging the convention right around. Chunkalunk County gives sixty votes to Peter Woolley.—*From For Congress.*





LOCKE, DAVID ROSS, an American humorist and journalist, was born at Vestal, Broome County, N. Y., September 20, 1833; died February 15, 1888. While editing the *Jeffersonian* at Findlay, Ohio, he began the publication, in 1860, of a series of political satires purporting to be letters from one "Petroleum V. Nasby," a Kentucky Democrat, who desired free whiskey, the perpetuation of slavery, and an appointment for himself as postmaster of "Confedrit X Roads." He edited successively many papers, principal of which was the *Toledo Blade*; and was author of *Divers Views; Opinions and Prophccics of Yours Truly; Swingin' Round the Circle; Nasby in Exile*.

Charles F. Richardson, in a chapter on "Borderlands of American Literature," says of Locke's greatest character: "Nasby's unblushing candor of rascality, and his unswerving fidelity to his simple principles of personal and political selfishness, make him a perennial figure in politics; so Nasby, in the shifting scenes following the Civil War has not become a wearisome or unprofitable figure. In him we see vicious and low political motives stripped of their pretences, and therefore we recognize a figure that points a moral as well as raises a laugh."

MR. NASBY LOSES HIS POST-OFFICE.

ON A FARM, THREE MILES FROM CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(wich is in the Stait uv Kentucky),
June 29, 1869.

The die is cast! The guilloteen hez fallen! I am no longer Postmaster at Confedrit X Roads, wich is in the Stait uv Kentucky. The place wich knowd me wunst will know me no more forever; the paper wich Deekin Pogram takes will be handed out by a nigger; a nigger will hev the openin uv letters addressed to parties residin hereabouts, containin remittances; a nigger will hev the riflin uv letters adrest to lottry managers, and extractin the sweets therefrom; a nigger will be— But I can't dwell upon the disgustin theme no longer.

I hed bin in Washington two weeks assistin the Cau-cashens uv that city to put their foot upon the heads uv the cussed niggers who ain't content to accept the situashen and remain what they alluz hev bin, inferior beins.

On my arrival at the Corners, I knew to-wunst that suthin wuz wrong. The bottles behind the bar wuz draped in black; the barrels wuz festooned gloomily (wich is our yoosual method of expressin grief at public calamities), and the premises generally wore a funeral aspeck.

"Wat is it?" gasped I. Bascom returned not a word, but waved his hand toward the Post offis.

Rushin thither, I bustid open the door, and reeled almost agin the wall. AT THE GENERAL DELIVERY WUZ THE GRINNIN FACE UV A NIGGER! and settin in my chair wuz Joe Bigler, with Pollock beside him, smokin pipes, and laffin over suthin in a noose-paper.

Bigler caught site uv me, and dartin out, pulled me inside them hitherto sacred precinks.

"Permit me," said he, jeeringly, "to introdoose you to yoor successor, Mr. Ceezer Lubby."

"MY SUCCESSOR! Wat does this mean?"

"Show him, Ceezer!"

And the nigger, every tooth in his head shinin, handed me a commishn dooly made out and signed. It arrived the day after I left, and Isaker Gavitt, who dis-

tribbited the mail, gave it to the cuss. Pollock made out the bonds and went onto em himself, and in ten days the commishn come all reglar, whereupon Bigler backt the nigger and took forcible possession uv the office. While I wuz absent they hed hed a perceshun in honor uv the joyful event, sed perceshun consistin uv Pollock, Bigler, and the new Postmaster, who marched through the streets with the stars and stripes, banners and sich. Bigler carried the flag and played the fife; Pollock carried a banner with an inscripshen onto it, "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea," and played the bass drum; while the nigger bore aloft a banner inscribed, "Where Afric's sunny fountains roll down their golden sands," with his commission pinned onto it, playin in addishen a pair uv anshent cymbals. Bigler remarkt that the perceshun created a positive sensashun at the Corners, wich I shoold think it wood. "It wuzn't," sed the tormentin cuss, "very much like the grand percession wich took place when yoo received yoor commishn. Then the whites at the Corners wuz elated, for they spected to git wat yoo owed em in doo time, and the niggers wuz correspondingly deprest. They slunk into by-ways and side-ways; they didn't hold up their heads, and they dusted out ez fast ez they cood git. At this percession there wuz a change. The niggers lined the streets ez we passed, grinnin exultingly, and the whites wuz deprest correspondingly.

My arrival hevin become known, by the time I got back to Bascom's all my friends hed gathered there. There wuzn't a dry eye among em; and ez I thot uv the joys once tasted, but now forever fled, mine moistened likewise. There wuz a visible change in their manner toward me. They regarded me with solisitood, but I cood discern that the solisitood wuz not so much for me ez for themselves.

"Wat shel I do?" I askt. "Suthin must be devised, for I can't starve."

"Pay me wat yoo owe me!" ejakelatid Bascom.

"Pay me wat yoo owe me!" ejakelatid Deekin Pogram, and the same remark wuz made by all uv them with wonderful yoonanimity. Whatever differences uv

opinyun ther mite be on other topics, on this they wuz all agreed.

"Gentlemen!" I commenced, backing out into a corner, "is this generous? Is this the treatment I hev a right to expect? Is this——"

I shoold hev gone on at length, but jist at that minnit Pollock, Joe Bigler, and the new Postmaster entered.

"I hev biznis!" sed the Postmaster; "not agreeable biznis, but it's my offishel dooty to perform it."

At the word "offishel," comin from his lips, I groaned, wich wuz ekkoed by those present.

"I have in my hand," continyood he, "de bond given by my predecessor, onto wich is de names uv George W. Bascom, Elkanah Pogram, Hugh McPelter, and Seth Pennibacker, ez sureties. In dis oder hand I hold a skedool ob de property belongin to de 'partment wich wuz turned ober to him by his predecessor, consistin of table, chairs, boxes, locks, bags, et settry, wid sundry dollars worf of stamps, paper, twine, etc. None ob dis post-offis property, turned over to my predecessor by his predecessor, is to be found in de offis, and de objick ob dis visit is to notify yoo dat onless immejit payment be made uv de amount thereof, I am directed by de 'partment to bring soot to-wunst against the said sureties."

Never before did I so appreciate A. Johnson and his Postmaster-General Randall. Under their administrashen wat Postmaster wuz ever pulled up for steelin anythin? Eko ansers. This wuz the feather that broke the camel's back. . . .

Uv course I can't go back to the Corners under egg-sistin circumstances. It woud be uncomfortable for me to live there ez matters hev terminated. I shel make my way to Washington, and shel see if I can't git myself electid ez Manager of a Labor Assosation, and so make a livin till there comes a change in the Administrashen. I woud fasten myself on A. Johnson, but unforchnitly there ain't enuff in him to tie to. I woud ez soon think uv tyin myself to a car wheel in a storm at sea.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

(wich wuz Post Master).



LOCKE, JOHN, an English philosopher, born at Wrington, Somerset, August 29, 1632; died at Oates, High Laver, Essex, October 28, 1704. After studying at Westminster School, he entered Christ Church College, Oxford, where he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1655, and where he continued to reside until 1664, when he became secretary to an embassy to the Electoral Court of Brandenburg. Returning to England after a year, he was for some time in doubt whether to continue in the diplomatic profession, to study medicine, or to take Orders in the Church. In fact, though he became neither a physician nor a clergyman, he entered deeply into both medicine and theology.

In 1669 he was employed by Lord Ashley, afterward Earl of Shaftesbury, to draw up a series of fundamental laws for the government of the colony of Carolina, which had been granted to Ashley and seven others. In 1682 Shaftesbury was impeached of high treason, and took refuge in Holland, whither he was soon followed by Locke, whose name was by the order of the King stricken from the roll of Oxford students. While residing at Utrecht he wrote his noble essay on *Toleration*, the cardinal principle of which is that the state has to do only with civil matters, and should therefore tolerate all modes of worship not immoral in

their nature or involving doctrines inimical to good government. Returning to England in the same fleet which brought over the Princess of Orange, he received the office of Commissioner of Appeals, with a salary of £200; and in 1695 he was made one of the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations, a place worth £1,000 a year.

The writings of Locke, which cover a wide range of topics, have been many times published, the most complete edition, in ten octavo volumes, appearing in 1823. His celebrity as a philosopher, however, rests mainly upon his two treatises, the *Essay on Human Understanding*, and the shorter work entitled *The Conduct of the Understanding*. The former of these works was commenced as early as 1670, was finished in 1687, but not published until 1690. Of this work Sir James Mackintosh says: "Few books have contributed more to rectify prejudice, to undermine established errors, to diffuse a just mode of thinking, to excite a fearless spirit of inquiry, and yet to contain it within the boundaries which Nature has prescribed to the human understanding. If Bacon first discovered the rules by which knowledge is improved, Locke has most contributed to make mankind at large observe them. If Locke made few discoveries, Socrates made none; yet both did more for the improvement of the understanding, and not less for the process of knowledge, than the authors of the most brilliant discoveries."

Of *The Conduct of the Understanding* Mr. Hallam says: "I cannot think any parent or instructor justified in neglecting to put this little treatise in

the hands of a boy about the time when the reasoning faculties become developed. It will give him a sober and serious, not flippant or self-conceited, independency of thinking, and while it teaches how to distrust ourselves, and to watch those prejudices which necessarily grow up from one cause or another, will inspire a reasonable confidence in what has been well considered."

The Conduct of the Understanding is divided into about fifty short "Sections."

SCHOOL LOGIC AND THE UNDERSTANDING.

The last resort a man has recourse to in the conduct of himself is his Understanding; for though we distinguish the faculties of the mind, and give the supreme command to the Will, as to an agent, yet the truth is, the man, which is the agent, determines himself to this or that voluntary action upon some precedent knowledge, or appearance of knowledge, in the Understanding. No man ever sets himself about anything but upon some view or other which serves him as a reason for what he does; and, whatsoever faculties he employs, the Understanding, with such light as it has—well or ill informed—constantly leads; by that light, true or false, all his operative powers are directed. The Will itself, how absolute and uncontrollable soever it may be thought—never fails in its obedience to the dictates of the Understanding. The ideas and images in men's minds are the visible powers that constantly govern them, and to these they all universally pay a ready submission. It is therefore of the highest concernment that great care should be taken of the Understanding, to conduct it rightly in the pursuit of knowledge, and the judgments it makes.

The Logic now in use has so long possessed the chair as the only art taught in the schools for the direction of the mind in the study of the arts and sciences that it would perhaps be thought an affectation of novelty to

suspect that the rules which have served the learned world these two or three thousand years, and which, without any complaint or defect, the learned have rested in, are not sufficient to guide the Understanding. And I should not doubt but that this attempt would be censured as vanity or presumption, did not the great Lord Verulam's authority justify it : who not thinking learning could not be advanced beyond what it was, because for many ages it had not been, did not rest in the lazy approbation and applause of what was, because it was, but enlarged his mind to what might be.

In his Preface to his *Novum Organum* he says : "They who attributed so much to Logic (*Dialectica*) perceived very well and truly that it was not safe to trust the Understanding to itself without the guard of any rules. But the remedy reached not the evil, but became a part of it ; for the Logic which took place—though it might do well enough in civil affairs and the arts which consisted in talk and opinion—yet comes very short of subtilty in the real performances of Nature ; and catching at what it cannot reach, has served to confirm and establish errors rather than open a way to truth." And therefore, a little after, he says : "*Necessario requiritur ut melior et perfectior mentis et intellectus humani introducatur*—It is absolutely necessary that a better and perfecter use and employment of the Mind and Understanding should be introduced."—*The Conduct of the Understanding, Sect. I.*

NATURAL PARTS.

There is, it is visible, great variety in men's understandings, and their natural constitutions put so wide a difference between some men in this respect that art and industry would never be able to master ; and their very natures seem to want a foundation to raise on it that which other men easily attain to. Among men of equal education there is a great inequality of parts. And the woods of America, as well as the schools of Athens, produce men of several abilities in the same kind.

Though this be so, yet I imagine most men come very short of what they might attain unto in their several degrees, by a neglect of their understandings. A few

rules of logic are thought sufficient in this case for those who pretend to the highest improvements; whereas I think there are a great many natural defects in the understanding capable of amendment which are overlooked and wholly neglected.—*The Conduct of the Understanding, Sect. II.*

THEOLOGY.

There is, indeed, one science—as they are now distinguished—incomparably above all the rest, where it is not by corruption narrowed into a trade or faction, for mean or ill ends and secular interests. I mean Theology, which, containing the knowledge of God and his creatures, our duty to Him and our fellow-creatures, and a view of our present and future state, is the comprehension of all the other knowledge directed to its true end: *i.e.*, the honor and veneration of the Creator, and the happiness of mankind.

This is that noble study which is every man's duty, and everyone that can be called a rational creature can be capable of. The works of Nature and the words of Revelation display it, too, in characters so large and visible that those who are quite blind may in them read and see the first principles and the most necessary parts of it, and penetrate into those infinite depths filled with the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. This is that science which would truly enlarge men's minds were it studied, or permitted to be studied, everywhere, with that freedom, love of truth, and charity which it teaches; and were not made, contrary to its nature, the occasion of strife, faction or malignity and narrow impositions. I shall say no more here of this, but that it is undoubtedly a wrong use of my Understanding to make it the rule, and measure of another man's—a use which it is neither fit for, nor capable of.—*The Conduct of the Understanding, Sect. XXIII.*

FUNDAMENTAL VERITIES.

The mind of man being very narrow, and so slow in making acquaintance of things and taking in new truths, that no man is capable, in a much longer life than ours, to know all truths, it becomes our prudence, in our search after knowledge, to employ our thoughts about

fundamental and material questions, carefully avoiding those that are trifling.

How much of many young men's time is thrown away in purely logical inquiries, I need not mention. This is no better than if a man who was to be a painter should spend all his time in examining the threads of the several cloths he is to paint upon, and counting the hairs of each pencil and brush he intends to use in the laying on of his colors. Nay, it is much worse than for a young painter to spend his apprenticeship in such useless niceties; for he, at the end of all his pains to no purpose, finds that it is not painting, nor any help to it, and so is really to no purpose. Whereas, men designed for scholars have often their heads so filled and warmed with disputes on logical questions that they take these airy, useless notions for real and substantial knowledge, and think their understandings so well furnished with science that they need not look any farther into the nature of things, or descend to the mechanical drudgery of experiment and inquiry.

This is so obvious a mismanagement of the Understanding, and that in the professed way to knowledge, that it could not be passed by; to which might be joined abundance of questions and the way of handling them in schools. What faults in particular of this kind every man is or may be guilty of, would be infinite to enumerate. It suffices to have shown that superficial and slight discoveries and observations, that contain nothing of moment in themselves, nor serve as clews to lead us into farther knowledge, should be lightly passed by, and never thought worth our searching after.

There are fundamental truths which lie at the bottom, the basis upon which a great many others rest, and in which they have their consistency. These are teeming truths, rich in store with which they furnish the mind; and, like the lights of heaven, they are not only beautiful in themselves, but give light and evidence to other things that, without them, could not be seen or known. Such is that admirable discovery of Mr. Newton, that all bodies gravitate to one another, which may be counted as the basis of natural philosophy; which, of what use it is to the understanding of the great frame

of our solar system he has, to the astonishment of the learned world, shown; and how much farther it would guide us in other things, if rightly pursued, is not known.

Our Saviour's great rule, that we should love our neighbor as ourselves, is such a fundamental truth for the regulating of human society that I think that by that alone one might without difficulty determine all the cases and doubts in social morality. These, and such as these, are the truths we should endeavor to find out and store our minds with.—*The Conduct of the Understanding, Sect. XLIII.*

BOTTOMING.

The consideration of the necessity of searching into fundamental verities leads me to another thing in the conduct of the Understanding that is no less necessary, viz.: To accustom ourselves, in any question proposed, to examine and find out upon what it bottoms.

Most of the difficulties that come in our way, when well considered and traced, lead us to some proposition—which, known to be true, clears the doubt, and gives an easy solution to the question; while topical and superficial arguments—of which there is store to be found on both sides—filling the head with variety of thoughts, and the mouth with copious discourse, serve only to amuse the understanding, and entertain company, without coming to the bottom of the question—the only place of rest and stability for an inquisitive mind, whose tendency is only to truth and knowledge.

For example, if it be demanded whether the Grand Seignior can lawfully take what he will from any of his people? This question cannot be resolved without coming to a certainty whether all men are naturally equal: for upon that it turns; and that truth well settled in the understanding, and carried in the mind through the various debates concerning the various rights of men in society, will go a great way in putting an end to them, and showing on which side the truth is.—*The Conduct of the Understanding, Sect. XLIV.*



LOCKHART, JOHN GIBSON, a Scottish biographer, born at Cambusnethan, July 14, 1794; died at Abbotsford, November 25, 1854. He studied at the University of Edinburgh and at Balliol College, Oxford, and in 1816 was called to the bar of Edinburgh. In 1820 he married a daughter of Sir Walter Scott. In 1826 he succeeded Sir John T. Coleridge as editor of the London *Quarterly Review*, which he conducted until 1853. As early as 1817 he became a regular contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, his most notable contribution to which was *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, some of which, however, were the production of Wilson, while Lockhart wrote portions of Wilson's *Christopher in his Tent*, and *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. Lockhart wrote several novels, the best of which are, *Adam Blair*, and *Reginald Dalton*. His spirited translations of the *Ancient Spanish Ballads*, most of which had previously appeared in *Blackwood*, were collected into a volume in 1823. The principal of his other works are: *Life of Robert Burns* (1828); *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte* (1829); *Life of Sir Walter Scott* (7 vols., 1836-38).

BURNS ON HIS FARM AT ELLISLAND.

It is difficult to imagine anything more beautiful, more noble, than what such a person as Mrs. Dunlop might at this period be supposed to contemplate as the prob-

able tenor of Robert Burns's life. What fame can bring of happiness he had already tasted ; he had overleaped, by the force of his genius, all the painful barriers of society ; and there was probably not a man in Scotland who would not have thought himself honored by seeing Burns under his roof. He had it in his own power to place his poetical reputation on a level with the very highest names, by proceeding in the same course of study and exertion which had originally raised him into public notice and admiration. Surrounded by an affectionate family, occupied, but not engrossed, by the agricultural labors in which his youth and early manhood had delighted, communing with nature in one of the loveliest districts of his native land, and, from time to time, producing to the world some immortal addition to his verse—thus advancing in years and in fame, with what respect would not Burns have been thought of ; how venerable in the eyes of his contemporaries—how hallowed in those of after-generations—would have been the roof of Ellisland, the field on which he “bound every day after his reapers,” the solemn river by which he delighted to wander ! The plain of Bannockburn would hardly have been holier ground.—*Life of Burns.*

CHILDREN OF GREAT MEN.

The children of illustrious men begin the world with great advantages, if they know how to use them ; but this is hard and rare. There is risk that in the flush of youth, favorable to all illusions, the filial pride may be twisted to personal vanity. When experience checks this misgrowth, it is apt to do so with a severity that shall reach the best sources of moral and intellectual development. The great sons of great fathers have been few. It is usual to see their progeny smiled at through life for stilted pretension, or despised, at best pitied, for an inactive, inglorious humility. The shadow of the oak is broad, but noble plants seldom rise within that circle. It was fortunate for the sons of Scott that his day darkened in the morning of theirs. The sudden calamity anticipated the natural effect of observation and the collisions of society and business. All weak,

unmanly folly was nipped in the bud, and soon withered to the root. They were both remarkably modest men, but in neither had the better stimulus of the blood been arrested.—*Life of Scott.*

THE BROADSWORDS OF SCOTLAND.

Now there's peace on the shore, now there's calm on
the sea,

Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.

Oh the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Old Sir Ralph Abercromby, the good and the brave—
Let him flee from our board, let him sleep with the
slave,

Whose libation comes slow while we honor his grave.

Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Though he died not, like him, amid victory's roar,
Though disaster and gloom wove his shroud on the shore,
Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore.

Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Yea, a place with the fallen the living shall claim ;
We'll entwine in one wreath every glorious name—
The Gordon, the Ramsay, the Hope, and the Graham.

All the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves of the
Forth,

Count the stars in the clear, cloudless heaven of the
north ;

Then go blazon their numbers, their names and their
worth.

All the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

The highest in splendor, the humblest in place,
Stand united in glory, as kindred in race,
For the private is brother in blood to his grace.

*Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!*

Then sacred to each and all let it be
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.

*Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!*

EULOGY UPON CAPTAIN PATON.

His waistcoat, coat and breeches, were cut off the same
web,
Of a beautiful snuff-color, of a modest gentry drab ;
The blue stripe in his stocking round his neat, slim leg
did go ;
And his ruffles of the cambric fine, they were whiter
than the snow.

Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

His hair was curled in order, at the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart that down his ears
did run ;
And before there was a toupee, that some inches up did
grow ;
And behind there was a long queue, that did o'er his
shoulders flow.

Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

And whenever we foregathered, he took off his wee three
oockit,
And he proffered you his snuff-box, which he drew from
his side-pocket,
And on Burdett or Bonaparte he would make a remark
or so ;
And then along the plainstones like a provost he would
go.

Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!



LOCKYER, JOSEPH NORMAN, English astronomer, was born at Rugby, Warwickshire, May 17, 1836. He was educated at private schools in England, and on the Continent, and studied at the Sorbonne, in Paris. In 1857 he became a clerk in the War Office. In 1870 he was appointed Secretary of the Royal Commission on Scientific Instruction and the Advancement of Science, and in 1875 was transferred to the Science and Art Department. He first became well known in 1866 by his discovery of a new method of observing the red flames or gases about the sun. He and Jansen, working independently of each other, made the discovery and applied the methods at about the same time. To commemorate this discovery, the French government struck a medal in 1872. In 1869 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1878 he was made a member of the Solar Physics Committee, and Professor of Astronomical Physics in the Royal College of Science in 1881. He was at the head of the Eclipse Expeditions sent to Sicily in 1870, to India in 1871, to Egypt in 1882, and to the West Indies in 1886. He has published *Elementary Lessons in Astronomy* (1870); *Contributions to Solar Physics* (1873); *The Spectroscope and Its Applications* (1873); *Primer of Astronomy* (1874); *Studies in Spectrum Analysis and Star Gazing Past and Present* (1878); *The Chemistry*

of the Sun (1887); *The Movements of the Earth* (1887); *The Meteoritic Hypothesis* (1890); *The Dawn of Astronomy* (1894), and served as editor of *Nature*.

THE VEDAS.

Let us consider for a moment what were the first conditions under which the stars and the sun would be observed. There was no knowledge, but we can very well understand that there was much awe, and fear, and wonder. Man then possessed no instruments, and the eyes and the minds of the early observers were absolutely untrained. Further, night to them seemed almost death—no man could work; for them there was no electric light, to say nothing of candles; so that in the absence of the moon the night reigned like death over every land. There is no necessity for us to go far into this matter by trying to put ourselves into the places of these early peoples; we have only to look at the records: they speak clearly for themselves.

But the Vedas speak fully, while as yet information on this special point is relatively sparse from the other regions. It is wise, therefore, to begin with India, whence the first complete revelations of this kind came. Max Müller and others during recent years have brought before us an immense amount of most interesting information of the highest importance for our present subject.

They tell us that 1,500 years B.C. there was a ritual, a set of hymns called the Veda (*Veda* meaning "knowledge"). These hymns were written in Sanskrit, which a few years ago was almost an unknown language; we know now that it turns out to be the nearest relation to our English tongue. The thoughts and feelings expressed in these early hymns contain the first roots and germs of that intellectual growth which connects our own generation with the ancestors of the Aryan races—"those very people who, as we now learn from the Vedas, at the rising and the setting of the sun, listened with trembling hearts to the sacred songs chanted by their priests. The Veda, in fact, is the oldest book in

which we can study the first beginnings of our language and of everything which is embodied in all the languages under the sun." The oldest, most primitive, most simple form of Aryan Nature-worship finds expression in this wonderful hymnal, which doubtless brings before us the rituals of the Ancient Aryan populations, represented also by the Medes and Persians.—*The Dawn of Astronomy*.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The summer solstice—that is, the 20th of June, the longest day—was the most important time of the Egyptian year, as it marked the rise of the all-fertilizing Nile. It was really New Year's Day. It has been pointed out, times without number, that the inscriptions indicate that by far the most important astronomical event in Egyptian history was the rising of the star Sirius at this precise time.

Now, it seems as if among all ancient peoples each sunrise, each return of the sun—or of the sun-god—was hailed, and most naturally, as a resurrection from the sleep—the death—of night: with the returning sun, man found himself again in full possession of his powers of living, of doing, of enjoying. The sun-god had conquered death; man was again alive. Light and warmth returned with the dawn in those favored Eastern climes where man then was, and the dawn itself was a sight, a sensation, in which everything conspired to suggest awe and gratitude, and to thrill the emotions of even uncivilized man.

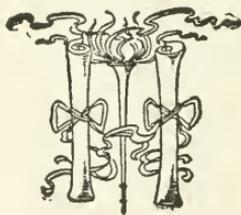
What wonder, then, that sunrise was the chief time of prayer and thankfulness? But prayer to the sun-god meant, then, sacrifice; and here a practical detail comes in, apparently a note of discord, but really the true germ of our present knowledge of the starry heavens which surround us.

To make the sacrifice at that instant of sunrise, preparations had to be made, beasts had to be slaughtered, and a ritual had to be followed; this required time, and a certain definite quantity of it. To measure this, the only means available then was to watch the rising of a star, the first glimmer of which past experi-

ence had shown to precede sunrise by just that amount of time which the ritual demanded for the various functions connected with the sunrise sacrifice.

This, perhaps, went on every morning, but beyond all question the most solemn ceremonial of this nature in the whole year was that which took place on New Year's morning, or the great festival of the Nile-rising and summer solstice, the 1st of Thoth. Besides the morning ceremonial there were processions of the gods during the day.

How long these morning and special yearly ceremonials went on before the dawn of history we, of course, have no knowledge. Nor are the stars thus used certainly known to us. Of course any star would do which rose at the appropriate time before the sun itself, whether the star was located in the northern or in the southern heavens. But in historic times there is no doubt whatever about the star so used. The warning-star watched by the Egyptians at Thebes, certainly 3,000 B.C., was Sirius, the brightest of them all, and there is complete evidence that Sirius was not the star first so used.—*The Dawn of Astronomy.*





LODGE, HENRY CABOT, an American editor, historian, biographer, and politician, born in Boston May 12, 1850. He edited the *North American Review* (1873 to 1876), and the *International Review* (1879 to 1881). He has been prominently connected with Republican conventions, and with various literary, educational, and historical institutions; and was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature 1880 and 1881. He was a member of the House of Representatives from 1886 to 1893, and was then elected to the United States Senate. His published works include: *Life and Letters of Great-grandfather George Cabot* (1877); *Short History of English Colonies in America* (1881); *Life of Alexander Hamilton* (1882); *Life of Daniel Webster* (1883); *Studies in History* (1884). He wrote for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* the article "Albert Gallatin;" and has edited the *Works of Alexander Hamilton*, in 9 volumes, besides selections of *Popular Tales and Ballads and Lyrics*.

THE REAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Once more, what is it to be an American? Putting aside all the outer shows of dress and manners, social customs and physical peculiarities, is it not to believe in America and in the American people? Is it not to have an abiding and moving faith in the future and in the destiny of America—something above and beyond the patriotism and love which every man whose soul is not dead within him feels for the land of his birth? Is it not to be national and not sectional; independent and not

colonial ; is it not to have a higher conception of what this great new country should be, and to follow out that ideal with loyalty and truth? Has any man in our history fulfilled these conditions more perfectly and completely than George Washington? Has any man ever lived who served the American people more faithfully, or with a higher and truer conception of the destiny and possibilities of the country?

He was the first to rise above all Colonial or State lines, and grasp firmly the conception of a nation to be formed from the thirteen jarring colonies. The necessity of national action in the army was of course at once apparent to him, although not to others ; but he carried the same broad views into widely distant fields, where at the time they wholly escaped notice. It was Washington, oppressed by a thousand cares, who, in the early days of the Revolution, saw the need of Federal Courts for admiralty cases, and for other purposes. It was he who suggested this scheme years before any one even dreamed of the Constitution ; and from the special committees of Congress, formed for this object in accordance with this advice, came, in the process of time, the Federal judiciary of the United States. Even in the early dawn of the Revolution, Washington had clear in his own mind the need of a continental system for war, diplomacy, finance, and law, and he worked steadily to bring this policy to fulfilment. . . .

There must have been something very impressive about a man who, with no pretensions to the art of the orator and with no touch of the charlatan, could so move and affect vast bodies of men by his presence alone. But the people, with the keen eye of affection, looked beyond the mere outward nobility of form. They saw the soldier who had given them victory, the great statesman who had led them out of confusion and faction to order and good government. Party newspapers might rave, but the instinct of the people was never at fault. They loved, trusted and well-nigh worshipped Washington living, and they have honored and revered him with an unchanging fidelity since his death, nearly a century ago.—*American Statesman Series* (1889).



LODGE, THOMAS, an English poet and miscellaneous writer, born at West Ham, near London, about 1556; died of the plague some time in 1625. He was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, and entered Lincoln's Inn; but seems to have led a wild, rollicking, quarrelsome life. In 1589, and again in 1591, he took part in expeditions against the Spaniards in the vicinity of the Azores and the Canaries. It was during the first of these voyages that he wrote his *Rosalynde*, a euphuistic romance, from which Shakespeare took the chief incidents for *As You Like It*. *The Wounds of Civil War* (1594) was a second-rate drama; it was followed by a play entitled *A Looking-Glass for London and England*, written in collaboration with Robert Greene, another dissipated author. It was long thought that Lodge had been an actor; but in 1868 this was effectually disproved by the antiquarian researches of C. M. Ingleby. He is believed, however, to have studied medicine at Avignon, and to have written a *History of the Plague*, which was published in 1603. Twenty-two years later he himself died of the plague. His other writings include *A Fig for Momus* (1595); *Life of William Longbeard*; *History of Robin the Divell*; *Wits Misericie*; *Glaucus and Silla*; a collection of *Poems*, and translations of *Seneca* and *Josephus*.

Collins ranks him "second to Kyd in vigor and boldness of conception," but thinks that "as a drawer of character he unquestionably has the advantage." Hallam considers his poems as "generally full of beauty, grace, and simplicity." Dunlop's *History of Fiction* says that "he is one of the few imitators of Lylie who has atoned for affectation of style by any felicity of genius or invention."

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
 Doth suck his sweet ;
 Now with his wings he plays with me,
 Now with his feet.
 Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
 His bed amidst my tender breast ;
 My kisses are his daily feast,
 And yet he robs me of my feast :
 Ah, Wanton, will ye ?

And, if I sleep, then percheth he
 With pretty flight,
 And makes his pillow of my knee,
 The livelong night,
 Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
 He music plays, if so I sing ;
 He lends me every lovely thing,
 Yet cruel he my heart doth sting :
 Whist, Wanton, still ye.

Else I with roses every day
 Will whip you hence,
 And bind you when you long to play
 For your offence ;
 I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in ;
 I'll make you fast it for your sin ;
 I'll count your power not worth a pin ;
 Alas ! what hereby shall I win,
 If he gainsay me ?

What if I beat the wanton boy
 With many a rod ?
 He will repay me with annoy,
 Because a god.
 Then sit thou safely on my knee,
 And let thy bower my bosom be ;
 Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee
 O Cupid, so thou pity me,
 Spare not, but play thee.

—*From Poems.*

BEAUTY.

Like to the clean in highest sphere,
 Where all imperial glory shines,
 Of self-same color is her hair,
 Whether unfolded or in twines ;
 Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
 Refining heaven by every wink ;
 The gods do fear, when as they glow,
 And I do tremble when I think.
 Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
 That beautifies Aurora's face ;
 Or like the silver crimson shroud
 That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace.
 Her lips are like two budded roses,
 Whom ranks of lilies neighbor nigh ;
 Within which bounds the balm incloses,
 Apt to entice a deity.
 Her neck like to a stately tower,
 Where Love himself imprisoned lies,
 To watch for glances, every hour,
 From her divine and sacred eyes.
 With orient pearl, with ruby red,
 With marble white, with sapphire blue,
 Her body everywhere is fed,
 Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view.
 Nature itself her shape admires ;
 The gods are wounded in her sight ;
 And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
 And at her eyes his brand doth light.

—*From Poems.*



LOGAN, JOHN, a Scottish poet, born at Soutra, East Lothian, 1748; died in December, 1788. He was destined for the ministry and in 1762 began his studies at the University of Edinburgh. After finishing his course Logan became tutor to the well-known Sir John Sinclair at Ulbster, and in 1770 he edited some of the poems of his college friend Michael Bruce. This publication was for the benefit of Bruce's parents, who were in poor circumstances. In order to make up the volume Logan inserted some of his own poems, together with some from other sources. The book consisted of seventeen pieces, eight by Logan, five by Bruce, two by Bruce and Logan, one by Sir James Foulis, and one of which the authorship is unknown. One of the poems by Logan was the *Ode to the Cuckoo*. In 1770 he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, and placed in charge of the pastorate of South Leith. He published *Elements of the Philosophy of History* (1779) and *The Manners and Government of Asia* (1781). He assisted in revising the "Translation and Paraphrases" for public worship. In 1783 he published a tragedy *Runnamede*, which gave offence to the congregation, and he resigned and went to London, where he engaged in the management of the *English Review* and wrote a defence of Warren Hastings.

Edmund Burke sought out Logan and complimented him on his authorship of *To the Cuckoo* "the finest ode in the English language."

TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove,
Thou messenger of Spring !
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear ;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou flit'st thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year.

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.



LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH, an American poet, born at Portland, Me., February 27, 1807; died at Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882. He entered Bowdoin College at fourteen, was graduated in 1825; was tutor there for a short time, and in 1826 was appointed Professor of Modern Languages. He then went to Europe, where he studied three years; returning late in 1829, he entered upon his duties as Professor. In 1835 he was chosen to succeed George Ticknor as Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard College. He established himself in the old Craigie House, which had been Washington's headquarters in 1775-76, which continued to be his home during the remainder of his life. He resigned his professorship in 1854. While a student at Bowdoin he contributed several short poems to the Boston *Literary Gazette*, which were afterward brought together under the title of *Earlier Poems*. While Professor at Bowdoin he contributed several papers to the *North American Review*, one of which, on "The Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain," contained his translation of the *Coplas de Manrique*.

Although Longfellow is most distinctively known as a poet, he wrote much graceful prose. Besides his college prelections and contributions to the *North American Review* he published *Outre*

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.
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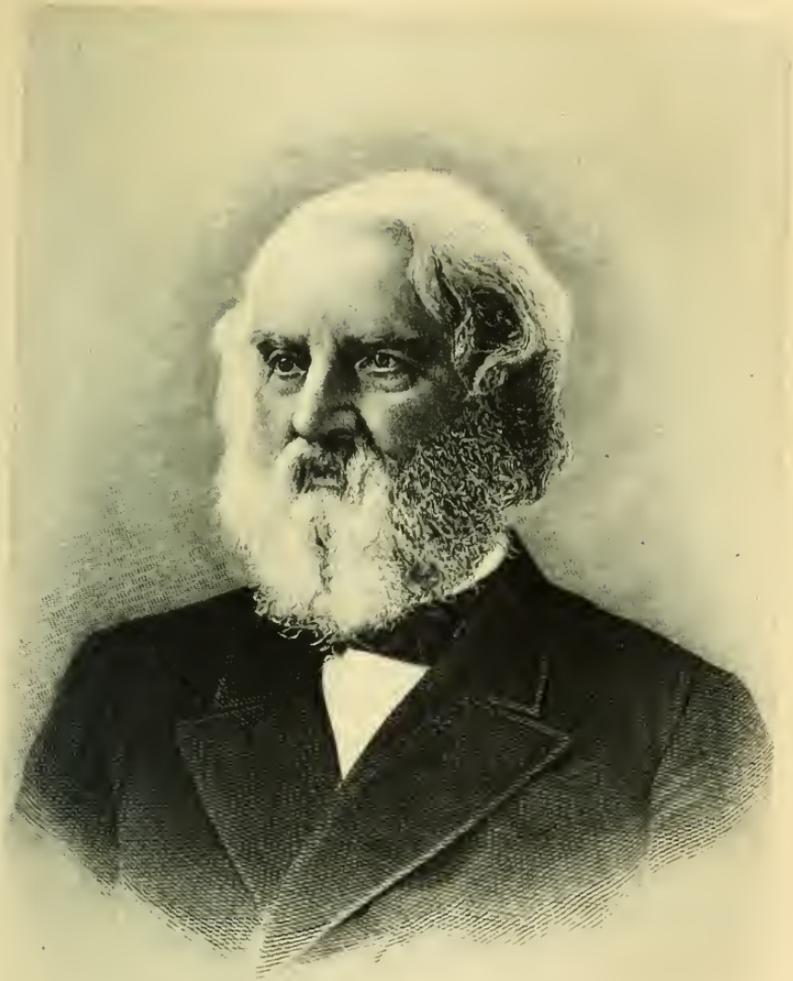
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WATSWORTH, an American poet, born at Portland, Me., February 27, 1807; died at Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1862. He entered Bowdoin College at fourteen, was graduated in 1825, was later there for a short time, and in 1827 was appointed Professor of Modern Languages. He then went to Europe, where he studied three years, returning late in 1829, he came to upon his chosen subject. In 1835 he was chosen to succeed Oliver Wendell as Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Photogravure — From an Engraving. Washington's
Specially re-engraved for the Ridpath Library.

and to be his home during the remainder of his life. He resigned his professorship in 1838. While a student at Bowdoin he contributed several short poems to the *Boston Athlete*, which were afterwards being to the *North American* and *Earlier* times. With Fitzgreen's *Observer* he contributed several papers to the *North American Review*, one of which on "The Moral and Devotional Power of Spain" occasioned his translation of the *Spanish Drama*.

Although Longfellow is more distinctively known as a poet, he was equally graceful prose. Besides his various poems and contributions to the *North American* he published *Our*



Mer, a series of sketches from Europe (1826); *Hyperion*, a romance (1839), and *Kavanagh*, a tale of New England life (1849).

THE PICNIC AT ROARING BROOK.

Every State and almost every county of New England has its "Roaring Brook," a mountain streamlet overhung by woods, impeded by a mill, encumbered by fallen trees, but ever racing, rushing, roaring down through gurgling gullies, and filling the forest with its delicious sound and freshness; the drinking-place of home-returning herds; the mysterious haunt of squirrels and blue-jays, the sylvan retreat of school-girls, who frequent it on summer holidays, and mingle their restless thoughts, their overflowing fancies, their fair imaginings, with its restless, exuberant, and rejoicing stream.

At length they reached the Roaring Brook. From a gorge in the mountains, through a long, winding gallery of birch, beech, and pine, leaped the bright brown water of the jubilant streamlet, out of the woods, across the plain, under the rude bridge of logs, into the woods again—a day between two nights. With it went a song that made the heart sing likewise; a song of joy and exultation, and freedom; a continuous and unbroken song of life and pleasure, and perpetual youth. Presently, turning off from the road, which led directly to the mill, and was rough with the tracks of heavy wheels, they went down to the margin of the brook.

"How indescribably beautiful this brown water is," exclaimed Kavanagh. "It is like wine or the nectar of the gods of Olympus; as if the falling Hebe had poured it from the goblet."

"More like the mead or the metheglin of the Northern gods," said Mr. Churchill, "spilled from the drinking-horn of Valhalla."

Ere long they were forced to cross the brook, stepping from stone to stone of the little rapids and cascades. All crossed lightly, easily, safely, even the "sumpter mule," as Mr. Churchill called himself on account of the panier. Only Cecilia lingered behind as if

afraid to cross ; Cecilia, who had crossed at that same place a hundred times before ; Cecilia, who had the surest foot and the firmest nerves of all the village maidens. She now stood irresolute, seized with a sudden tremor, blushing and laughing at her own timidity, and yet unable to advance. Kavanagh saw her embarrassment, and hastened back to help her. Her hand trembled in his ; she thanked him with a gentle look and word. His whole soul was softened within him. His attitude, his countenance, his voice, were alike submissive and subdued. He was as one penetrated with the tenderest emotions.

It is difficult to know at what moment love begins ; it is less difficult to know that it has begun. A thousand heralds proclaim it to the listening air ; a thousand ministers and messengers betray it to the eye. Tone, act, attitude, and look—the signals upon the countenance—the electric telegraph of touch—all these betray the yielding citadel before the word itself is uttered which, like the key surrendered, opens every avenue and gate of entrance, and makes retreat impossible.—*Kavanagh.*

Longfellow's first volume of original poems, *The Voices of the Night*, was published in 1839. His subsequent works appeared originally in many small volumes, though now collected into two. Following are the titles and dates of most of the larger of these poems : *Voices of the Night* (1839) ; *Ballads and Other Poems* (1841) ; *Poems on Slavery* (1842) ; *The Spanish Student*, a drama (1843) ; *Evangeline* (1847) ; *The Seaside and the Fireside* (1849) ; *The Song of Hiawatha* (1855) ; *The Courtship of Miles Standish* (1858) ; *Tales of a Wayside Inn* (1863) ; *The Masque of Pandora* (1875) ; *Hanging of the Crane* (1875) ; *Michael Angelo*, a dramatic poem (1879) ; *Ultima Thule* (1882). Shortly after his death was published *In the Harbor*, a small volume containing his last poems. Besides these were

numerous collections of smaller poems, several hundred in number. All the foregoing are now included in Volume I. of his *Collected Poems*. In Volume II., under the general title of "Christus," he brought together in 1870 three dramatic poems already published: *The Divine Tragedy*, *The Golden Legend*, and *The New England Tragedies*.

Longfellow's *Translations*—mainly from French, Italian, German, Spanish, and Swedish poets, are numerous. The collection entitled *The Poets and Poetry of Europe* (1845), contains many translations by himself, which are now included in his Works. Of longer translations the principal are: *The Coplas de Manrique*, from the Spanish; Tegner's *Children of the Lord's Supper*, from the Swedish; and Dante's *Divina Commedia*, from the Italian.

THEMES FOR SONG.

- "The land of Song within thee lies,
Watered by living springs;
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise,
Holy thoughts, like stars arise,
Its clouds are angel's wings.
- "Learn that henceforth thy song shall be
Not mountains capped with snow,
Nor forests sounding like the sea,
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,
Where the woodlands bend to see
The bending heaven below.
- "Look then, into thine heart, and write!
Yes, into Life's deep stream!
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn Voices of the Night
That can soothe thee or affright
Be these henceforth thy theme."
—From *Prelude to Voices of the Night*.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
 Sweep through her marble halls !
 I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
 From the celestial walls !

I felt her presence, by its spell of might
 Stoop o'er me from above ;
 The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
 As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight
 The manifold soft chimes,
 That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
 Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
 My spirit drank repose ;
 The fountain of perpetual peace flows there—
 From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear
 What man has borne before !
 Thou layest thy fingers on the lips of Care,
 And they complain no more.

Peace ! Peace ! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer !
 Descend with broad-winged flight,
 The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the fair,
 The best-beloved Night !

—*Voices of the Night.*

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of Day are numbered,
 And the voices of the Night
 Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
 To a holy, calm delight ;
 Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
 And, like phantoms grim and tall,
 Shadows from the fitful firelight
 Dance upon the parlor wall :—

Then the forms of the departed
 Enter at the open door ;
 The beloved, the true-hearted,
 Come to visit me once more :
 He, the young and strong, who cherished
 Noble longings for the strife,
 By the roadside fell and perished,
 Weary with the march of life ;
 They, the holy ones and weakly,
 Who the cross of suffering bore,
 Folded their pale hands so meekly,
 Spake with us on earth no more.

And with them the Being Beauteous
 Who unto my youth was given,
 More than all things else to love me,
 And is now a saint in heaven.
 With a slow and noiseless footstep
 Comes that messenger divine,
 Takes the vacant chair beside me
 Lays her gentle hand in mine.
 And she sits and gazes at me
 With those deep and tender eyes,
 Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
 Looking downward from the skies.
 Uttered not, yet comprehended,
 Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
 Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
 Breathing from her lips of air.
 Oh, though oft depressed and lonely
 All my tears are laid aside,
 If I but remember only
 Such as these have lived and died.

—*Voices of the Night.*

THE WARNING.

Beware ! The Israelite of old who tore
 The lion in his path—when, poor and blind,
 He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,
 Shorn of his noble strength, and forced to grind
 In prison, and at last led forth to be
 A pander to Philistine revelry—

Upon the pillars of the temple laid
 His desperate hands, and in its overthrow
 Destroyed himself, and with him those who made
 A cruel mockery of his sightless woe ;
 The poor blind slave, the scoff and jest of all,
 Expired, and thousands perished in the fall !
 There is a poor blind Sampson in this land,
 Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of steel,
 Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
 And shake the pillars of the commonweal,
 Till the vast temple of our liberties
 A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

—*Poems on Slavery.*

GRAND-PRÉ, IN ACADIE.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and
 the hemlocks,
 Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in
 the twilight,
 Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
 Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their
 bosoms.
 Loud from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighbor-
 ing ocean
 Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answer the wails of
 the forest.
 This is the forest primeval ; but where are the hearts
 that beneath it
 Leaped like the roe when he hears in the woodland the
 voice of the huntsman ?
 Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian
 farmers—
 Men whose lives glide on like rivers that water the
 woodlands,
 Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting the image
 of heaven ?
 Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever
 departed !
 Scattered like dust and leaves when the mighty blasts
 of October
 Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far
 o'er the ocean.

Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of
Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and
is patient,

Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's
devotion,

List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of
the forest ;

List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

—*Prologue to Evangeline.*

Still stands the forest primeval, but far away from its
shadow,

Side by side in the nameless graves their lovers are
sleeping.

Under the humble walls of the little Catholic church-
yard,

In the heart of the city they lie, unknown and unno-
ticed.

Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside
them ;

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest
and forever ;

Thousands of aching brains, where theirs are no longer
busy ;

Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased
from their labors,

Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed
their journey.

Still stands the forest primeval ; but under the shade
of its branches

Dwells another race, with other customs and language.

Only along the shores of the mournful and misty
Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from
exile

Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.

In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still
busy ;

Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles
of homespun ;

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story.

While from its rocky cavern the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of
the forest.

—*Epilogue to Evangeline.*

LAUNCHING THE SHIP.

At the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spars,
And see! she stirs!
She starts—she moves—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel;
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the Ocean's arms!

And lo! from the exulting crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the Ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"
How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting Wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;

And in the wreck of noble lives
 Something immortal still survives !
 Thou, too, sail on. O Ship of State !
 Sail on, O UNION, strong and great !
 Humanity, with all its fears,
 With all the hopes of future years,
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate !
 We know what Master laid thy keel,
 What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
 Who made each mast and sail and rope,
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
 In what a forge and what a heat
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.
 Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
 'Tis of the wave and not the rock ;
 'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
 And not a rent made by the gale !
 In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore,
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee—are all with thee !

—*The Building of the Ship.*

JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA.

Thereupon answered the youth, " Indeed, I do not condemn you ;
 Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.
 Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on ;
 So I am come to you now with an offer and proffer of marriage,
 Made by a good man and true—Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth."
 Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla, the Puritan maiden,
 Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,
 Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless ;

Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous
silence :—

“ If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to
wed me,

Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to
woo me ?

If I am not worth the wooing, I am surely not worth
the winning ! ”

Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing
the matter,

Making it worse, as he went, by saying the Captain was
busy—

Had no time for such things. “ Such things ! ” the
words, grating harshly,

Fell on the ear of Priscilla ; and, swift as a flash, she
made answer :—

“ Has no time for such things, as you call it, before he
is married ;

Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wed-
ding ?

That is the way with you men ; you don't understand
us, you cannot.

When you have made up your minds, after thinking of
this one and that one,

Choosing, selecting, comparing one with another,

Then you make known your desires, with abrupt and
sudden avowal,

And are offended and hurt, and indignant, perhaps, that
a woman

Does not respond at once to a love that she never sus-
pected,

Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have
been climbing.

This is not right nor just : for surely a woman's af-
fection

Is not a thing to be asked for—and had only for the
asking.

When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.

Had he but waited awhile—had he only showed that he
loved me—

Even this Captain of yours—who knows ? at last might
have won me,

Old and rough as he is; but now it can never happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading,
expanding:

He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature;
Though he was rough, he was kindly; she had known
how, during the winter,

He had attended the sick with a hand as gentle as a
woman's;

Somewhat hasty and hot—he could not deny it—and
headstrong;

Not to be laughed at and scorned because he was little
of stature;

For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly,
courageous;

Any woman in Plymouth—nay, any woman in Eng-
land—

Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles
Standish!

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and elo-
quent language,

Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes overrunning
with laughter,

Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for
yourself, John?"

—*The Courtship of Miles Standish.*

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Should you ask me, Whence these stories?

Whence these legends and traditions,

With the odors of the forest,

With the dew and damp of meadows,

With the curling smoke of wigwams,

With the rushing of great rivers,

With their frequent repetitions,

And their wild reverberations

As of thunder in the mountain?

I should answer, I should tell you:—

" From the forests and the prairies,
 From the great lakes of the Northland,
 From the land of the Ojibways,
 From the land of the Dacotahs,
 From the mountains, moors, and fenlands
 Where the heron, the Shuhshuhgah,
 Feeds among the reeds and rushes.
 I repeat them as I heard them
 From the lips of Nawadaha,
 The musician, the sweet singer."

Should you ask where Nawadaha
 Found these songs, so wild and wayward,
 Found these legends and traditions,
 I should answer, I should tell you:—
 " In the birds' nests of the forest,
 In the lodges of the beaver,
 In the hoof-prints of the bison.
 All the wild-fowl sang them to him,
 In the moorlands and the fenlands,
 In the melancholy marshes ;
 Chetowack, the plover, sang them
 Mahng, the loon, the wild-goose, **Waway**,
 The blue heron, the Shuhshuhgah,
 And the grouse, the Mushkodasa ! "

If still further you should ask me
 Saying, Who was Nawadaha ?
 Tell us of this Nawadaha,
 I should answer your inquiries
 Straightway in such words as follows :—
 " In the Vale of Tawasentha,
 In the green and silent valley,
 By the pleasant watercourses,
 Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
 Round about the Indian village,
 Spread the meadows and the cornfields,
 And beyond them stood the forest,
 Stood the grove of singing-pine trees,
 Green in Summer, white in Winter,
 Ever sighing, ever singing—
 And the pleasant watercourses,
 You could trace them through the valley
 By the rushing in the Spring-time.

By the alders in the Summer,
 By the white fog in the Autumn,
 By the black line in the Winter ;
 And beside them dwelt the singer,
 In the vale of Tawasentha,
 In the green and silent valley.
 There he sang of Hiawatha,
 Sang the Song of Hiawatha,
 Sang his wondrous birth and being,
 How he prayed, and how he fasted,
 How he lived and toiled and suffered,
 That the tribes of men might prosper,
 That he might advance his people."

THE DEPARTURE OF HIAWATHA.

Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,
 Told his message to the people,
 Told the purport of his mission,
 Told them of the Virgin Mary,
 And her blessed Son, the Saviour ;
 How in distant lands and ages
 He had lived on earth as we do ;
 How he fasted, prayed and labored ;
 How the Jews--the tribe accursed—
 Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him ;
 How he rose from where they laid him,
 Walked again with his disciples,
 And ascended into heaven.

And the chief made answer, saying :—
 "We have listened to your message,
 We have heard your words of wisdom,
 We will think of what you tell us.
 It is well for us, O brothers,
 That you come so far to see us !"

Then they rose up and departed.
 Each one homeward to his wigwam ;
 To the young men and the women
 Told the story of the stranger
 Whom the Master of Life had sent them
 From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence

Grew the afternoon of Summer ;
 With a drowsy sound the forest
 Whispered round the sultry wigwam ;
 With a sound of sleep the water
 Rippled on the beach below it ;
 From the cornfields shrill and ceaseless
 Sang the grasshopper, Pahpukkeena ;
 And the guests of Hiawatha,
 Weary with the heat of Summer,
 Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape
 Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
 And the long and level sunbeams
 Shot their spears into the forest,
 Breaking through its shields of shadow,
 Rushed into each secret ambush,
 Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow ;
 Still the guests of Hiawatha
 Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,
 Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
 Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,
 Did not wake the guests that slumbered :—
 " I am going, O Nokomis,
 On a long and distant journey
 To the portals of the Sunset,
 To the regions of the home-wind,
 Of the northwest wind Keewaydin.
 But these guests I leave behind me,
 In your watch and ward I leave them ;
 See that never harm comes near them,
 See that never fear molests them ;
 Never danger or suspicion,
 Never want of food or shelter,
 In the lodge of Hiawatha."

Forth into the village went he,
 Bade farewell to all the warriors,
 Bade farewell to all the young men ;
 Spake persuading, spake in this wise :—
 " I am going, O my people,
 On a long and distant journey.
 Many moons and many winters

Will have come and will have vanished
Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me ;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you ;
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning."

On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting ;
On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for sailing ;
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water ;
Whispered to it, " Westward ! Westward ! "
And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness ;
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water,
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward, Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.
And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendor,
Till it sank into the vapors,
Like the new moon, slowly, slowly,
Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, " Farewell forever ! "
Said, " Farewell, O Hiawatha ! "
And the forests dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of darkness,
Sighed, " Farewell, O Hiawatha ! "
And the heron, the Shuhshuhgah,
From her haunts among the fenlands,
Screamed, " Farewell, O Hiawatha ! "

Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha, the beloved,

In the glory of the sunset,
 In the purple mists of evening,
 To the regions of the home-wind,
 Of the northwest wind, Keewaydin,
 To the Islands of the Blessed,
 To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
 To the land of the Hereafter.

—*Conclusion of Hiawatha.*

MAIDENHOOD.

Maiden, with the dark brown eyes ;
 In whose orbs a shadow lies,
 Like in dusk the evening skies !

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
 Golden tresses wreathed in one,
 As the braided streamlets run !

Standing, with reluctant feet,
 Where the brook and river meet,
 Womanhood and childhood fleet !

Gazing, with a timid glance,
 On the brooklet's swift advance,
 On the river's broad expanse !

Deep and still, that gliding stream,
 Beautiful to thee must seem
 As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision
 When bright angels in thy vision
 Beckon thee to fields Elysian ?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
 As the dove, with startled eye,
 Sees the falcon's shadow fly ?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
 That our ears perceive no more,
 Deafened by the cataract's roar ?

Oh, thou child of many prayers !
Life hath quicksands ; life hath snares !
Care and age come unawares !

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered ;
Age that bough with snow encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand ;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth heal ;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

THE BUILDERS.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time ;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is and low ;
Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
 Time is with materials filled ;
 Our to-days and yesterdays
 Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;
 Leave no yawning gap between ;
 Think not, because no man sees,
 Such things will remain unseen.

In the days of elder Art,
 Builders wrought with greatest care
 Each minute and unseen part ;
 For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
 Both the unseen and the seen ;
 Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
 Beautiful and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
 Standing in these walls of Time,
 Broken stairways, where the feet
 Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
 With a firm and ample base ;
 And ascending and secure
 Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
 To those turrets, where the eye
 Sees the world as one vast plain,
 And one boundless reach of sky.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness falls from the wings
 of Night ;
 As a feather is wafted downward from an eagle in its
 flight,

I see the lights of the village gleam through the rain and
mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me that my soul
cannot resist ;
A feeling of sadness and longing that is not akin to
pain,
And resembles sorrow only as the mist resembles the
rain.

Come read to me some poem, some simple and heart-
felt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling and banish the
thoughts of day.
Not from the grand old masters, not from the bards
sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo through the corridors of
time.
For, like strains of martial music, their mighty thoughts
suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor, and to-night I long for
rest.

Read from some humble poet, whose songs gushed
from his heart
As the showers from the clouds of Summer, or tears
from the eyelids start ;
Who through long days of labor, and nights devoid of
ease,
Still heard in his soul the music of wonderful melodies.
Such songs have power to quiet the restless pulse of
care,
And come like the benediction that follows after
prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume the poem of thy
choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet the beauty of thy
voice.
And the night shall be filled with music, and the cares
that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs, and as silently
steal away.

DANTE.

Tuscan, that wanderest through the realms of gloom,
 With thoughtful face, and sad, majestic eyes,
 Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,
 Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.
 Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom.
 Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
 What soft compassion glows, as in the skies
 The tender stars their crowded lamps relume !
 Methinks I see thee stand with pallid cheeks
 By Fra Hilario in his diocese,
 As up the convent walls, in golden streaks,
 The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease ;
 And as he asks what there the stranger seeks,
 Thy voice along the cloister whispers, " Peace ! "

THE TWO ANGELS.

[This poem was addressed to James Russell Lowell, whose wife died on the same morning when a child was born to Longfellow.]

Two angels—one of Life and one of Death—
 Passed o'er our village as the morning broke ;
 The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
 The sombre houses, hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
 Alike their features and their robes of white ;
 But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
 And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way ;
 Then, said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
 " Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
 The place where thy beloved are at rest ! "

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
 Descending, at my door began to knock ;
 And my soul sank within me, as in wells
 The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
 The terror and the tremor and the pain,
 That oft before had filled or haunted me,
 And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
 And listened—for I thought I heard God's voice ;
 And, knowing whatsoe'er He sent was best,
 Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then, with a smile that filled the house with light,
 "My errand is not Death, but Life," he said ;
 And, ere I answered, passing out of sight,
 On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend ! and not at mine,
 The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
 Pausing, descended ; and, with voice divine,
 Whispered a word that had a sound like "Death."

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
 A shadow on those features fair and thin ;
 And softly from that hushed and darkened room,
 Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God ! If He but wave His hand,
 The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
 Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
 Lo ! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His ;
 Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er ;
 Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
 Against His messengers to shut the door ?

CURFEW:

I.

Solemnly, mournfully, dealing its dole,
 The Curfew Bell is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers, and put out the light,
 Toil comes with the morning, and rest with **the night.**

Dark grow the windows, and quenched is the fire ;
Sound fades into silence, all footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers, no sound in the hall !
Sleep and oblivion reign over all !

II.

The book is completed, and closed, like the day ;
And the hand that has written it lays it away.

Dim grow the fancies ; forgotten they lie ;
Like coals in the ashes, they darken and die.

Song sinks into silence ; the story is told ;
The windows are darkened, the hearthstone is cold.

Darker and darker the black shadows fall ;
Sleep and oblivion reign over all.





LONGFELLOW, SAMUEL, an American divine and poet, brother of the preceding, was born at Portland, Me., June 18, 1819; died there, October 3, 1892. He was educated at Harvard; and was for some years (1853-60) pastor of the Second Unitarian Church in Brooklyn, N. Y. He travelled abroad for several years; and settled as pastor of the Unitarian Society of Germantown, Pa., in 1878. He removed to Cambridge, Mass., in 1883. He compiled many volumes of hymns, and was himself the author of many favorite hymns in use among the Unitarians. His other works were *Thaletta, a Book of the Seaside* (1853); *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* (2 vols., 1886, rearranged in 1891); *Final Memorials of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* (1887); *Essays and Sermons* (1894). A collection of his *Hymns and Verses* was published by his niece, Alice Longfellow, in 1894; and his *Memoirs and Letters*, edited by Joseph May, appeared in 1895.

“A more simple and faithful record of Longfellow’s life and writings,” says the *Saturday Review*, “could not be desired than that furnished by his brother.” “The ‘editor’ of these volumes,” wrote Walter Lewins in the *Academy*, “has done his work well. The story he tells is graphic. The book gives just that insight into the poet’s habits and character which is wanted.”

THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL.

One holy Church of God appears
 Through every age and race,
 Unwasted by the lapse of years,
 Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
 Beneath the pine or palm,
 One Unseen Presence she adores,
 With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
 To serve the world raised up ;
 The pure in heart her baptized ones,—
 Love her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
 The soul her sacred page ;
 And feet on mercy's errand swift
 Do make her pilgrimage.

—*Hymns of the Spirit.*

LIFE'S MISSION.

Go forth to life, O child of earth !
 Still mindful of thy heavenly birth :
 Thou art not here for ease, or sin,
 But manhood's noble crown to win.

Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
 Thy spirit can their flames control ;
 Though tempters strong beset thy way,
 Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth
 To manly pureness, manly truth ;
 God's angels still are near to save,
 And God Himself doth help the brave.



LONGINUS, DIONYSIUS, an eminent Greek rhetorician, born probably in Syria, about A.D. 213; executed at Palmyra in 273. He studied at Athens, and after travelling widely returned to Athens, where he established a school of *belles-lettres*. The reputation which Longinus acquired by his learning was immense. It was of him that Eunapius first used the expression that has since become proverbial, "a living library"—in modern phrase "a walking encyclopædia." About 268 he was invited by Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, to be tutor of her two sons; and he became, in fact, her minister. The noble reply of Zenobia to the Roman Emperor Aurelian, who demanded that she should surrender unconditionally, on pain of death, was written by Longinus, who upon the capture of the Queen was put to death by Aurelian. According to Zosimus, Zenobia sought to exculpate herself with Aurelian by laying the whole blame on her adviser. The only extant work of Longinus is his treatise *On the Sublime*, the best English translation of which is that of William Smith (1770). The remains of Longinus which have been preserved bear out the historical references to the man. His philosophy is summed up in the Platonic doctrine of the soul as a distinct essence from the body. His style is vivid, yet minute, lively and penetrating, and his observations show taste, learning, and judgment.

THE SUBLIME IN HOMER AND MOSES.

I have hinted in another place that the Sublime is an image reflected from the inward greatness of the soul. Hence it comes to pass that a naked thought, without words, challenges admiration, and strikes by its grandeur. Such is the silence of Ajax in the *Odyssey*, which is undoubtedly noble and far above expression. To arrive at excellence like this, we must needs suppose that which is the cause of it. I mean that an orator of true genius must have no mean and ungenerous way of thinking. For it is impossible that those who have grovelling and servile ideas, or are engaged in the sordid pursuits of life should produce anything worthy of admiration and the perusal of all posterity. Grand and sublime expressions must flow from them—and them alone—whose conceptions are stored and big with greatness.

And hence it is that the greatest thoughts are always uttered by the greatest souls. When Parmenio cried, "I would accept these propositions if I were Alexander," Alexander made this reply, "And so would I, if I were Parmenio." His answer showed the greatness of his mind. So the space between heaven and earth marks out the vast reach and capacity of Homer's ideas when he says :

Whilst scarce the skies her horrid head can bound, She stalks on earth.

This description may with more justice be applied to Homer's genius than to the extent of Discord. But what disparity, what a fall there is in Hesiod's description of Melancholy, if the poem of *The Shield* may be ascribed to him : "A filthy moisture from her nostrils flowed." He has not represented his image as terrible, but loathsome and nauseous. On the other hand, with what majesty and pomp does Homer exalt his deities :

Far as a shepherd, from some point on high
O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye ;
Through such a space of air, with thundering sound,
At one long leap the immortal coursers bound.

He measures the leap of the horses by the extent of the world ; and who is there that, considering the superla-

tive magnificence of this thought, would not with good reason cry out that if the steeds of the Deity were to take another leap, the world itself would want room for it? How grand and pompous also are those descriptions of the combats of the gods :

Heaven in loud thunder bids the trumpets sound,
 And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
 Deep in the dismal regions of the dead
 The Infernal Monarch reared his horrid head ;
 Leapt from his throne lest Neptune's arm should lay
 His dark dominions open to the day,
 And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
 Abhorred by men, and dreadful e'en to gods.

What a prospect is here ! The earth is laid open to its centre ; Tartarus itself disclosed to view ; the whole world in commotion and tottering on its basis ; and what is more, Heaven and Hell—things mortal and immortal—all combating together, and, sharing in the danger of this immortal battle. But yet these bold representations—if not allegorically understood—are downright blasphemy, and extravagantly shocking. For Homer, in my opinion, when he gives us a detail of the wounds, the seditions, the punishments, imprisonments, tears of the deities, with those evils of every kind under which they languish, has to the utmost of his power exalted his heroes who fought at Troy into gods, and degraded his gods into men. Nay, he makes their condition worse than human, for when man is overwhelmed in misfortune death affords a comfortable port, and rescues him from misery. But he represents the infelicity of the gods as everlasting as their nature. And how far does he excel those descriptions of the gods when he sets a deity in his true light, and paints him in all his majesty, grandeur, and perfection, as in that description of Neptune which has been already applauded by several writers :

Fierce, as he passed, the lofty mountains nod,
 The forests shake, earth trembled as he trod,
 And felt the footsteps of the immortal god.
 His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep.
 The enormous monsters rolling on the deep,

Gambol around him on the watery way,
 And heavy whales in awkward measure play.
 The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
 Exults, and owns the monarch of the main ;
 The parting waves before his coursers fly ;
 The wondering waters leave the axles dry.

So, likewise the Jewish legislator—not an ordinary person—having conceived a just idea of the power of God, has nobly expressed it in the beginning of his law : “And God said, Let there be light, and there was light ; Let the earth be, and the earth was.”

THE ILIAD AND THE ODYSSEY.

Homer himself shows us in the *Odyssey* that when a great genius is in its decline, a fondness for the fabulous clings fast to age. In reality the *Odyssey* is no more than the epilogue of the *Iliad*. Having written the *Iliad* in the youth and vigor of his genius, he has furnished it with continued scenes of action and combat ; whereas the greatest part of the *Odyssey* is spent in narration—the delight of old age ; so that in the *Odyssey* Homer may with justice be resembled to the setting sun, whose grandeur still remains, without the meridian heat of his beams. The style is not so grand as that of the *Iliad*, the sublimity not continued with so much spirit, nor so uniformly noble ; the tides of passion flow not along with so much profusion, nor do they hurry away the reader in so rapid a current. There is not the same volubility and great variation of the phrase : nor is the work embellished with so many stirring and expressive images. Yet, like the ocean, whose very shores, when deserted by the tide, mark how wide it sometimes flows, so Homer's genius, when ebbing into all those fabulous and incredible ramblings of *Ulysses*, shows plainly how sublime it had been.



LONGUS, a Greek sophist and romance-writer of the fourth or fifth century, supposed by some to have lived in the time of Theodosius the Great. It is probable that he was of a later period than Heliodorus of Emesa, whose work he has somewhat imitated. We have no detailed account of his life; the ancient writers do not mention him frequently, and we are not even sure that Longus was his real name. German, French, and English translations have been plentiful of his prose romance *Poimenica*. It is the love-story of Daphnis and Chloe, which has been much reproduced in painting, and sculpture, and literature. To it we owe the touching story of *Paul and Virginia*, which has been closely imitated by Jorge Isaacs, a Spanish writer of South America, in his *Maria*. Tasso's *Aminta*, Montemayor's *Diana*, D'Urfé's *Sircine*, Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*—all trace their being to its source. The editions of this remarkable book have been many: the first to appear was that of Florence, 1598. The finest and best known is that of Amsterdam, that of Didot in Paris, of Leipsic, and of Rome. This last, discovered by Courier in the Laurentian Library at Florence, was found to contain quite a long passage which is omitted in all the other manuscripts. This he added to Amyot's translation, which he was publishing. This complete edition consisted of but fifty-two copies.

“His work,” says Professor Smith, “is written in pleasing and elegant prose, but is not free from the artificial embellishments peculiar to that age.”

Larrousse says of the delicious romance of *Daphnis and Chloe*: “It is a pastoral characterized by naïveté, but one to which exception may be made on the ground of its erotic freedom.”

THE TWO FOUNDLINGS.

As the goatherd Lamon fed his herd in the fields, he found an infant whom a she-goat was suckling. There was here a dense thicket of brakes and brambles, covered with intermingling branches of ivy; whilst underneath, the soil was carpeted with soft fine grass, upon which the babe was lying. To this spot the she-goat often betook herself, abandoning her own kid and remaining with the child, so that it was not known what had become of her. Lamon, who was grieved to see the kid neglected, watched the dam's movements; and one day he followed her, and saw her softly enter the thicket, stepping carefully over the child so that she might not injure it, while the babe took hold of her udder as if it had been its mother's breast. Greatly surprised, and advancing close to the spot, Lamon discovered that the infant was a male child with well-proportioned limbs and handsome countenance, and wearing richer attire than seemed suited to such an outcast; for its little mantle was of fine purple and fastened by a golden clasp, while near it lay a small knife with a handle of ivory. At first Lamon resolved to leave the child to its fate, and to carry away the tokens which had been left with it. But he was ashamed to be less humane than a goat, so, as night came on, he took the little one and the tokens, and, followed by the she-goat, went home to Myrtale his wife. She was astonished at the sight, and asked if goats brought forth babes instead of kids. But when he had told her all, she said it would have been wrong to leave the child to perish; so they agreed to adopt it. They let the goat nurse it, and gave out that it was their own; and that its name

might accord with their rustic condition, they called the child Daphnis.

Two years later a neighboring shepherd, named Dryas, met with a similar adventure. There was in that country a grotto of the Nymphs, hollowed out of a huge rock; and inside were stone statues of the Nymphs, with bare arms, naked feet, their hair loose upon their shoulders, waists girded, faces smiling, and in the attitude of dancers. In the grotto a spring was gurgling from the rock, its waters, spread into a copious stream, refreshing the soft and abundant herbage of a delightful meadow that stretched before the entrance, where milk-pails, flutes, flageolets, and pipes were hanging—the votive offerings of many an old shepherd. An ewe of the flock of this Dryas, having lately lambed, went often to the grotto, raising apprehensions that she was lost. The shepherd, to prevent her straying in future, twisted some green osiers into a noose, and went to take her into the grotto. But upon his arrival there, he found his ewe presenting, with a mother's tenderness, her udder to an infant, which, without uttering the least cry, eagerly turned its clean, glossy face from one teat to the other, the ewe licking it when it had enough. This child was a girl; and, besides the clothes it had on, it had, by way of token to insure recognition, a head-dress wrought with gold, gilt sandals, and golden anklets. Dryas imagined that this foundling was a gift from the gods; and, inclined to love and pity by the example of his ewe, he raised the infant in his arms, placed the tokens in his bag, and invoked the blessing of the Nymphs upon the charge which he had received from them. He related all the circumstances of his discovery to Nape, his wife, exhibiting the foundling, and entreating her to observe secrecy and to regard and rear the child as her own daughter. Nape soon felt a strong affection for the infant, being stimulated thereto, perhaps, by a desire to excel the ewe in tenderness. She declared herself the mother; and in order to obtain credit for her story, she gave the child the pastoral name of Chloe. Daphnis and Chloe grew rapidly, and their comeliness far exceeded the common appearance of rustics.—*From Daphnis and Chloe*



LOSSING, BENSON JOHN, an American historiographer, born at Beekman, Dutchess County, N. Y., February 12, 1813; died at Dover Plains, N. Y., June 3, 1891. Both his parents died while he was a child, and at the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a watchmaker at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., with whom he entered into partnership six years later. The business was unsuccessful, and was given up in about two years. He then entered upon journalism, and established the Poughkeepsie *Casket*, a small journal, which he conducted for a couple of years. For the purpose of illustrating this periodical he learned something of the art of engraving upon wood. In 1838 he went to New York to study drawing, and soon afterward was employed to edit and illustrate the *Family Magazine*, the earliest American illustrated periodical. He established a wood-engraving establishment, in which he himself acted mainly as designer and draughtsman, and was also occupied in literary labor. His first book was an *Outline History of the Fine Arts* (1840). This was followed in 1847 by *Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Six*, a history of the American Revolution. In 1848 he commenced the preparation of the *Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution*, which was issued in numbers, and finally completed in 1852. In 1860 he began the preparation of the *Pictorial Field Book of the War*

of 1812, which was completed in 1868. For the purpose of adequately illustrating these two *Field Books* he travelled fully 20,000 miles, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of México, visiting nearly every place made memorable by these two wars. They contain fully 2,000 illustrations, mainly from his own sketches made on the spot. Of the illustrations to the *Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution* he says:

“Neither labor nor care has been spared in the collection of materials, and in endeavoring to produce a work as free from grave errors as possible. . . . In the pictorial department special care has been observed to make faithful delineations of fact. If a relic of the Revolution was not susceptible of picturesque effect in a drawing, without a departure from truth, it has been left in its plainness; for my chief object was to illustrate the subject, not merely to embellish the book. I have endeavored to present the features of things as I found them—whether homely or charming—and have sought to delineate all that fell in my way worthy of presentation.”

For several years before his death the residence of Mr. Lossing was at Dover Plains, in Westchester County, a few miles from the city of New York. The degree of A.M. was conferred upon him by Hamilton College in 1855, and by Columbia College in 1870; that of LL.D. by the University of Michigan in 1873.

Mr. Lossing's principal works, illustrated by himself, are the *Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution*; the *Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812*; *Biographical Sketches of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence*; *Pictorial History of the United States*; *The Life and Times of Philip Schuyler*;

The Hudson from the Wilderness to the Sea ; Pictorial Field Book of the Civil War in America ; Cyclopædia of American History ; Mary and Martha Washington ; Mount Vernon, the Home of Washington ; Eminent Americans ; History of the City of New York. In addition to these he wrote *The Two Spies ; Nathan Hale and John André* (1886) ; *The Empire State*, a history of New York State (1887), and also put forth illustrated and annotated editions of Trumbull's *McFingal* and Custis's *Recollections of Washington*.

THE OLD SOLDIER AT TICONDEROGA.

We were [July, 1848] about to send for a guide, when a venerable, white-haired man, supported by a rude staff, came out from the ruins of the northern line of barracks, and offered his services. His name was Isaac Rice. He performed garrison duty at Ticonderoga under St. Clair ; was in the field at Saratoga in 1777, and served a regular term in the army. But in consequence of some lack of documents, or some technical error, he lost his legal title to a pension, and now, at eighty-five years of age, that feeble old soldier was obtaining a precarious support for himself from the freewill offerings of visitors to the ruins of the fortress where he was garrisoned when it stood in the pride of its strength, before Burgoyne scaled the heights of Mount Defiance. He is now alone, his family and kindred having all gone down into the grave. His elder brother, and the last of his race, who died in 1838, was one of the little band who, under Ethan Allen, surprised and captured Fort Ticonderoga in the Spring of 1775. — *Field Book of the Revolution, Vol. I., Chap. 6.*

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT IN 1848.

I climbed to the summit of the great obelisk that stands upon the site of the redoubt upon Breed's Hill. As I ascended the steps which lead from the street to



OLD ROUND TOWER AT NEWPORT

the smooth gravel-walks upon the eminence whereon the "Bunker Hill Monument" stands, I experienced a feeling of disappointment and regret not easily to be expressed. Before me was the memento—huge and grand—all that patriotic reverence could wish. But the ditch scooped out by Prescott's toilers on that starry night of June, and the mounds that were upheaved to protect them from shots of the astonished Britons, were effaced, and no more vestiges remain of the handiwork of those in whose honor, and to whose memory this obelisk was raised, than of the Roman conquests in the shadow of Trajan's column; of the naval battles of Nelson around his monument in Trafalgar Square; or of French victories in the Place Vendôme.

The fosse and the breastworks were all quite prominent when the foundation-stone of the monument was laid in 1825; and a little care, directed by good taste, might have preserved them in their interesting state of half-ruin until the passage of the present century; or at least until the sublime centenary of the battle should be celebrated. Could the visitor look upon the work of the patriots themselves, associations a hundred-fold more interesting would crowd the mind—for wonderfully suggestive of thought are the slightest relics of the past, when linked with noble deeds.—*Field Book of the Revolution, Vol. I., Chap. 24.*

THE OLD ROUND TOWER AT NEWPORT.

The greatest object of attraction to the visitor at Newport is the old Tower—or Windmill, as it is sometimes called. It stands within a vacant lot owned by Governor Gibbs, directly in front of his fine old mansion, which was erected in 1720, and was then one of the finest buildings in the colony. On the subject of its erection history and tradition are silent, and the object of its construction is conjectural.

It is a huge cylinder, composed of unbewn stone—common granite, slate, sandstone, and pudding-stone—cemented with coarse mortar, made of the soil upon which the structure stands, and shell lime. It rests upon eight round columns, a little more than three feet in diameter, and ten feet high from the ground to the

spring of the arches. The wall is three feet thick, and the whole edifice, at the present time, is twenty-four feet high; the external diameter is twenty-three feet. Governor Gibbs informed me that, on excavating at the base of one of the pillars, he found the soil about four feet deep, lying upon a stratum of hard rock; and that the foundation of the column, which rested upon this rock, was composed of rough-hewn spheres of stone, the lower ones about four feet in circumference. On the interior, a little above the arches, are small square niches, in depth about half the thickness of the wall, designed apparently to receive floor timbers.

In several places, within, as well as upon the inner surface of some of the columns, are patches of stucco which, like the mortar, is made of coarse sand and shell lime, and is as hard as the stones it covers. Governor Gibbs remembers the appearance of the Tower more than forty years ago, when it was partly covered with the same hard stucco upon its exterior surface. Doubtless it was originally covered within and without with plaster; and the now rough columns, with mere indications of capitals and bases of the Doric form, were handsomely wrought—the whole structure exhibiting taste and beauty.

During the possession of Rhode Island by the British, in the Revolution, the Tower was more perfect than now, having a roof, and the walls were three or four feet higher than at present. The British used it for an ammunition magazine; and when they evacuated the Island they attempted to demolish the old "mill" by igniting a bag of powder within it. But the strong walls resisted the Vandals; and the only damage the edifice sustained was the loss of its roof and two or three feet of its upper story.—Such is the Old Tower at Newport at the present time [1848]. Its early history is yet unwritten, and may forever remain so.—*Field Book of the Revolution, Vol. II., Chap. 3.*

MOUNT VERNON IN 1848.

Silence pervaded the life-dwelling of Washington; and the echoes of every footfall as I moved at the beck of the servant from room to room seemed almost like

the voices of intruders. I entered the library—which, with the breakfast-room, is in the south wing of the building—and in the deep shadows of that quiet apartment I sat down in the very chair often occupied by the patriot, and gazed and mused with feelings not to be uttered.

Upon brackets were marble busts of Washington and Lafayette, and a smaller one of Necker, the French Minister of Finance when the Revolution broke out in France. The bust of Washington is over the door of entrance into the library. It was executed by Houdon from life—he having obtained a mask in plaster—and is doubtless the best likeness extant. Upon the walls hung portraits of Lawrence Washington, brother of the General, and of several female members of the family. In the great hall or passage, in a glass case of prismatic form, hung the key of the Bastille; and near it was an engraved view of the demolition of that renowned prison.

The large north room, wherein Washington received his political friends, is, with the furniture, kept in the same condition as when he left it. Upon the walls were pictures of hunting and battle scenes. Among them were prints of the Death of Montgomery and of the Battle of Bunker Hill; but not one of any engagement in which Washington himself participated. There hung a small portrait of the chief, upon the back of which an unknown hand wrote an admirable monumental eulogy. There too was a large painting—a family group—representing the mother and children of the present proprietor—Augustine Washington, a grand-nephew of the patriot chief.

One room is closed to the public; and I honor the holy motives which prompt the veiling of that apartment from the eye of prying curiosity. It is the chamber whence the spirit of the illustrious Washington departed for its home in “the bosom of his Father and his God.”—*Field Book of the Revolution, Vol. II., Chap. 16.*

THE “CONSTITUTION” AND THE “GUERRIÈRE.”

It was about six in the evening. The indications on the part of the enemy to engage in a fair yard-arm and yard-arm fight caused the *Constitution* to press all sail to get alongside of the foe. At a little after six the bows

of the American began to double the quarter of the Englishman. Hull had been walking the quarter-deck, keenly watching every movement. As the shot of the *Guerrière* began to tell upon the *Constitution*, Lieutenant Morris, Hull's second in command, came to the captain and asked permission to open fire. "Not yet," quietly responded Hull. Nearer and nearer the vessels drew toward one another, and the request was repeated. "Not yet," said Hull, again very quietly. When the *Constitution* reached the point just mentioned, Hull, filled with sudden and intense excitement, bent himself twice to the deck, and then shouted, "Now, boys, pour it into them!" The command was instantly obeyed. The *Constitution* opened her forward guns, which were double-shotted with round and grape, with terrible effect.

The concussion of Hull's broadside was tremendous. It cast those in the cockpit of the enemy from one side of the room to another; and before they could adjust themselves the blood came streaming from above, and numbers, dreadfully mutilated, were handed down to the surgeons. The enemy at the same time was pouring heavy metal into the *Constitution*. They were only half a pistol-shot from each other, and the destruction was terrible.

Within fifteen minutes after the contest commenced, the enemy's mizzen-mast was shot away, her main-yard was in slings, and her hull, spars, sails, and rigging were torn in pieces. The English vessel brought up in the wind as her mizzen-mast gave way, when the *Constitution* passed slowly ahead, poured in a tremendous fire as her guns bore, luffed short round the bows of her antagonist to prevent being raked, and fell foul of her foe, her bowsprit running into the larboard quarter of the other. In this situation the cabin of the *Constitution* was set on fire by the explosion of the forward guns of the enemy; but the flames were soon extinguished.

Both parties now attempted to board. The roaring of the great guns was terrible, and the fierce volleys of musketry on both sides, together with the heavy sea that was running, made that movement impossible. The English piped all hands from below, and mounted them on the forward deck for the purpose; and Lieutenant

Morris, Alwyn the Master, and Lieutenant Bush of the marines, sprang upon the taffrail of the *Constitution*, to lead their men to the same work. Morris was severely but not fatally shot through the body; Alwyn was wounded in the shoulder; and a bullet through his brain brought Bush dead to the deck.

Just then the sails of the *Constitution* were filled; and as she shot ahead and clear of her antagonist, whose foremast had been severely wounded, that spar fell, leaving the hapless vessel a shivering, shorn and helpless wreck, rolling like a log in the trough of the sea entirely at the mercy of the billows. The *Constitution* hauled off a short distance, secured her own masts, rove new rigging, and at sunset wore round and took up a favorable position for raking the wreck.

A jack that had been kept flying on the stump of the enemy's mizzen-mast was now lowered, and Lieutenant George C. Read was sent to board the prize. He asked for the Commander of the vessel and Captain Dacres appeared. "Commodore Hull's compliments," said Read; "and he wishes to know if this vessel has struck her flag." Captain Dacres looked up and down, and coolly and dryly remarked, "Well, I don't know. Our mizzen-mast is gone; our main-mast is gone; and, upon the whole you may say we *have* struck our flag." Read then said, "Commodore Hull's compliments, and he wishes to know whether you need the assistance of a surgeon or surgeon's mate?" Dacres replied, "Well, I should suppose you have on board your own ship business enough for all your medical men." Read replied, "Oh, no; we have only seven wounded and they were dressed half an hour ago."

The *Constitution* kept near her prize all night. At dawn the officer in charge of the *Guerrière* hailed to say that she had four feet of water in her hold, and was in danger of sinking. Hull immediately sent three of his boats to bring off the prisoners and their effects. That duty was accomplished by noon; and at 3 o'clock the prize-crew was recalled. The *Guerrière* was too much damaged to be saved; so she was set on fire, and in fifteen minutes she blew up.—*Field Book of the War of 1812, Chap. XXI.*

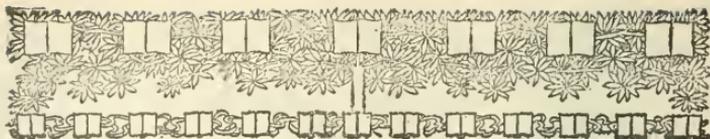


LOUNSBURY, THOMAS RAYNESFORD, an American critic and general writer, born at Ovid, N. Y., January 1, 1838. He was educated at Yale; and from 1859 to 1862 he was a writer for the *American Cyclopædia*. Soon after the breaking out of the Civil War he was commissioned as a lieutenant of volunteers. In 1862 he was taken prisoner at Harper's Ferry, but was exchanged soon after and served in the field till the close of the war. During the period immediately following the war he taught and studied early English language and literature. In 1871 he became Professor of English in the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale. He edited Chaucer's *House of Fame* and *Parliament of Foules* in 1877; and has published a *History of the English Language* (1879) and a *Biography of James Fenimore Cooper* (1883). His exhaustive *Studies of Chaucer* appeared in 1892; and his much enlarged edition of the *History of the English Language* in 1894.

The *Nation* says of his *James Fenimore Cooper*: "It is an admirable specimen of biography. It gives not merely a full account of Cooper's literary career, but there is mingled with this a sufficient account of the man himself, apart from his books, and of the period in which he lived, to keep alive the interest from the first word to the last."

AN ESTIMATE OF COOPER.

The fearlessness and the truthfulness of his nature are conspicuous in almost every incident of his career. He fought for a principle as desperately as other men fight for life. The storm of detraction through which he went never once shook the almost haughty independence of his conduct, or swerved him in the slightest from the course he had chosen. The only thing to which he unquestioningly submitted was the truth. His loyalty to that was of a kind almost Quixotic. He was intolerant of the devious ways of many who were satisfied with conforming to a lower code of morality. There was a loyalty in his nature that disdained even the semblance of deceit. With other authors one feels that the man is inferior to his work. With him it is the very reverse. High qualities, such as these, so different from the easy-going virtues of common men, are more than an offset to infirmities of temper, to unfairness of judgment, or to unwisdom of conduct. His life was the best answer to many of the charges brought against his country and his countrymen; for whatever he may have fancied, the hostility he encountered was due far less to the matter of his criticisms than to their manner. Against the common cant, that in republican governments the tyranny of public sentiment will always bring conduct to the same monotonous level, and opinion to the same subservient uniformity, Democracy can point to this dauntless son, who never flinched from any course because it brought odium, who never flattered public prejudices, and who never truckled to a popular cry. America has had among her representatives of the irritable race of writers many who have shown far more ability to get on pleasantly with their fellows than Cooper. She has had several gifted with higher spiritual insight than he, with broader and juster views of life, with finer ideals of literary art, and, above all, with far greater delicacy of taste. But she counts on the scanty roll of her men of letters the name of no one who acted from purer patriotism or loftier principle. She finds among them all no manlier nature, and no more heroic soul.



LOVER, SAMUEL, an Irish poet and novelist, born at Dublin, February 24, 1797; died at St. Heliers, July 6, 1868. He was intended for business, but became a painter and exhibited great facility in writing songs and sketches of Irish character. He published *Legends and Stories of Ireland*, two series (1830-34); *Rory O'More, a National Romance* (1837); *Songs and Ballads* (1839); *Handy Andy, an Irish Tale* (1842); *Treasure Trove* (1844); *Metrical Tales and Other Poems* (1859), besides a number of plays and operas. In his later years he received a pension of £100. His *Life and Unpublished Works*, edited by B. Bernard, appeared in 1874.

He was very popular in London society, and often appeared at Lady Blessington's evening receptions. He was remarkable for his versatility, but his fame rests mainly upon his Irish songs and novels, which are full of sunny humor and teem with felicitous pictures of peasant life and superstitions.

"Poet, painter, dramatist," says the *Dublin University Magazine*, "he has won sufficient celebrity to make the fame of three different men, which we trust, like the shamrock of his own native land, may long continue to be *Tria Juncta in Uno!*"

"The ready retort," says the London *Athenæum*, "the mixture of cunning with apparent simplicity,

and the complete thoughtlessness combined with shrewdness, so frequently found in Ireland, have never been better portrayed than in his volumes."

ANDY AT THE POST-OFFICE.

"Ride into the town and see if there's a letter for me," said the Squire one day to our hero.

Andy presented himself at the counter and said, "I want a letter, sir, if you please."

"And who do you want it for?" repeated the postmaster.

"What's that to you?" said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told him he could not tell what letter to give him unless he told him the direction.

"The direction I got was to get a letter here; that's the directions."

"Who gave you those directions?"

"The master."

"And who's your master?"

"What consarn is that o' yours?"

"Why, you stupid rascal, if you don't tell me his name how can I give you a letter?"

"You could give it if you liked; but you're fond of axin' impudent questions, bekase you think I'm simple."

"Go along out o' this! Your master must be as great a goose as yourself, to send such a messenger."

"Bad luck to your impudence," said Andy; "is it Squire Egan you dare to say goose to?"

"Oh, Squire Egan's your master, then?"

"Yis; have you anything to say agin it?"

"Only that I never saw you before."

"Faith, then, you'll never see me agin if I have my own consint."

"I won't give you any letter for the Squire, unless I know you're his servant. Is there anyone in the town knows you?"

"Plenty," said Andy. "It's not everyone is as ignorant as you."

Just at this moment a person to whom Andy was

known entered the house, who vouched to the postmaster that he might give Andy the Squire's letters.

"Have you one for me?"

"Yes, sir," said the postmaster, producing one—"fourpence."

The gentleman paid the fourpence postage, and left the shop with his letter.

"Here is a letter for the Squire," said the postmaster.

"You've to pay me elevenpence postage."

"What 'ud I pay you elevenpence for?"

"For postage."

"To the devil wid you! Didn't I see you give Mr. Durfy a letter for fourpence this minit, and a bigger letther than this. Do you want me to pay elevenpence for this scrap of a thing? Do you think I'm a fool?"

"No, but I'm sure of it," said the postmaster.

"Well, you're welcome, to be sure, sir; but don't be delayin' me now; here's fourpence for you, and gi' me the letther."

"Go along, you stupid thief!" said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a mouse-trap.

While this person and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting in his head in the middle of the customers, and saying, "Will you gi' me the letther?"

He waited for above half an hour, in defiance of the anathemas of the postmaster, and at last left, when he found it impossible to get common justice for his master, which he thought he deserved as well as another man; for, under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than the fourpence.

The Squire in the meanwhile was getting impatient for his return, and when Andy made his appearance, asked if there was a letter for him.

"There is, sir," said Andy.

"Then give it to me."

"I haven't it, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"He wouldn't give it to me, sir."

"Who wouldn't give it to you?"

"That owld chate beyant in the town—wanting to charge double for it."

"Maybe it's a double letter. Why the devil didn't you pay what he asked, sir?"

"Arrah, sir, why should I let you be chated? It's not a double letther at all; not above half the size o' the one Mr. Durfy got before my face for fourpence."

"You'll provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back for your life, you omadhaun; and pay whatever he asks, and get me the letter."

"Why, sir, I tell you he was selling them before my face for fourpence apiece."

"Go back, you scoundrel, or I'll horsewhip you; and if you're longer than an hour, I'll have you ducked in the horsepond."

Andy vanished, and made a second visit to the post-office. When he arrived, two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster was selecting the epistles for each from a large parcel that lay before him on the counter; at the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

"I've come for that letther," said Andy.

"I'll attend to you by and by."

"The masther's in a hurry."

"Let him wait till his hurry's over."

"He'll murther me if I'm not back soon."

"I'm glad to hear it."

While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to these appeals for despatch, Andy's eyes caught the heap of letters which lay on the counter; so while certain weighing of soap and tobacco was going forward, he contrived to become possessed of two letters from the heap, and having effected that, waited patiently enough till it was the great man's pleasure to give him the missive directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestride his hack, and, in triumph at his trick on the postmaster, rattled along the road homeward as fast as the beast could carry him. He came into the Squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner, quite unaccountable to his master, until he pulled forth his hand, which had been grabbing up his prizes

from the bottom of his pocket ; and holding three letters over his head, while he said, "Look at that !" he next slapped them down under his broad fist on the table before the Squire, saying :

"Well, if he did make me pay elevenpence, by gor, I brought your honor the worth o' your money anyhow !"
—*Handy Andy.*

RORY O'MORE.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn,—
He was bold as a hawk, she as soft as the dawn ;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
"Now Rory, be aisy !" sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye—
"With your tricks, I don't know, in troth, what I'm about ;
Faith ! you've tazed till I've put on my cloak inside out."
"Och, jewel," said Rory, "that same is the way
Ye've thrated my heart for this many a day ;
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure ?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I gave half a promise to soothing Mike :
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound—"
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the
ground."

"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go ;
Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so !"
"Oh," says Rory, "the same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhramas always go by conthrarries, my dear.
So, jewel, kape dhraming that same till ye die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie !
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not to be sure ?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.
"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've tazed me enough ;
Sure I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Tim
Duff ;
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a
baste—
So I think, after that, I may talk to the praste."
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,

So soft and so white, without freckle or speck ;
 And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with
 light,
 And he kissed her sweet lips—don't you think he was
 right ?
 "Now Rory, leave off, sir—you'll hug me no more ;
 That's eight times to-day that you've kissed me be-
 fore."
 "Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure !
 For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

THE ANGELS' WHISPER.

A baby was sleeping,
 Its mother was weeping,
 For her husband was far on the wild raging sea ;
 And the tempest was swelling
 Round the fisherman's dwelling ;
 And she cried, "Dermot, darling, O come back to
 me !"

Her beads while she numbered,
 The baby still slumbered,
 And smiled in her face as she bended her knee :
 "O, blessed be that warning,
 My child, thy sleep adorning,
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping
 Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
 O pray to them softly, my baby, with me !
 And say thou wouldst rather
 They'd watch o'er thy father ;
 For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

The dawn of the morning
 Saw Dermot returning.
 And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see ;
 And closely caressing
 Her child with a blessing,
 Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with
 thee."



LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, an American poet, essayist, scholar, and diplomatist, born at Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819; died there, August 12, 1891. He was graduated at Harvard in 1838, delivering the Class poem, and at the Law School in 1840, but soon abandoned law for literature, publishing *A Year's Life* (1841), and beginning a short-lived monthly, *The Pioneer* (1843). He put forth a volume of *Poems* in 1844; *The Vision of Sir Launfal* in 1845; *Conversations on Some of the Old Poets* in 1845, and more *Poems* in 1848. His reputation as a humorist and satirist was established by *The Biglow Papers* and *A Fable for Critics* (1848); the former, directed against the slave system and the Mexican War, attracted great attention abroad. Mr. Lowell travelled in Europe in 1851-52, lectured before the Lowell Institute at Boston, 1854-56, on the British Poets; and in 1855 succeeded Longfellow as Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres at Harvard. He edited the *Atlantic Monthly* from its start to 1862, and the *North American Review* from 1863-72, contributing largely to both. The Civil War called out much of his finest verse, including the magnificent *Commemoration Ode*, recited at Harvard, July 21, 1865, and the second series of *The Biglow Papers*, collected in 1867. Editions of his poems had appeared in 1854 and 1858; to these were added



A. Howell.

Under the Willows, etc. (1869); *The Cathedral* (1869), and *Heartsease and Rue* (1888). His principal prose works are *Fireside Travels* (1864); *Among My Books* (1870-76); *My Study Windows* (1870); *Democracy and Other Addresses* (1887); *American Ideas for English Readers* and *Latest Literary Essays* published (1893), and *Letters* (1894), edited by C. E. Norton. While abroad in 1872-74 he was honored with degrees by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. He was sent as United States Minister to Spain in 1877, and transferred to England in 1880, where he remained till 1885. He was elected Lord Rector of St. Andrews University, Glasgow, in 1884.

MARIA (WHITE) LOWELL, wife of James Russell Lowell (to whom she was married in 1844), born at Watertown, Mass., in 1821; died at Cambridge in 1853. A small volume of her poems was printed by her husband, for private circulation, in 1855.

AN OLD HARVARD PRESIDENT.

His *ana* would make a delightful collection. One or two of his official ones will be in place here. Hearing that Porter's flip (which was exemplary) had too great an attraction for the collegians, he resolved to investigate the matter himself. Accordingly, entering the old inn one day, he called for a mug of it, and having drunk it, said, "And so, Mr. Porter, the young gentlemen come to drink your flip, do they?" "Yes, sir—sometimes." "Ah, well, I should think they would. Good day, Mr. Porter," and departed, saying nothing more; for he always wisely allowed for the existence of a certain amount of human nature in ingenuous youth. At another time the "Harvard Washingtons" asked leave to go into Boston to a collation which had been offered

them. "Certainly, young gentlemen," said the President, "but have you engaged anyone to bring home your muskets?"—the College being responsible for these weapons, which belonged to the State. Again, when a student came with a physician's certificate, and asked leave of absence, K—— granted it at once, and then added, "By the way, Mr. ——, persons interested in the relation which exists between states of the atmosphere and health have noticed a curious fact in regard to the climate of Cambridge, especially within the College limits—the very small number of deaths in proportion to the cases of dangerous illness."

Shall I take Brahmin Alcott's favorite word, and call him a dæmonic man? No, the Latin *genius* is quite old-fashioned enough for me, means the same thing, and its derivative *geniality* expresses, moreover, the base of K——'s being. How he suggested cloistered repose, and quadrangles mossy with centurial associations! How easy he was, and how without creak was every movement of his mind! This life was good enough for him, and the next not too good.

The gentlemanlike pervaded even his prayers. His were not the manners of a man of the world, nor of a man of the other world, either; but both met in him, to balance each other in a beautiful equilibrium. Praying, he leaned forward upon the pulpit-cushion, as for conversation, and seemed to feel himself (without irreverence) on terms of friendly, but courteous, familiarity with heaven. The expression of his face was that of tranquil contentment, and he appeared less to be supplicating expected mercies than thankful for those already found—as if he were saying the *gratias* in the refectory of the Abbey of Theleme. . . .

Under him the College fire-engine was vigilant and active in surpassing any tendency to spontaneous combustion among the Freshmen, or rushed wildly to imaginary conflagrations, generally in a direction where punch was to be had. All these useful conductors for the natural electricity of youth—dispersing it or turning it harmlessly into the earth, are taken away now—wisely or not, is questionable.—*Fireside Travels.*

THE FIRST SNOWFALL.*

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an Earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swansdown,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little head-stone stood,
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snowfall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
When the mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of that deep-plunged woe.

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And again to the child I whispered,
 "The snow that husheth all,
 Darling, the Merciful Father
 Alone can make it fall."

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
 And she, kissing back, could not know
 That my kiss was given to her sister
 Folded close under deepening snow.

LONGING.

Of all the myriad moods of mind
 That through the soul come thronging,
 Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
 So beautiful as Longing?
 The thing we long for, that we are
 For one transcendent moment,
 Before the Present, poor and bare,
 Can make its sneering comment.

Still through our paltry stir and strife,
 Glows down the wished Ideal,
 And longing moulds in clay what life
 Carves in the marble real.
 To let the new life in, we know
 Desire must ope the portal;—
 Perhaps the longing to be so
 Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
 With our poor earthward striving;
 We quench it that we may be still,
 Content with merely living.
 But would we learn that heart's full scope
 Which we are hourly wronging,
 Our lives must climb from hope to hope
 And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise
 Good God not only reckons
 The moments when we tread His ways,
 But when the spirit beckons—

That some slight good is also wrought
 Beyond self-satisfaction,
 When we are simply good in thought,
 Howe'er we fail in action.

AMBROSE.*

Never, surely, was holier man
 Than Ambrose, since the world began ;
 With diet spare and raiment thin
 He shielded himself from the Father of Sin,
 With bed of iron and scourgings oft
 His heart to God's hand as wax made soft.

Through earnest prayer and watchings long
 He sought to know 'twixt right and wrong,
 Much wrestling with the blessed Word
 To make it yield the sense of the Lord,
 That he might build a storm-proof creed
 To fold the flock in at their need.

At last he builded a perfect faith,
 Fenced round about with "The Lord thus saith :"
 To himself he fitted the door-way's size,
 Meted the light to the need of his eyes,
 And knew, by a sure and inward sign,
 That the work of his fingers was divine.

Then Ambrose said, "All those shall die
 The eternal death who believe not as I."
 And some were boiled, some burned in fire,
 Some sawn in twain ; that his heart's desire,
 For the good of men's souls might be satisfied,
 By the drawing of all to the righteous side.

One day as Ambrose was seeking the truth
 In his lonely walk, he saw a youth
 Resting himself in the shade of a tree.
 It had never been given him to see
 So shining a face, and the good man thought
 "Twere pity he should not believe as he ought.

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So he set himself by the young man's side,
 And the state of his soul with questions tried ;
 But the heart of the stranger was hardened, indeed,
 Nor received the stamp of the one true creed.
 And the spirit of Ambrose waxed sore to find
 Such face the part of so narrow a mind.

"As each beholds in clod and fire
 The shape that answers his own desire,
 So each," said the youth, "in the Law shall find
 The figure and features of his mind ;
 And to each in His mercy hath God allowed
 His several pillar of fire and cloud."

The soul of Ambrose burned with zeal
 And holy wrath for the young man's weal,
 "Believest thou then, most wretched youth,"
 Cried he, "individual essence in truth ?
 I fear me thy heart is too cramped with sin
 To take the Lord in His glory in."

Now there bubbled beside them where they stood
 A fountain of waters sweet and good ;
 The youth to the streamlet's brink drew near,
 Saying, "Ambrose, thou maker of creeds, look here !"
 Six vases of crystal then he took,
 And set them along the edge of the brook.

"As into these vessels the water I pour,
 There shall one hold less, another more,
 And the water unchanged, in every case,
 Shall put on the figure of the vase ;
 O thou, who wouldst unity make through strife,
 Canst thou fit this sign to the Water of Life ?"

When Ambrose looked up, he stood alone ;
 The youth and the stream and the vases were gone ;
 But he knew, by a sense of humbled grace,
 He had talked with an angel face to face,
 And he felt his heart change inwardly,
 As he fell on his knees beneath the tree.

ALL-SAINTS.

One feast of holy days the crest,
 I, though no Churchman, love to keep;
 All-Saints—the unknown good that rest
 In God's still memory folded deep;
 The bravely dumb that did their deed,
 And scorned to blot it with a name,
 Men of the plain, heroic breed,
 That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

Such lived not in the past alone,
 But tread to-day the unheeding street,
 And stairs to Sin and Famine known
 Sing with the welcome of their feet:
 The den they enter grows a shrine,
 The grimy sash an oriel burns;
 Their cup of water warms like wine,
 Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

About their brows to me appears
 An aureole traced in tenderest light,
 The rainbow-gleam of smiles through tears
 In dying eyes, by them made bright,
 Of souls that shivered on the edge
 Of that chill ford repassed no more,
 And in their mercy felt the pledge
 And sweetness of the farther shore.

HIS NEPHEWS.*

Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street
 I hear the drummers makin' riot,
 An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
 Thet follered once an' now are quiet,—
 White feet ez snowdrops innercent,
 Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,
 Whose comin' step ther's ears that won't
 No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'.

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Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee ?
 Didn't I love to see 'em growin',
 Three iikely lads ez wal could be,
 Handsome an' brave an' not tu knowin'.
 I set and look into the blaze
 Whose natur', jes like theirn, keeps climbin',
 Ez long'z it lives, in shinin' ways,
 An' half despise myself for rhymin'.

Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth
 On War's red techstone rang true metal,
 Who ventured life an' love an' youth
 For the gret prize o' death in battle ?
 To him who, deadly hurt, agen
 Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
 Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
 Thet rived the Rebel line asunder ?

'Tain't right to hev the young go fust,
 All throbbin' full o' gifts and graces,
 Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust
 To try an' make b'lieve fill their places.
 Nothin' but tells us wut we miss ;
 Ther's gaps our lives can't never pay in,
 An' thet world seems so fur from this,
 Lef' for us loafers to grow gray in !

My eyes cloud up for rain : my mouth
 Will take to twitchin' roun' the corners ;
 I pity mothers, tu, down South,
 For all they sot among the scorners.
 I'd sooner take my chance to stan'
 At Jedgegment where your meanest slave is,
 Than at God's bar hol' up a han'
 Ez drippin red ez yourn, Jeff Davis !

Come, Peace ! not like a mourner bowed
 For honor lost an' dear ones wasted,
 But proud, to meet a people proud,
 With eyes that tell o' triumph tasted !
 Come, with han' grippin on the hilt,
 An' steps thet proves ye Victory's daughter !

Longin' for you, our spirits wilt
Like shipwrecked men's on raf's for water.

Come, while our country feels the lift
Of a gret instinct shoutin' forwards,
An' knows thet freedom ain't a gift
Thet tarries long in han's o' cowards!
Come, sech ez mothers prayed for, when
They kissed their cross with lips thet quivered,
An' bring fair wages for brave men,
A nation saved, a race delivered!

—*Biglow Papers.*

PEACE OR WAR.

Better that all our ships an' all their crews
Should sink to rot in ocean's dreamless ooze,
Each torn flag wavin' challenge as it went,
An' each dumb gun a brave man's moniment,
Than seek sech peace ez only cowards crave:
Give me the peace of dead men or of brave!

—*Biglow Papers.*

AMERICA.*

O strange New World, thet yit wast never young,
Whose youth from thee by gripin' need was wrung,
Brown foundlin' o' the woods, whose baby-bed
Was prowled roun' by the Injun's cracklin' tread,
An' who grew'st strong thru shifts an' wants an' pains,
Nursed by stern men with empires in their brains,
Who saw in vision their young Ishmael strain,
With each hard hand a vassal ocean's mane,
Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by gret events
To pitch new States ez Old-World men pitch tents,
Thou, taught by Fate to know Jehovah's plan,
Thet man's devices can't unmake a man,
An' whose free latch-string never was drawn in
Against the poorest child of Adam's kin—
The grave's not dug where traitor hands shall lay
In fearful haste thy murdered corse away!

—*Biglow Papers.*

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MODERN MARTYRS.*

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
 Amid the dust of books to find her,
 Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
 With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.
 Many in sad faith sought for her,
 Many with crossed hands sighed for her ;
 But these, our brothers, fought for her,
 At life's dear peril wrought for her,
 So loved her that they died for her,
 Tasting the raptured fleetness
 Of her divine completeness :
 Their higher instinct knew
 Those love her best who to themselves are true,
 And what they dare to dream of dare to do ;
 They followed her, and found her
 Where all may hope to find—
 Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind.
 But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her
 Where faith made whole with deed
 Breathes its awakening breath
 Into the lifeless creed,
 They saw her plumed and mailed,
 With sweet, stern face unveiled,
 And all-repaying eyes look proud on them in death.

Our slender life runs rippling by, and glides
 Into the silent hollow of the past ;
 What is there that abides
 To make the next age better for the last ?
 Is earth too poor to give us
 Something to live for here that shall outlive us ?
 Some more substantial boon
 Than such as flows and ebbs with Fortune's fickle
 moon ?
 The little that we see
 From doubt is never free ;
 The little that we do
 Is but half-nobly true,

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With our laborious hiving
What men call treasure, and the gods call dross,
 Life seems a jest of Fate's contriving,
 Only secure in everyone's conniving,
 A long account of nothings paid with loss,
Where we poor puppets, jerked by unseen wires,
 After one little hour of strut and rave,
 With all our pasteboard passions and desires,
 Loves, hates, ambitions, and immortal fires,
 Are tossed pell-mell together in the grave.
 But stay! no age was e'er degenerate
 Unless men held it at too cheap a rate,
For in our likeness still we shape our fate.

Ah, there is something here
 Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer.
 Something that gives our feeble light
 A high immunity from night,
 Something that leaps life's narrow bars
To claim its birthright with the hosts of heaven ;
 A seed of sunshine that doth leaven
 Our earthly dulness with the beams of stars,
 And glorify our clay
With light from fountains elder than the Day ;
 A conscience more divine than we,
 A gladness fed with secret tears,
 A vexing, forward-reaching sense
 Of some more noble permanence ;
 A light across the sea,
 Which haunts the soul and will not let it be,
Still glimmering from the heights of undegenerate years.

Whither leads the path
 To ampler fates that leads?
 Not down through flowery meads,
 To reap an aftermath
 Of youth's vainglorious weeds,
 But up the steep, amid the wrath
 And shock of deadly hostile creeds,
 Where the world's best hope and stay
By battle's flashes gropes a desperate way,
 And every turf the fierce foot clings to bleeds.

Peace hath her not ignoble wreath,
 Ere yet the sharp, decisive word
 Light the black lips of cannon, and the sword
 Dreams in its easeful sheath ;
 But some day the live coal behind the thought,
 Whether from Baal's stone obscene,
 Or from the shrine serene
 Of God's pure altar brought,
 Bursts up in flame ; the war of tongue and pen
 Learns with what deadly purpose it was fraught,
 And, helpless in the fiery passion caught,
 Shakes all the pillared state with shock of men.
 Some say the soft Ideal that we wooed
 Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,
 And cries reproachful : " Was it, then, my praise,
 And not myself, was loved ? Prove now thy truth ;
 I claim of thee the promise of thy youth ;
 Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,
 The victim of thy genius, not its mate ! "

 Life may be given in many ways,
 And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field—
 So bountiful is Fate ;
 But then to stand beside her,
 When craven churls deride her,
To front lie in arms and not to yield,
 This shows, methinks, God's plan
 And measure of a stalwart man,
 Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
 Who stands self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
 Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
 Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

We sit here in the Promised Land
 That flows with Freedom's honey and milk ;
 But 'twas they won it, sword in hand,
 Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.
 We welcome back our bravest and our best :—
 Ah me ! not all ! some come not with the rest,
 Who went forth brave and bright as any here !

**I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,
 But the sad strings complain,**

And will not please the ear :
 I sweep them for a pæan, but they wane
 Again and yet again
 Into a dirge and die away in pain.
 In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
 Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps,
 Dark to the triumph which they died to gain.

 Fitlier may others greet the living,
 For me the past is unforgiving ;
 I, with uncovered head,
 Salute the sacred dead,
 Who went, and who return not.—Say not so !
 'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
 But the high faith that failed not by the way.
 Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave ;
 No bar of endless night exiles the brave ;
 And to the saner mind
 We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.
 Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow !
 For never shall their aureoled presence lack :
 I see them muster in a gleaming row,
 With ever-youthful brows that nobler show ;
 We find in our dull road their shining track ;
 In every nobler mood
 We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
 Part of our life's unalterable good,
 Of all our saintlier aspiration ;
 They come transfigured back.
 Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
 Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
 Of morn on their white shields of Expectation !

—*Harvard Commemoration Ode, 1865.*

THE MORNING-GLORY.

We wreathed about our darling's head the Morning-
 glory bright,
 Her little face looked out beneath, so full of life and
 light,
 So lit, as with a sunrise, that we could only say,
 She is the Morning-glory true, and her poor types are
 they.

So always, from the happy time, we called her by their
name ;
And very fitting did it seem—for sure as morning
came,
Behind her cradle-bars she smiled to catch the first faint
ray,
As from the trellis smile the flowers that open to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear their airy cups of blue
As turned her sweet eyes to the light, brimmed with
sleep's tender dew ;
And not so close their tendrils fine round their supports
are thrown,
As those dear arms whose outstretched plea clasped all
hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come, even as comes the
flower,
The last and perfect added gift to crown Love's morn-
ing hour ;
And how in her was imaged forth the love we could not
say,
As on the little dew-drops round shine back the heart
of day.

We never could have thought, O God, that she must
wither up,
Almost before a day was flown, like the Morning-glory's
cup ;
We never thought to see her droop her fair and noble
head,
Till she lay stretched before our eyes, wilted, and cold,
and dead.

The Morning-glory's blossoming will soon be coming
round :
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves upspringing
from the ground ;
The tender things the winter killed renew again their
birth,
But the glory of our morning has passed away from
earth.

Oh, Earth! in vain our aching eyes stretch over this
 green plain!
 Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air, her spirit to
 sustain;
 But up in groves of Paradise full surely we shall see
 Our Morning-glory beautiful twine round our dear
 Lord's knee.

—MARIA LOWELL.

THE ALPINE SHEEP.

[*Addressed to a friend, after the loss of a child.*]

When on my ear your loss was knelled, and tender
 sympathy upburst,
 A little spring from memory welled, which once had
 quenched my bitter thirst;
 And I was fain to bear to you a portion of its mild
 relief,
 That it might be a healing dew to steal some fever from
 your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath up to the Father
 took its way,
 And on our home the shade of Death, like a long twi-
 light haunting lay;
 And friends came round, with us to weep her little
 spirit's swift remove,
 The story of the Alpine sheep was told to us by one we
 love:

They, in the valley's sheltering care, soon crop the
 meadows' tender prime,
 And when the sod grows brown and bare, the shepherd
 strives to make them climb
 To airy shelves of pasture green, that hang along the
 mountain's side
 Where grass and flowers together lean and down
 through mists the sunbeams glide.

But naught can tempt the timid things the steep and
 rugged path to try,

Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings, and seared
 below the pastures lie,
 Till in his arms his lambs he takes, along the dizzy
 verge to go ;
 Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks, they follow on
 o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures, lifted fair, more dewy than the
 lowland mead,
 The shepherd drops his tender care, and sheep and
 lambs together feed.—
 This parable, by Nature breathed, blew on me, as the
 South-wind free
 O'er frozen brooks that flow, unsheathed from icy
 thraldom, to the sea.

A blissful vision, through the night, would all my happy
 senses sway
 Of the Good Shepherd, on the height, or climbing up
 the starry way,
 Holding our little lamb asleep ; while, like the murmur
 of the sea,
 Sounded that voice along the deep, saying " Arise, and
 follow me ! "

—MARIA LOWELL.



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