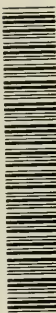




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*THE LADY OR THE TIGER.*

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**Edition de Luxe**

*TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES*

VOL. XXI.

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## KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

**a** as in fat, man, pang.  
**ā** as in fate, mane, dale.  
**ä** as in far, father, guard.  
**á** as in fall, talk.  
**â** as in ask, fast, ant.  
**à** as in fare.  
**e** as in met, pen, bless.  
**ē** as in mete, meet.  
**é** as in her, fern.  
**î** as in pin, it.  
**ï** 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.  
**û** 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:

**ǎ** as in prelate, courage.  
**ĕ** as in ablegate, episcopal.  
**ȝ** as in abrogate, eulogy, democrat.  
**ÿ** as in singular, education.

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

sound is variable to, and in ordinary utterance actually becomes, the short *u* sound (of but, pun, etc.). Thus:

**ǻ** as in errant, republican.  
**ĕ** as in prudent, difference.  
**î** as in charity, density.  
**ȝ** as in valor, actor, idiot.  
**ǻ** as in Persia, peninsula.  
**ē** as in *the* book.  
**ÿ** as in nature, feature.

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

**ṭ** as in nature, adventure.  
**ḍ** as in arduous, education.  
**ṣ** as in pressure.  
**ḥ** as in seizure.  
**y** as in yet.  
**B** Spanish b (medial).  
**čh** 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.  
**ƒH** as in then.  
**D = ƒH.**

' 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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**Stoddard**, Richard Henry.  
**Stoddard**, William Osborn.  
**Stolberg** (stol'berg), Friedrich Leopold, Count.





SHELTON, FREDERICK WILLIAM, an American clergyman and religious writer, born at Jamaica, N. Y., in 1814; died at Carthage Landing, on the Hudson, in 1881. He was graduated at Princeton in 1834, and studied for the Presbyterian ministry. In 1847 he took orders in the Episcopal Church, and was thereafter rector at Fishkill, N. Y., and Montpelier, Vt., finally making his residence at Carthage Landing, where he was occupied in literary pursuits. Among his works are *Salander and the Dragon* (1851); *Up the River* (1853); *The Rector of St. Bardolph's* (1853); *Crystalline* (1854); *Peeps from a Belfry* (1855).

#### A BURIAL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

It was in the month of January when the boreal breath is so keen, after a walk to the summit of the mountain, that I returned at nightfall to my chamber, with my cloak and hat completely covered with snow.

Scarce had I disposed myself for an evening's work, when I was called on with a request to perform funeral services on the next day over the body of a poor Irish laborer killed suddenly on the line of the railroad by the blasting of rocks. The priest was absent; for, although there was a numerous body of Irish Catholics in that vicinity, he came only once in six weeks. During the interval those poor people were left without any shepherd; and as they had a regard for the decencies of Christian burial, they sometimes, as on this occasion, requested the Church clergyman to be at hand. I willingly consented to do what appeared to be a necessary charity, although I apprehended, and afterward learned,

that the more rigid and disciplined of the faith were indignant, and kept away from the funeral rites, which they almost considered profane. Nor could I disrespect their scruples, considering the principles whence they grew.

The snow fell all night to the depth of several inches, and when the morrow dawned the wind blew a hurricane, filling the air with fine particles of snow, and making the cold intense. Muffling myself as well as possible, I proceeded two miles to the Irish shanty where the deceased lay, which was filled to the utmost capacity with a company of respectable friends and sincere mourners. It was indeed a comfortless abode; but for the poor man who reposed there in his pine coffin it was as good a tenement as the most sumptuous palace ever reared. When I see the dead going from an abode like this, the thought comes up that perhaps they have lost little, and are gaining much, that the grave over which the grass grows, and the trees wave, and the winds murmur, is after all a peaceful haven and a place of rest. But when they go from marble halls and splendid mansions, the last trappings appear a mockery, and I think only of what they have left behind.

Standing in one corner of that small cabin among the sorrowing relatives, while the winds of winter howled without their requiem of the departed year, I began to read the Church's Solemn Office for the Dead: "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord." Having completed the reading of these choral words, and the magnificent and inspiring words of St. Paul, the procession was formed at the door of the hovel, and we proceeded on foot.

The wind-storm raged violently, so that you could scarce see by reason of the snowy pillar, while the drifts were sometimes up to your knees. The walk was most dreary. On either hand the mountains lifted their heads loftily, covered to the summit with snow; the pine-trees and evergreens which skirted the highway presented the spectacle of small pyramids; every weed which the foot struck was glazed over; and the bushes, in the faint beams of the struggling light, sparkled with gems. In a wild Titanic defile gigantic icicles hung

from the oozing rocks, and as we passed a mill-stream we had the sight of a frozen water-fall, arrested in its descent, and with all its volume, spray, and mist, as if by the hand of some enchanter, changed into stone.

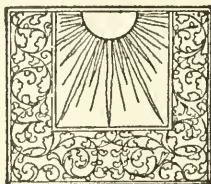
At last we arrived at the place of graves. It was an acclivity of the mountain ; a small field surrounded by a fence, in one corner of which were erected many wooden crosses ; and a pile of sand, or rather of sandy, frozen clods, dug out with a pick-axe and cast upon the surrounding snow, indicated the spot of this new sepulture. There was not a single marble erected, not a monument of brown stone ; or epitaph ; but the emblem of the cross denoted that it was the resting-place of the lowliest of the lowly—of the poor sons of Erin, the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, who had, from time to time, in these distant regions, given up their lives to toil, to suffering, or to crime. But the mountain in which they were buried was itself a monument which, without any distinction, in a spot where all were equal, was erected equally for all. There is no memorial, even of the greatest, so good as the place in which they repose ; and when I looked upon the Sinai-like peak which rose before us, I thought that these poor people had, in the depth of poverty, resorted to the very God of Nature to memorize their dead.

But I must not forget to notice, by way of memorial, the history of that poor man. He was one of those who lived by the sweat of the brow. By digging and delving in the earth, by bearing heavy burdens, and performing dangerous work, he obtained a living by hard labor, "betwixt daylight and dark ;" and while the famine was raging in his own land—like many of his race, who exhibit the same noble generosity and devotion—he had carefully saved his earnings, and transmitted them to his relatives. They arrived too late. His father and mother had already died of starvation ; but his only sister had scarcely reached the doors of this poor man's hovel, after so long a journey, when, as she awaited anxiously his return that evening from his daily work, the litter which contained his body arrived at the door.

I reflected upon this little history as we approached

the grave upon the mountain-side ; and, melancholy as the scene was, with the snow drifting upon our uncovered heads, I would not have exchanged the good which it did my soul for the warmest and best-lighted chamber where revelry abounds. I thought that surrounding gloom was of itself suggestive of hope to the Christian soul. In a few months more the mountains would again be clothed in verdure, and the little hills rejoice on every side. As the winds died away into vernal gales, as the icicles fell from the rocks, as the snows vanished, they would be succeeded by the voice of the blooming and beautiful earth, with all its forest choirs prolonging the chant of thanksgiving. How much more should the body of him, which now lay cold in its grave, with the clods and the snows of the mountains piled upon it, awake to a sure, and, it was to be hoped, a joyful resurrection. With such cheering thoughts we hurried away from the spot, when the services were ended, humbly praying that a portion of consolation might be conveyed to the heart of her who, in a strange land, mourned the loss of an only brother.

—*Peeps from a Belfry.*





SHENSTONE, WILLIAM, an English poet, born in 1714; died in 1763. He studied at Pembroke College, Oxford, but did not take a degree. At the age of thirty the paternal estate of Leasowes came into his hand, and, as Johnson says, "he began to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters." The property, however, was worth not more than £300 a year, and Shenstone devoted so much of his means to the embellishment of the grounds that he had to live in a dilapidated old house, hardly rain-proof. He is known almost wholly by his poem *The Schoolmistress*, consisting of nearly forty stanzas in the Spenserian measure. This poem was published in 1742, and so was written while he was a student at Oxford. The extract given below contains some of the opening stanzas of the poem, which are better than the later portions.

"The general recommendation of Shenstone," says Samuel Johnson, "is easiness and simplicity; his general defect is want of comprehension and variety. Had his mind been better stored with knowledge, whether he could have been great, I know not; he could certainly have been agreeable."

"This poem," says Goldsmith, of *The Schoolmistress*, "is one of those happinesses in which a poet excels himself, as there is nothing in all Shenstone which any way approaches it in merit;

and though I dislike the imitations of our old English poets in general, yet on this minute subject the antiquity of the style produces a very ludicrous solemnity."

THE DAME AND HER SCHOOL.

Ah me ! full sorely is my heart forlorn  
 To think how modest worth neglected lies,  
 While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn  
 Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise ;  
 Deeds of ill sorts and mischievous emprise.—  
 Lend me thy clarion, goddess ! let me try  
 To sound the praise of merit ere it dies,  
 Such as I oft have chanced to espy  
 Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village marked with humble spire,  
 Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,  
 There dwells, in lowly shades and mean attire,  
 A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress name,  
 Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame ;  
 They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,  
 Awed by the power of this relentless dame,  
 And ofttimes on vagaries idly bent,  
 For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely spent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,  
 Which Learning near her little dome did show ;  
 Whilom a twig of small regard to see,  
 Though now so wide its waving branches flow,  
 And work the simple vassals mickle woe ;  
 For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,  
 But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low ;  
 And as they looked, they found their horror grew,  
 And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view. . . .

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,  
 Emblem right meet of decency doth yield ;  
 Her apron, dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,  
 As is the harebell that adorns the field ;  
 And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield

Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear entwined,  
 With dark mistrust and sad repentance filled,  
 And steadfast hate and sharp affliction joined,  
 And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind. . . .

Right well she knew each temper to descry ;  
 To thwart the proud, and the submit to raise ;  
 Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,  
 And some entice with pittance small of praise ;  
 And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays :  
 E'en absent, she the reins of power doth hold,  
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways ;  
 Forewarned, if little bird their pranks behold,  
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo! now with state she utters the command :  
 Eftsoons the urchins to their task repair ;  
 Their books, of stature small, they take in hand,  
 Which with pellucid horn securèd are  
 To save from fingers wet the letters fair ;  
 The work so gay that on their back is seen  
 Saint George's high achievements does declare,  
 On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,  
 Kens the forthcoming rod—unpleasing sight, I ween.

Ah, luckless he, and born beneath the beam  
 Of evil star ! It irks me while I write ;  
 As erst the bard by Mulla's silver stream,  
 Oft as he told of deadly, dolorous plight,  
 Sighed as he sung, and did in tears indite.  
 For, brandishing the rod, she doth begin  
 To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight !  
 And down they drop : appears his dainty skin,  
 Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermelin.  
 — *The Schoolmistress.*

MUCH TASTE AND LITTLE ESTATE.

See yonder hill, so green and round,  
 Its brow with ambient beeches crowned !  
 'Twould well become thy gentle care  
 To raise a dome to Venus there :

Pleased with the Nymphs thy zeal survey,  
And Venus in their arms repay.

'Twas such a shade, near such a brook,  
From such a rocky fragment springing,  
That famed Apollo chose to sing in.

There let an altar wrought with art  
Engage thy tuneful patron's heart :  
How charming there to muse and warble  
Beneath his bust of breathing marble !  
With laurel wreath and mimic lyre,  
That crown a poet's vast desire.  
Then near it scoop the vaulted cell,  
Where Music's charming maids may dwell,  
Prone to indulge thy tender passion,  
And make thee many an assignation.  
Deep in the grove's obscure retreat  
Be placed Minerva's sacred seat ;  
There let her awful turrets rise

(For Wisdom flies from vulgar eyes) ;  
There her calm dictates thou shalt hear  
Distinctly strike thy listening ear ;  
And who would shun the pleasing labor,  
To have Minerva for his neighbor ?

But did the Muses haunt his cell ?  
Or in his dome did Venus dwell ?  
Did Pallas in his counsels share ?  
The Delian god reward his prayer ?  
Or did his zeal engage the fair ?  
When all the structure shone complete—  
Not much convenient, wondrous neat—  
Adorned with gilding, painting, planting,  
And the fair guests alone were wanting ;  
Ah, me ! ('twas Damon's own confession),  
Came Poverty, and took possession.

—*The Progress of Taste.*

#### THE SHEPHERD'S HOME.

My banks they are furnished with bees,  
Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;  
My grottoes are shaded with trees,  
And my hills are white over with sheep.



I seldom have met with a loss,  
 Such health do my fountains bestow ;  
 My fountains are bordered with moss,  
 Where the harebells and violets blow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen  
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound ;  
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,  
 But a sweetbrier entwines it around.  
 Not my fields, in the prime of the year,  
 More charms than my cattle unfold ;  
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,  
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.

. . . . .

One would think she might like to retire  
 To the bower I have labored to rear ;  
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,  
 But I hasted and planted it there.  
 O, how sudden the jessamine strove  
 With the lilac to render it gay !  
 Already it calls for my love  
 To prune the wild branches away.

I have found out a gift for my fair,  
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed ;—  
 But let me such plunder forbear,  
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed ;  
 For he ne'er could be true, she averred,  
 Who would rob a poor bird of its young ;  
 And I loved her the more when I heard  
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold  
 How that pity was due to a dove ;  
 That it ever attended the bold,  
 And she called it the sister of love.  
 But her words such a pleasure convey,  
 So much I her accent adore,  
 Let her speak, and whatever she say,  
 Methinks I should love her the more



SHEPHERD, NATHANIEL GRAHAM, an American poet, born in New York City in 1835; died there, May 23, 1869. He studied art in New York, and removed to Georgia, where he taught drawing a number of years. He then returned to New York and engaged in the insurance business, spending his leisure in study and writing, contributing to periodicals and journals. When the war broke out he became a war correspondent for the *New York Tribune*. He was the author of *The Dead Drummer Boy*, *The Roll-Call*, *A Summer Reminiscence*, and other poems.

“Many exquisite poems were the product of his pen,” says the editor of *Appleton’s Annual Cyclopædia* for 1869. “*The Dead Drummer Boy*, which appeared in *Harper’s Magazine*, was one of the finest poems elicited by the war.”

“In the death of Mr. Shepherd,” says the *New York Tribune* (May 24, 1869), “that small, fast-fading galaxy of talent which at one time included such names as Wilkins, Neil, Arnold, and Fitz-James O’Brien has lost another of its brightest and most erratic stars. . . . He wrote and printed a number of poems full of promise and power. . . . His poems, if carefully edited and given to the public in book form, would be a valuable addition to the literature of the country.”

## ROLL-CALL.

“Corporal Green !” the Orderly cried ;  
“ Here !” was the answer loud and clear,  
From the lips of a soldier who stood near,—  
And “ Here !” was the word the next replied.

“ Cyrus Drew !”—then a silence fell ;  
This time no answer followed the call ;  
Only his rear-man had seen him fall :  
Killed or wounded—he cannot tell.

There they stood in the failing light,  
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,  
As plain to be read as open books,  
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hill-sides was splashed with blood,  
And down in the corn where the poppies grew,  
Were redder stains than the poppies knew ;  
And crimson-dyed with was the river’s flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side,  
That day, in the face of a murderous fire  
That swept them down in its terrible ire ;  
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

“ Herbert Cline !”—At the call there came  
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,  
Bearing between them this Herbert Cline,  
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

“ Ezra Kerr !”—and a voice answered “ Here !”  
“ Hiram Kerr !”—but no man replied.  
They were brothers, these two ; the sad wind sighed,  
And a shudder crept through the corn-field near.

“ Ephraim Deane !”—then a soldier spoke :  
“ Deane carried our regiment’s colors,” he said,  
“ When our ensign was shot ; I left him dead,  
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

“Close to the roadside his body lies ;  
 I paused a moment and gave him to drink ;  
 He murmured his mother’s name, I think,  
 And Death came with it and closed his eyes.”

’Twas a victory—yes ; but it cost us dear ;  
 For that company’s roll, when called at night,  
 Of a hundred men who went into the fight,  
 Numbered but twenty that answered “ Here ! ”

ONLY THE CLOTHES SHE WORE.

There is the hat  
 With the blue veil thrown ’round it, just as they found it,  
 Spotted and soiled, stained and all spoiled—  
 Do you recognize that ?

The gloves, too, lie there,  
 And in them still lingers the shape of her fingers,  
 That someone has pressed, perhaps, and caressed,  
 So slender and fair.

There are the shoes,  
 With their long silken laces, still bearing traces,  
 To the toe’s dainty tip, of the mud of the slip,  
 The slime and the ooze.

There is the dress,  
 Like the blue veil, all dabbled, discolored, and drab-  
 bled—  
 This you should know without doubt, and, if so,  
 All else you may guess.

There is the shawl,  
 With the striped border, hung next in order,  
 Soiled hardly less than the white muslin dress,  
 And—that is all.

Ah, here is a ring  
 We were forgetting, with a pearl setting ;  
 There was only this one—name or date ?—none.  
 A frail, pretty thing ;

A keepsake, maybe,  
The gift of another, perhaps a brother,  
Or lover—who knows? him her heart chose ;  
Or was she heart-free ?

Does the hat there,  
With the blue veil around it, the same as they found it,  
Summon up a fair face with just a trace  
Of gold in the hair ?

Or does the shawl,  
Mutely appealing to some hidden feeling,  
A form, young and slight, to your mind's **sight**  
Clearly recall ?

A month now has passed,  
And her sad history remains yet a mystery ;  
But these we keep still, and shall keep them **until**  
Hope dies at last.

Was she a prey  
Of some deep sorrow clouding the morrow,  
Hiding from view the sky's happy blue ?  
Or was there foul play ?

Alas ! who may tell ?  
Someone or other, perhaps a fond mother,  
May recognize these when her child's clothes she sees ;  
Then—will it be well ?





SHERIDAN, PHILIP HENRY, an American soldier, and writer of interesting memoirs relating to the Civil War in the United States, born at Albany, N. Y., March 6, 1831; died at Nonquitt, Mass., August 5, 1888. He was graduated from the United States Military Academy, July 1, 1853, and was assigned to the First Infantry as brevet second lieutenant. After a short time in barracks he was ordered to Texas, then to Washington and Oregon, and in the fall of 1861 was appointed captain in the regular army. In December, 1861, he was assigned to the army of Southwest Missouri as chief quartermaster, and in March, 1862, was chief quartermaster under General Halleck. On May 25th he was appointed colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry. He commanded a division at the battle of Perryville (October 8, 1861), and of Murfreesboro (December 31, 1862), his commission as major-general of volunteers dating from the battle of Murfreesboro. He distinguished himself at the battles of Chickamauga (September 19-20, 1863) and Chattanooga (November 24-25, 1863). When Grant was promoted to lieutenant-general (March, 1864), he asked for the transfer of Sheridan to the East, and appointed him Chief of Cavalry of the Army of the Potomac. On November 8, 1864, he was appointed major-general in the regular army. In June,

1865, he was put in command of the military division of the Southwest, of that of the Gulf in July, and in August, 1866, of the Department of the Gulf. In March, 1867, he was given the command of the Fifth Military Division (Louisiana and Texas), and transferred to the Department of the Missouri, September, 1867. He remained in command here until March 4, 1869, when he was promoted to lieutenant-general, and assigned to the command of the Division of Missouri, with headquarters at Chicago. In 1870 he went to Europe and witnessed the Franco-German War. On November 1, 1883, he succeeded General Sherman in command of the army, and was appointed general of the army, June 1, 1888. His *Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan* were published just before his death.

#### THE FAMOUS STEED RIENZI.

Captain Archibald P. Campbell, of the Second Michigan Cavalry, presented me with the black horse called Rienzi, since made historical by having been ridden by me in many battles, conspicuously in the ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek, which has been celebrated in the poem by T. Buchanan Read. This horse was of Morgan stock, and then about three years old. He was jet black, excepting three white feet, sixteen hands high, and strongly built, with great powers of endurance. He was so active that he could cover with ease five miles an hour at his natural walking gait. The gelding had been ridden very seldom: in fact, Campbell had been unaccustomed to riding till the war broke out, and, I think, felt some disinclination to mount the fiery colt. Campbell had an affection for him, however, that never waned, and would often come to my headquarters to see his favorite, the colt being cared for there by the regimental farrier, an old man named John Ashley, who had taken him in charge when leaving

Michigan, and had been his groom ever since. Seeing that I liked the horse—I had ridden him on several occasions—Campbell presented him to me on one of these visits, and from that time till the close of the war I rode him almost continuously, in every campaign and battle in which I took part, without once finding him overcome with fatigue, though on many occasions his strength was severely tested by long marches and short rations. I never observed in him any vicious habit; a nervousness and restlessness and switching of the tail, when everything about him was in repose, being the only indication that he might be untrustworthy. No one but a novice could be deceived by this, however, for the intelligence evinced in every feature, and his thoroughbred appearance, were so striking that any person accustomed to horses could not misunderstand such a noble animal. But Campbell thought otherwise, at least when the horse was to a certain degree yet untrained, and could not be persuaded to ride him; indeed for more than a year after he was given to me, Campbell still retained suspicions of his viciousness, though, along with this mistrust, an undiminished affection. Although he was several times wounded, this horse escaped death in action; and, living to a ripe old age, died in 1878, attended to the last with all the care and surrounded with every comfort due the faithful service he had rendered.—*Memoirs.*









RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.



SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY, a British politician and dramatist, born in Dublin, September 30, 1751; died in London, July 7, 1816. He was educated at Harrow School, and in 1773 commenced the study of law at the Middle Temple, London. In 1780 he was returned to Parliament, and for many years took a prominent part in the political movements of the time. In 1787 he was chosen one of the managers of the impeachment of Warren Hastings. His opening speech on the articles committed to his charge was deemed a masterpiece of eloquence. When he closed, the excitement was so great that no other speaker could obtain a hearing, and the House adjourned. Mr. Fox, long afterward, pronounced it to be the best speech ever made in the House of Commons. Before twenty-four hours had passed, Sheridan was offered a thousand pounds for the copyright of the speech, if he would himself prepare it for the press; this was never done, and we have only an inadequate report of the great speech. We need not follow his political and personal career. What with extravagant living, enormous losses at the gaming-table, and the burning, in 1809, of the Drury Lane Theatre, he was reduced to great pecuniary straits. He was enfeebled in health, was harassed by his creditors, imprisoned for debt, and the bailiffs were with difficulty pre-

vented from dragging him from his death-bed to a sponging-house. He died deserted by all but a few of his former friends and associates, but he was honored with a tomb in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

Sheridan's claim to a place in literature rests almost wholly on his comedies—the best of which are *The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal*, and *The Critic*. *The Life of Sheridan* has been written by Thomas Moore (1825). His *Dramatic Works*, with a *Memoir* by James Brown, were published in 1873, and a collection of his entire *Works and Remains*, edited by F. Stainbull, in 1874.

A SCENE FROM "THE CRITIC."

[*Enter SERVANT to DANGLE, MRS. DANGLE, and SNEER.*]

*Servant.*—Sir Fretful Plagiary, Sir.

*Dangle.*—Beg him to walk up. [*Exit SERVANT.*] Now, Mrs. Dangle, Sir Fretful Plagiary is an author to your own taste.

*Mrs. Dangle.*—I confess he is a favorite of mine, because everybody else abuses him.

*Sneer.*—Very much to the credit of your charity, Madam, if not of your judgment.

*Dangle.*—But, egad! he allows no credit to any author but himself; that's the truth on't, though he is my friend.

*Sneer.*—Never. He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six-and-thirty; and then the insidious humility with which he seduces you to give a free opinion on any of his works can be exceeded only by the petulant arrogance with which he is sure to reject your observations.

*Dan.*—Very true, egad! though he's my friend.

*Sneer.*—Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures: though, at the same time, he is the poorest man alive, and shrinks like a scorched parchment from

the fiery ordeals of true criticism. Yet he is so covetous of popularity that he had rather be abused than not mentioned at all.

*Dan.*—There's no denying it; though he is my friend.

*Sneer.*—You have read the tragedy he has just finished, haven't you?

*Dan.*—Oh, yes, he sent it to me yesterday.

*Sneer.*—Well, and you think it execrable, don't you?

*Dan.*—Why, between ourselves, egad! I must own—though he's my friend—that it is one of the most—he's here [*Aside.*]  
—finished and most admirable perform—

*Sir Fretful* [*Without.*].—Mr. Sneer with him, did you say?

[*Enter SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY.*]

*Dan.*—Ah, my dear friend! Egad! We were just speaking of your tragedy. Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

*Sneer.*—You never did anything beyond it, Sir Fretful; never in your life.

*Sir Fretful.*—You make me extremely happy; for, without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours, and Mr. Dangle's.

*Mrs. Dan.*—They are only laughing at you, Sir Fretful; for it was but just now that—

*Dan.*—Mrs. Dangle!—Ah, Sir Fretful, you know Mrs. Dangle. My friend Sneer was rallying her just now. He knows how she admires you, and—

*Sir Fretful.*—O Lord! I am sure that Mr. Sneer has more taste and sincerity than to— [*Aside.*]  
A double-faced fellow!

*Dan.*—Yes, yes; Sneer will jest; but a better-humored—

*Sir Fret.*—Oh, I know.

*Dan.*—He has a ready turn for ridicule; his wit costs him nothing.

*Sir Fret.*—No, egad! [*Aside.*]  
Or I should wonder how he came by it.

*Mrs. Dan.*—Because his jest is always at the expense of his friend.

*Dan.*—But, Sir Fretful, have you sent your play to the managers yet? or can I be of any service to you?

*Sir Fret.*—Sincerely, then, do you like the piece?

*Sneer.*—Wonderfully.

*Sir Fret.*—But, come, now, there must be something that you think might be mended, eh! Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you?

*Dan.*—Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing for the most part to——

*Sir Fret.*—With most authors it is so, indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious. But, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

*Sneer.*—Very true. Why, then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

*Sir Fret.*—Sir, you can't oblige me more.

*Sneer.*—I think it wants incident.

*Sir Fret.*—Good God! you surprise me! wants incident!

*Sneer.*—Yes, I own I think the incidents are too few.

*Sir Fret.*—Good God! Believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference; but I protest to you, Mr. Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded.—My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

*Dan.*—Really, I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient; and the first four acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth——

*Sir Fret.*—Rises, I believe you mean, Sir.

*Dan.*—No; I don't, upon my word.

*Sir Fret.*—Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul. It don't certainly fall off, I assure you; no, no, it don't fall off.

*Dan.*—Mrs. Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light?

*Mrs. Dan.*—No, indeed, I did not. I did not see any fault in any part of the play from beginning to end.

*Sir Fret.*—Upon my soul, the women are the best judges, after all!

*Mrs. Dan.*—Or if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece; but I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

*Sir Fret.*—Pray, Madam, do you speak as to duration of time? or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

*Mrs. Dan.*—O no. I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting pieces.

*Sir Fret.*—Then I am very happy—very happy indeed; because the play is a short play, a remarkably short play. I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but on these occasions the watch, you know, is the critic.

*Mrs. Dan.*—Then I suppose it must have been Mr. Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

*Sir Fret.*—Oh, if Mr. Dangle read it, that's quite another affair. But I assure you, Mrs. Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the Prologue and the Epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

*Mrs. Dan.*—I hope to see it on the stage next.

*Dan.*—Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

*Sir Fret.*—The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villanous, licentious, abominable, infernal—not that I ever read them; no, I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

*Dan.*—You are quite right; for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

*Sir Fret.*—No; quite the contrary; their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric; I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

*Sneer.*—Why, that's true; and that attack, now, on you the other day—

*Sir Fret.*—What? Where?

*Dan.*—Ay, you mean in a paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

*Sir Fret.*—Oh, so much the better. Ha, ha, ha! I wouldn't have it otherwise.

*Dan.*—Certainly, it is only to be laughed at, for—

*Sir Fret.*—You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

*Sneer.*—Pray, Dangle; Sir Fretful seems a little anxious—

*Sir Fret.*—O lud, no!—Anxious, not I, not in the least—I—but one may as well hear, you know.

*Dan.*—Sneer, do you recollect? [*Aside.*] Make out something.

*Sneer.*—I will. [*To DANGLE.*] Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

*Sir Fret.*—Well, and pray now—not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

*Sneer.*—Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever, though you are the greatest traducer of all authors living.

*Sir Fret.*—Ha, ha, ha! Very good!

*Sneer.*—That as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even on your commonplace-book, where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the Lost and Stolen Office.

*Sir Fret.*—Ha, ha, ha! Very pleasant!

*Sneer.*—Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to steal with taste; but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments, like a bad tavern's worst wine.

*Sir Fret.*—Ha, ha!

*Sneer.*—In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable if the thoughts were ever suited to the expressions; but that the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic encumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms.

*Sir Fret.*—Ha, ha!

*Sneer.*—That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour-sprigs



would a ground of linsey-woolsey ; while your imitations of Shakespeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

*Sir Fret.*—Ha !—

*Sneer.*—In short, that even the finest passages of your steal are of no service to you ; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating, so that they lie on the surface like heaps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilize !

*Sir Fret.* [*After great agitation.*].—Now another person would be vexed at this.

*Sneer.*—Oh, but I would not have told you, only to divert you.

*Sir Fret.*—I know it. I *am* diverted—ha, ha, ha. Not the least invention ! ha, ha, ha ! Very good, very good !

*Sneer.*—Yes ; no genius ! ha, ha, ha !

*Dan.*—A severe rogue, ha, ha, ha ! But you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

*Sir Fret.*—To be sure ; for if there is anything to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it ; and if it is abuse, why, one is always sure to hear it from one d—d good-natured friend or another.

LET THE TOAST PASS.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen ;

Here's to the widow of fifty ;

Here's to the flaunting, extravagant quean,

And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Let the toast pass,

Drink to the lass,

I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,

Now to the maid who has none, sir ;

Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,

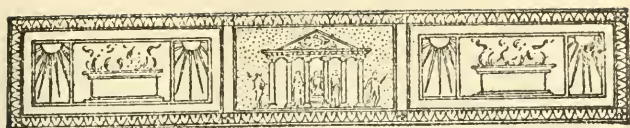
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.

Let the toast pass, etc.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;  
Now to her that's as brown as a berry;  
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,  
And now to the damsel that's merry.  
Let the toast pass, etc.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,  
Young or ancient, I care not a feather,  
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,  
So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim,  
And let us e'en toast them together.  
Let the toast pass, etc.  
—*From The School for Scandal.*





SHERLOCK, THOMAS, an English bishop and religious writer, born in London in 1678; died there, July 18, 1761. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge; became Master of the Temple in 1704, Vice-Chancellor of his college in 1714, Dean of Chichester in 1716, and Prebendary of Norwich in 1719. He was made Bishop of Bangor in 1728, was transferred to the see of Salisbury in 1734, and to that of London in 1748, having declined the Archbishopric of Canterbury. His principal works are *The Use and Intent of Prophecy* (1725); *The Trial of the Witnesses to the Resurrection of Jesus* (1729); *Discourses at the Temple Church, London* (4 vols., 1754-58).

"Sherlock," says the Rev. Sydney Smith, "is an oasis in Church literature." "The calm and dispassionate disquisition," says the *Quarterly Review* (July, 1823), "on some text of Scripture, or the discussion of some theological question, henceforward to be the exclusive object of an English sermon, was carried by Sherlock to a perfection rarely rivalled, unless by Smallridge, nearly his own contemporary, and by Hcersley in more recent times."

#### RELIGION AND ETERNAL LIFE.

Religion is founded in the principles of sense and nature; and without supposing this foundation it would be as rational an act to preach to horses as to men. A

man who has the use of reason cannot consider his condition and circumstances in this world, or reflect on his notions of good and evil, and the sense he feels in himself that he is an accountable creature for the good or the evil he does, without asking himself how he came into this world, and for what purpose, and to whom it is that he is, or possibly may be, accountable.

When, by tracing his own being to the original, he finds that there is one supreme, all-wise cause of all things; when by experience he sees that this world neither is nor can be the place for taking a just and adequate account of the actions of men; the presumption that there is another state after this, in which men shall live, grows strong and almost irresistible. When he considers further that the fears and hopes of nature with respect to futurity, the fear of death common to all, the desire of continuing in being, which never forsakes us; and reflects for what use and purpose these strong impressions were given us by the Author of our nature—he cannot help concluding that man was made not merely to act a short part upon the stage of this world, but that there is another and more lasting state to which he bears relation. And from hence it must necessarily follow that his religion must be formed on a view of securing a future happiness.

Since, then, the end that men propose to themselves by religion is such, it will teach us wherein the true excellency of religion consists. If eternal life and future happiness are what we aim at, that will be the best religion which will most certainly lead us to eternal life and future happiness; and it will be to no purpose to compare religions together in any other respects which have no relation to this end. Let us, then, by this rule examine the pretensions of revelation; and, as we go along, compare it with the present state of natural religion, that we may be able to judge “to whom we ought to go.”

Eternal life and happiness are out of our power to give ourselves or to obtain by any strength and force, or any policy or wisdom. Could our own arm rescue us from the jaws of death and the powers of the kingdom of darkness; could we set open the gates of heaven

for ourselves, and enter in to take possession of life and glory, we should want no instructions or assistances from religion ; since what St. Peter said of Christ every man might apply to himself, and say, " I have the words, or means of eternal life."

But since we have not this power of life and death, and since there is One above us Who has—Who governeth all things in heaven and earth, who is over all God blessed for evermore—it necessarily follows that either we must have no share or lot in the glories of futurity, or else that we obtain them from God, and receive them as His gift and favor ; and consequently if eternal life be the end of religion, and likewise the gift of God, religion can be nothing else but the means of obtaining eternal life ; and if eternal life can only be had from the gift of God, religion must be the means of obtaining this gift of God.

And thus far all religions that have ever appeared in the world have agreed. The question has never been made by any whether God is to be applied to for eternal happiness or no ; but every sect has placed its excellency in this—that it teaches the properest and most effectual way of making this application. Even natural religion pretends to no more than this. It claims not eternal life as the right of nature, but the right of obedience—and of obedience to God, the Lord of nature ; and the dispute between natural and revealed religion is not whether God is to be applied to for eternal happiness ; but only whether nature or revelation can best teach us how to make this application.

Prayers, and praises, and repentance for sins past, are acts of devotion which nature pretends to direct us in. But why does she teach us to pray, to praise, or to repent, but that she esteems one to be the proper method of expressing our wants ; the other of expressing our gratitude, and the third for making atonement for iniquity and offences against God ? In all these acts reference is had to the overruling power of the Almighty ; and they amount to this confession, that the upshot of all religion is to please God in order to make ourselves happy.—*Discourses.*



**SHERLOCK, WILLIAM**, an English theologian and miscellaneous writer, born in London in 1641; died at Hempstead, June 19, 1707. He became Prebendary of St. Paul's in 1681; Master of the Temple in 1684; Dean of St. Paul's in 1691. He was the author of numerous pamphlets against Romanism, several works in dogmatic theology, and many sermons. His *Practical Discourses Concerning Death* (1689) passed through about twenty editions in thirty years.

“He was,” says Bishop Burnet, “a clear, a polite, and a strong writer; . . . but he was apt to assume too much to himself, and to treat his adversaries with contempt; this created him many enemies, and made him pass for an insolent, haughty man.”

#### OUR IGNORANCE OF THE TIME OF DEATH.

For a conclusion of this argument I shall briefly vindicate the wisdom and goodness of God in concealing from us the time of our death. We are very apt to complain that our lives are so very uncertain, that we know not to-day but what we may die to-morrow; and we would be mighty glad to meet with anyone who would certainly inform us in this matter how long we are to live. But if we think a little better of it, we shall be of another mind.

For *First*: Though I presume many of you would be glad to know that you shall certainly live twenty, or thirty, or forty years longer, yet would it be any com-

fort to know that you must die to-morrow, or some few months, or a year or two hence?—which may be your case for aught you know; and this, I believe, you are not very desirous to know—for how would this chill your blood and spirits; how would it overcast all the pleasures and comforts of life! You would spend your days like men under the sentence of death while the execution is suspended.

Did all men who must die young certainly know it, it would destroy the industry and improvements of half mankind; which would half destroy half the world, or be an insupportable mischief to human societies; for what man who knows that he must die at twenty, or five-and-twenty—a little sooner or later—would trouble himself with ingenious or gainful arts; or concern himself any more with this world than just to live so long in it? And yet how necessary is the service of such men in the world! What great thing do they many times do; and what great improvements do they make! How pleasant and diverting is their conversation while it is innocent! How do they enjoy themselves, and give life and spirit to the graver age! How thin would our schools, our shops, our universities, and all places of education be, did they know how little time many of them had to live in the world! For would such men concern themselves to learn the arts of living, who must die as soon as they have learnt them? Would the father be at a great expense in educating his child, only that he might die with a little Latin and Greek, logic and philosophy? No: half the world must be divided into cloisters, and nunneries, and nurseries for the grave.

Well, you'll say: suppose that, and is not this an advantage above all the inconveniencies you can think of to secure the salvation of so many thousands who are now eternally ruined by youthful lusts and vanities, but who would spend their days in piety and devotion, and make the next world their only care, if they knew how little a while they were to live here?—Right; I grant this might be a good way to correct the heat and extravagance of youth; and so it would be to show them heaven and hell. But God does not think fit to do

either, because it offers too much force and violence to men's minds ; it is no trial of their virtue, of their reverence for God, of their conquests and victory over this world by the power of faith ; but makes religion a matter of necessity, not of choice. Now, God will force and drive no man to heaven ; for the Gospel dispensation is the trial and dispensation of ingenuous spirits ; and if the certain hopes and fears of another world, and the uncertainty of our living here, will not conquer these flattering temptations, and make men sincerely religious, as those who must certainly die and go into another world—and they know not how soon—God will not try whether the certain knowledge of the time of their death will make them religious. That they may die young, and that thousands do so, is reason enough to engage young men to expect death, and prepare for it. If they will venture, they must take their chances, and not say they had no warning of dying young, if they eternally miscarry by their wilful delays.

And besides this, God expects our youthful service and obedience, though we were to live on till old age. That we may die young is not the proper, much less the only, reason why we should remember our Creator in the days of our youth ; but because God has a right to our youthful strength and vigor. And if this will not oblige us to an early piety, we must not expect that God will set death in our view, to fright and terrify us. . . .

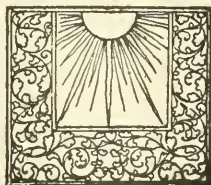
*Secondly* : Though I doubt not but that it would be a great pleasure to you to know that you should live to old age ; yet consider a little with yourselves, and then tell me whether you yourselves can judge it wise and fitting for God to let you know this. I observed to you before, what danger there is in flattering ourselves with the hopes of long life ; that it is apt to make us too fond of this world when we expect to live so long in it, that it weakens the hopes and fears of the next world, by removing it at too great a distance from us ; that it encourages men to live in sin, because they have time enough before them to indulge their lusts, and to repent of their sins, and make their peace with God before they die. And if the uncertain hope of this undoes so many men, what would the certain knowledge of it do ?

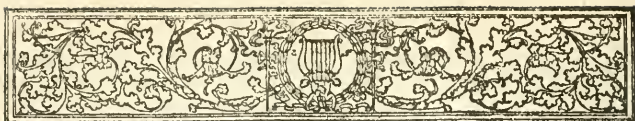


Those who are too wise and considerate to be imposed on by such uncertain hopes might be conquered by the certain knowledge of a long life.

## CHARITY.

The Gospel, though it has left men in possession of their ancient rights, yet has it enlarged the duties of love and compassion, and taught rich men to consider the poor not only as servants but as brethren, and to look on themselves not only as the masters, but as the patrons and protectors of the needy. On this view, the industrious poor are entitled to the rich man's charity; since, in the candor of the Gospel, we ought to assist our poor neighbors, not only to live, but to live comfortably: and an honest, laborious poverty has charms in it to draw relief from any rich man who has the heart of a Christian or even the bowels of nature. Mean families, though, perhaps, they may subsist by their work, yet go through much sorrow to earn their bread: if they complain not, they are more worthy of regard: their silent suffering and their contented resignation to Providence, entitle them to the more compassion; and there is a pleasure, not to be described in words, which the rich man enjoys, when he makes glad the heart of such patient sufferers, and, by his liberality, makes them for a time forget their poverty and distress; that even, with respect to the present enjoyments, the words are verified, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."





SHERMAN, FRANK DEMPSTER, an American poet, born at Peekskill, N. Y., May 6, 1860. He was educated in his native town and at Columbia College, of which he was made a Fellow in 1887, and with which he is now connected as instructor in architecture. He has achieved fame as a writer of graceful, piquant verses. He contributes frequently to the *Century* and other magazines, and has published *Madrigals and Catches* (1887); *Lyrics for a Lute* (1890), and *New Wagging of Old Tales*, in collaboration with John Kendrick Bangs.

“The first thing that strikes the reader of *Lyrics for a Lute*,” says the *Atlantic Monthly*, “is the marked growth of the writer since the publication of his widely read *Madrigals and Catches*. His muse moved feately enough in the French forms, and nimbly danced to the jingling metre of *Praed*; but now she has learned a truer grace, and trips in time with the “silvery feet” of Her-*rick’s* maidens. Mr. Sherman’s sound and saving love for the sunny lyrist of *The Hesperides* is quite evident.

PEPITA.

Up in her balcony where  
Vines through the lattices run,  
Spilling a scent on the air,  
Setting a screen to the sun,

Fair as the morning is fair,  
 Sweet as a blossom is sweet,  
 Dwells in her rosy retreat  
 Pepita.

Often a glimpse of her face  
 When the wind rustles the vine,  
 Parting the leaves for a space,  
 Gladdens this window of mine,—  
 Pink in its leafy embrace,  
 Pink as the morning is pink,  
 Sweet as a blossom I think  
 Pepita.

I, who dwell over the way,  
 Watch where Pepita is hid—  
 Safe from the glare of the day  
 Like an eye under its lid :  
 Over and over I say—  
 Name like the song of a bird,  
 Melody shut in a word—  
 “Pepita.”

Look where the little leaves stir !  
 Look, the green curtains are drawn !  
 Therein a blossoming blur  
 Breaks a diminutive dawn ;—  
 Dawn and the pink face of her,—  
 Name like the lisp of the South,  
 Fit for a rose's small mouth—  
 Pepita.

#### BACKLOG DREAMS.

Above the glowing embers  
 I hear the backlog sing  
 The music it remembers  
 Of some remembered spring ;  
 Back to the branch forsaken  
 Return the jocund choir,  
 And in the chimney waken  
 A melody of fire.

The sparks' red blossoms glisten  
 And flash their glances brief  
 At me, who lean and listen  
 And dream I hear a leaf  
 On some May-morning sunny,  
 Low lisping in the tree,—  
 Or, in his haunt of honey,  
 A bloom-enamored bee :

Or 'tis the soft wind blowing  
 Its sweetness from the South—  
 A fragrant kiss bestowing  
 Upon the rose's mouth ;  
 And ere the spell is broken,  
 Or darkness o'er it slips,  
 I see the scarlet token  
 Of love upon her lips.

Without the wind is bitter,  
 The snowflakes fill the night ;  
 Within the embers glitter  
 And gild the room with light ;  
 And in the fireplace gleaming  
 The backlog sings away,  
 And mingles all my dreaming  
 With birds, and blooms, and May !

## TWO VALENTINES.

Love, at your door young Cupid stands  
 And knocks for you to come ;  
 The frost is in his feet and hands,  
 His lips with cold are numb.  
 Grant him admittance, sweetheart mine,  
 And by your cheering fire  
 His lips shall loosen as with wine  
 And speak forth my desire.

He left me not an hour ago,  
 And when the rascal went  
 Barefooted out into the snow  
 I asked him whither bent.

Quoth he : " To her whose face is like  
A garden full of flowers,  
To her whose smiles like sunlight strike  
Across the winter hours."

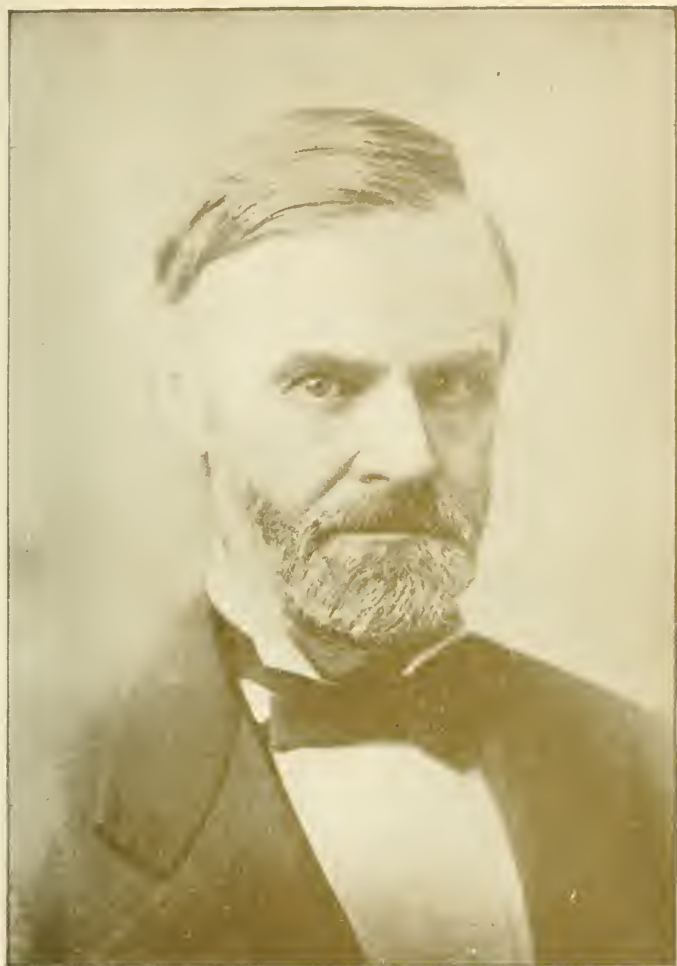
No more he said, nor need of more  
Had I to know. I knew  
His path lay straight unto your door—  
That face belongs to you.  
"Godspeed!" I cried, "and give her this  
When you her face shall see ;"  
And on his lips I set a kiss :  
A Valentine from me !





SHERMAN, JOHN, an American statesman and historian, born in Lancaster, Ohio, in 1823; died in Washington, D. C., on the 22d of October, 1900. He began the practice of law in 1844; was a member of Congress, 1855 to 1861; United States Senator, 1861 to 1877; Secretary of the Treasury, 1877 to 1881; elected United States Senator successively in 1881, 1887, and 1893; and with the entrance upon Presidential duties of William McKinley, March 4, 1897, became Secretary of State of the United States. In 1895 he published *John Sherman's Recollections of Forty Years in the House, Senate, and Cabinet*, a work of remarkable interest and considerable importance as a contribution to political history. The following extracts are taken from this work.

“While more familiar with public finance than with diplomacy and international law,” says the *Review of Reviews* (April, 1897), “John Sherman has, nevertheless, for considerably more than forty years, been in the heart and centre of our public life, and in constant touch with every aspect of national policy, foreign as well as domestic. His incumbency will command the respect of other nations, and must have its impression upon the diplomatic corps at Washington—such necessity being influenced by the fact that a statesman of continuous experience, as well as of age and high personal dignity, holds the foreign port-



JOHN SHERMAN.





foliô. . . . His administration of the post is sure to be one of great prudence; while, as respects the rank of our nation in the family of nations, and the rights of our citizens to protection everywhere, his administration will be as firm as a rock."

## DANIEL WEBSTER.

I sat some way down the side, and introduced myself to my neighbors on the right and left, but my eye was on Webster, from whom I expected such lofty eloquence as he alone could utter.

Much to my surprise, when the time came for the oratory to commence, Mr. Lawrence acted as toast-master. We had stories, songs, poetry, and oratory, generally good and appropriate, but not from Webster. And so the evening waned. Webster had been talking freely with those about him. He displayed none of the loftiness associated with his name. He drank freely. That was manifest to everyone. His favorite bottle was one labelled "brandy." We heard of it as being "more than a hundred years old." It did not travel down to us. Webster was plainly hilarious. At this time the conductor appeared at a side door and announced that in fifteen minutes the cars would start for Boston. Then Webster arose with difficulty; he rested his hands firmly on the table, and, with an effort, assumed an erect position. Every voice was hushed. He said that in fifteen minutes we would separate, never more to meet again; and then, with glowing force and eloquence, he contrasted the brevity and vanity of human life with the immortality of the events they were celebrating, which, century after century, would be celebrated by your children and your children's children, to the latest generation.

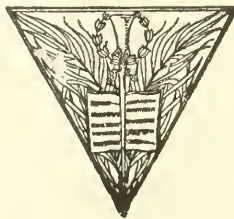
I cannot recall the words of his short but eloquent speech, but it made its impress on my mind. If his body was affected by the liquor, his head was clear and his utterance perfect. I met Mr. Webster afterward on the cars and in Washington. I admired him for his

great intellectual qualities, but I do not wonder that the people of the United States did not choose him for President.

#### THE TARIFF.

As members of Congress, divided by party lines and crude platforms, must, in the main, care for and protect local interests, I do not believe any fair, impartial and business tariff can be framed by them. It would be better for Congress and the law-making power, after determining the amount to be raised, to sanction and adopt a careful tariff bill, framed by an impartial commission, large enough to represent all sections and parties, all employers and employees. Hitherto the tariffs framed by Congress have been rejected by the people. Each party, in its turn, has undertaken the task with like result. Let us try the experiment of a tariff framed, not by a party upon a party platform, but by the selected representatives of the commercial, industrial, farming, and laboring classes. Let Congress place upon the statute-book such a law, and the tariff question will cease to be the football of partisan legislation.

A remarkable, interesting, and suggestive correspondence between John Sherman and his brother, GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN (1820-91), has been published under the title of *The Sherman Letters*. They cover the period from 1837 to 1891. General Sherman was also the author of a valuable series of *Memoirs* (1875).





SHILLABER, BENJAMIN PENHALLOW, an American humorist, born at Portsmouth, N. H., July 12, 1814; died at Chelsea, Mass., November 25, 1890. He received a district-school education and entered a printing-office in 1830. He removed to Boston in 1832. From 1840 to 1850 he was editor of the *Boston Post*, and in 1851-53 he edited a comic paper called *The Carpet Bag*. From 1856 to 1866 he conducted *The Saturday Evening Gazette*. His *Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington* (1854) gave him fame, and the book was widely quoted. His other works are *Rhymes with Reason and Without* (1853); *Knitting Work* (1857); *Partingtonian Patchwork* (1873); *Lines in Pleasant Places* (1875); *The Ike Partington Juvenile Series* (1879); *Ike and His Friends* (1879); *Cruises with Captain Bob* (1881); *The Doublerunner Club* (1882); *Wide-Swath*, a collection of verses (1882), and *Mrs. Partington's New Gripsack Filled with Fresh Things* (1890).

“If the opinions of some of his best friends,” says Elizabeth Akers Allen, “and among them one who knew and corresponded with him for over twenty-five years, may be trusted, he was one of those writers who never put the best of themselves on paper; and therefore his books are no adequate memorial of the man. Indeed, it often appeared to those who knew him best that

much of his printed work was almost contradictory of the man himself, whose nature was far finer, richer, and sweeter than anything he ever wrote for publication."

#### DECIDED OPINIONS.

"Are you in favor of the prohibitive laws, or the license law?" asked her opposite neighbor of the relict of P. P., corporal of the Bloody 'Leventh.

She carefully weighed the question, as though she were selling snuff, and answered—"Sometimes I think I am, and then again I think I am not."

Her neighbor was surprised, and repeated the question, varying it a little.

"Have you seen the "Mrs. Partington Twilight Soap?" she asked.

"Yes," was the reply, "everybody has seen that; but why?"

"Because," said the dame, "it has two sides to it, and it is hard to choose between 'em. Now here are my two neighbors, contagious to me on both sides—one goes for probation, t'other for licentiousness; and I think the best thing for me is to keep nuisance."

She meant neutral, of course. The neighbor admired and smiled, while Ike lay on the floor with his legs in the air, trying to balance Mrs. Partington's fancy waiter on his toes. . . .

"I've always noticed," said Mrs. Partington on New Year's Day, dropping her voice to the key that people adopt when they are disposed to be philosophical or moral: "I've always noticed that every year added to a man's life is apt to make him older, just as a man who goes a journey finds, as he jogs on, that every mile he goes brings him nearer where he is going, and farther from where he started. I am not so young as I was once, and I don't believe I shall ever be if I live to the age of Samson, which heaven knows, as well as I do, I don't want to, for I wouldn't be a centurion, or an octagon, and survive my factories, and become idiomatic by any means. But then there is no knowing how a thing

will turn out till it takes place, and we shall come to an end some day, though we may never live to see it."

"Mrs. Partington *et als!*" said Mrs. Partington, as Ike read eulogistic notice of herself and retinue thus headed. "Is that so, Isaac?"

"Tain't nothing else," replied he, thrusting the cat's head through the paper which served as an elaborate choker.

"Et als!" mused she, "I never eat als in my life that I know of, though there is so many dishes with new names that one might forget 'em all, unless he is an epicac."

She turned everything in her mind to remember what she had eaten—her mind an oven full of turnovers—but it refused to come to her; and she made a memorandum of tying a knot in her handkerchief to call on the editor and find out about it.—*Partingtonian Patchwork.*

SAYINGS BY MRS. PARTINGTON.

"Dear me! here they are going to have war again over the sea, and only for a Turkey, and it don't say how much it weighed either, nor whether it was tender; and Prince Knockemstiff has gone off in a miff, and the Rushian bears and austriches are all to be let loose to devour the people, and heaven knows where the end of it will leave off. War is a dreadful thing—so destroying to good temper and good clo'es, and men shoot at each other just as if they was gutter purchase, and cheap at that."

"What is your opinion of the humor of Hawthorne, Mrs. Partington?" asked a young neighbor that had been reading *Twice-Told Tales*. "I don't know," said she, looking at him earnestly; "but if you have got it, you'd better take something to keep it from striking in. Syrup of buckthorne is good for all sorts of diseases of that kind; I don't know about the humor of Hawthorne, but I guess the buckthorne will be beneficial. We eat too much butter, and butter is very humorous."

"It is all very true, Mr. Knickerbottom," said Mrs. Partington, as she read in the Knickerbocker some-

thing concerning brevity and simplicity of expression ; “it’s true, as you say ; and how many mistakes there does happen when folks don’t understand each other ! Why, last summer I told a dressmaker to make me a long visite, to wear, and, would you believe it, she came and stayed a fortnight with me ! Since then I’ve made it a pint always to speak just what I say.”

“I never liked the Swedenvirgins ; but I ain’t one that believes nothing good can come out of Lazarus, for all that, now. Now, there’s Jenny Lind—that is so very good to everybody, and who sings so sweet that everybody’s falling in love with her, tippy-turvy, and gives so much away to poor, indignant people. They call her an angel, and who knows but she may be a syrup in disguise, for the papers say her singing is like the music of the spears. How I should love to hear her !”

“A nave in our church ! Who can it be ? Dear me, and they have been so careful, too, who they took in—exercising ’em aforehand, and putting ’em through the catechis and the lethargy, and pounding ’em into a state of grace ! Who can it be ?” And the spectacles expressed anxiety. “I believe it must be slander after all. Oh, what a terrible thing it is to pisen the peace of a neighborhood deteriorating and backbiting, and lying about people, when the blessed truth is full bad enough about the best of us !”

“Entered at the Custom Home ?” said Mrs. Partington, pondering on the expression ; “I don’t see how the vessels ever got in ; but I am glad that the collector cleared ’em right out again. It will learn them better manners next time, I think.”

Deacon Snarl, in exhortation, would often allude to the “place where prayer is wont to be made.” “Ah !” said Mrs. Partington to herself, “there’s nothing like humility in a Christian. I am glad you confess it. I don’t know a place under the canister of heaven where prayer is wanted more to be made than here, and I hope you’ll be forgiven for the rancorous butter you sold me yesterday.”

Mrs. Partington’s neighbor, Mrs. Sled, complained **one morning** of a ringing in her ears. “It must be

owing to the guitar in your head, dear," said the old lady. She knew every sort of human ailment, and, like the down-east doctor, was death on fits. "I know what ringing in the ears is," continued she; "for my ears used to ring so bad, sometimes, as to wake Paul out of his sleep, thinking it was an alarm of fire!"

"The prayer of Moses executed on one string!" said Mrs. Partington. "Praying, I s'pose, to be cut down. Poor Moses!" sighed she; "executed on one string! Well, I don't know as ever I heard of anybody's being executed on two strings, unless the rope broke;" and she went on wondering how it could be.





SHIRLEY, JAMES, an English dramatist, born in London, September 18, 1594; died there in 1666. He studied at Oxford and Cambridge, took orders, and obtained a curacy; which he had to give up on going over to the Roman Catholic Church. He then set up a school, which, proving unsuccessful, he went to London, and took to writing for the stage. Play-acting being prohibited during the Commonwealth and the Protectorate, he opened another school, and put forth several text-books, among which is an *Essay towards an Universal and Rational Grammar*. He was driven from his home by the Great Fire in London, and shortly afterward he and his wife died on the same day, from the exposure to which they had been subjected. He produced in all about forty dramas, and some separate poems. The best of the poems are lyrics introduced into one and another of his dramas. A complete edition of his *Works*, edited by William Gifford, was published in 1833.

“The fertility of Shirley as a dramatist,” says Principal A. W. Ward, “and the deference paid by him to his great predecessors, have obscured his claims to recognition as a dramatic poet of rare original power. . . . It is to his honor that, besides being fond of reminiscences of Shakespeare, he should have hailed Jonson ‘as an



acknowledged master,' and have so enthusiastically extolled the merits of Beaumont and Fletcher. . . . Fletcher, and still more, perhaps, Webster and Massinger, greatly influenced him; but in the invention of his plots, both tragic and comic, he seems frequently to have been original."

## A LULLABY.

Cease, warring thoughts, and let us **here**  
 No more discord entertain ;  
 But be smooth and calm again.  
 Ye crystal rivers that are nigh,  
 As your streams are passing by,  
 Teach your numbers harmony.  
 Ye winds that wait upon the **Spring**,  
 And perfume to flowers do bring,  
 Let your amorous whispers here  
 Breathe soft murmurs to his ear.  
 Ye warbling nightingales, repair  
 From every wood to charm the **air**,  
 And with the wonders of your breast  
 Each striving to excel the rest ;  
 When it is time to wake him, close your parts,  
 And drop down from the tree with broken hearts.  
 —*From the Triumph of Beauty.*

## THE MIGHT OF DEATH.

Victorious men of earth, no more  
 Proclaim how wide your conquests **are** :  
 Though you bind in every shore,  
 And your triumphs reach as far  
 As night or day,  
 Yet you proud monarchs must obey,  
 And mingle with forgotten ashes, when  
 Death calls ye to the crowd of common **men**.  
 Devouring famine, plague, and war,  
 Each able to undo mankind,  
 Death's servile emissaries are ;  
 Nor to these alone confined,  
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He hath at will  
 More quaint and subtle ways to kill :  
 A smile or kiss, as he will use his art,  
 Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.  
 —*From Cupid and Death.*

## THE VICTORY OF DEATH.

The glories of our birth and state  
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;  
 There is no armor against fate ;  
 Death lays his iron hand on kings ;  
     Sceptre and crown  
     Must tumble down,  
 And in the dust be equal made  
 With the poor, crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;  
 But their strong nerves at last must yield—  
     They tame but one another still ;  
     Early or late,  
     They stoop to fate,  
 And must give up their murmuring breath  
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow—  
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;  
 Upon Death's purple altar, now,  
     See where the victor, victim, bleeds !  
     All heads must come  
     To the cold tomb :  
 Only the actions of the just  
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.  
 —*From the Contention between Ajax and Ulysses.*

## FERNANDO'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS MISTRESS'S CHARMS.

Her eye did seem to labor with a tear,  
 Which suddenly took birth, but, over-weighed  
 With its own swelling, dropt upon her bosom,  
 Which, by reflection of her light appeared  
 As nature meant her sorrow for an ornament.

After, her looks grew cheerful, and I saw  
 A smile shoot graceful upward from her eyes,  
 As if they had gained a victory over grief ;  
 And with it many beams twisted themselves,  
 Upon whose golden threads the angels walk  
 To and again from heaven.

SIR THOMAS BORNEWELL EXPOSTULATES WITH HIS LADY  
 ON HER EXTRAVAGANCE AND LOVE OF PLEASURE.

BORNEWELL.    ARETINA, *his lady*.

*Are.* I am angry with myself ;  
 To be so miserably restrained in things,  
 Wherein it doth concern your love and honor  
 To see me satisfied.

*Bor.*                     In what, Aretina,  
 Dost thou accuse me ? Have I not obeyed  
 All thy desires, against mine own opinion ;  
 Quitted the country, and removed the hope  
 Of our return, by sale of that fair lordship  
 We lived in : changed a calm and retired life  
 For this wild town, composed of noise and charge ?

*Are.* What charge, more than is necessary  
 For a lady of my birth and education ?

*Bor.* I am not ignorant how much nobility  
 Flows in your blood, your kinsmen great and powerful  
 In the state ; but with this lose not your memory  
 Of being my wife ; I shall be studious,  
 Madam, to give the dignity of your birth  
 All the best ornaments which become my fortune ;  
 But would not flatter it, to ruin both,  
 And be the fable of the town, to teach  
 Other men wit by loss of mine, employed  
 To serve your vast expenses.

*Are.*     Am I then  
 Brought in the balance ? so, sir.

*Bor.*     Though you weigh  
 Me in a partial scale, my heart is honest ;  
 And must take liberty to think, you have  
 Obeyed no modest counsel to effect,  
 Nay, study ways of pride and costly ceremony ;

Your change of gaudy furniture, and pictures,  
 Of this Italian master, and that Dutchman's ;  
 Your mighty looking-glasses, like artillery  
 Brought home on engines ; the superfluous plate  
 Antic and novel ; vanities of tires,  
 Fourscore-pound suppers for my lord your kinsman,  
 Banquets for the other lady, aunt, and cousins ;  
 And perfumes that exceed all ; train of servants,  
 To stifle us at home, and show abroad  
 More motley than the French, or the Venetian,  
 About your coach, whose rude postilion  
 Must pester every narrow lane, till passengers  
 And tradesmen curse your choking up their stalls,  
 And common cries pursue your ladyship  
 For hindering of their market.

*Are.* Have you done, sir ?

*Bor.* I could accuse the gayety of your wardrobe,  
 And prodigal embroideries, under which,  
 Rich satins, plushes, cloth of silver, dare  
 Not show their own complexions ; your jewels,  
 Able to burn out the spectators' eyes,  
 And show like bonfires on you by the tapers ;  
 Something might here be spared, with safety of  
 Your birth and honor, since the truest wealth  
 Shines from the soul, and draws up just admirers.  
 I could urge something more.

*Are.* Pray, do. I like  
 Your homily of thrift.

*Bor.* I could wish, madam,  
 You would not game so much.

*Are.* A gamester, too !

*Bor.* But are not come to that repentance yet,  
 Should teach you skill enough to raise your profit ;  
 You look not through the subtilty of cards,  
 And mysteries of dice, nor can you save  
 Charge with the box, buy petticoats and pearls,  
 And keep your family by the precious income ;  
 Nor do I wish you should : my poorest servant  
 Shall not upbraid my tables, nor his hire  
 Purchased beneath my honor : you make play  
 Not a pastime, but a tyranny, and vex  
 Yourself and my estate by it.

*Are.* Good, proceed.

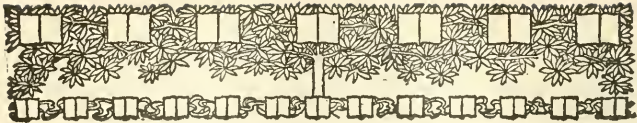
*Bor.* Another game you have, which consumes more  
Your fame than purse—your revels in the night,  
Your meetings, called the ball, to which appear  
As to the court of pleasure, all your gallants  
And ladies, thither bound by a subpoena  
Of Venus and small Cupid's high displeasure :  
'Tis but the family of Love, translated  
Into more costly sin ; there was a play on it ;  
And had the poet not been bribed to a modest  
Expression of your antic gambols in it,  
Some darks had been discovered ; and the deeds, too ;  
In time he may repent, and make some blush,  
'To see the second part danced on the stage.  
My thoughts acquit you for dishonoring me  
By any foul act ; but the virtuous know,  
'Tis not enough to clear ourselves, but the  
Suspensions of our shame.

*Are.* Have you concluded  
Your lecture ?

*Bor.* I have done, and howsoever  
My language may appear to you, it carries  
No other than my fair and just intent  
To your delights, without curb to their modest  
And noble freedom.

*Are.* I'll not be so tedious  
In my reply, but, without art or elegance,  
Assure you I keep still my first opinion ;  
And though you veil your avaricious meaning  
With handsome names of modesty and thrift,  
I find you would intrench and wound the liberty  
I was born with. Were my desires unprivileged  
By example, while my judgment thought them fit,  
You ought not to oppose ; but when the practice  
And tract of every honorable lady  
Authorize me, I take it great injustice  
To have my pleasures circumscribed and taught me.

—From *The Lady of Pleasure*



**SHORTHOUSE, JOSEPH HENRY**, an English novelist, born in Birmingham in 1834. He was educated at private schools, and afterward engaged in the manufacture of chemicals in Lansdowne, where his books were written. His philosophical romance, *John Inglesant* (1882), brought him fame and lifted him into the first rank of modern writers. His style is pure and artistic, and there is a quaint, picturesque, and old-fashioned grace in the color of his fancy. His other books are: *The Platonism of Wordsworth* (1881); *Preface to George Herbert's Temple* (1882); *Little Schoolmaster Mark, and Other Stories* (1883); *Sir Percival* (1886); *A Teacher of the Violin, and Other Stories* (1887); *The Countess Eve* (1888); *Lady Falaise Blanche* (1891).

Of *A Teacher of the Violin, and Other Stories*, J. A. Noble says, in the *Academy*: "The characters in the stories here are, like all the author's characters, somewhat shadowy; but their shadowy quality is given by a skilfully managed remoteness, not by careless, unimaginative work."

#### THE HEART OF THE CITY.

The narrow streets through which Inglesant's chair passed terminated at last in a wide square. It was full of confused figures, presenting to the eye a dazzling movement of form and color, of which last, owing to the evening light, the prevailing tint was blue. A brill-

lant belt of sunset radiance, like molten gold along the distant horizon, threw up the white houses into strong relief. Dark cypress-trees rose against the glare of the yellow sky, tinged with blue from the fathomless azure above. The white spray of fountains flashed high over the heads of the people in the four corners of the square, and long, lance-like gleams of light shot from behind the cypresses and the white houses, refracting a thousand colors in the flashing water. A murmur of gay talk filled the air; and a constant change of varied form perplexed the eye.

Inglesant alighted from his chair, and, directing his servants to proceed at once to the Cardinal's, crossed the square on foot. Following so closely on his previous dreamy thoughts, he was intensely interested and touched by this living pantomime. Human life had never before seemed to him so worthy of regard, whether looked at as a whole, inspiring noble and serious reflections, or viewed in detail, when each separate atom appears pitiful and often ludicrous. The infinite distance between these poles, between the aspirations and the exhortations of conscience, which have to do with humanity as a whole, and the actual circumstances and capacities of the individual, with which satirists and humorists have ever made free to jest—this contrast, running through every individual life as well as through the mass of existence, seemed to him to be the true field of humor, and the real science of those "Humanities" which the schools pedantically professed to teach.

Nothing moved in the motley crowd before him but what illustrated this science—the monk, the lover, the soldier, the improvisatore, the matron, the young girl: here the childish hand brandishing its toy, there the artisan, and the shop-girl, and the maid-servant, seeking such enjoyment as their confined life afforded; the young, boyish companions with interlaced arms, the benignant priest, every now and then the stately carriage slowly passing by to its place on the Corso, or to the palace or garden to which its inmates are bound.

Wandering amid this brilliant phantasia of life, Inglesant's heart smote him for the luxurious sense of pleasure which he found himself taking in the present move-

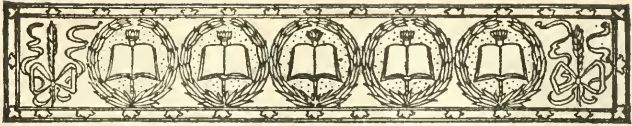
ment and aspect of things. Doubtless this human philosophy, if we may so call it, into which he was drifting, has a tendency, at least, very different from much of the teaching, which is the same in every school of religious thought.

But if a man does not desire a perfect world, what part can he have in the Christian warfare? It is true that an intimate study of a world of sin and of misfortune throws up the sinless character of the Saviour into strong relief; but the student accepts this Saviour's character and mission as part of the phenomena of existence, not as an irreconcilable crusade and battle-cry against the powers of the world on every hand. The study of life is indeed possible to both schools; but the pleased acquiescence in life as it is, with all its follies and fantastic pleasures, is surely incompatible with following the footsteps of the Divine Ascetic who trod the wine-press of the wrath of God. With all their errors, they who rejected the world and all its allurements, and taught the narrow life of painful self-denial, must be more nearly right than this.

Nevertheless, even before this last thought was completely formed in his mind, the sight of the moving people and of the streets of the wonderful city opening out on every side, full of palaces and glittering shops and stalls, and crowded with life and gayety, turned his halting choice back again in the opposite direction, and he thought something like this: "How useless and even pitiful is the continued complaint of moralists and divines, to whom none lend an ear whilst they endeavor, age after age, to check youth and pleasure, and turn the current of life and nature backward on its course. For how many ages in this old Rome, as in every other city since Terence gossiped of the city life, has this frail, faulty humanity for a few hours sunned itself on warm afternoons in sheltered walks and streets, and comforted itself into life and pleasure, amid all its cares and toils and sins. Out of this shifting phantasmagoria comes the sound of music, always pathetic and sometimes gay; amid the roofs and belfries peers the foliage of the public walks, the stage upon which, in every city, life may be studied and taken to heart; not far from these walks



is, in every city, the mimic stage, the glass in which, in every age and climate, human life has seen itself reflected, and has delighted, beyond all other pleasures, in pitying its own sorrows, in learning its own story, in watching its own fantastic developments, in foreshadowing its own fate, in smiling sadly for an hour over the still more fleeting representation of its own fleeting joys. Forever without any change, the stream flows on, in spite of moralist and divine, the same as when Phædra and Thais loved each other in old Rome. We look back on these countless ages of city life, cooped in narrow streets and alleys and paved walks, breathing itself in fountained courts and shaded arcades, where youth and manhood and old age have sought their daily sustenance not only of bread but of happiness, and have with difficulty and toil enough found the one and caught fleeting glimpses of the other, between the dark thunder-clouds, and under the weird, wintry sky of many a life. Within such a little space how much life is crowded, what high hopes, how much pain! From those high windows behind the flower-pots young girls have looked out upon life, which their instincts told them was made for pleasure, but which year after year convinced them was, somehow or other, given over to pain. How can we read this endless story of humanity with any thought of blame? How can we watch this restless, quivering human life, this ceaseless effort of a finite creature to attain to those things which are agreeable to its created nature, alike in all countries, under all climates and skies, and whatever change of garb or semblance the long course of years may bring, with any other thought than that of tolerance and pity—tolerance of every sort of city existence, pity for every kind of toil and evil, year after year repeated, in every one of earth's cities, full of human life and handicraft, and thought and love and pleasure, as in the streets of that old Jerusalem over which the Saviour wept?"—  
*John Inglesant.*



SIDNEY, ALGERNON, an eminent English patriot, grand-nephew of Sir Philip Sidney and son of the Earl of Leicester, born at Penshurst, Kent, 1622; executed in London, December 7, 1683. He served in Ireland, where his father was Lord Lieutenant, and in 1646 was made Governor of Dublin; next year, having received the thanks of the House of Commons, he was made Governor of Dover. He held republican views, and favored the substitution of a republic in place of the existing monarchy. He fell under the suspicion of the Government, and, upon the discovery of the Rye House Plot in 1683, was arrested, together with Lord William Russell, and brought to trial before Judge Jeffrey for high treason. "Russell," says Macaulay, "who appears to have been guilty of no offence falling within the definition of high treason, and Sidney, of whose guilt no legal evidence could be produced, were beheaded in defiance of law and justice. Russell died with the fortitude of a Christian, Sidney with the fortitude of a Stoic." Six years afterward, when William and Mary had come to the throne of England, the judgment against Sidney was annulled. His *Discourses Concerning Government* were published in 1698.

"In all the discourses of Algernon Sidney upon Government," says Lord Brougham, "we see con-

stant indications of a rooted dislike to monarchy and ardent love of democracy ; but not a sentence can we find that shows the illustrious author to have regarded the manner in which the people were represented as of any importance." "Sidney's Discourses on Government . . . contain many chapters full of historical learning and judicious reflection," says Hallam ; "yet the constant anxiety to refute that which needs no refutation renders them a little tedious. Sidney does not condemn a limited monarchy like the English, but his partiality is for a form of republic which would be deemed too aristocratical for our popular theories."

#### GOVERNMENT AND LIBERTY.

Such as enter into society must in some degree diminish their liberty. Reason leads them to this. No one man or family is able to provide that which is requisite for their convenience or security ; whilst every one has an equal right to everything, and none acknowledges a superior to determine the controversies that upon such occasions must continually arise, and will probably be so great that mankind cannot bear them. Therefore, though I do not believe what Bellarmine said, that a commonwealth could not exercise its power ; for he could not be ignorant that Rome and Athens did exercise theirs, and that all regular kingdoms of the world are commonwealths ; yet there is nothing of absurdity in saying that man cannot continue in the perpetual and entire fruition of the liberty that God hath given him. The liberty of one is thwarted by that of another, and whilst they are all equal none will yield to any, otherwise than by a general consent. This is the ground of all just governments ; for fraud or violence can create no rights, and the same consent gives the form to them all.

Some small numbers of men, living within the pre-

cincts of one city, have, as it were, cast into a common stock the right which they had of governing themselves and children, and by common consent joining in one body, exercised such power over every single person as seemed beneficial to the whole ; and this men call perfect Democracy. Others chose to be governed by a select number of such as most excelled in wisdom and virtue, and this, according to the signification of the word, was called Aristocracy ; or when one man excelled all others, the government was put into his hands, under the name of Monarchy. But the wisest, best, and far the greatest part of mankind, rejecting these simple species, did form governments mixed or composed of the three—as shall be proved hereafter—which commonly receive their respective denomination from the part that prevailed, and did deserve praise or blame as they were well or ill proportioned.

It were a folly hereupon to say that the liberty for which we contend is of no use to us, since we cannot endure the solitude, barbarity, weakness, want, misery, and dangers that accompany it whilst we live alone, nor can enter into society without resigning it ; for the choice of that society, and the liberty of framing it according to our own wills, for our own good, is all we seek. This remains to us, whilst we form governments that we ourselves are judges how far it is good for us to recede from our natural liberty ; which is of so great importance that from thence only can we know whether we are freemen or slaves ; and the difference between the best government and the worst doth wholly depend on a right or wrong exercise of that power. If men are naturally free, such as have wisdom and understanding will always frame good government. But if they are born under the necessity of a perpetual slavery, no wisdom can be of use to them ; but all must forever depend upon the will of their lords, how cruel, mad, proud, or wicked soever they be. . . .

We may conclude that no privilege is peculiarly annexed to any form of government ; but that all magistrates are equally the ministers of God who perform the work for which they are instituted ; and that the people which institute them may proportion, regulate,

and terminate their power as to time, measure, and number of persons, as seems most convenient to themselves—which can be no other than their own good. For it cannot be imagined that a multitude of people should send for Numa, or any other person to whom they owed nothing, to reign over them, that he might live in glory and pleasure ; or for any other reason than that it might be good for them and their posterity. This shows the work of all magistrates to be always and everywhere the same—even the doing of justice, and procuring the welfare of them that create them. This we learn from common sense. Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, and the best human authors, lay it down as an immovable foundation, upon which they build their arguments relating to matters of that nature.—*Discourses upon Government.*

#### INFLUENCE OF GOVERNMENT ON THE CHARACTER OF A PEOPLE.

Men are valiant and industrious when they fight for themselves and their country. They prove excellent in all the arts of war and peace when they are bred up in virtuous exercises, and taught by their fathers and masters to rejoice in the honors gained by them. They love their country when the good of every particular man is comprehended in the public prosperity, and the success of their achievements is improved to the general advantage. They undertake hazards and labor for the government, when it is justly administered ; when innocence is safe, and virtue honored ; when no man is distinguished from the vulgar but such as have distinguished themselves by the bravery of their actions ; when no honor is thought too great for those who do it eminently, unless it be such as cannot be communicated to others of equal merit. They do not spare their persons, purses, or friends, when the public powers are employed for the public benefit, and imprint the like affections in their children from their infancy. The discipline of obedience, in which the Romans were bred, taught them to command : and few were admitted to the magistracies of inferior rank till they had given

such proofs of their virtue as might deserve the supreme. Cincinnatus, Camillus, Papirius, Fabius Maximus, were not made dictators that they might learn the duties of the office, but because they were judged to be of such wisdom, valor, integrity, and experience, that they might be safely trusted with the highest powers; and, whilst the law reigned, not one was advanced to that honor who did not fully answer what was expected from him. By these means the city was so replenished with men fit for the greatest employments that even in its infancy, when three hundred and six of the Fabii were killed in one day, the city did lament the loss, but was not so weakened as to give any advantage to their enemies; and when every one of those who had been eminent before the Second Punic War, Fabius Maximus only excepted, had perished in it, others arose in their places, who surpassed them in number, and were equal to them in virtue. The city was a perpetual spring of such men, as long as liberty lasted, but that was no sooner overthrown than virtue was torn up by the roots; the people became base and sordid; the small remains of the nobility slothful and effeminate; and, their Italian associates becoming like to them, the empire, whilst it stood, was only sustained by the strength of foreigners. The Grecian virtue had the same fate, and expired with liberty. . . . It is absurd to impute this to the change of times; for time changes nothing; and nothing was changed in those times but the government, and that changed all things. This is not accidental, but according to the rules given to nature by God, imposing upon all things a necessity of perpetually following their causes. Fruits are always of the same nature with the seeds and roots from which they come, and trees are known by the fruits they bear. As a man begets a man, and a beast a beast, that society of men which constitutes a government upon the foundation of justice, virtue, and the common good, will always have men to promote those ends, and that which intends the advancement of one man's desires and vanity will abound in those that will foment them.—*From Discourses on Government.*



SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP, an English poet, born at Penshurst, Kent, November 29, 1554; died at Arnheim, Holland, October 7, 1586. His father, Sir Henry Sidney, was President of Wales and Lord Deputy of Ireland under Queen Elizabeth. In 1568 he entered Christ Church, Oxford; from 1572 to 1575 he travelled on the Continent, being at Paris at the time of the St. Bartholomew massacre. In 1577 he was sent to Prague as ambassador to the Emperor Rudolph II. The next year he incurred the displeasure of the Queen by an outspoken letter which he addressed to her, dissuading her from a projected marriage with the Duke of Anjou, and retired for some years to his estate, where most of his works appear to have been written, although they were not printed until after his death. In 1584 he was appointed Governor of Flushing, in Holland: and was wounded in the thigh at the battle of Zutphen, September 22, 1586. "As he was borne from the field," writes his friend and biographer, Lord Brooke, "being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for a drink, which was presently brought him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth he saw a poor soldier carried along, ghastly, casting up his eyes at the bottle; which Sir Philip perceiving, he took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man with these words:

‘Thy necessity is greater than mine.’” He lingered in great agony for several weeks, solacing even his last hours with literary composition. His body was taken to London and interred in St. Paul’s Cathedral, the day being observed as one of general mourning. The principal works of Sir Philip Sidney are: *A Metrical Version of the Psalms*, made in conjunction with his sister, the Countess of Pembroke; *Astrophel and Stella*, a series of more than a hundred sonnets; *Arcadia*, a prose romance, with poems interspersed through it; *The Apologie for Poesie*.

#### DESCRIPTION OF ARCADIA.

There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so, too, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, breeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs, with bleating oratory, craved the dam’s comfort. Here a shepherd’s boy piping as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting and singing withal; and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music.—*Arcadia*.

#### AN ARCADIAN LOVE-LETTER.

Most blessed paper, which shall kiss that hand where-to all blessedness is in nature a servant, do not disdain to carry with thee the woful words of a miser [wretch] now despairing; neither be afraid to appear before her, bearing the base title of the sender; for no sooner shall that divine hand touch thee but that thy baseness shall be turned to most high preferment. Therefore, mourn



boldly, my ink ; for while she looks upon you your blackness will shine : cry out boldly, my lamentation ; for while she reads you your cries will be music. Say, then, O happy messenger of a most unhappy message, that the too-soon born and too-late dying creature which dares not speak—no, not look—no, not scarcely think, as from his miserable self, unto her heavenly highness, only presumes to desire thee, in the times that her eyes and voice do exalt thee, to say, and in this manner to say, not from him—oh, no ; that were not fit—but of him, thus much unto her sacred judgment : —O you, the only honor to women, to men the only admiration ; you that, being armed by love, defy him that armed you, in this high estate wherein you have placed me, yet let me remember him to whom I am bound for bringing me to your presence ; and let me remember him who, since he is yours, how mean soever he be, it is reason you have an account of him. The wretch—yet your wretch—though with languishing steps, runs fast to his grave ; and will you suffer a temple—how poorly built soever, but yet a temple of your deity—to be razed ? But he dieth, it is most true, he dieth ; and he in whom you live to obey you dieth. Whereof though he plain, he doth not complain ; for it is a harm, but no wrong, which he hath received. He dies, because, in woful language, all his senses tell him that such is your pleasure ; for, since you will not that he live, alas ! alas ! what followeth—what followeth of the most ruined Dorus but his end ? End, then, evil-destined Dorus, end ; and end, thou woful letter, end ; for it sufficeth her wisdom to know that her heavenly will shall be accomplished.

## IN PRAISE OF POESIE.

Learned men have learnedly thought that where reason hath so much over-mastered passion, that the mind hath a free desire to do well, the inward light each man hath in himself is as good as a philosopher's book ; since in Nature we know it is well to do well, and what is well and what is evil, although not in the words of art which philosophers bestow upon us ; for out of natural conceit the philosophers drew it. But to

be moved to do that which we know, or to be moved with desire to know, *hoc opus hic labor est.*

Now, therein, of all sciences—I speak of human, and according to human conceit—is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth—as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard—at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that, full of that taste, you may long to pass further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margin with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with or prepared for the well-enchanting skill of music. And with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you—with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste; which, if any one should begin to tell them of the nature of the aloes or rhubarbum they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than at their mouth. So is it in men—most of whom are childish in their best things till they be cradled in their graves.—*Defence of Poesie.*

TRUE BEAUTY VIRTUE IS.

It is most true that eyes are formed to serve  
 The inward light, and that the heavenly part  
 Ought to be King, from whose rules who do swerve,  
 Rebels to Nature, strive for their own smart.  
 It is most true, what we call Cupid's dart,  
 An image is which for ourselves we carve,  
 And, fools, adore in temple of our heart,  
 Till that good god makes Church and Churchman starve.  
 True, that True Beauty Virtue is indeed,  
 Whereof this Beauty can be but a shade  
 Which elements with mortal mixtures breed.  
 True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,

And should in soul up to our country move :  
 True ; and yet true—that I must Stella love.  
 —*Astrophel and Stella.*

## ETERNAL LOVE.

Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust,  
 And thou, my Mind, aspire to higher things ;  
 Grow rich in that which never taketh rust :  
 Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.  
 Draw in thy beams, and humble all their might  
 To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be,  
 Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light  
 That doth both shine and give us light to see !  
 Oh, take fast hold ; let that light be thy guide  
 In this small course which birth draws out to death ;  
 And think how evil becometh him to slide,  
 Who seeketh heaven and comes of heavenly breath.  
 Then farewell, world ! thy uttermost I see :  
 Eternal Love, maintain thy Life in me !  
 —*Astrophel and Stella.*

## TO SLEEP.

Come Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,  
 The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,  
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
 The indifferent judge between the high and low !  
 With shield of proof shield me from out the prease  
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw ;  
 Oh, make in me those civil wars to cease,  
 I will good tribute pay if thou do so.  
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,  
 A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light ;  
 A rosy garland and a weary head.  
 And if these things, as being thine by right,  
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,  
 Lovelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.  
 —*Astrophel and Stella.*

## INVOCATION TO NIGHT.

O Night ! the ease of care, the pledge of pleasure,  
 Desire's best mean, harvest of hearts affected,

The seat of peace, the one which is erected  
 Of human life to be the quiet measure ;  
 Be victor still of Phœbus's golden treasure,  
     Who hath our sight with too much sight infected ;  
     Whose light is cause we have our time neglected,  
 Turning all Nature's course to self-displeasure.  
 These stately stars, in their now shining faces,  
 With sinless Sleep, and Silence—Wisdom's mother—  
     Witness this wrong, which by thy help is easèd.  
 Thou art, therefore, of these our desert places  
 The sure refuge ; by thee, and by no other,  
 My soul is blest, sense joyed, and fortune rasèd.  
—*Arcadia.*

## LOVE'S SILENCE.

Because I breathe not love to everie one,  
     Nor do not use set colors for to weare,  
     Nor nourish special locks of vowèd haire,  
 Nor give each speech a full point of a groane,—  
 The courtlie nymphs, acquainted with the moane  
     Of them who on their lips Love's standard beare,  
     " What ! he ? " say they of me. " Now I dare swære  
 He cannot love : No, no ! let him alone."  
 And think so still—if Stella know my minde.

Profess, indeed, I do not Cupid's art ;  
     But you, faire maids, at length this true shall finde,—  
 That his right badge is but worne in the hearte.  
 Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove :  
 They love indeed who quake to say they love.

## MY TRUE-LOVE HATH MY HEART.

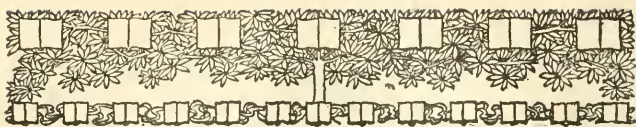
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,  
     By just exchange one to the other given :  
 I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,  
     There never was a better bargain driven :  
 My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one ;  
     My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides :  
 He loves my heart, for once it was his own ;  
     I cherish his because in me it bides :  
 My true-love hath my heart, and I have his

## SONNET.

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies,  
How silently, and with how wan a face !  
What may it be, that even in heavenly place  
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries ?  
Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes  
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case ;  
I read it in thy looks, thy languished grace  
T'o me that feel the like thy state descries.  
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,  
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit ?  
Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?  
Do they above love to be loved, and yet  
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess : ?  
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness ?





SIENKIEWICZ, HENRYK, a Polish novelist, born at Wola Okrejska, in the Lukowschen, of Lithuanian parents, in 1845. He was educated at the University of Warsaw, after which he led a wandering life, attached for a time to a nomadic band of gypsies. In 1876 he came to America, and spent some years in California seeking his fortune in the gold mines, and writing of his adventures to the Warsaw magazines. Returning to his own country, he settled at Warsaw and gave himself up to the pursuit of literature. He then began the issue of the series of novels and historical romances which have won for him—inspired as they are by the loftiest patriotic sentiments—one of the first places in modern Polish literature. In 1872 he published at Warsaw a collection of humorous little stories which became very popular; and which was followed in 1874 by *Szkice Weglem* (*Charcoal Sketches*). His principal later works are, *Ogniem i Mieczem* (*By Fire and Sword*) (1885), a historical novel which in less than ten years had passed through more than thirty editions; *Potop* (*The Deluge*) (1886); *Pan Michael*, and *Village Stories*, and a complete collection of his works up to 1890, issued in twelve volumes under the general title *Pisma*. Up to 1882 he had but little prominence in literature in Europe, for he is given but a brief notice in the *History of*

*English Literature*, published in that year by Heinrich Nitschmann. As to Sienkiewicz's other works we have in *Without Dogma* the modern Christian woman as she relates herself to the most vital questions of the day; against this woman and her healthy dogmatic faith, arguments, sophistries, pessimism, and unbelief are powerless; she endures a thousand martyrdoms; her heart is torn by conflicting emotions; she loves, suffers, dies. But Sienkiewicz bids us believe that whatever the emergency, her conscience is an unerring light. Her faith and constancy never waver. In *Children of the Soil* we have a very modern study, and the social problem strongly stated. The main questions the writer presents, briefly outlined, are these: Granted that there are secret forces of evil at work within modern society, forces tending toward its disintegration, how combat them? What is the ultimate safeguard and hope of society itself? Sienkiewicz answers both questions in his own fashion, and according to his deepest conviction and faith. *By Fire and Sword* formed a foundation upon which its author builded, doubtless, permanently when he put forth *Quo Vadis* (1896). It was through Mr. Jeremiah Curtin's excellent translation of the latter work that Sienkiewicz really became known to Americans. This work has been widely read and the critics were unanimous in its praise.

Nathan H. Dole, writing in the *Bookman*, says of it: "We read that when Æneas entered the temple in Carthage he was amazed to see the walls decorated with paintings representing the

Trojan War. Sienkiewicz tells his epic story in somewhat the same manner. It is a marvellous succession of colossal cartoons drawn with a free hand and glowing with dazzling colors. Here is a Vereschagin-like picture of the Forum, with all its wealth of temples and shops, and its jostling population gathered from all the world. Here come the orgies of Nero, reminding one of the sensuous canvases of Max. Then the games and gladiatorial shows in the Circus Maximus, the conflagration of the city, and the brutal and almost too revolting delineation of the persecution of the Christians. Nero and his satellites appear in all their frightful shamelessness, but throughout in absolutely unique contrast are the serene, eloquent, and noble pictures of Christianity and its effects. If we have Nero, we have also Peter and Paul, and how vivid they are! One can hardly doubt their actuality. If we see Poppæa, beautiful and serpent-like, we have Pomponia and the exquisite heroine Lygia, passionate but pure. If we have Chilo, the wily Greek, unscrupulous and cowardly, we have also the mighty Ursus, the innocent murderer and simple-hearted giant. It is said that if a person standing at the foot of Niagara merely touches the awful sheet of water with a finger, he is drawn irresistibly in; and so if a person begin this book, the torrential sweep of its immensity becomes instantly absorbing. It is one of the great books of our day—a book which is after all, perhaps, the highest panegyric of the miraculous influence of Christianity that has appeared in modern times.”



Edward S. Van Zile, writing in *Current Literature* in 1897, said: "Henryk Sienkiewicz seems to have produced in *Quo Vadis* a novel that is worthy to take its place beside those great works of fiction that have survived the crucial tests to which every product of man's genius is eventually subjected. How much of prejudice and inertia this book has overcome can be appreciated only by those who fully comprehend the stubborn conservatism of many of the most influential literary critics of the day. To achieve the highest success in a literary undertaking of this nature demands a most unusual equipment upon the part of an author. His work will be exposed to searching criticism from classicists, theologians, historians, and littérateurs. He is under obligation to satisfy the cravings of the public for novelty, while, at the same time, he defies the eye of the student who examines his book to find therein blunders either in inference or assertion. He is compelled to deal with questions that have for centuries been productive of the warmest controversies. He is, at one and the same time, novelist, historian, essayist, commentator, and disputant. His fort is erected in an open plain, from which it may be attacked upon all sides at once. Strong indeed must be the structure he has built, if, under this pitiless fire, no breaches can be made in the walls. It would be unreasonable, perhaps, to make the assertion that in *Quo Vadis* Henryk Sienkiewicz has produced the most powerful novel of the century's last decade. Posterity reserves to itself the privilege of sitting as a court of last resort to pass

final judgment upon questions of this nature. But we can safely assert at this time that he has fulfilled apparently all the requirements that appertain to a historical romance laying claim to permanent value. He satisfies the craving of the ennuied novel-reader for originality and ingenuity in plot, he tells a love-story of absorbing interest, he daringly presents to us personages upon whom the search-lights of history have long shone, and they become what they may never have been to us before, real men and women living in times of mighty import. But he does more than all this; he lays bare to us the fundamental difference between paganism and Christianity, between the old order of might and the new kingdom of love. He shows us, as no other novelist has shown us, how an idea revolutionized not merely a nation or a race, but civilization itself. Now, what is this *Quo Vadis* that has awakened the sluggish enthusiasm of the public and driven the suspicious bookworm into the innermost recesses of his carefully chosen library? The author modestly calls the book 'a narrative of the time of Nero.' He does not tell us that his novel is a triumph of minute and painstaking scholarship, of deep religious sympathy, of marvellous character-drawing, of nice literary workmanship, and of powerful dramatic construction. All these facts we must learn from a perusal of the book, for the novel is not compelled by either the author or the translator to vindicate a pompous and tedious 'preface' calling attention to the difficulties surmounted in the construction of the tale. The reader opens

the book at the first chapter, and his interest in the story, awakened at the very outset, grows more intense with every succeeding page.

“The great success of Mr. Jeremiah Curtin’s English translation of *Quo Vadis* is due primarily to the fact that in this book Henryk Sienkiewicz has told a story of love and adventure that appeals irresistibly to man’s universal fondness for dramatic tales in which the element of suspense is deftly handled. A Roman patrician, who loves a Christian maiden, sits in an improvised circus, after the burning of Rome by Nero, and sees the maiden of his choice brought into the arena fastened to the back of a wild bull. She seems to be doomed to certain death, and her lover gazes upon the scene beneath him with despairing eyes. Her rescue from this awful situation—the jaded novel-reader well knows—is demanded by the exigencies of the narrative. It required the highest art of a story-teller to maintain at this point the dramatic force of the tale, and to provide for the *dénouement*, without defying probability or weakening the reader’s interest in the final outcome of what might well be called a sensational situation. But Sienkiewicz unfolds his daring plot with simplicity and power. Never for an instant does he lose his firm grip upon the complicated threads that form the warp and woof of his sombre-tinted tale. To the man or woman who reads *Quo Vadis* merely for the sake of the story that it tells there will come no sense of disappointment, but rather a growing feeling of astonishment at the ingenuity displayed by the au-

thor in strengthening, chapter by chapter, the dramatic interest of his narrative.

“ But *Quo Vadis* is not simply a brilliant and absorbing story of love and adventure. It is an historical romance that presents to our eyes a picture of Rome in the days of Nero that is so vivid, convincing, and startling that we seem to be reading of Roman luxury and cruelty and of Christian patience and martyrdom from the words of an eye-witness rather than from the pen of a modern scholar. The Rome of Nero, Seneca, Petronius, Tigellinus, St. Peter, and St. Paul; the Rome in which an idea, new to the world of men, overthrew a pagan civilization seemingly impregnable, is reconstructed by the power of genius, and we see the Eternal City, in the days of a crisis of tremendous import to the human race, through eyes that overlook no significant detail in that teeming centre of luxury and cruelty where the teachings of the gospel of love warred with seemingly hopeless persistence against the material power of a heartless and autocratic Cæsar. We see Nero and his favorites indulging in luxurious and brutal orgies the like of which the world will never know again. We see the followers of Paul and Peter torn by wild beasts in the arena or burning as torches to make mad Nero smile. We see Rome well-nigh destroyed by fire that a whim of the sated Cæsar may be gratified. We look, horrified and fascinated, upon that magnificent carnival of lust and debauchery, of cruelty and crime, and as we gaze our wonder grows that against the overwhelming forces that formed such a pitiless alliance against

the simple creed of the early Christian, the rise of a new and better civilization was possible. Armies and laws, Cæsars, Senates, precedents, and the inertia of a self-satisfied materialism we see on the one side, and on the other simply a thought, an idea, a teaching that filled the hungry hearts of men with amazement, reverence, and hope. How the doctrine of the Christians impressed a Roman patrician in those grim days the author of *Quo Vadis* well describes in dealing with the attitude of his hero, 'Vinicius,' toward the new teaching, long before he had become a convert to the faith: 'He understood that in it there was something uncommon, something which had not been on earth before, and he felt that, could it embrace the whole world, could it ingraft on the world its love and charity, an epoch would come recalling that in which not Jupiter but Saturn had ruled. He did not dare either to doubt the supernatural origin of Christ, or His resurrection, or the other miracles. The eye-witnesses who spoke of them were too trustworthy and despised falsehood too much to let him suppose that they were telling things that had not happened. Finally, Roman scepticism permitted disbelief in the gods, but believed in miracles. "Vinicius," therefore, stood before a kind of marvellous puzzle which he could not solve. On the other hand, however, that religion seemed to him opposed to the existing state of things, impossible of practice, and mad in a degree beyond all others.' The essence of the teaching that eventually overthrew this old 'order of things' and begat a new and better

world is described by Sienkiewicz in the picture he draws of Paul of Tarsus on his way to death. 'He remembered how he had taught people love—how he had told them that though they were to give their property to the poor, though they knew all secrets and all sciences, they would be nothing without love, which is kind, enduring, which does not return evil, which does not desire reward, suffers all things, believes all things, hopes all things, is patient of all things. And so his life had passed in teaching people this truth. And now he said in spirit: What power can equal it; what can conquer it? Could Cæsar stop it, though he had twice as many legions and twice as many cities, seas, lands, and nations? And so he went to his reward like a conqueror.'

"Henryk Sienkiewicz is too great an artist to jeopardize the success of his work as literature by overweighting it with material from which theological controversies arise. While the demands of his story compel the author to lay stress upon the rottenness of the social fabric that was nearing destruction in Nero's time, he is sufficiently broad in his sympathies to give full credit to all that was praiseworthy in the materialistic civilization so soon to pass away. The concrete manifestation of what was highest and best in the Greek and Roman philosophies, the love of beauty, the physical courage, the nobility of soul of certain types of pagan manhood, receive due recognition from his pen. But he has chosen for treatment in this novel a worn-out civilization, feverishly bedecking itself with gaudy and blood-

stained gewgaws ere it lies down to die. He presents to us a body politic in a condition of hysteria, well-nigh mad for fear that it may be forced to confess itself a failure. And he seizes, with a master's hand, the startling dramatic contrasts that this death-struggle between the might of Cæsar and the illuminating force of a new idea begets."

#### HOW NERO'S PLANS WERE OVERTHROWN.\*

[Vinicius, a Roman patrician, loves Lygia, a beautiful maiden, a convert to Christianity. She is condemned to death in the arena, and her lover is forced to become a spectator of the games, during the progress of which she is to die.]

At that very instant almost, the prefect of the city waved a red handkerchief, the hinges opposite Cæsar's podium creaked, and out of the dark gully came Ursus into the brightly lighted arena.

The giant blinked, dazed evidently by the glitter of the arena; then he pushed into the centre, gazing around as if to see what he had to meet. It was known to all the Augustians and to most of the spectators that he was the man who had stifled Croton; hence at sight of him a murmur passed along every bench. In Rome there was no lack of gladiators larger by far than the common measure of man, but Roman eyes had never seen the like of Ursus. Cassius, standing in Cæsar's podium, seemed puny compared with that Lygian. Senators, vestals, Cæsar, the Augustians, and the people gazed with the delight of experts at his mighty limbs as large as tree-trunks, at his breast as large as two shields joined together, and his arms of a Hercules. The murmur rose every instant. For those multitudes there could be no higher pleasure than to look at those muscles in play in the exertion of a struggle. The murmur rose to shouts, and eager questions were put: Where did the people live who could produce such a giant? He stood there, in the middle of the amphitheatre,

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naked, more like a stone colossus than a man, with a collected expression, and at the same time the sad look of a barbarian; and while surveying the empty arena, he gazed wonderingly with his blue, child-like eyes, now at the spectators, now at Cæsar, now at the grating of the cunicula, whence, as he thought, his executioners would come. At the moment when he stepped into the arena his simple heart was beating for the last time with the hope that perhaps a cross was waiting for him; but when he saw neither the cross nor the hole in which it might be put, he thought he was unworthy of such favor—that he would find death in another way, and surely from wild beasts. He was unarmed, and had determined to die as became a confessor of the “Lamb,” peacefully and patiently. Meanwhile he wished to pray once more to the Saviour; so he knelt on the arena, joined his hands, and raised his eyes toward the stars which were glittering in the lofty opening of the amphitheatre.

The act displeased the crowds. They had had enough of those Christians who died like sheep. They understood that if the giant would not defend himself the spectacle would be a failure. Here and there hisses were heard. Suddenly the shrill sound of brazen trumpets was heard, and at that signal a grating opposite Cæsar’s podium was opened, and into the arena rushed, amid shouts of beast-keepers, an enormous German aurochs, bearing on his head the naked body of a woman.

“Lygia! Lygia!” cried Vinicius.

Then he seized his hair near the temples, squirmed like a man who feels a sharp dart in his body, and began to repeat in hoarse accents:

“I believe! I believe! O, Christ, a miracle!”

And he did not even feel that Petronius covered his head that moment with the toga. It seemed to him that death or pain had closed his eyes. He did not look, he did not see. The feeling of some awful emptiness possessed him. In his head there remained not a thought; his lips merely repeated, as if in madness:

“I believe! I believe! I believe!”

This time the amphitheatre was silent. The Augustians rose in their places, as one man, for in the arena something uncommon had happened. That Lygian,



obedient and ready to die, when he saw his queen on the horns of the wild beast, sprang up, as if touched by living fire, and bending forward he ran at the raging animal. From all breasts a sudden cry of amazement was heard, after which came deep silence.

The Lygian fell on the raging bull in a twinkling, and seized him by the horns.

"Look!" cried Petronius, snatching the toga from the head of Vinicius.

The latter rose and bent back his head; his face was as pale as linen, and he looked into the arena with a glassy, vacant stare. All breasts ceased to breathe. People could not believe their own eyes. Since Rome was Rome, no one had seen such a spectacle.

The Lygian held the wild beast by the horns. The man's feet sank in the sand to his ankles, his back was bent like a drawn bow, his head was hidden between his shoulders, on his arms the muscles came out so that the skin almost burst from their pressure; but he had stopped the bull in his tracks. And the man and the beast remained so still that the spectators thought themselves looking at a picture showing a deed of Hercules or Theseus, or a group hewn from stone. But in that apparent repose there was a tremendous exertion of two struggling forces. The bull sank his feet, as well as did the man, in the sand, and his dark, shaggy body was curved so that it seemed a gigantic ball. Which of the two would fail first, which would fall first—that was the question for those spectators enamored of such struggles; a question which at that moment meant more for them than their own fate, than all Rome and its lordship over the world. That Lygian was in their eyes then a demigod worthy of honor and statues. Cæsar himself stood up, as well as others.

. . . . .

Meanwhile a dull roar resembling a groan was heard from the arena, after which a brief shout was wrested from every breast, and again there was silence. People thought themselves dreaming till the enormous head of the bull began to turn in the iron hands of the barbarian. The face, neck, and arms of the Lygian grew purple;

his back bent still more. It was clear that he was rallying the remnant of his superhuman strength, but that he could not last long.

Duller and duller, hoarser and hoarser, more and more painful grew the groan of the bull as it mingled with the whistling breath from the breast of the giant. The head of the beast turned more and more, and from his jaws came a long, foaming tongue.

A moment more, and to the ears of spectators sitting nearer came, as it were, the crack of breaking bones; then the beast rolled on the earth with his neck twisted in death.

The giant removed in a twinkling the ropes from the horns of the bull, and, raising the maiden, began to breathe hurriedly. His face became pale, his hair stuck together from sweat, his shoulders and arms seemed flooded with water. For a moment he stood as if only half conscious; then he raised his eyes and looked at the spectators.

The amphitheatre had gone wild.

The walls of the building were trembling from the roar of tens of thousands of people. Since the beginning of spectacles there was no memory of such excitement. Those who were sitting on the highest rows came down, crowding in the passages between benches to look more nearly at the strong man. Everywhere were heard cries for mercy, passionate and persistent, which soon turned into one unbroken thunder. That giant had become dear to those people enamored of physical strength; he was the first personage in Rome.

He understood that the multitude were striving to grant him his life and restore him his freedom, but clearly his thought was not on himself alone. He looked around awhile; then approached Cæsar's podium, and, holding the body of the maiden on his outstretched arms, raised his eyes with entreaty, as if to say:

"Have mercy on her! Save the maiden. I did that for her sake!"

The spectators understood perfectly what he wanted. At sight of the unconscious maiden, who near the enormous Lygian seemed a child, emotion seized the multitude of Senators and knights. Her slender form,

as white as if chiselled from alabaster, her fainting, the dreadful danger from which the giant had freed her, and finally her beauty and attachment, had moved every heart. Some thought the man a father begging mercy for his child. Pity burst forth suddenly, like a flame. They had had blood, death, and torture in sufficiency. Voices, choked with tears, began to entreat mercy for both.

Meanwhile, Ursus, holding the girl in his arms, moved around the arena, and with his eyes and with motions begged her life for her. Now Vinicius started up from his seat, sprang over the barrier which separated the front places from the arena, and, running to Lygia, covered her naked body with his toga.

Then he tore apart the tunic on his breast, laid bare the scars left by wounds received in the Armenian war, and stretched out his hands to the audience.

Then the enthusiasm of the multitude passed everything seen in a circus before. The crowd stamped and howled. Voices calling for mercy grew simply terrible. People not only took the part of the athlete, but rose in deference of the soldier, the maiden, their love. Thousands of spectators turned to Cæsar with flashes of anger in their eyes and with clenched fists.

But Cæsar halted and hesitated. Against Vinicius he had no hatred, indeed, and the death of Lygia did not concern him; but he preferred to see the body of the maiden rent by the horns of the bull or torn by the claws of beasts. His cruelty, his deformed imagination, and deformed desires found a kind of delight in such spectacles. And now the people wanted to rob him. Hence anger appeared on his bloated face. Self-love also would not let him yield to the wish of the multitude, and still he did not dare to oppose it, through his inborn cowardice.

So he gazed around to see if among the Augustians, at least, he could not find fingers turned down in sign of death. But Petronius held up his hand, and looked almost challengingly into Nero's face. Vestinius, superstitious, but inclined to enthusiasm, a man who feared ghosts, but not the living, gave a sign for mercy also. So did Scevinus, the Senator; so did Nerva, so did

Tullius Senecio, so did the famous leader Ostorius Scapula, and Antistius, and Piso, and Vetus, and Crispinus, and Minucius Tremus, and Pontius Telesinus, and the most important of all, one honored by the people, Thræsea.

In view of this, Cæsar took the emerald from his eye with an expression of contempt and offence; when Tigellinus, whose desire was to spite Petronius, turned to him and said:

“Yield not, divinity; we have the pretorians.”

Then Nero turned to the place where command over the pretorians was held by the stern Subrius Flavius, hitherto devoted with whole soul to him, and saw something unusual. The face of the old tribune was stern, but covered with tears, and he was holding his hand up in sign of mercy.

Now rage began to possess the multitude. Dust rose from beneath the stamping feet, and filled the amphitheatre. In the midst of shouts were heard cries: “Ahenobarbus! matricide! incendiary!”

Nero was alarmed. The people were absolute lords in the circus. Former Cæsars, and especially Caligula, had permitted themselves sometimes to go against popular desire; this, however, called forth disturbance always, going sometimes to bloodshed. But Nero was in a different position. First, as a comedian and a singer he needed the people's favor; second, he wanted it on his side against the Senate and the patricians.

He looked once more at Subrius Flavius, at Scevinus, the centurion, a relative of the Senator; at the soldiers; and seeing everywhere frowning brows, moved faces, and eyes fixed on him, he gave the sign for mercy.

Then a thunder of applause was heard from the highest seats to the lowest. The people were sure of the lives of the condemned, for from that moment they went under their protection, and even Cæsar would not have dared to pursue them any longer with his vengeance.—*From Quo Vadis* Copyright, 1897, by JEREMIAH CURTIN.



SIGOURNEY, LYDIA (HUNTLY), an American poet and miscellaneous writer, born at Norwich, Conn., September 1, 1791; died at Hartford, June 10, 1865. In 1819 she was married to Charles Sigourney, a merchant of Hartford. She commenced her career of authorship with a volume of *Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse*. Her subsequent works in prose and verse, many of them juveniles, number more than sixty. Among them are: *Traits of the Aborigines* (1822); *Sketch of Connecticut* (1824); *Biography of Females* (1829); *How to be Happy* (1833); *Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands* (1842); *The Sea and the Sailor* (1845); *Whisper to a Bride* (1849); *Past Meridian* (1854); *Lucy Howard's Journal* (1857); *The Man of Uz* (1862); *Letters of Life*, a posthumous volume (1866).

“The moral character of her writings,” says Edwin P. Whipple, “is unexceptionable. She possesses great facility in versification, and is fluent both in thoughts and language. But much that she has written is deformed by the triteness and irregularity consequent upon hasty composition, and hardly does justice to her real powers. *Niagara*, *The Death of an Infant*, *Winter*, and *Napoleon's Epitaph* are favorable specimens of her talents.”

## INDIAN NAMES.

Ye say that all have passed away—that noble race and  
 brave ;  
 That their light canoes have vanished from off the  
 crested wave ;  
 That 'mid the forests where they roamed there rings no  
 hunter's shout :—  
 But their name is on your waters—ye may not wash it  
 out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow, like ocean's surge is curled ;  
 Where strong Niagara's thunders wake the echo of the  
 world ;  
 Where red Missouri bringeth rich tribute from the  
 west,  
 And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps on green Virginia's  
 breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins, that clustered o'er the  
 vale,  
 Have fled away like withered leaves before the autumn's  
 gale :—  
 But their memory liveth on your hills, their baptism on  
 your shore ;  
 Your everlasting rivers speak their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it upon her lordly crown,  
 And broad Ohio bears it amid her young renown ;  
 Connecticut hath wreathed it where her quiet foliage  
 waves,  
 And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse through all her  
 ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice within his rocky  
 heart,  
 And Alleghany 'graves its tone throughout his lordly  
 chart ;  
 Monadnock on his forehead hoar doth seal the sacred  
 trust :  
 Your mountains build their monument, though ye de-  
 stroy their dust.

Ye call these red-browed brethren the insects of an  
hour,  
Crushed like the noteless worm amid the regions of their  
power ;  
Ye drive them from their fathers' lands, ye break of  
faith the seal ;  
But can ye from the Court of Heaven exclude their last  
appeal ?

Ye see their unresisting tribes, with toilsome step and  
slow,  
On through the trackless desert pass—a caravan of  
woe :—  
Think ye the Eternal Ear is deaf ? By sleepless vision  
dim ?  
Think ye the soul's blood may not cry from that far  
land to Him ?

## THE BLESSED RAIN.

I marked at morn the thirsty earth,  
By lingering drought oppressed,  
Like sick man in a fever heat,  
With panting brow or breast ;  
But evening brought a cheering sound  
Of music o'er the pane :  
The voice of heavenly showers that said,  
" Oh, blessed, blessed rain ! "

The pale and suffocating plants,  
That bowed themselves to die,  
Imbided the pure, relieving drops—  
Sweet gift of a pitying sky ;  
The fern and heath upon the rock,  
And the daisy on the plain,  
Each whispered to their new-born buds,  
" Oh, blessed, blessed rain ! "

The herds that o'er the wasted fields  
Roamed with dejected eye,  
To find their verdant pasture brown,  
Their crystal brooklet dry,

Rejoiced within the mantling pool  
 To stand refreshed again,  
 Each infant ripple leaping high,  
 To meet the blessed rain.

The farmer sees his crisping corn,  
 Whose tassels swept the ground,  
 Uplift once more a stately head,  
 With hopeful beauty crowned ;  
 While the idly lingering water-wheel,  
 Where the miller ground his grain,  
 Turns gayly round, with a dashing sound,  
 At the touch of the blessed rain.

Lord, if our drooping souls too long  
 Should close their upward wing,  
 And the adhesive dust of earth  
 All darkly round them cling,  
 Send Thou such showers of quickening grace,  
 That the angelic train  
 Shall to our grateful shout respond,  
 " Oh, blessed, blessed rain ! "

#### THE CORAL INSECT.

Toil on ! toil on ! ye ephemeral train,  
 Who build on the tossing and treacherous main ;  
 Toil on ! for the wisdom of man ye mock,  
 With your sand-based structures and domes of rock,  
 Your columns the fathomless fountains' cave,  
 And your arches spring up to the crested wave ;  
 Ye're a puny race thus to boldly rear  
 A fabric so vast in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone—  
 The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone,  
 Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,  
 Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king ;  
 The turf looks green where the breakers rolled ;  
 O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold ;  
 The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,  
 And mountains exult where the wave hath been.



But why do ye plant, 'neath the billows dark,  
 The wrecking reef for the gallant bark ?  
 There are snares enough on the tented field,  
 Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield ;  
 There are serpents to coil ere the flowers are up,  
 There's a poison drop in man's purest cup,  
 There are foes that watch for his cradle breath,  
 And why need ye sow the floods with death ?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,  
 From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright ;  
 The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold  
 With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold,  
 And the gods of the ocean have frowned to see  
 The mariner's bed in their halls of glee ;  
 Hath earth no graves, that ye thus must spread  
 The boundless sea for the thronging dead ?

Ye build—ye build—but ye enter not in,  
 Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin ;  
 From the land of promise ye fade and die  
 Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary eye ;  
 As the kings of the cloud-crowned pyramid,  
 Their noiseless bones in oblivion hid,  
 Ye slumber unmarked, 'mid the desolate main,  
 While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

GO TO THY REST.

Go to thy rest, fair child !  
 Go to thy dreamless bed,  
 While yet so gentle, undefiled,  
 With blessings on thy head.

Fresh roses in thy hand,  
 Buds on thy pillow laid,  
 Hasten from this dark and fearful land,  
 Where flowers so quickly fade.

Ere sin has seared the breast,  
 Or sorrow waked the tear,  
 Rise to thy throne of changeless rest,  
 In yon celestial sphere !

Because thy smile was fair,  
 Thy lip and eye so bright,  
 Because thy loving cradle-care  
 Was such a dear delight,

Shall love, with weak embrace,  
 Thy upward wing detain?  
**No!** gentle angel, seek thy place  
 Amid the cherub train.

MAN—WOMAN.

*Man's home is everywhere.* On ocean's flood,  
 Where the strong ship with storm-defying tether  
 Doth link in stormy brotherhood  
 Earth's utmost zones together,  
 Where'er the red gold glows, the spice-trees wave,  
 Where the rich diamond ripens, 'mid the flame  
 Of vertic suns that ope the stranger's grave,  
 He with bronzed cheek and daring step doth rove;  
 He with short pang and slight  
 Doth turn him from the checkered light  
 Of the fair moon through his own forests dancing,  
 Where music, joy, and love  
 Were his young hours entrancing;  
 And where ambition's thunder-claim  
 Points out his lot,  
 Or fitful wealth allures to roam,  
 There doth he make his home,  
 Repining not.

*It is not thus with Woman.* The far halls,  
 Though ruinous and lone,  
 Where first her pleased ear drank a nursing-mother's  
 tone;  
 The home with humble walls,  
 Where breathed a parent's prayer around her bed;  
 The valley where, with playmates true,  
 She culled the strawberry, bright with dew;  
 The bower where Love her timid footsteps led;  
 The hearthstone where her children grew;  
 The damp soil where she cast

The flower-seeds of her hope, and saw them bide the  
blast—

Affection with unfading tint recalls,  
Lingering round the ivied walls  
Where every rose hath in its cup a bee,  
Making fresh honey of remembered things,  
Each rose without a thorn, each bee bereft of stings.

#### DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Death found strange beauty on that polished brow,  
And dashed it out. There was a tint of rose  
On cheek and lip. He touched the veins with ice,  
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes  
There spake a wistful tenderness, a doubt  
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence  
Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he bound  
The silken fringes of those curtained lids  
Forever. There had been a murmuring sound  
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,  
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set  
The seal of silence. But there beamed a smile,  
So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow.  
Death gazed, and left it there. He dared not steal  
The signet-ring of heaven.

#### SKETCH OF A FAMILY.

It is a duty of mothers to sustain the reverses of fortune. Frequent and sudden as they have been in our own country, it is important that young females should possess some employment by which they might obtain a livelihood in case they should be reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves. When females are suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty, how pitiful and contemptible it is to see the mother desponding and helpless, and permitting her daughters to embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist and cheer.

“I have lost my whole fortune,” said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home; “we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive

**schools.** Yesterday I was a rich man ; to-day there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in these active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see ! you shall see !" answered several voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor ? We shall work and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said a little girl, hardly four years old. "I shall not have any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

They left their stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture, were sold, and she who had been mistress of the mansion shed no tears.

"Pay every debt," said she ; "let no one suffer through us, and we may be happy."

He rented a neat cottage and a small piece of ground a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest assisted in the household, and also instructed the young children ; besides, they executed various works which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which were readily sold to a merchant in the city.

They cultivated flowers, and sent bouquets to market in the cart that conveyed the vegetables ; they plaited straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needle-

work. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The little cottage was like a beehive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I never was so happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do when we lived in the grand house," said the children; "and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees."

"Yes," said the father; "and you make just such honey as the heart likes to feed on."

Economy, as well as industry, was strictly observed; nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished seminary, and the second took her place as instructress to the family.

The dwelling, which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and the vines and flowering trees were replanted around it. The merchant was happier under his woodbine-covered porch on a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy dressing-room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he; "shall we return to the city?"

"Oh, no!" was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain," said the wife, "**where we have found health and contentment.**"

"Father," said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then," she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together, and **sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy when we were rich and did not work. So, father, please not to be rich any more.**"





SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND, an American poet, born at Windsor, Conn., April 29, 1841; died at Cleveland, O., February 27, 1887. He was graduated at Yale in 1861, and went to the Pacific Coast. Returning in 1866, he studied theology at Harvard. Subsequently he taught in Ohio, and in 1871 became principal of the high school at Oakland, Cal. From 1874 till 1882 he was Professor of English Language and Literature at the University of California, and afterward devoted himself to literary work at his home at Cuyahoga Falls. His early poems were published collectively in 1868. Since his death two other collections have been put forth by his friends: *Poems by Edward Rowland Sill* (1888), and *The Hermitage, and Later Poems* (1890).

“Plato’s great and simple definition: ‘For a poet is something light and with wings, and cannot compose verses unless he be inspired,’ includes him” [Sill], says Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in the *Century* (September, 1888). “He was outside of the ceramics of the poetic art. He did not give us bric-à-brac. We do not look for him in the department of household art-decoration. He expressed himself, so far as he was expressed at all, by pure inspiration. One must not mistake the slight assumption of his work, its modesty, its reticence, its way—so like the author’s own—of keep-

ing in the background till sought, for the features of what we are most apt to mean by minor poetry. By pure quality he was outside of this dead-line."

## SPRING TWILIGHT.

Singing in the rain, robin?  
 Rippling out so fast  
 All thy flute-like notes, as if  
 This singing were thy last!

After sundown, too, robin?  
 Though the fields are dim,  
 And the trees grow dark and still,  
 Dripping from leaf and limb.

'Tis heart-broken music—  
 That sweet, faltering strain,—  
 Like a mingled memory,  
 Half ecstasy, half pain.

Surely thus to sing, robin,  
 Thou must have in sight  
 Beautiful skies behind the shower  
 And dawn beyond the night.

Would thy faith were mine, robin!  
 Then, though night were long,  
 All its silent hours should melt  
 Their sorrow into song.

## SERVICE.

Fret not that the day is gone,  
 And thy task is still undone.  
 'Twas not thine, it seems, at all:  
 Near to thee it chanced to fall,  
 Close enough to stir thy brain,  
 And to vex thy heart in vain,  
 Somewhere, in a nook forlorn,  
 Yesterday a babe was born:  
 He shall do thy waiting task;  
 All thy questions he shall ask,

And the answers will be given,  
 Whispered lightly out of heaven.  
 His shall be no stumbling feet,  
 Falling where they should be fleet ;  
 He shall hold no broken clue ;  
 Friends shall unto him be true ;  
 Men shall love him ; falsehood's aim  
 Shall not shatter his good name.  
 Day shall nerve his arm with light,  
 Slumber soothe him all the night ;  
 Summer's peace and winter's storm  
 Help him all his will perform.  
 'Tis enough of joy for thee  
 His high service to foresee.

A MORNING THOUGHT.

What if some morning, when the stars were paling,  
 And the dawn whitened, and the east was clear,  
 Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence  
 Of a benignant Spirit standing near :

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,  
 " This is our Earth—most friendly Earth, and fair ;  
 Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow  
 Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air :

" There is blest living here, loving and serving,  
 And quest of truth, and serene friendships dear ;  
 But stay not, Spirit ! Earth has one destroyer—  
 His name is Death : flee, lest he find thee here ! "

And what if then, while the still morning brightened,  
 And freshened in the elm the Summer's breath,  
 Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel  
 And take my hand and say, " My name is Death."

OPPORTUNITY.

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream :—  
 There spread a cloud of dust along a plain ;  
 And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged  
 A furious battle, and men velled, and swords



Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner  
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.  
A craven hung along the battle's edge,  
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—  
That blue blade that the king's son bears—but this  
Blunt thing—!" he snapt and flung it from his hand,  
And lowering crept away and left the field.  
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,  
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,  
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,  
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout  
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down  
And saved a great cause that heroic day.





SILLIMAN, BENJAMIN, a noted American scientist, born at Trumbull, Conn., August 8, 1779; died at New Haven, November 24, 1864. He was graduated at Yale in 1796; became tutor in the college in 1799, and in 1804 was made Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology. He visited Europe in 1805 for the purpose of procuring books and apparatus, and published a *Journal of Travels*, describing this visit. Nearly fifty years afterward he again went to Europe, and published *A Visit to Europe in 1851*. In 1818 he founded *The American Journal of Science and Arts*, which he conducted for nearly thirty years. In 1853 he resigned his professorship at Yale, and received the honorary title of "Professor Emeritus." His principal work is *Elements of Chemistry in the Order of the Lectures in Yale College* (1830). He wrote largely upon scientific topics in his own *Journal* and in other periodicals, and delivered courses of popular lectures in all the principal cities in the United States.

"His *Journal*," says Robert Southey, "represents England to the Americans as it is, and exhibits to the English a fair specimen of the real American character. . . . Mr. Silliman is a good representative of the best American character."

"Professor Silliman," says the *Popular Science*  
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*Monthly*, "was a pioneer in geology, contributing to the formation of that science, not only by observations and explorations, but ably maintaining its claims and rights when these were strenuously resisted by an unenlightened public opinion. He also rendered an incomparable service to American science by founding *The American Journal of Science and Arts*."

#### THE NATURE OF GEOLOGICAL EVIDENCE.

Geological evidence is the same which is readily admitted as satisfactory in the case of historical antiquities. When, in 1738, the workmen, in excavating a well, struck upon the theatre of Herculaneum, which had reposed for more than sixteen centuries beneath the lava of Vesuvius—when, in 1748, Pompeii was disencumbered of its volcanic ashes and cinders, and thus two buried cities were brought to light—had history been quite silent respecting their existence, would not observers say, and have they not actually said, here are the works of man—his temples, his forums, his amphitheatres, his tombs, his shops of traffic and of arts, his houses, furniture, pictures, and personal ornaments; here are his streets, with their pavements and wheel-ruts worn in the solid stone, his coins, his grinding-mills, his wine, food, and medicines; here are his dungeons and stocks, with the skeletons of the prisoners chained in their awful solitudes; and here and there are the bones of a victim who, although at liberty, was overtaken by the fiery storm, while others were quietly buried in their domestic retreats. The falling cinders and ashes copied, as they fell, even the delicate outlines of the female form, as well as the head and helmet of a sentinel; and having concreted, they thus remain true volcanic casts, to be seen by remote generations, as now, in the Museum of Naples.

Because the soil had formed, and grass and trees had grown, and successive generations of men had unconsciously walked, tilled the ground, or built their houses

over the entombed cities, and because they were covered by volcanic cinders, ashes, and projected stones, does anyone hesitate to admit that they were once real cities ; that at the time of their destruction they stood upon what was then the upper surface ; that their streets once rang with the noise of business, their halls and theatres with the voice of pleasure ; that in an evil time they were overwhelmed by a volcanic tempest from Vesuvius, and their name and place for more than seventeen centuries blotted out from the earth and forgotten ? The tragical story is legibly perused by every observer, and all alike, whether learned or unlearned, agree in the conclusions to be drawn.





SILLIMAN, BENJAMIN, JR., an American scientist, son of the preceding, born in New Haven, Conn., December 14, 1816; died there, January 14, 1885. He was graduated at Yale in 1837, and for some time afterward was an assistant professor in the departments of chemistry, mineralogy, and geology in Yale, and pursued original studies in these branches of science and their application to the arts. In 1838 he became associate editor with his father of the *American Journal of Science*, and in 1846 part proprietor. In 1846 he was appointed the first Yale Professor of Chemistry Applied to the Arts, and in the same year appeared his *First Principles of Chemistry*, of which 50,000 copies were quickly sold. During the winter of 1845-46 he gave a series of lectures on "Agricultural Chemistry" at New Orleans. From 1849 to 1854 he occupied the chair of Medical Chemistry and Toxicology in the Louisville (Ky.) University. In 1854 he returned to Yale and succeeded his father in the chair of chemistry in the medical and academical departments. His scientific articles, including about one hundred titles, were collected and published in 1874. In 1869 he was made one of the State chemists of Connecticut. His works are *First Principles of Chemistry* (1847); *Principles of Physics, etc.* (1859), and *American Contributions to Chemistry* (1874). He edited, with

C. G. Goodrich, *The World of Science, Art, and Industry* (1853), and *Progress of Science and Mechanism* (1854), which recorded the chief results of a World's Fair held in New York in 1853.

#### AMERICAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO CHEMISTRY.

The history of modern chemistry, commencing with Priestley's immortal discovery of oxygen, or dephlogisticated air, as he called it, on the 1st of August, 1774, by a memorable coincidence is almost identical in date with the evolution of the United States of America out of their colonial pupilage by the declaration of their independence of the mother country. The emancipation of our science from the dominion of phlogiston, with its seductive but false philosophy, may be likened to the overthrow of aristocratic traditions and monarchical supremacy, under which our ancestors were held, and the building up of the American system of self-government in their place. We note with satisfaction that the scientific revolution was a little in advance of the political revolution, and it would not be a difficult task to show . . . how closely and logically the rapid march of human society the world over, during the century whose close we celebrate to-day, has kept pace with and waited upon the advance of the pioneers of scientific discovery;—how Franklin and Black, Rumford and Cavendish, Priestley and Lavoisier, Galvani and Volta, Scheele and Berzelius, Dalton and Davy, Angiere and Faraday, Hare and Henry, Oersted and the Herschels, Liebig, Agassiz, and a multitude more of the noble army of martyrs to science, who have devoted their lives to the search for truth for the truth's sake, have by the discovery and elucidation of principles before unknown or but dimly discerned, opened the way for the yet greater army of inventors and projectors who have followed in their lead; with steam-engines, railways, steamships, mechanical spinning and weaving, voltaic casting of metals, bleaching and other chemical arts without number, electric telegraphs, illumination by gas, photography, improved agriculture,

artificial heat and artificial cold ; using and applying in endless forms, for human advancement, the public wealth, and private enjoyment, the labors of those who have toiled to reveal the hidden truths of God in nature, too often unrequited for their self-sacrificing devotion in the good things of this world, but content to work that others might enter into their labors.

. . . . .

Of societies devoted to scientific purposes and which have left us any published memoirs or transactions, we find very few prior to the close of the last century. In New England there was the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, at Boston, instituted in 1780, and the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, established at New Haven in 1799. Oldest of all, we find in Philadelphia, The American Philosophical Society, established by Benjamin Franklin in 1743, and recognized by provincial charter in 1769. This completes the brief list of learned societies instituted prior to the close of the last century which have published anything. The Literary and Philosophical Society of New York, which published a single volume in the early part of this century, had but a brief existence, and its volume of memoirs contains only one paper on chemistry.

In the history of science during the latter half of the last century we find prominent the names of Franklin, Rumford, and Priestley ; the first two Americans by birth and education, the latter by sympathy and adoption. In the evening of his peaceful and philosophic life Priestley was a refugee from a strange intolerance and persecution which has left a stain upon the good name of England.—*From a Lecture Delivered at the Centennial of Chemistry, Northumberland, Pa., August 1, 1874.*





SIMMONS, BARTHOLOMEW, a British poet, born in County Cork, Ireland, in 1811; died in 1850. For eleven years he was a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*.

“Mr. Simmons, of Templemore, Tipperary (why not name a man of genius?),” says John Wilson, in his *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, “the writer of some noble lines entitled *Napoleon's Dream*. . . . Such poetry outlives the politics of the day, and is as strong now as ever.”

#### THE MOTHER OF KINGS.

[*A Lady who visited “Madame Letitia,” the mother of Napoleon, then in her eighty-fourth year, describes her as lying on her bed, the room being hung around with portraits of her children.*]

Strange looked that lady old, reclined  
Upon her lonely bed  
In that vast chamber, echoing not  
To page or maiden's tread;  
And stranger still the gorgeous forms,  
In portrait, that glanced round  
From the high walls, with cold, bright looks  
More eloquent than sound.

They were her children: never yet,  
Since, with the primal beam,  
Fair Painting brought on rainbow wings  
Its own immortal beam,  
Did one fond mother give such race  
Beneath its smile to glow,  
As they who now back on her brow  
Their pictured glories throw.



Her daughters there—the beautiful !  
Looked down in dazzling sheen :  
One lovelier than the Queen of Love,  
One crowned an earthly Queen.  
Her sons—the proud—the Paladins—  
With diadem and plume,  
Each leaning on his sceptred arm,  
Made empire of that room. . . .

But right before her couch's foot  
One mightier picture blazed,  
One form august, to which her eyes  
Incessantly were raised ;  
A monarch's, too—and monarch-like  
The artist's hand had bound him,  
With jewelled belt, imperial sword,  
And ermined purple round him.

One well might deem, from the white flags  
That o'er him flashed and rolled,  
Where the puissant lily laughed  
And waved its bannered gold,  
And from the Lombard's iron crown  
Beneath his hand which lay,  
That Charlemagne had burst Death's reign  
And leaped again to day.

How gleamed that awful countenance,  
Magnificently stern !  
In its dark smile and smiting look  
What destiny we learn !  
The laurel simply wreathes that brow,  
While nations watch its nod,  
As though he scoffed all pomp below,  
The thunder-bolt of God.

Such was the scene—the noontide hour—  
Which, after many a year,  
Had swept above the memory  
Of his meteor-like career—  
Saw the mother of the mightiest—  
Napoleon's mother—lie,  
With the living dead around her,  
With the Past before her eye.

## TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS HOOD.

Take back into thy bosom, earth,  
 This joyous, May-eyed morrow,  
 The gentlest child that ever mirth  
 Gave to be reared by sorrow !  
 'Tis hard—while rays half-green, half gold,  
 Through vernal bowers are burning,  
 And streams their diamond mirrors hold  
 To summer's face returning—  
 To say we're thankful that his sleep  
 Shall nevermore be lighter,  
 In whose sweet-tongued companionship  
 Stream, bower, and beam grew brighter !

But all the more intensely true  
 His soul gave out each feature  
 Of elemental love—each hue  
 And grace of golden nature—  
 The deeper still beneath it all  
 Lurked the keen jags of anguish ;  
 The more the laurels clasped his brow  
 Their poison made it languish.  
 Seemed it that, like the nightingale  
 Of his own mournful singing,  
 The tenderer would his song prevail  
 While most the thorn was stinging.

So never to the desert-worn  
 Did fount bring freshness deeper  
 Than that his placid rest this morn  
 Has brought the shrouded sleeper.  
 That rest may lap his weary head  
 Where charnels choke the city,  
 Or where, 'mid woodlands, by his bed  
 The wren shall wake its ditty ;  
 But near or far, while evening's star  
 Is dear to hearts regretting,  
 Around that spot admiring thought  
 Shall hover, unforgetting.



SIMMS, WILLIAM GILMORE, an American novelist and poet, born at Charleston, S. C., April 17, 1806; died there, June 11, 1870. He was for a time a clerk in a drug-store; afterward studied law, and was admitted to the bar, but did not enter upon regular practice. In 1827 he put forth a volume of *Lyrical and Other Poems*, which was followed from time to time by other volumes of verse, among which are *The Vision of Cortes* (1829); *Atlantis* (1832); *Southern Passages and Pictures* (1839); *Areytos* (1846); *Lays of the Palmetto* (1848), and a fresh collection of *Poems* (1854). He wrote biographies of *Francis Marion* (1844); *Captain John Smith* (1846), and *Nathaniel Greene* (1849), and edited a volume of *The War Poetry of the South* (1867). The greater part of his works consists of novels, of which he wrote about thirty, among which are *Martin Faber* (1833); *Guy Rivers* (1834); *Pelayo* (1838); *The Yemassee* (1840); *The Scout* (1845); *Katherine Walton* (1851); *Charlottesville* (1856); *The Cassique of Kiawah* (1860). An edition of the novels by which he set most store was published in 1859, in nineteen volumes. His *Life* has been written by George W. Cable, in the *American Men of Letters* series (1888).

FASCINATED BY A RATTLESNAKE.

Before the maiden rose a little clump of bushes—  
bright, tangled leaves flaunting wide in the glossiest

green, with vines trailing over them, thickly decked with blue and crimson flowers. Her eyes communed vacantly with these; fastened by a star-like, shining glance, a subtle ray that shot out from the circle of green leaves, seeming to be their very eye, and sending out a fluid lustre that seemed to stream across the space between, and find its way into her own eyes. Very piercing was that beautiful and subtle brightness—of the sweetest, strangest power. And now the leaves quivered, and seemed to float away only to return; and the vines waved and swung around in fantastic mazes, unfolding ever-changing varieties of form and color to her gaze; but the one star-like eye was ever steadfast, bright, and gorgeous, gleaming in their midst, and still fastened with strange fondness upon her own. How beautiful, with wondrous intensity, did it gleam and dilate, growing larger and more lustrous with every ray which it sent forth!

And her own glance became intense; fixed also, but with a dreaming sense that conjured up the wildest fancies, terribly beautiful, that took her soul away from her, and wrapt it about as with a spell. She would have fled, she would have flown; but she had not power to move. The will was wanting to her flight. She felt that she could have bent forward to pluck the gem-like thing from the bosom of the leaf in which it seemed to grow, and which it irradiated with its bright gleam, but even as she aimed to stretch forth her hand and bend forward, she heard a rush of wings and a shrill scream from the tree above her—such a scream as the mocking-bird makes, when angrily it raises its dusky crest and flaps its wings furiously against its slender sides. Such a scream seemed like a warning, and, though yet unawakened to full consciousness, it startled her, and forbade her effort.

More than once, in her survey of this strange object, had she heard that shrill note, and still had it carried to her ear the same note of warning, and to her mind the same vague consciousness of an evil presence. But the star-like eye was yet upon her own: a small, bright eye, quick, like that of a bird; now steady in its place and observant seemingly of hers, now darting forward

with all the clustering leaves about it, and shooting up toward her, as if wooing her to seize. At another moment, invited to the vine which lay around it, it would whirl round and round, dazzlingly bright and beautiful, even as a torch waving hurriedly by night in the hands of some playful boy. But in all this time the glance was never taken from her own; there it grew fixed—a very principle of light—and such a light—a subtle, burning, piercing, fascinating gleam, such as gathers in vapor above the old grave, and binds us as we look—shooting, darting, directly in her eye, dazzling her gaze, defeating her sense of discrimination, and confusing strangely that of perception. She felt dizzy; for, as she looked, a cloud of colors, bright, gay, various colors, floated and hung, like so much drapery, around the single object that had so secured her attention and spell-bound her feet. Her limbs felt momentarily more and more insecure; her blood grew cold and she seemed to feel the gradual freeze of vein by vein throughout her person.

At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of the tree beside her; and the bird, which had repeatedly uttered a single cry above her, as if it were of warning, flew away from his station with a scream more piercing than ever. This movement had the effect, for which it really seemed intended, of bringing back to her a portion of the consciousness she seemed so totally to have been deprived of before. She strove to move from before the beautiful but terrible presence, but for a while she strove in vain. The rich, star-like glance still riveted her own, and the subtle fascination kept her bound. The mental energies, however, with the moment of their greatest trial, now gathered suddenly to her aid, and with a desperate effort, but with a feeling still of most annoying uncertainty and dread, she succeeded partially in the attempt, and threw her arms backward, her hands grasping the neighboring tree, feeble, tottering, and depending upon it for that support which her own limbs almost entirely denied her.

With that movement, however, came the full development of the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before her. As her feet receded, though but for a single pace,

to the tree against which she now rested, the audibly articulated ring—like that of a watch when wound up, but with the verge broken—announced the nature of that splendid yet dangerous presence, in the form of the monstrous rattlesnake, now but a few feet before her, lying coiled at the bottom of a beautiful shrub, with which, to her dreaming eye, many of its own glorious hues had become associated. She was at length conscious enough to perceive and to feel all her danger; but terror had denied her the strength necessary to fly from her dreadful enemy. There still the eye glared beautifully bright and piercing upon her own; and seemingly in a spirit of sport, the insidious reptile slowly unwound itself from his coil, but only to gather himself up again into his muscular rings, his great, flat head rising in the midst, and slowly nodding, as it were, toward her, the eye still peering deeply into her own, the rattle still slightly ringing at intervals and giving forth that paralyzing sound which, once heard, is remembered forever.

The reptile all this while appeared to be conscious of, and to sport with, while seeking to excite, her terrors. Now, with its flat head, distended mouth, and curving neck, would it dart forward its long form toward her; its fatal teeth, unfolding on either side of its upper jaw, seeming to threaten her with instantaneous death; while its powerful eye shot forth glances of that fatal power of fascination, malignantly bright, which, by paralyzing with a novel form of terror and of beauty, may readily account for the spell it possesses of binding the feet of the timid, and denying to fear even the privilege of flight. Could she have fled? She felt the necessity; but the power of her limbs was gone. And there it still lay, coiling and uncoiling, its arched neck glittering like a ring of brazed copper, bright and lurid; and the dreadful beauty of its eye still fastened, eagerly contemplating the victim, while the pendulous rattle still rang the death-note, as if to prepare the conscious mind for the fate which is momentarily approaching to the blow.

Meanwhile the stillness became deathlike, with all surrounding objects. The bird had gone, with its scream and rush. The breeze was silent; the vines ceased to **wave**; the leaves faintly quivered on their stems. The

serpent once more lay still ; but the eye was never once turned away from the victim. Its corded muscles are all in coil ; they have but to unclasp suddenly, and the dreadful folds will be upon her ; its full length, and the fatal teeth will strike, and the deadly venom which they secrete will mingle with the life-blood in her veins.

The terrified damsel—her full consciousness restored, but not her strength—feels all her danger. She sees that the sport of the terrible reptile is at an end. She cannot now mistake the horrid expression of its eye. She strives to scream, but the voice dies away, a feeble gurgling in her throat. Her tongue is paralyzed ; her lips are sealed ; once more she strives for flight, but her limbs refuse their office. She has nothing left of life but its fearful consciousness. It is in her despair that—a last effort—she succeeds to scream—a single wild cry, forced from her by the accumulated agony. She sinks down upon the grass before her enemy, her eyes, however, still open, and still looking upon those which he directs forever upon them. She sees him approach ; now advancing, now receding ; now swelling in every part with something like anger, while his neck is arched beautifully, like that of a wild horse under the curb ; until at length, tired as it were of play, like the cat with its victim, she sees the neck growing larger, and becoming completely bronzed, as about to strike—the huge jaws unclosing almost directly above her, the long tubulated fang, charged with venom, protruding from the cavernous mouth—and she sees no more. Insensibility comes to her aid, and she lies almost lifeless under the very folds of the monster.

In that moment the copse parted, and an arrow piercing the monster through and through the neck, bore his head forward to the ground, alongside the maiden ; while his spiral extremities, now unfolding in his own agony, were actually in part writhing upon her person. The arrow came from the fugitive *Oconestoga*, who had fortunately reached the spot in season on his way to the Block House. He rushed from the copse as the snake fell, and with a stick fearlessly approached him where he lay tossing in agony upon the grass.

Seeing him advance, the courageous reptile made an

effort to regain his coil, shaking the fearful rattle violently at every evolution which he took for that purpose; but the arrow, completely passing through his neck, opposed an unyielding obstacle to his endeavor; and finding it hopeless, and seeing the new enemy about to assault him—with something of the spirit of the white man under like circumstances—he turned desperately round, and, striking his charged fangs so that they were riveted in the wound they made, into a susceptible part of his own body, he threw himself over with a single convulsion and a moment after lay dead beside the nearly unconscious maiden.—*The Yemassee.*

#### THE GRAPE-VINE SWING.

Lithe and long as the serpent train,  
 Springing and clinging from tree to tree,  
 Now darting upward, now down again,  
 With a twist and a twirl that are strange to see;  
 Never took serpent a deadlier hold,  
 Never the cougar a wilder spring,  
 Strangling the oak with the boa's fold,  
 Spanning the beech with the condor's wing.

Yet no foe that we fear to seek—  
 The boy leaps wild to thy rude embrace;  
 Thy bulging arms bear as soft a cheek  
 As ever on lover's breast found place;  
 On thy waving train is a playful hold  
 Thou shalt never to lighter grasp persuade;  
 While a maiden sits in thy drooping fold,  
 And swings and sings in the noonday shade!

O giant strange of our southern woods,  
 I dream of thee still in the well-known spot,  
 Though our vessel strains o'er the ocean floods,  
 And the northern forest beholds thee not;  
 I think of thee still with a sweet regret,  
 As the cordage yields to my playful grasp,—  
 Dost thou spring and cling in our woodlands yet?  
 Does the maiden still swing in thy giant clasp?



## MOTHER AND CHILD.

The wind blew wide the casement, and within—  
 It was the loveliest picture !—a sweet child  
 Lay in its mother's arms, and drew its life,  
 In pauses, from the fountain—the white, round  
 Part shaded by loose tresses, soft and dark,  
 Concealing, but still showing, the fair realm  
 Of so much rapture, as green, shadowing trees  
 With beauty shroud the brooklet. The red lips  
 Were parted, and the cheek upon the breast  
 Lay close, and, like the young leaf of the flower,  
 Wore the same color, rich and warm and fresh :—  
 And such alone are beautiful. Its eye,  
 A full blue gem, most exquisitely set,  
 Looked archly on its world—the little imp,  
 As if it knew even then that such a wreath  
 Were not for all ; and with its playful hands  
 It drew aside the robe that hid its realm,  
 And peeped and laughed aloud, and so it laid  
 Its head upon the shrine of such pure joys,  
 And, laughing, slept. And while it slept, the tears  
 Of the sweet mother fell upon its cheek—  
 Tears such as fall from April skies, and bring  
 The sunlight after. They were tears of joy ;  
 And the true heart of that young mother then  
 Grew lighter, and she sang unconsciously  
 The silliest ballad-song that ever yet  
 Subdued the nursery's voices, and brought sleep  
 To fold her sabbath wings above its couch.

## THE SHADED WATER.

When that my mood is sad, and in the noise  
 And bustle of the crowd I feel rebuke,  
 I turn my footsteps from its hollow joys  
 And sit me down beside this little brook ;  
 The waters have a music to mine ear  
 It glads me much to hear.

It is a quiet glen, as you may see,  
 Shut in from all intrusion by the trees,

That spread their giant branches, broad and free,  
 The silent growth of many centuries ;  
 And make a hallowed time for hapless moods,  
 A sabbath of the woods.

Few know its quiet shelter—none, like me,  
 Do seek it out with such a fond desire,  
 Poring in idlesse mood on flower and tree,  
 And listening as the voiceless leaves respire—  
 When the far-travelling breeze, done wandering,  
 Rests here his weary wing.

And all the day, with fancies ever new,  
 And sweet companions from their boundless store,  
 Of merry elves bespangled all with dew,  
 Fantastic creatures of the old-time lore,  
 Watching their wild but unobtrusive play,  
 I fling the hours away.

A gracious couch—the root of an old oak  
 Whose branches yield it moss and canopy—  
 Is mine, and, so it be from woodman's stroke  
 Secure, shall never be resigned by me ;  
 It hangs above the stream that idly flies,  
 Heedless of any eyes.

There, with eye sometimes shut, but upward bent,  
 Sweetly I muse through many a quiet hour,  
 While every sense on earnest mission sent,  
 Returns, thought laden, back with bloom and flower  
 Pursuing, though rebuked by those who moil,  
 A profitable toil.

And still the waters trickling at my feet  
 Wind on their way with gentlest melody,  
 Yielding sweet music, which the leaves repeat,  
 Above them, to the gay breeze gliding by—  
 Yet not so rudely as to send one sound  
 Through the thick copse around.

Sometimes a brighter cloud than all the rest  
 Hangs o'er the archway opening through the trees,

Breaking the spell that, like a slumber, **pressed**  
On my worn spirit its sweet luxuries—  
And with awakened vision upward bent,  
I watch the firmament.

How like—its sure and undisturbed retreat,  
Life's sanctuary at last, secure from storm—  
To the pure waters trickling at my feet,  
The bending trees that overshadow my form!  
So far as sweetest things of earth may seem  
Like those of which we dream.

Such, to my mind, is the philosophy  
The young bird teaches, who, with sudden flight,  
Sails far into the blue that spreads on high,  
Until I lose him from my straining sight—  
With a most lofty discontent to fly,  
Upward, from earth to **sky**.





SIMONIDES, a Greek lyric poet, born on the island of Ceos in 556 B.C., died at Syracuse in 469 B.C. Shortly before the Persian War he went to Athens, where he wrote numerous epigrams, elegies, and dirges in connection with that memorable contest. In 477 B.C. he was for the fifty-sixth time victor in a poetical contest at Athens. Toward the close of his life he took up his residence at the Court of Hiero, ruler of Syracuse, on the island of Sicily. Many of his pieces relating to the Persian War have been handed down in the Greek Anthology.

“There is strength and sublimity in the *Elegies*,” says a writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, “with a simplicity that is almost statuesque, and a complete mastery over the rhythm and forms of elegiac expression. Those on the heroes of Marathon and Thermopylæ are the most celebrated. . . . The lyric fragments vary much in character and length. . . . The poem on Thermopylæ is reverent and sublime, breathing an exalted patriotism and a lofty national pride; the others are full of tender pathos and deep feeling, . . . with a genial worldliness befitting one who had ‘seen the towns and learnt the mind of many men.’ . . . His most celebrated fragment, and one of the most exquisite and touching remains of ancient poetry, is a dirge in which

Danaë, adrift with the infant Perseus on the sea in a dark and stormy night, takes comfort from the peaceful slumber of her babe. Simonides here illustrates his own saying that 'poetry is vocal painting,' as painting is silent poetry."

## EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, AND ELEGIES.

Go, passer-by, to Lacedæmon tell,  
That here, obedient to her laws, we fell.  
Of those at famed Thermopylæ who lie,  
Glorious the fortune, bright their destiny.  
Their tomb an altar is ; their noble name  
A fond remembrance of ancestral fame ;  
Their death a song of triumph. Neither rust,  
Nor time that turns all mortal things to dust,  
Shall dim the splendor of that holy shrine,  
Where Greece forever sees her native virtues shine.  
Nobly to die ! if that be Virtue's crown,  
Fortune to us her bounty well displayed.  
Striving to make Greece free, we gained renown  
That shrouds us where we lie, and ne'er can fade.

## DANAË.

Whilst, around her lone ark sweeping,  
Wailed the winds and waters wild,  
Her wan cheeks all wan and weeping,  
Danaë clasped her sleeping child.

And, "Alas," cried she, "my dearest,  
What deep wrongs, what woes are mine !  
But not woes nor wrongs thou fearest,  
In that sinless rest of thine.

"Faint the moonbeams break above thee,  
And within here, all is gloom ;  
But wrapt fast in arms that love thee,  
Little reck'st thou of thy doom.

"Not the rude spray round thee flying  
Has ever damped thy clustering hair,

On thy purple mantlet lying,  
O mine Innocent, my Fair !

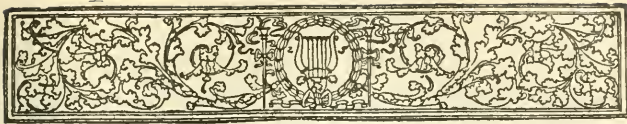
Yet, to thee were Sorrow sorrow,  
Thou wouldst lend thy little ear,  
And this heart of mine might borrow  
Haply yet a moment's cheer.

“ But no. Slumber on, Babe, slumber ;  
Slumber, Ocean-waves ; and you,  
My dark troubles without number,  
Oh ! that ye would slumber, too !

Though with wrongs they've brimmed my chalice,  
Grant, Jove, that in future years  
This boy may defeat their malice,  
And avenge his mother's tears !”

—*Translation of WILLIAM PETERS.*





SIMROCK, KARL, a German poet and miscellaneous writer, born at Bonn, August 28, 1802; died there, July 18, 1876. His name is indissolubly associated with the revival of interest in old German literature. He studied at the university of his native city and at Berlin, and in 1826 entered the Prussian state service. His first work was a translation into modern German of the *Nibelungenlied* (1827). Soon after the publication of his translation of Hartmann von der Aue's *Armer Heinrich* (1830) he was compelled to leave the Prussian service on account of a revolutionary poem which he had written. Afterward he devoted himself exclusively to literature, and more particularly to the early literature of his own country, which he has modernized in excellent style; for example, the poems of Walther von der Vogelweide (1833); Wolfram von Eschenbach's *Parcival* (1842); *Reineke Fuchs* (1845); *Die Edda* (1851); Gottfried von Strasburg's *Tristan und Isolde* (1855); the *Heliand* (1856); *Beowulf* (1859); *Der Wartburgkrieg* (1858), and Brant's *Narrenschiff* (1872). Besides these editorial labors he translated Shakespeare's poems and some of his plays, and published *Quellen des Shakspeare in Novellen, Märchen, und Sagen* (1831) in conjunction with Echtermeyer and Henschel; *Novellenschatz der Italiener* (1832); *Rheinsagen aus dem Munde der Volkes und Deutscher Dichter* (1836);

a collection of German *Volksbücher* (1844) in thirteen volumes, comprising national proverbs, songs, riddles, and a vast number of stories; *Das Heldenbuch* (1843), being translations and original poems illustrative of the heroic traditions of the Teutonic race; his own *Gedichte* (1844), and several handbooks. In 1850 he was appointed Professor of Old German at Bonn, a post which he held till his death.

THE NIBELUNGER'S TREASURE.

It was an ancient monarch  
 Ruled where the Rhine did flow,  
 And naught he loved so little  
 As sorrow, feud, and woe :  
 His warriors they were striving  
 For a treasure in the land ;  
 In sooth they near had perished,  
 Each by his brother's hand.

Then spoke he to the nobles :  
 " What boots this gold," he said,  
 " If with the finder's life-blood  
 The price thereof is paid ?  
 The gold, to end the quarrel,  
 Cast to the Rhine away,  
 There lie the treasure hidden,  
 Till dawns the latest day ! "

The proud ones took the treasure,  
 And cast it to the main ;  
 I ween it hath all melted,  
 So long it there hath lain,  
 But, wedded to the waters,  
 That long have o'er it rolled,  
 It clothes the swelling vineyards  
 With yellow gleam, like gold.

O, that each man were minded,  
 As thought this monarch good,



That never care might alter  
 His high, courageous mood !  
 Then deeply would we bury  
 Our sorrows in the Rhine,  
 And, glad of heart and grateful,  
 Would quaff his fiery wine.  
 —*Translated by H. W. DULCKEN.*

## BEWARE OF THE RHINE.

By the Rhine, by the Rhine, dwell not by the Rhine,  
 My son, I counsel thee fair ;  
 Too beauteous will be that life of thine,  
 Too lofty thy courage there.

Seest the maidens so frank, and the men all so free,  
 A noble assembly so bright,  
 With thy soul all aglow, there's the dwelling for thee,  
 There seem all things fitting and right.

From the stream how they greet thee, the towers in  
 their might,  
 And the ancient cathedral town,  
 When thou climbest aloft to the dizzying height,  
 To gaze on the waters down.

In the river upriseth the nymph from the vale,  
 And if once she hath on thee smiled,  
 And if Lorelei sings, with her lips so pale,  
 My son, thou'rt forever beguiled.

The glamour of sight and of sound will combine,  
 Till with shuddering delight thou shalt turn ;  
 Thou'lt sing of thy home " By the Rhine, by the Rhine !"  
 To thine own thou wilt never return.  
 —*Translated by H. W. DULCKEN.*



SISMONDI, JEAN CHARLES LEONARD SIMONDE DE, a Swiss historian, born at Geneva, May 9, 1773; died there, June 25, 1842. At an early age he was placed in a mercantile house at Geneva. But the storms of the French Revolution compelled the family to take refuge in England. In 1795 his father bought a small farm in Tuscany, and the young man had leisure for the pursuit of literature. When peace was finally restored to Europe, Sismondi returned to his native city, where he devoted himself to historical composition. His principal works are *History of the Italian Republics*, *Literature of the South of Europe*; *Fall of the Roman Empire*, and *History of France*. This last enormous work was begun in 1819, and though he labored steadily upon it, it was not fully completed at his death in 1842.

“He was exceedingly laborious,” says a writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, “for the most part (though not entirely) free from prejudice, and never violent, even when he was prejudiced. He had (with much ‘sensibility’) plenty of common-sense, though not, perhaps, any extraordinary amount of acuteness in estimating things uncommon, and he was a little deficient in historical grasp and in the power of taking large views of complicated series of events. His style corresponded to his thought, and (putting aside certain

solecisms which French critics usually affect to discover in Swiss writers) lacks point, picturesqueness, and vigor. Of his moral character no one has ever spoken except in terms of praise, and it appears (which is not invariably the case) to have been as attractive as it was estimable. His chief weakness seems to have been a tendency, frequently observable in writers of very great industry, to rank his own productions somewhat too much on a level with those of writers who, if less industrious, were infinitely more gifted."

#### THE OVERTHROW OF THE OLD CIVILIZATION.

The longest, the most universal, the most important of all the convulsions to which the human race has been exposed is that which destroyed the whole fabric of ancient civilization, and prepared the elements out of which the structure of modern life is composed. It found men at the highest point of perfection which they had as yet attained to, whether in the career of social organization and of legislation, or in those of philosophy, literature, or art; and hurried them down by reiterated shocks, each more terrific than the last, into the deepest night of barbarism.

Its influence embraced all that portion of the human race which had any consciousness of its present condition, any power of preserving the memory of its past existence; consequently all that portion whose thoughts have come down to us by means of written records. Dating its commencement from the reign of the Antonines—the period at which the human race seemed to have reached its highest point of prosperity—and having its progress, through each succeeding shock, to the almost total dissolution of all the old-established associations of men, and to the reconstruction of society from its very foundations, this revolution continued through at least eight centuries.

**The Roman Empire, which then extended over the**

whole of what was then believed to be the habitable earth, was invaded, ravaged, depopulated, dismembered, by the various tribes of barbarians who rushed in upon all its borders. The conquering nations which had possessed themselves of its ruins made repeated attempts to found monarchies upon its antique soil. All, after two or three generations, vanished ; their imperfect and barbarous institutions were insufficient to the preservation of national life. Two great men arose—Mohammed in the East, Charlemagne in the West—each of whom tried to put himself at the head of a new order of society. Each of them founded an empire which for a time rivalled the ancient power of Rome. But the moment of reorganization was not yet come. The throne of the Khaliphs, the empire of the Carlovingians, soon crumbled into dust.

The nations of the earth then seemed in a state of general dissolution ; the various races of men were intermingled ; a violent and short-lived power was seized by Kings, Dukes, Emirs, who were not Chiefs of the People, but accidental masters of a fraction of territory whose boundaries were marked by chance alone. No man could feel that he was bound to any land, as a son to a mother ; no man could feel himself the lawful subject of any Government. Society could no longer afford protection to its members, and could no longer claim their allegiance in return. At length the moment arrived in which the proprietors of land built themselves strongholds ; in which cities surrounded themselves with walls ; in which all men armed for their own defence. Each individual was compelled to take his share of the government into his own hands, and thus to begin society anew from its very foundations.

Such was the tremendous revolution which took place between the third and the tenth centuries of our era ; and yet from its very universality and duration it is impossible to find one common name under which to designate it. If we could grasp one comprehensive idea of this gigantic catastrophe we must, so to speak, collect its several incidents into one focus ; we must reject all those circumstances which dissipate the attention ; we **must** confine ourselves to the grand movements of each

people and of each age ; we must show the co-operation of the barbarian conquerors, who were themselves unconscious that they acted in concert. We must trace the moral history of the world, regardless of the details of wars and of crimes. We must seek in an enlightened appreciation of causes that unity of design which it were impossible to find in a scene so full of rapid and various movement. The earlier half of the Middle Ages appears to our eye like a chaos ; but this chaos conceals beneath its ruins most important subjects for reflection.  
—*Preface to Fall of the Roman Empire.*

THE TENTH CENTURY : ANTICIPATED END OF THE  
WORLD.

At the close of the tenth century an almost universal expectation was entertained of the approaching end of the world. So strong was this belief that it led the greater part of the contemporary writers to lay down the pen. For a while silence was complete ; for historians cared not to write for a posterity whose existence was so doubtful. Pious persons who had endeavored to understand the Apocalypse, and to determine the time of the accomplishment of its prophecies, had been particularly struck with the twentieth chapter, where it is announced that after the lapse of a thousand years. Satan would be let loose to deceive the nations ; but that after a little season God would cause a fire to come down from heaven and devour him. The accomplishment of all the awful prophecies contained in this book appeared therefore to be at hand ; and the end of the world was supposed to be indicated by the devouring fire and by the first resurrection of the dead. The nearer the thousandth year from the birth of Christ approached, the more did terror take possession of every mind. The archives of all countries contain a great number of charters of the tenth century beginning with these words—*Appropinquante fine Mundi*, “As the end of the world is approaching.” . . .

We are struck with a sort of affright at the idea of the state of disorganization into which the belief of the imminent approaching end of the world must have

thrown society. All the ordinary motives of action were suspended, or superseded by contrary ones ; every passion of the mind was hushed, and the Present was lost in the appalling Future. The entire mass of the Christian nations seemed to feel that they stood in the situation of a condemned criminal, who had received his sentence, and counted the hours which still separated him from eternity. Every exertion of mind or body was become objectless, saving the labors of the faithful to secure their salvation ; any provision for an earthly futurity must have appeared absurd ; any monument erected for an age which was never to arrive would have been a contradiction ; any historical records written for a generation never to arrive would have betrayed a want of faith.

It is almost a matter of surprise that a belief so general as this would appear to have been did not bring about its own dreaded fulfilment ; that it did not transform the West into one vast convent ; and, by causing a total cessation of labor, deliver up the human race to universal and hopeless famine. But doubtless the force of habit was still stronger with many than the disease of the imagination. Besides, some uncertainty as to chronology had caused hesitation between two or three different periods ; and though many charters attest "certain and evident signs," which left no room for doubt of the rapid approach of the end of the world, yet the constant order of the seasons, the regularity of Nature, the beneficence of Providence, which continued to cover the earth with its wonted fruits, raised questions even in the most timid minds. At last the extreme period fixed by the prophecies was past ; the end of the world had not arrived ; the terror was gradually but entirely dissipated ; and it was universally acknowledged that on this subject the language of the sacred Scriptures had been misunderstood.—*Fall of the Roman Empire.*

#### THE IMPROVISATORE.

He would not be an improvisatore if he did not entirely abandon himself to the impression of the moment, or if he trusted more to his memory than to his feelings.

*JEAN CHARLES LEONARD SIMONDE DE SISMONDI*

After having been informed of his subject, the improvisatore remains a moment in meditation, to view it in its various lights, and to shape out a plan of the little poem which he is about to compose. He then prepares the eight first verses, that his mind during the recitation of them may receive the proper impulse, and that he may awaken that powerful emotion, which makes him, as it were, a new being. In about seven or eight minutes he is fully prepared, and commences his poem, which often consists of five or six hundred verses. His eyes wander around him, his features glow, and he struggles with the prophetic spirit which seems to animate him. Nothing in the present age can represent in so striking a manner the Pythia of Delphos, when the god descended and spoke by her mouth.—*Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe.*





SKARGA, PETER, a celebrated Polish pulpit orator and theologian, born in Grojec in the year 1536; died at Cracow in 1612. He received a thorough education at the famous university in Cracow, the former capital of Poland. He was elevated to the priesthood in the year 1564, and commenced at once to write and preach against Protestantism. In the year 1569 he joined the Jesuit Order and was known as the Polish Chrysostom. Sigismund III., King of Poland, chose him as Court preacher, which duty Skarga performed conscientiously. Regardless of the opinions of King and magnates, he strongly censured the vices of the rich, and prophesied the fall of the great kingdom if they continued in their evil. After a most useful life he died in Cracow, in the year 1612, and is buried there at St. Peter's. His greatest works are 1. *On the Union of the Church*, through which nearly all the erring ones returned to the Catholic faith. 2. *The Lives of the Saints*, a work of the highest beauty in literature, written in prose, but breathing beautiful sentiments of most sublime poetry. This book, next to the Bible, ranked for three centuries in Polish families as a leading religious educational work. 3. *Parliamentary Sermons*, in which he surpassed the most eloquent speakers of the French Court of Louis XIV.



## WARNING TO THE WICKED.

What have I to do with thee, unhappy kingdom? Who looks at you here gathered from all parts of our land, at the heads of the people, and sees your ways and actions, can easily guess what impieties and sins over all crowns reign.

Were I Isaias, I would walk barefoot and half-naked, crying to you pleasure-seekers and transgressors of the law of God: "So will you be stripped and show your nakedness, when the Lord God brings enemies over your heads and delivers you to this degradation. Therefore shall this iniquity be to you as a breach that falleth, and is found wanting in a high wall; for the destruction thereof shall come on a sudden, when it is not looked for. And it shall be broken small, as the potter's vessel is broken all to pieces with mighty breaking, and there shall not a shred be found of the pieces thereof, wherein a little fire may be carried from the hearth, or a little water be drawn out of the pit." Continually the masonries of your kingdom crack, and you say: "Nothing, nothing! Poland stands by chaos."

Were I Jeremiah, I would put ropes on my feet and cry to you sinful, as he cried: "So the great shall be bound and driven as sheep into strange countries." And would show my rotten and decomposed clothing, which when shook became dust; I would say to you: "So shall be spoiled and reduced to nothing and changed to smoke and ashes your glory and all your luxuries and wealth." And taking an earthen pot and calling you all together I would throw it violently against the wall, saying: "So shall I shatter you, says the Lord, as this pot, whose pieces cannot again be put together." And I would cry as He, weeping: "Who would give water to my head and fountain of tears to my eyes, to mourn day and night the slain of my country and of my people? . . . And would flee to the desert and leave my people, for you are degenerated (as not sons of those good forefathers), and an agglomeration of crimes!"

Were I Ezekiel, having shaved my head and beard I would divide the hair into three parts. ~~And~~ would burn one, another would cut, and the ~~thing~~ would scatter to the winds, calling to you : ~~Some~~ of you shall perish of hunger, others by the ~~sword~~, and the balance will disperse to all sides of the world. And I would not leave my house by ~~door~~ or by window, but would penetrate the wall as ~~being~~, and would cry to you : So shall happen to you—no castles, no fortresses will shield you, for all these the enemy will destroy and ruin you.—*Court Sermon ; translated by THOMAS MISICKI for the LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE.*





SKEAT, WALTER WILLIAM, an English philologist and clergyman, born in London, November 21, 1835. He was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, and was graduated in 1858. He was elected a Fellow of the college in 1860. He became curate of East Dereham, Norfolk, in December, 1860; curate of Godalming, Surrey, in December, 1862, and Mathematical Lecturer at Christ's College, in October, 1864.

He was made Professor of Anglo-Saxon at the University of Cambridge in 1878. He has devoted his attention almost entirely to early English literature and English etymology. He has reproduced, with scholarly annotations, many early songs and stories, among which are to be mentioned *The Vision of William Concerning Piers the Plowman* (1867-85); *The Lay of Havelok the Dane* (1868); *Aelfrics's Lives of the Saints* (1882-90), and an edition of Chatterton's poems, in which he shows the original sources of the so-called Rowley poems. His greatest work is, perhaps, his *Etymological Dictionary* (1879-81), and an abridgment thereof, *A Concise Etymological Dictionary* (1883).

"Mr. Skeat has few rivals in knowledge of the English language and its history," says the *Athenæum*, "and as for philology, there is no doubt that the root of the matter is in him. Etymology

with him is a scientific process, and not a mere series of guesses more or less ingenious and successful. He is well read both in literature and philology, patient, industrious, and painstaking."

#### DIALECTS AFTER THE CONQUEST.

After the Norman conquest we still find the three leading dialects continuing in literary use down to the time of the wars of the Roses, in the fifteenth century. During this period they are usually simply called Northern, Midland, and Southern. As before, the remains of the Northern dialect are at first but scanty, at any rate, till we arrive near the end of the thirteenth century. We then have, however, some well-marked specimens, of which it may suffice to mention the *Northumbrian Psalter*, written down in the time of Edward II., but of slightly earlier date; the *Cursor Mundi* (about 1320), a very long religious poem, only lately printed, the glossary to which has just appeared; the *Pricke of Conscience*, by Richard Rolle of Hampole, about A.D. 1340, and Barbour's *History of King Robert Bruce*, written in 1375, though the existing MSS. are both a century later. In the fifteenth century this dialect is represented in its Lowland Scotch variety, by some famous writers, such as King James I. (of Scotland) and Robert Henryson; and again, in the sixteenth century, by William Dunbar, Gawain Douglas, and Sir David Lyndsay. Even in the last century, we have splendid specimens of its more modern form in the works of Robert Burns; and still later in those of Sir Walter Scott. The Northumbrian dialect extended, in fact, from the Humber as far north as Aberdeen.

But in the middle-English period the Midland dialect gradually came wholly to the front, and has ever since led the way. Its ascendancy was inevitable, owing to the advantages of its position. It was intelligible both to the Southerner and the Northerner, and united the happier characteristics of both. It was somewhat fuller in its grammatical inflections than the Northern, and thus more exact and convenient for literary purposes; whilst,

in the same particulars, it was less complicated than the Southern, and therefore more easily acquired. It also had another advantage over the Northern dialect in the fact that it contained more Anglo-French words. It was not till a later date that Lowland Scotch so freely adopted words from the Central French. The fact that the Midland dialect was the principal one spoken in Oxford, Cambridge, and London also contributed not a little to its ascendancy.

In the same period the Southern dialect, which, as we have seen, was of so great importance before the Norman Conquest, was gradually but surely surpassed by its Midland rival, and at last entirely distanced in the race. Its comparative complexity and certain rather exaggerated peculiarities of pronunciation rendered it less fit for extended use; and it is remarkable that the *Ayubite of Inweyt* or *Remorse of Conscience*, a piece written in Kentish prose by Dan Michel of Northgate in 1340, is much more difficult to make out than either the Northern *Cursur Mundi* of about 1320, or the Midland *Handlyng Synne* (by Robert of Brunne), written in 1303. Another remarkable specimen of Southern English is seen in Trevisa's translation of Higden's (Latin) *Polychronicon*, written in 1387; after which date the literary use of this dialect practically disappears. The latest good example of its use is seen in the Dorsetshire poems by William Barnes, in the present century.

I believe it will be found that whilst before the Conquest the Midland dialect inclined toward alliance with the Southern, the contrary tendency has since existed, so that it afterward inclined to the Northern. From the latter dialect it has borrowed the common and highly important pronominal forms "they," "them," and "their." From 1500 we usually find but two dialects, the Northern and Midland, commonly distinguished by the names of Scotch and English; but the more important peculiarities of the former are also found in the Northern Counties of England, so that the real Northern dialect extends, as it always did, as far South as the Humber, and is not to be looked upon as terminating at the Tweed.



SMART, CHRISTOPHER, an English poet, was born at Shipbourne, Kent, April 11, 1722; died at London, May 21, 1771. He was educated at Durham School, and afterward at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where he became highly proficient in classical learning; but at the same time he involved himself, in consequence of his thoughtless prodigality, in expenses which inflicted upon him the retribution of poverty during the rest of his life. As he had cultivated poetry from his early youth, he naturally wished to distinguish himself in this department at college; he accordingly became a candidate for the Seatonian prize, and obtained it no less than five times. The poems which he wrote on this occasion, upon the *Attributes of the Divine Being*, are decidedly the best of his productions. In consequence of his success in these compositions, he conceived the idea of making a comfortable livelihood as an author; but, in spite of his numerous productions, he carried with him to London his reckless habits of expense, which prevented him from having that command of time so essential for perfecting his works, and therefore they exhibited a falling off which was the more inexcusable on account of his former excellence. He died after a life in which he exhibited all the improvidence, and experienced most of the hardships, for which authors were distinguished in the eighteenth century.

## THE IMMENSITY OF THE SUPREME BEING.

What though the Almighty's regal throne be raised  
High o'er yon azure heav'n's exalted dome,  
By mortal eye unkenn'd—where east, nor west,  
Nor south, nor blust'ring north, has breath to blow ;  
Albeit He there with angels and with saints  
Holds conference, and to His radiant host  
Ev'n face to face stands visibly confest :  
Yet knows that nor in presence nor in power  
Shines He less perfect here ; 'tis man's dim eye  
That makes the obscurity. He is the same,  
Alike in all His universe the same.

Whether the wind along the spangled sky  
Measure her pathless walk, studious to view  
Thy works of vaster fabric, where the planets  
Weave their harmonious rounds, their march directing,  
Still faithful, still inconstant, to the sun ;  
Or where the comet through space infinite  
(Though whirling worlds oppose, and globes of fire)  
Darts, like a javelin, to his destined goal :  
Or where in heav'n above the heav'n of heav'ns  
Burn brighter suns and goodlier planets roll  
With satellites more glorious—Thou art there.  
Or whether on the ocean's boist'rous back  
Thou ride triumphant, and with outstretched arm  
Curb the wild winds, and discipline the billows,  
The suppliant sailor finds Thee there, his chief,  
His only help—when Thou rebuk'st the storm,  
It ceases—and the vessel gently glides  
Along the glassy level of the calm.





SMILES, SAMUEL, a Scottish biographer and miscellaneous writer, born at Haddington in 1812. He studied surgery, practised for some time at Leeds, and afterward became editor of the *Leeds Times*. In 1845 he became secretary of the Leeds and Thirsk Railway, and seven years later of the Southeastern Railway, holding that position until 1866. The greater portions of his works are biographical. Among these works are *The Life of George Stephenson* (1857); *Self-Help* (1859); *Lives of the Engineers* (1861); *Industrial Biography* (1863); *The Huguenots in England and Scotland* (1867); *Character* (1871); *The Huguenots in France* (1874); *Duty* (1880); *Life and Labor* (1887); *A Publisher and His Friends* (1891); *Jasmin, the Barber Poet* (1891), and *Josiah Wedgwood* (1894).

Of his *The Huguenots in France After the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes*, the *Athenæum* says: "We may demur to this or that statement, point out some mistakes; we may see that the book lacks depth, that it shows an insufficient acquaintance with original sources, and that it is almost wholly compiled from second-hand authorities; still, the volume is an excellent one for popular perusal. Nobody can read it without interest, without loving and admiring those whose struggles and hardships the author paints so well."





SAMUEL SMILES.



## OLD INVENTIONS REVIVED.

Steam-locomotion, by sea and land, had long been dreamt of and attempted. Blasco de Garay made his experiment in the harbor of Barcelona as early as 1543; Denis Papin made a similar attempt at Cassel in 1707; but it was not until Watt had solved the problem of the steam-engine that the idea of the steamboat could be developed in practice, which was done by Miller of Dalswinton, in 1788. Sages and poets have frequently foreshadowed inventions of great practical moment. Thus, Dr. Darwin's anticipation of the locomotive, in his *Botanic Garden*, published in 1791, before any locomotive had been invented, might almost be regarded as prophetic :

" Soon shall thine arm, unconquered steam, afar  
Drag the slow barge, and drive the rapid car."

Denis Papin first threw out the idea of atmospheric locomotion; and Gauthery, another Frenchman, in 1782, projected a method of conveying parcels and merchandise by subterranean tubes. . . .

Even the reaping-machine is an old invention revived. Thus Barnabas Googe, the translator of a book from the German, entitled *The Whole Art and Trade of Husbandrie*, published in 1577, speaks of the reaping-machine as a worn-out invention—a thing "which was wont to be used in France. The device was a lowe kind of carre with a couple of wheeles, and the front armed with sharp syckles, which forced by the beast through the corne did cut al before it. This tricke might be used in levell and champior countreys; but with us it wolde make but ill-favored woorke." . . .

There is every reason to believe that the Romans knew of gunpowder, though they only used it for purposes of fireworks; while the secret of the destructive Greek fire has been lost altogether. When gunpowder came to be used for purposes of war, invention busied itself upon instruments of destruction. When recently examining the Museum of the Arsenal at Venice, we were surprised to find numerous weapons of the fif-

teenth and sixteenth centuries embodying the most recent English improvements in arms, such as revolving pistols, rifled muskets, and breech-loading cannon. The latter, embodying Sir William Armstrong's modern idea, though in a rude form, had been fished up from the bottom of the Adriatic, where the ship armed with them had been sunk hundreds of years ago. Even Perkins's steam-gun was an old invention revived by Leonardo da Vinci, and by him attributed to Archimedes.

. . . . .

The use of ether as an anæsthetic was known to Albertus Magnus, who flourished in the thirteenth century; and in his works he gives a recipe for its preparation. In 1681 Denis Papin published his *Traité des Opérations sans Douleur*, showing that he had discovered methods of deadening pain. But the use of anæsthetics is much older than Albertus Magnus or Papin; for the ancients had their *nepenthe* and *mandragora*; the Chinese their *mayo*, and the Egyptians their *hachish*—both preparations of *Cannabis Indica*—the effects of which in a great measure resemble those of chloroform.

What is still more surprising is the circumstance that one of the most elegant of recent inventions—that of sun-painting by the daguerreotype—was in the fifteenth century known to Leonardo da Vinci, whose skill as an architect and engraver, and whose accomplishments as a chemist and natural philosopher, have been almost entirely overshadowed by his genius as a painter. The idea thus early born lay in oblivion until 1760, when the daguerreotype was again clearly indicated in a book published in Paris, written by a certain Tiphanie de la Roche, under the anagrammatic title of *Giphantie*. Still later, at the beginning of the present century, we find Josiah Wedgwood, Sir Humphry Davy, and James Watt making experiments on the action of light upon nitrate of silver; and only within the last few months a silvered copperplate has been found amongst the old household lumber of Matthew Bolton, Watt's partner, having on it a representation of the old premises at Soho, apparently taken by some such process.—*Industrial Biography*.



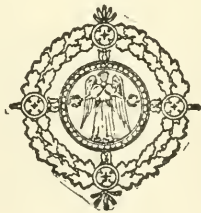
SMITH, ADAM, a Scottish political economist. born at Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, June 5, 1723; died at Edinburgh, July 17, 1790. He studied for three years at the University of Glasgow, then for seven years at Oxford. In 1748 he took up his residence at Edinburgh, where he lectured on rhetoric and belles-lettres. In 1752 he was made Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, holding that position for nearly twelve years. In 1759 he published his *Theory of the Moral Sentiments*, the cardinal idea of which is that the emotions and moral distinctions spring from sympathy. In 1766 he resigned his professorship, and travelled for two years on the Continent. He then took up his residence with his mother at his native Kirkcaldy, where for ten years he devoted himself to the study of social science. The result was his *Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*, which was published in 1776, and is conceded to be the first systematic statement of the fundamental principles of political economy, though many of the views of Smith have been called in question by later writers. In 1778 he was appointed one of the Commissioners of Customs for Scotland, a position which gave him a large income, the surplus of which was devoted to charitable purposes. In 1787 he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.

## ADVANTAGES OF THE DIVISION OF LABOR.

Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-laborer in a civilized and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people of whose industry a part—though but a small part—has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woollen coat, for example, which covers the day-laborer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the product of the joint labor of a great number of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of the workmen to others, who live in a very distant part of the country. How much commerce and navigation, in particular; how many shipbuilders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest parts of the world. To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labor is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brick-maker, the bricklayer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the millwright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them.

Were we to examine in the same manner all the different parts of his dress and household furniture—the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed which he lies on, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen-grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals

which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him, perhaps, by a long sea and a long land carriage ; all the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen and pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals ; the different hands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and rain ; with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of the different workmen employed in producing these conveniences : if we examine, I say, all of these things, and consider what a variety of labor is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible that, without the assistance and cooperation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilized country could not be provided, even according to what we very falsely imagine the easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated. Compared indeed with the more extravagant luxury of the great, his accommodation must no doubt appear extremely simple and easy ; and yet it may be true, perhaps, that the accommodation of a European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of many an African king, the absolute master of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages.—*The Wealth of Nations.*





SMITH, ALEXANDER, a Scottish poet and miscellaneous writer, born at Kilmarnock, December 31, 1830; died at Wardie, near Edinburgh, January 5, 1867. He began life as a designer of patterns for a lace-factory in Glasgow. In 1853 he published *A Life-Drama*, a poem which met with immediate attention, and in the following year he received the appointment of Secretary of the University of Edinburgh, a position which he held until his death. His subsequent poems are *Sonnets of the War*, written in conjunction with Sydney Dobell (1855); *City Poems* (1857); *Edwin of Deira* (1861). In prose he wrote *Dreamthorp* (1863); *A Summer in Skye* (1865); *Alfred Hagart's Household* (1866); *Miss Oona McQuarrie* (1866). A posthumous volume, entitled *Last Leaves*, with a *Memoir*, was published in 1868.

"Alexander Smith," says Edmund Clarence Stedman, "seized Bailey's mantle and flaunted it bravely for a while, gaining by *A Life-Drama* as sudden and extensive a reputation as that of his master. This poet wrote of 'A poem sound and perfect as a star,' but the work from which the line is taken is not of that sort. With much impressiveness of imagery and extravagant diction that caught the easily, but not long, tricked public ear, it was vicious in style, loose in thought, and devoid of real vigor or beauty. In after years, through honest study, Smith acquired better



taste and worked after a more becoming purpose." Another critic says: "His poetry abounds in beautiful images, but is deficient in sustained power."

## UNREST AND CHILDHOOD.

Unrest ! unrest ! The passion-haunted sea  
 Watches the unveiled beauty of the stars  
 Like a great, hungry soul. The unquiet clouds  
 Break and dissolve, then gather in a mass,  
 And float like mighty icebergs through the blue.  
 Summers, like blushes, sweep the face of earth ;  
 Heaven yearns in stars. Down comes the frantic rain ;  
 We hear the wail of the remorseful winds  
 In their strange penance. And this wretched orb  
 Knows not the taste of rest ; a maniac world,  
 Homeless and sobbing through the deep she goes.

[*A child runs past.*]

Oh thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God !  
 The motions of thy dancing limbs are swayed  
 By the unceasing music of thy being !  
 Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee,  
 'Tis ages since He made his youngest star :  
 His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday,  
 Thou later revelation ! Silver stream,  
 Breaking with laughter from the lake divine,  
 Whence all things flow. Oh, bright and singing babe,  
 What will thou be hereafter ?

—*A Life-Drama.*

## A SPRING DAY.

The lark is singing in the blinding sky,  
 Hedges are white with May. The bridegroom sea  
 Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride.  
 And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,  
 He decorates her tawny brow with shells,  
 Retires a pace to see how fair she looks,  
 Then, proud, runs up to kiss her. All is fair,  
 All glad, from grass to sun.

—*A Life-Drama.*

## A SUMMER DAY.

Each leaf upon the trees doth shake with joy,  
 With joy the white clouds navigate the blue,  
 And on his painted wings the butterfly—  
 Most splendid masker in this carnival—  
 Floats through the air in joy. Better for man  
 Were he and Nature more familiar friends.

## AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

Sheathed is the river as it glideth by,  
 Frost-pearled are all the boughs in forests old,  
 The sheep are huddling close upon the wold,  
 And over them the stars tremble on high.  
 Pure joys these winter nights around me lie :  
 'Tis fine to loiter through the lighted streets  
 At Christmas time, and guess from brow and pace  
 The doom and history of each one we meet,  
 What kind of heart beats in each dusky case ;  
 Whiles startled by the beauty of a face  
 In a shop-light a moment. Or instead,  
 To dream of silent fields where calm and deep  
 The sunshine lieth like a golden sleep—  
 Recalling sweetest looks of Summers dead.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF MONTAIGNE.

The Essays contain a philosophy of life which is not specially high, yet which is certain to find acceptance more or less with men who have passed out beyond the glow of youth, and who have made trial of the actual world. The essence of his philosophy is a kind of cynical common-sense. He will risk nothing in life ; he will keep to the beaten track ; he will not let passion blind or enslave him ; he will gather around him what good he can, and will therewith endeavor to be content. He will be as far as possible self-sustained ; he will not risk his happiness in the hands of man or woman either. He is shy of friendship, he fears love, for he knows that both are dangerous. He knows that life is full of bit-  
 ters, and he holds it wisdom that a man should console himself, as far as possible, with its sweets, the principal

of which are peace, travel, leisure, and the writing of essays. He values obtainable Gascon bread and cheese more than the unobtainable stars. He thinks crying for the moon the foolishest thing in the world. He will remain where he is. He will not deny that a new world may exist beyond the sunset, but he knows that to reach the new world there is a troublesome Atlantic to cross; and he is not in the least certain that, putting aside the chance of being drowned on the way, he will be one whit happier in the new world than he is in the old. For his part he will embark with no Columbus. He feels that life is but a sad thing at best; but as he has little hope of making it better, he accepts it, and will not make it worse by murmuring. When the chain galls him, he can at least revenge himself by making jests on it.

He will temper the despotism of nature by epigrams. He has read Æsop's fable, and is the last man in the world to relinquish the shabbiest substance to grasp at the finest shadow.—*Dreamthorp.*

## LADY BARBARA.

Earl Gawain wooed the Lady Barbara,  
High-thoughted Barbara, so white and cold!  
'Mong broad-branched beeches in the summer shaw,  
In soft green light his passion he has told.  
When rain-beat winds did shriek across the wold,  
The Earl to take her fair, reluctant ear  
Framed passion-trembled ditties manifold;  
Silent she sat his amorous breath to hear,  
With calm and steady eyes; her heart was elsewhere.

He sighed for her through all the summer weeks;  
Sitting beneath a tree whose fruitful boughs  
Bore glorious apples, with smooth, shining cheeks,  
Earl Gawain came and whispered, "Lady, rouse!  
Thou art no vestal held in holy vows;  
Out with our falcons to the pleasant heath."  
Her father's blood leapt up into her brows,  
He who, exulting on the trumpet's breath,  
Came charging like a star across the lists of death,

Trembled, and passed before her high rebuke ;  
 And then she sat, her hauds clasped round her knee ;  
 Like one far-thoughted was the lady's look,  
 For in a morning cold as misery  
 She saw a lone ship sailing on the sea ;  
 Before the north 'twas driven like a cloud,  
 High on the poop a man sat mournfully ;  
 The wind was whistling through mast and shroud,  
 And to the whistling wind thus did he sing aloud :

“ Didst look last night upon my native vales,  
 Thou Sun ! that from the drenching sea hast clomb ?  
 Ye demon winds ! that glut my gaping sails,  
 Upon the salt sea must I ever roam,  
 Wander forever on the barren foam ?  
 O, happy are ye, resting mariners !  
 O Death, that thou wouldst come and take me home !  
 A hand unseen this vessel onward steers,  
 And onward I must float through slow, moon-measured  
 years.

“ Ye winds ! when like a curse ye drove us on,  
 Frothing the waters, and along our way,  
 Nor cape nor headland through red mornings shone,  
 One wept aloud, one shuddered down to pray,  
 One howled, ‘ Upon the deep we are astray.’  
 In our wild hearts his words fell like a blight,  
 In one short hour my hair was stricken gray,  
 For all the crew sank ghastly in my sight  
 As we went driving on through the cold, starry night.

“ Madness fell on me in my loneliness,  
 The sea foamed curses, and the reeling sky  
 Became a dreadful face which did oppress  
 Me with its weight of its unwinking eye.  
 It fled, when I burst forth into a cry,  
 A shoal of fiends came on me from the deep ;  
 I hid, but in all corners they did pry,  
 And dragged me forth, and round did dance and  
 leap ;  
 They mouthed on me in dreams, and tore me from  
 sweet sleep.

“ Strange constellations burned above my head,  
 Strange birds around the vessel shrieked and flew,  
 Strange shapes, like shadows, through the clear sea fled,  
 As our lone ship, wide-winged, came rippling through,  
 Angering to foam, the smooth and sleeping blue.”  
 The lady sighed, “ Far, far upon the sea,  
 My own Sir Arthur, could I die with you !  
 ‘ The wind blows shrill between my love and me.’  
 Fond heart ! the space between was but the apple-tree.

‘ There was a cry of joy ; with seeking hands  
 She fled to him, like worn bird to her nest ;  
 Like washing water on the figured sands,  
 His being came and went in sweet unrest,  
 As from the mighty shelter of his breast  
 The Lady Barbara her head uprears  
 With a wan smile, “ Methinks I’m but half blest :  
 Now when I’ve found thee, after weary years,  
 I cannot see thee, love ! so blind I am with tears.”

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING ; OR, TEN YEARS  
 AFTER.

The country ways are full of mire,  
 The boughs toss in the fading light,  
 The winds blow out the sunset’s fire,  
 And sudden droppeth down the night.  
 I sit in this familiar room,  
 Where mud-splashed hunting squires resort ;  
 My sole companion in the gloom  
 This slowly dying pint of port.

’Mong all the joys my soul hath known,  
 ’Mong errors over which it grieves,  
 I sit at this dark hour alone,  
 Like Autumn ’mid his withered leaves.  
 This is a night of wild farewells  
 To all the past, the good, the fair ;  
 To-morrow, and my wedding bells  
 Will make a music in the air.

Like a wet fisher tempest-tost,  
 Who sees throughout the weltering night

Afar on some low-lying coast  
 The streaming of a rainy light,  
 I saw this hour—and now 'tis come ;  
 The rooms are lit, the feast is set ;  
 Within the twilight I am dumb,  
 My heart filled with a vague regret.

I cannot say, in Eastern style,  
 Where'er she treads the pansy blows ;  
 Nor call her eyes twin stars, her smile  
 A sunbeam, and her mouth a rose.  
 Nor can I, as your bridegrooms do,  
 Talk of my raptures. O, how sore  
 The fond romance of twenty-two  
 Is parodied ere thirty-four !

To-night I shake hands with the past,—  
 Familiar years, adieu, adieu !  
 An unknown door is open cast,  
 An empty future wide and new  
 Stands waiting. O ye naked rooms,  
 Void, desolate, without a charm !  
 Will Love's smile chase your lonely glooms,  
 And drape your walls, and make them warm ?

The man who knew, while he was young,  
 Some soft and soul-subduing air,  
 Melts when again he hears it sung,  
 Although 't is only half so fair.  
 So I love thee, and love is sweet  
 (My Florence, 't is the cruel truth)  
 Because it can to age repeat  
 That long-lost passion of my youth.

O, often did my spirit melt,  
 Blurred letters, o'er your artless rhymes !  
 Fair tress, in which the sunshine dwelt,  
 I've kissed thee many a million times !  
 And now 't is done.—My passionate tears,  
 Mad pleadings with an iron fate,  
 And all the sweetness of my years,  
 Are blackened ashes in the grate.

Then ring in the wind, my wedding chimes ;  
 Smile, villagers, at every door ;  
 Old churchyard, stuffed with buried crimes,  
 Be clad in sunshine o'er and o'er ;  
 And youthful maidens, white and sweet,  
 Scatter your blossoms far and wide ;  
 And with a bridal chorus greet  
 This happy bridegroom and his bride.

"This happy bridegroom !" there is sin  
 At bottom of my thankless mood :  
 What if desert alone could win  
 For me life's chiefest grace and good !  
 Love gives itself ; and if not given,  
 No genius, beauty, state or wit,  
 No gold of earth, no gem of heaven,  
 Is rich enough to purchase it.

It may be, Florence, loving thee,  
 My heart will its old memories keep ;  
 Like some worn sea-shell from the sea,  
 Filled with the music of the deep.  
 And you may watch, on nights of rain,  
 A shadow on my brow encroach ;  
 Be startled by my sudden pain,  
 And tenderness of self-reproach.

It may be that your loving wiles  
 Will call a sigh from far-off years ;  
 It may be that your happiest smiles  
 Will brim my eyes with hopeless tears ;  
 It may be that my sleeping breath  
 Will shake, with painful visions wrung ;  
 And, in the awful trance of death,  
 A stranger's name be on my tongue.

Ye phantoms, born of bitter blood,  
 Ye ghosts of passion, lean and worn,  
 Ye terrors of a lonely mood,  
 What do ye here on a wedding-morn ?  
 For, as the dawning sweet and fast  
 Through all the heaven spreads and flows,

Within life's discord, rude and vast,  
Love's subtle music grows and grows.

And lightened is the heavy curse,  
And clearer is the weary road ;  
The very worm the sea-weeds nurse  
Is cared for by the Eternal God.  
My love, pale blossom of the snow,  
Has pierced earth wet with wintry showers—  
O may it drink the sun, and blow,  
And be followed by all the year of flowers !

Black Bayard from the stable bring ;  
The rain is o'er, the wind is down,  
Round stirring farms the birds will sing,  
The dawn stand in the sleeping town,  
Within an hour. This is her gate,  
Her sodden roses droop in night,  
And—emblem of my happy fate—  
In one dear window there is light.

The dawn is oozing pale and cold  
Through the damp east for many a mile ;  
When half my tale of life is told,  
Grim featured Time begins to smile.  
Last star of night that lingerest yet  
In that long rift of rainy gray,  
Gather thy wasted splendors, set,  
And die into my wedding day.







SMITH, EDMUND NEALE, an English poet, born in 1668; died in July, 1710. His father was a Mr. Neale, a merchant, and his mother the daughter of Baron Lechmere. As a youth he was under the care of a Mr. Smith, the husband of his father's aunt, whose name he took after Mr. Smith's death, as a token of the love which he felt owing to him for his kindness. As Edmund Smith he attended Westminster, Cambridge, and Oxford, and made himself familiar with both Greek and Latin classics, comparing them carefully with the classics of France, Spain, and England. In 1705 he obtained a place at the University of Oxford, and soon after going to London he joined himself with the Whig party. Addison asked him to write the History of the Revolution in 1688, which for private reasons he refused. In 1707 appeared his tragedy of *Phèdre and Hippolyte*, and in 1708 an elegy on the death of his college friend, John Philips. "This little poem," says Michaud, "where grief is expressed in terms of graceful sentiment, is considered one of the best of its kind in the English language." His friends sold it for him for a guinea a copy, and he realized a considerable sum. We have from this poet three or four odes and a Latin discourse, pronounced at Oxford in honor of Thomas Bodley. His complete works were published in 1719, and prefaced by a brief biography.

## ODE FOR THE YEAR 1705.

Janus, did ever to thy wondering eyes,  
 So bright a scene of triumph rise?  
 Did ever Greece or Rome such laurels wear,  
 As crowned the last auspicious year?  
 When first at Blenheim ANNE her ensigns spread,  
 And Marlborough to the field the shouting squadrons  
 led.

In vain the hills and streams oppose,  
 In vain the hollow ground in faithless hillocks rose:  
 To the rough Danube's winding shore,  
 His shattered foes the conquering hero bore.

They see, with staring, haggard eyes,  
 The rapid torrent roll, the foaming billows rise  
 Amazed, aghast, they turn, but find,  
 In Marlborough's arms, a surer fate behind.  
 Now his red sword aloft impends,  
 Now on their shrinking head descends:  
 Wild and distracted with their fears,  
 They justling plunge amid the sounding deeps;  
 The flood away the struggling squadrons sweeps,  
 And men, and arms, and horses, whirling bears.  
 The 'frighted Danube to the sea retreats,  
 The Danube soon the flying ocean meets,  
 Flying the thunder of great ANNA'S fleets.

Rooke on the seas asserts her sway,  
 Flames o'er the trembling ocean play,  
 And clouds of smoke involve the day.  
 Affrighted Europe hears the cannons roar,  
 And Afric echoes from its distant shore.  
 The French, unequal in the fight,  
 In force superior, take their flight.  
 Factions in vain the hero's worth decry,  
 In vain the vanquished triumph, while they fly.

Now, Janus, with a future view,  
 The glories of her reign survey,  
 Which shall o'er France her arms display,  
 And kingdoms now her own subdue.





MOZART.

Lewis, for oppression born,  
 Lewis, in his turn, shall mourn,  
 While his conquered happy swains  
 Shall hug their easy, wished-for chains.  
 Others, enslaved by victory,  
 Their subjects, as their foes, oppress ;  
 ANNA conquers but to free,  
 And governs but to bless.

## MUSIC.

Music, soft charm of heaven and earth,  
 Whence didst thou borrow thy auspicious birth ?  
 Or art thou of eternal date ?  
 Sire to thyself, thyself as old as Fate,  
 Ere the rude, ponderous mass  
 Of earth and waters from their chaos sprang,  
 The morning stars their anthems sang,  
 And naught in heaven was heard but melody and love.

Myriads of spirits, forms divine,  
 The Seraphin, with the bright host  
 Of angels, thrones, and heavenly powers,  
 Worship before the eternal shrine ;  
 Their happy privilege in hymns and anthems boast,  
 In love and wonder pass their blissful hours.

Nor let the lower world repine  
 The massy orb in which we sluggards move  
 As if sequestered from the arts divine :

Here's music, too,  
 As ours a rival were to the world above.

—*From an Ode in praise of music.*





SMITH, ELIZABETH OAKES (PRINCE), an American poet and miscellaneous writer, born at North Yarmouth, Me., in 1806; died in North Carolina, November 8, 1893. At the age of seventeen she married Seba Smith (born in 1792; died in 1868), a journalist of Portland. In 1839 they removed to New York, where he acquired reputation as a journalist, especially by his "Jack Downing Letters." In 1876 she removed to North Carolina. Besides numerous occasional poems and books for the young, Mrs. Smith wrote *The Sinless Child, and Other Poems* (1841); *Stories for Children* (1847); *The Roman Tribute*, a tragedy (1850); *Woman and Her Needs* (1851); *Hints on Dress and Beauty* (1852); *Jacob Leisler*, a tragedy (1853); *Bald Eagle* (1867); *The Two Wives*, *Kitty Howard's Journal*, and *Destiny*, a tragedy.

"Seeking expression," says Rufus M. Griswold, "yet shrinking from notoriety; and with a full share of that respect for a just fame and appreciation which belongs to every high-toned mind, yet oppressed by its shadow when circumstance is the impelling motive of publication, the writings of Mrs. Oakes Smith might well be supposed to betray great inequality; still, in her many contributions to the magazines, it is remarkable how few of her pieces display the usual carelessness and haste of magazine articles. As an essayist, espe-

cially, while graceful and lively, she is compact and vigorous. . . . The simplicity of diction, and pervading beauty and elevation of thought, which are the chief characteristics of *The Sinless Child*, bring it undoubtedly within the category of works of genius."

## THE WIFE.

All day, like some sweet bird, content to sing  
 In its small cage, she moveth to and fro ;  
 And ever and anon will upward spring  
 To her sweet lips fresh from the fount below—  
 The murmured melody of pleasant thought,  
 Unconscious uttered, gentle-toned and low.  
 Light household duties, evermore inwrought  
 With placid fancies of one trusting heart,  
 That lives but in her smile, and ever turns  
 From life's cold seeming and the busy mart,  
 With tenderness, that heavenward ever yearns  
 To be refreshed where one pure altar burns.  
 Shut out from hence the mockery of life,  
 Thus liveth she content, the meek, fond, trusting  
 wife.

## THE UNATTAINED.

And is this life ? and are we born for this ?—  
 To follow phantoms that elude the grasp,  
 Or whatsoever secured, within our clasp,  
 To withering lie, as if each earthly kiss  
 Were doomed Death's shuddering touch alone to  
 meet.  
 O Life ! hast thou reserved no cup of bliss ?  
 Must still the Unattained beguile our feet ?  
 The Unattained with yearnings fill the breast,  
 That rob for aye the Spirit of its rest ?  
 Yes, this is life ; and everywhere we meet,  
 Not victor crowns, but wailings of defeat.  
 Yet faint thou not : thou dost apply a test,  
 That shall incite thee onward, upward still,  
 The Present cannot sate, nor e'er thy Spirit fill.

## FAITH.

Beware of doubt! Faith is the subtle chain  
 Which binds us to the Infinite; the voice  
 Of a deep life within, that will remain  
 Until we crowd it thence. We may rejoice  
 With an exceeding joy, and make our life—  
 Ay, this external life—become a part  
 Of that which is within, o'erwrought and rife  
 With Faith, that childlike blessedness of heart;  
 The order and the harmony inborn  
 With a perpetual hymning crown our way,  
 Till callousness and selfishness and scorn  
 Shall pass as clouds where scathless lightnings  
 play!  
 Cling to thy Faith! 'tis higher than the thought  
 That questions of thy Faith—the cold, external doubt.

## STRENGTH FROM THE HILLS.

Come up unto the hills! thy strength is there:  
 Oh, thou hast tarried long,  
 Too long amid the bowers and blossoms fair,  
 With notes of summer song.  
 Why dost thou tarry there? what though the bird  
 Pipes matin in the vales,  
 The ploughboy whistles to the loitering herd,  
 As the red daylight fails.

Yet come unto the hills—the old, strong hills—  
 And leave the stagnant plain;  
 Come to the gushing of the new-born rills,  
 As sing they to the main;  
 And thou with denizens of power shalt dwell  
 Beyond demeaning care;  
 Composed upon his rock, 'mid storm and fell,  
 The eagle shall be there.

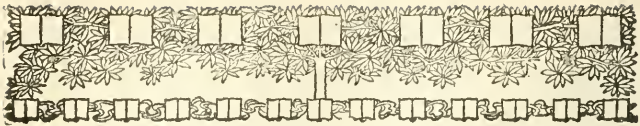
Come up unto the hills! The shattered tree  
 Still clings unto the rock,  
 And flingeth out his branches wild and free,  
 To dare again the shock.



Come where no fear is known : the sea-bird's nest  
On the old hemlock swings ;  
And thou shalt taste the gladness of unrest,  
And mount upon thy wings.

Come up unto the hills ! The men of old—  
They of undaunted wills—  
Grew jubilant of heart, and strong, and bold  
On the enduring hills ;  
Where came the soundings of the sea afar,  
Borne upward to the ear,  
And nearer grew the moon and midnight star,  
And God himself more near.





SMITH, FRANCIS HOPKINSON, civil engineer, landscape painter, and writer of descriptive sketches, born in Baltimore, Md., October 23, 1838. Among the works which he has built as civil engineer are several for the United States Government. He is a self-taught painter, painting chiefly in water-colors. He is a member of the American Water-color Society. As an author, he is a writer of fiction and descriptive sketches. He published *Well Worn Roads of Spain, Holland, and Italy* (1886); *A Book of the Tile Club* (1887); *A White Umbrella in Mexico* (1889); *Colonel Carter of Cartersville* (1891); *A Day at Laguerre's, and Other Days*, nine sketches (1892); *American Illustrators* (1892).

Of his *Tom Grogan*, Miss Katherine Pearson Woods says: "An author has the right to make his situations as strong as he knows how to do, short of actual impossibility; he has also a right to all the special pleading he can get in if he holds a brief for either side. What we do most seriously question, however, is his right to neglect informing himself of facts, and to blur technicalities, trusting, for the concealment of his indolence or insincerity, to the illiteracy of the other side and the ignorance of the general public."

IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Half an hour later, the arches were sketched in, the pillars and roof-line complete, and I was rapidly nearing

that part in my work in which the pencil is exchanged for the palette, when the shrill voice of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer sounded above my head. I could see his little white dot of a turban bobbing away high above me on the minaret, his blue robe waving in the soft air.

In an instant priests, seal-makers, herb-doctor, and pedler, crowded about the fountain, washed their faces and feet, and moved silently and reverently into the mosque. Soon the patio was deserted by all except Isaac, the pigeons, and the scribe,—the kindly old scribe—who remained glued to his seat lost in wonder.

Another hour and the worshippers came straggling back, resuming their several avocations. Last of all came the priests, in groups of eight or ten, flashing masses of color as they stepped out of the cool arches into the blinding sunlight. They approached my easel with that easy, rhythmic movement, so gracefully accentuated by their flowing robes, stopped short, and silently grouped themselves about me. I had now the creamy-white of the minaret sharp against the blue, and the entrance of the mosque in clear relief.

For an instant there was a hurried consultation. Then a beardless young priest courteously but firmly expounded to Isaac some of the fundamental doctrines of the Mohammedan faith—this one in particular, “Thou shalt not paint.”

Before I could call to Isaac, I felt a hand caress my shoulder, and raised my head. The scribe, with faded robe gathered about him, stood gazing into the face of the speaker. I held my breath, wondering whether, after all, I had left San Masco in vain. Isaac remained mute, a half-triumphant “I told you so” expression lighting up his face.

Then the old scribe waved Isaac aside, and, drawing himself to his full height, his long beard blending with his white robe, answered in his stead. “I have given my word to the Frank. He is not a giaour, but a true Moslem, a holy man, who loves our temple. I have broken bread with him. He is my friend, bone of my bone, blood of my blood. You cannot drive him away.”

After that, painting about Constantinople became quite easy.—*Day at Laguerre's, and Other Days.*



SMITH, GOLDWIN, an English essayist and historical writer, born at Reading, August 13, 1823. He was educated at Eton and Oxford; took his degree of B.A. at Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1845; became Fellow and tutor in the University; and was called to the bar in 1850. He did not enter upon legal practice; but became a member of several Educational Commissions. In 1856 he was made Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. In 1868 he came to the United States, having been elected Professor of Constitutional History in Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. In 1871 he became connected with the University of Toronto. He has delivered numerous lectures upon social and political topics. Among his works are *The Study of History*, delivered at Oxford (1861); *Irish History and Irish Character* (1861); *Three English Statesmen* (Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt): *a Course of Lectures on the Political History of England* (1867); *The Civil War in America*; *A Short History of England, Down to the Reformation* (1869); *William Cowper* (1880); *False Hopes* (1883); *Life of Jane Austen* (1890); *Canada and the Canadian Question* (1891); *The Moral Crusader, William Lloyd Garrison* (1893); *The United States, 1492-1871* (1893); *Bay Leaves* (1893); *Essays on Questions of the Day* (1894).

“In his little book on Cowper,” says the *Spec-*

tator, "Mr. Goldwin Smith is both too brief and too apologetic. . . . It seems to us that he has treated Cowper too little as a character, too little as a letter-writer, too little as a man, and too much as a poet."

" . . . Before accepting Professor Goldwin Smith's versions of my views," says Herbert Spencer, in *The Contemporary Review*, it will be well to take the precaution of referring to the views as expressed by myself, to see whether the two correspond. . . ."

"His visible achievement," says C. G. D. Roberts, in the *Critic*, "is soon measured, but it would be hard to measure the wide-reaching effects of his influence. . . . His direct teachings, perhaps, have not greatly prevailed with us. . . . For this his genius is not synthetic enough—it is too disintegrating. But his influence pervades all parties, and has proved a mighty shatterer of fetters amongst us—a swift solvent of many cast-iron prejudices. He has opened, liberalized, to some extent deprovincialized, our thought, and has convinced us that some of our most revered fetishes were but feathers and a rattle, after all."

#### MARCUS CATO.

Marcus Cato was the one man whom, living and dead, Cæsar evidently dreaded. The Dictator even assailed his memory in a brace of pamphlets entitled *Anti-Cato*, of the quality of which we have one or two specimens in Plutarch, from which we should infer that they were scurrilous and scandalous in the last degree: a proof even that Cæsar could feel fear, and that in Cæsar, too, fear was mean. Of the two court poets of Cæsar's successor, one makes Cato preside over the

spirits of the good in the Elysian Fields, while the other speaks, at all events, of the soul which remained unconquered in a conquered world. Patercules, an officer of Tiberius, and a thorough Cæsarian, calls Cato a man of "ideal virtue," who did right not for appearance's sake, but because it was not in his nature to do wrong.

When the victor is thus overawed by the shade of the vanquished, the vanquished could have hardly been a "fool." Contemporaries may be mistaken as to the merits of a character, but they cannot well be mistaken as to the space which it occupied in their own eyes. Sallust, the partisan of Marius and Cæsar, who had so much reason to hate the Senatorial party, speaks of Cæsar and Cato as the two mightiest opposites of his time; and in an elaborate parallel ascribes to Cæsar the qualities which secure the success of the adventurer; to Cato those which make up the character of the patriot.

It is a mistake to regard Cato the Younger as merely an unseasonable parody of Cato the Elder. His inspiration came not from a Roman Forum, but from a Greek School of Philosophy, and from that school which, with all its errors and absurdities, and in spite of the hypocrisy of its professors, really aimed high in the formation of character; and the practical teachings and aspirations of which, embodied in the *Reflections* of Marcus Aurelius, it is impossible to study without profound respect for the force of moral insight which they sometimes display. Cato went to Greece to sit at the feet of a Greek teacher, in a spirit very different from the national pride of his ancestor. It is this which makes his character interesting—that it was an attempt, at all events, to grasp and hold fast by the high rule of life in an age when the whole moral world was sinking into a vortex of scoundrelism, and faith in morality, public or private, had been lost.

Of course, the character is formal, and in some respects even grotesque. But you may trace formalism, if you look close enough, in every life led by a rule; in everything between the purest spiritual impulse on the one side, and abandoned sensuality on the other. At-

tempts to revive old Roman simplicity of dress and habits, in the age of Lucullus, were, no doubt, futile enough ; but after all, this is the symbolical garb of the Hebrew prophet. We are in ancient Rome, not in the smoking-room of the House of Commons. We are among the countrymen, too, of Savonarola. The character, as painted by Plutarch—who seems to have drawn from contemporaries—is hard, of course, but not cynical. Cato was devoted to his brother Cæpio ; and when Cæpio died, forgot all his Stoicism in the passionate indulgence of his grief, and all his frugality in lavishing gold and perfumes on the funeral. . . .

Cato's resignation of his fruitful wife to a childless friend—revolting as it is to our sense—betokens less any brutality in him than the coarseness of the conjugal relations at Rome. Evidently the man had the power of touching the hearts of others. His soldiers—though he gave them no largesses, and indulged them in no license—when he leaves them, strew their garments under his feet. His friends at Utica linger at the peril of their lives to give him a sumptuous funeral. . . .

Impracticable, of course, in a certain sense he was. But his part was that of a reformer ; and to compromise with the corruption with which he was contending would have been to lose the only means of influence which—having no military force and no party—he possessed : that of the perfect integrity of his character.





SMITH, HORACE, an English poet, born in London, December 31, 1779; died at Tunbridge Wells, July 12, 1849. His literary and personal life was closely connected with that of his brother, JAMES SMITH (born in London, February 10, 1775; died there, December 26, 1839). They were joint authors of the *Rejected Addresses*. Horace Smith accumulated an ample fortune as a member of the Stock Exchange. In 1820 he retired from active business, after which he wrote several novels, among which are *Brambletye House*, *Tor Hill*, *Reuben Apsley*, *Jane Lomax*, and *The New Forest*. In 1812 the rebuilding of Drury Lane Theatre, which had been destroyed by fire, led to the offering of a prize for an opening address. None of those offered was accepted, and Byron was asked to produce one, which was pronounced unsuitable. The brothers Smith thereupon put forth a small volume entitled *Rejected Addresses*, purporting to have been written by several of the most distinguished living poets. In these the manner of the respective authors is cleverly imitated and sometimes travestied. Perhaps the cleverest of these imitations are that of Crabbe by James Smith, and that of Scott by Horace. Besides his contributions to the *Rejected Addresses*, James Smith published anonymously articles in the *New Monthly Magazine* and other periodicals, and wrote the



greater part of *The Country Cousins*, *Trip to France*, and *Trip to America*, highly successful pieces at the English Opera House.

A TALE OF DRURY LANE. BY W. S.

As Chaos, which, by heavenly doom,  
 Had slept in everlasting gloom,  
 Startled with terror and surprise  
 When light first flashed upon her eyes,  
 So London's sons in night-cap woke,  
 In bed-gown woke her dames ;  
 For shouts were heard, 'mid fire and smoke,  
 "The play-house is in flames !"  
 And lo ! where Catherine Street extends,  
 A fiery tale its lustre lends  
 To every window-pane.  
 Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,  
 And Barbican—moth-eaten fort,  
 And Covent Garden Kennels spout  
 A bright, ensanguined drain.  
 Meux's new brew-house shows the light,  
 And Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height  
 Where patent shot they sell.

The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,  
 Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall ;  
 The ticket-porter's house of call,  
 Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,  
 Wright's shrimp and oyster-shop withal,  
 And Richardson's Hotel.  
 Nor these alone, but far and wide,  
 Across the Thames's gleaming tide,  
 To distant fields the blaze was borne,  
 And daisy white and hoary thorn  
 In borrowed lustre seemed to sham  
 The rose or red Sweet-Wil-li-am.  
 To those who on the hills around  
 Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,  
 As from a lofty altar rise,  
 It seemed that nations did conspire

To offer to the God of Fire  
Some vast, stupendous sacrifice !

The summoned firemen woke at call,  
And hied them to their stations all.  
Starting from bed and broken snooze,  
Each sought his ponderous hob-nailed shoes ;  
But first his worsted hosen plied ;  
Plush breeches next, in crimson dyed,  
His nether limbs embraced ;  
Then jacket thick, of red or blue,  
Whose massy shoulders gave to view  
The badge of each respective crew,  
In tin or copper traced.  
The engines thundered through the street,  
Fire-hook, pick, bucket, all complete,  
And torches glared, and clattering feet  
Along the pavement paced. . . .

E'en Higginbottom now was posed,  
For sadder sight was ne'er disclosed :  
Without, within, in hideous show,  
Devouring flames resistless glow,  
And blazing rafters downward go,  
And never halloo, "Heads below !"  
Nor notice give at all.  
The firemen, terrified, are slow  
To bid the pumping torrent flow,  
For fear the roof should fall.  
"Back, Robbins, back !" "Crump, stand aloof !"  
"Whitford, keep near the walls !"  
"Huggins, regard your own behoof !"  
For lo ! the blazing, racking roof  
Down, down, in thunder falls.

An awful pause succeeds the stroke,  
And o'er the ruin's volumed smoke,  
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,  
Concealed them from the astonished crowd ;  
When lo ! amid the wreck appeared  
Gradual a moving head appeared,  
And eagle firemen knew

'Twas Joseph Muggins—name revered—  
 The foreman of their crew.  
 Loud shouted all, in signs of woe,  
 "A Muggins to the rescue, ho!"  
 And poured the hissing tide.  
 Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,  
 And strove and struggled all in vain,  
 For rallying but to fall again,  
 He tottered, sunk, and died.

Did none attempt before he fell,  
 To succor one they loved so well?  
 Yes, Higginbottom did aspire;  
 His fireman's soul was all on fire  
 His brother-chief to save.  
 But ah! his reckless, generous ire  
 Served but to share his grave!  
 'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,  
 Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke,  
 Where Muggins broke before;  
 But sulphurous stench and boiling drench,  
 Destroying sight, o'erwhelmed him quite—  
 He sunk to rise no more.  
 Still o'er his head, while fate he braved,  
 His whizzing water-pipe he waved:  
 "Whitford and Mulford, ply your pumps!  
 You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps!  
 Why are you in such doleful dumps?  
 A fireman, and afraid of bumps!  
 What are they feared on? fools, 'od rot em!"  
 Were the last words of Higginbottom.

—HORACE SMITH.

TO THE MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

And hast thou walked about (how strange a story!)  
 In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,  
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory,  
 And time had not begun to overthrow  
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,  
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous?

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted dummy :  
 Thou hast a tongue—come, let us hear its tune ;  
 Thou'rt standing on thy legs above-ground, Mummy,  
 Revisiting the glimpses of the moon !  
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,  
 But with thy bones and flesh and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—  
 To whom we should assign the Sphinx's fame.  
 Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect  
 Of either pyramid that bears his name ?  
 Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer ?  
 Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden  
 By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade ;  
 Then say, what secret melody was hidden  
 In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played ?  
 Perhaps thou wert a priest ; if so, my struggles  
 Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,  
 Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass,  
 Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat,  
 Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,  
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,  
 A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if thy hand, when armed,  
 Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled ;  
 For thou wert dead and buried and embalmed  
 Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :  
 Antiquity appears to have begun  
 Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue  
 Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,  
 How the world looked when it was fresh and young,  
 And the great deluge still had left it green ;  
 Or was it then so old that history's pages  
 Contained no record of its early ages ?

Still silent, incommunicative elf !

Art sworn to secrecy ? then keep thy vows ;  
But prithee tell us something of thyself ;

Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house.  
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,  
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures num-  
bered ?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,

We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations :  
The Roman Empire has begun and ended ;

New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations,  
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,  
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,

When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,  
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,

O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,  
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder  
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,

The nature of thy private life unfold :

A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast ;

And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled ;  
Have children climbed those knees and kissed that face ?  
What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh ! immortal of the dead !

Imperishable type of evanescence !

Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,

And standest undecayed within our presence !

Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,  
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless 'tegment endure,

If its undying guest be lost forever ?—

Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure

In living virtue, that when both must sever,

Although corruption may our frame consume,

The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

—HORACE SMITH.

## THE THEATRE. BY G. C.

'Tis sweet to view, from half-past five to six,  
 Our long wax-candles, with short cotton wicks,  
 Touched by the lamplighter's Promethean art,  
 Start into light, and make the lighter start ;  
 To see red Phœbus through the gallery-pane  
 Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury Lane ;  
 While gradual parties fill our widened pit,  
 And gape and gaze and wonder ere they sit.

At first, while vacant seats give choice and ease,  
 Distant or near, they settle where they please ;  
 But when the multitude contracts the span,  
 And seats are rare, they settle where they can.

Now the full benches to late-comers doom  
 No room for standing, miscalled *standing room*.

Hark ! the check-taker moody silence breaks,  
 And bawling " Pit full ! " gives the check he takes ;  
 Yet onward still the gathering numbers cram,  
 Contending crowds shout the frequent damn,  
 And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jam.

See, to their desks Apollo's sons repair,—  
 Swift rides the rosin o'er the horses' hair !  
 In unison their various tones to tune,  
 Murmurs the hautboy, growls the hoarse bassoon ;  
 In soft vibrations sighs the whispering lute,  
 Tang goes the harpsichord, too-too the flute,  
 Brays the loud trumpet, squeaks the fiddle sharp,  
 Winds the French horn, and twangs the tingling harp ;  
 Till, like great Jove, the leader, figuring in,  
 Attunes to order the chaotic din.

Now all seems hushed—but, no, one fiddle will  
 Give, half ashamed, a tiny flourish still.

Foiled in his crash, the leader of the clan  
 Reproves with frowns the dilatory man ;  
 Then on his candlestick thrice taps his bow,  
 Nods a new signal, and away they go. . . .

What various swains our motley walls contain !—  
 Fashion from Moorfields, honor from Chick Lane ;  
**Bankers** from Paper Buildings here resort,  
**Bankrupts** from Golden Square and Riches Court ;

From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,  
 Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane ;  
 The lottery-cormorant, the auction-shark,  
 The full-price master and the half-price clerk ;  
 Boys who long linger at the gallery door,  
 With pence twice five—they want but twopence more ;  
 Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,  
 And sends them jumping up the gallery stairs.

Critics we boast who ne'er their malice balk,  
 But talk their minds—we wish they'd mind their talk ;  
 Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live—  
 Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give ;  
 Jews from St. Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,  
 That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary ;  
 And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,  
 Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait ;  
 Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse  
 With tipping tipstaves in a lock-up house.

Yet here, as elsewhere, Chance can joy bestow,  
 For scowling fortune seemed to threaten woe.

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer  
 Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire ;  
 But when John Dwyer 'listed in the Blues,  
 Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes.  
 Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy  
 Up as a corn-cutter—a safe employ ;  
 In Holy-well Street, St. Pancras, he was bred  
 (At number twenty-seven, it is said),  
 Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head ;  
 He would have bound him to some shop in town,  
 But with a premium he could not come down.  
 Pat was the urchin's name—a red-haired youth,  
 Fonder of purl and skittle grounds than truth.

Silence, ye gods ! to keep your tongues in awe,  
 The Muse shall tell an accident she saw.

Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,  
 But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat :  
 Down from the gallery the beaver flew,  
 And spurned the one to settle in the two.  
 How shall he act ? Pay at the gallery door  
 Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four ?

Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,  
 And gain his hat again at half-past eight?  
 Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,  
 John Mullens whispers, "Take my handkerchief."  
 "Thank you," cries Pat; "but one won't make a  
 line."

"Take mine," cried Wilson; and, cried Stokes, "Take  
 mine."

A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,  
 Where Spitalfields with real India vies.  
 Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted clew,  
 Stained, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue.  
 Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.  
 George Green below, with palpitating hand,  
 Loops the last kerchief to the beaver's band,—  
 Upsoars the prize! The youth with joy unfeigned  
 Regained the felt, and felt what he regained;  
 While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat  
 Made a low bow, and touched the ransomed hat.

—JAMES SMITH.

#### HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

Day-stars! that ope your frownless eyes to twinkle  
 From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,  
 And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle  
 As a libation.

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly  
 Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,  
 Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy  
 Incense on high.

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty,  
 The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,  
 What numerous emblems of instructive duty  
 Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth  
 And tolls its perfume on the passing air,  
 Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth  
 A call to prayer.



Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column  
 Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,  
 But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,  
 Which God hath planned ;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,  
 Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply ;  
 Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,  
 Its dome the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander  
 Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,  
 Awed by the silence, reverently ponder  
 The ways of God,

Your voiceless lips, O flowers ! are living preachers,  
 Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,  
 Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers  
 From loneliest nook.

Floral Apostles ! that in dewy splendor  
 "Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"  
 O, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender  
 Your lore sublime !

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,  
 Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours !  
 How vain your grandeur ! ah, how transitory  
 Are human flowers !"

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly artist !  
 With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,  
 What a delightful lesson thou impartest  
 Of love to all !

Not useless are ye, flowers ! though made for pleasure ;  
 Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,  
 From every source your sanction bids me treasure  
 Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages ! what instructors hoary  
 For such a world of thought could furnish scope ?  
 Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,  
 Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!  
 Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,  
 Ye are to me a type of resurrection  
 And second birth.

Were I in churchless solitudes remaining,  
 Far from all voice of teachers and divines,  
 My soul would find, in flowers of God's ordaining,  
 Priests, sermons, shrines!

—HORACE SMITH.

MORAL COSMETICS.

Ye who would have your features florid,  
 Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead,  
 From age's devastation horrid,  
 Adopt this plan,—  
 'Twill make, in climate cold or torrid,  
 A hale old man.

Avoid in youth luxurious diet,  
 Restrain the passions' lawless riot;  
 Devoted to domestic quiet,  
 Be wisely gay;  
 So shall ye, spite of age's fiat,  
 Resist decay.

Seek not in Mammon's worship pleasure,  
 But find your richest, dearest treasure  
 In God, His word, His work, not leisure:  
 The mind, not sense,  
 Is the sole scale by which to measure  
 Your opulence.

This is the solace, this the science,  
 Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance,  
 That disappoints not man's reliance,  
 Whate'er his state;  
 But challenges, with calm defiance,  
 Time, fortune, fate.

—HORACE SMITH.



SMITH, SAMUEL FRANCIS, an American clergyman and poet, born in Boston, October 15, 1808; died in Boston, November 16, 1895. He was graduated at Harvard in 1829, Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Freeman Clarke being among his classmates; studied theology at Andover, and in 1834 became pastor of a Baptist church at Waterville, Me., and Professor of Modern Languages in the college there. In 1842 he became pastor of a church at Newton, Mass., and was also for seven years editor of the *Christian Review*. He subsequently devoted himself to private teaching and to literary work, making music a specialty.

Of his "National Hymn" he says: "It was written at Andover in 1831 or 1832; was first used at a children's Fourth of July celebration at the Park Street Church, and made a National Hymn, without any planning or seeking for such a distinction, because the people, unasked, took it up, and *would* sing it."

In 1893 two stanzas were added to the National Hymn, but they failed to catch the popular fancy as readily as the original lines.

On his eightieth birthday, in 1888, he was addressed by Oliver Wendell Holmes in the following noble lines:

While through the land his strains resound,  
What added fame can love impart

To his, who touched the string that found  
Its echoes in a nation's heart?

No stormy ode, no fiery march  
His gentle memory shall prolong,  
But on fair Freedom's climbing arch  
He shed the light of hallowed song.

Full many a poet's labored lines  
A century's creeping waves will hide,  
The verse a people's love enshrines  
Stands like the rock that breasts the tide.

Time wrecks the proudest piles we raise,  
The towers, the domes, the temples fall,  
The fortress trembles and decays,  
One breath of song outlasts them all.

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

My Country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of Liberty,  
Of thee I sing :  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain-side  
Let Freedom ring !

My Native Country, thee,—  
Land of the noble, free—  
Thy name I love !  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills ;  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees,  
Sweet Freedom's song ;  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break ;  
The sounds prolong.

Our father's God ! to Thee,  
 Author of Liberty,  
     To Thee I sing.  
 Long may our land be bright  
 With Freedom's holy light ;  
 Protect us by thy might,  
     Great God our King !

## THE MORNING LIGHT.

The morning light is breaking ;  
 The darkness disappears !  
 The sons of earth are waking  
     To penitential tears ;  
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
     Brings tidings from afar,  
 Of nations in commotion,  
     Prepared for Zion's war.

See heathen nations bending  
     Before the God we love,  
 And thousand hearts ascending  
     In gratitude above ;  
 While sinners, now confessing,  
     The Gospel call obey,  
 And seek the Saviour's blessing—  
     A nation in a day.

Blest river of salvation !  
     Pursue thine onward way ;  
 Flow thou to every nation,  
     Nor in thy richness stay :  
 Stay not till all the lowly  
     Triumphant reach their home :  
 Stay not till all the holy  
     Proclaim—"The Lord is come !"



SMITH, SYDNEY, an English clergyman, wit, and essayist, born at Woodford, Essex, June 3, 1771; died in London, February 22, 1845. He studied at Oxford, where he gained a fellowship; took orders, and in 1794 became a curate on Salisbury Plain. In 1797 he went to Edinburgh as private tutor to a young gentleman, where he became intimate with the rising young men. In 1802 Jeffrey, Brougham, Smith, and others, projected the *Edinburgh Review*, Smith undertaking the editorship of the first number, and thereafter contributing largely for a quarter of a century. About 1804 he went to London, where he became a popular preacher, and delivered a series of lectures on Moral Philosophy, which were not published until after his death. In 1806 he was presented to the living of Forton-le-Clay, situated in a wild part of Yorkshire, "twelve miles from a lemon," and worth £500 a year. Preferment came slowly to him; but in 1828 he was made a canon of Bristol, and soon afterward rector of Combe-Florey in Somersetshire. In 1831 he was made Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, London, his residence being thereafter in the metropolis. Besides his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, he commenced in 1807 a series of "Letters on the subject of the Catholics, to my Brother Abraham,

who lives in the Country, by Peter Plymley." In the *Plymley Letters* the current political topics of the day were treated in a manner which justifies Macaulay's dictum that "he was a great reasoner, and the greatest master of ridicule that has appeared among us since Swift." He performed his clerical duties in a conscientious manner; but he was especially noted as a conversationalist. By the death of a brother in 1843 he came into possession of a considerable fortune, much of which he invested in the purchase of the public stock of Pennsylvania. The failure of that State to make provision for the payment of the interest on her bonds gave occasion for his caustic *Petition to Congress* and *Letters on American Debts*. A collection of his miscellaneous writings, in four volumes, was published in 1840. After his death were published a volume of *Sermons* preached at St. Paul's, and *Lectures on Moral Philosophy*. In 1856 appeared the *Memoirs of Sydney Smith*, by his daughter, the wife of Sir Henry Holland. The *Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith*, with a *Memoir* by E. A. Duyckinck, was published in 1856.

#### MAKING HASTE SLOWLY.

There is something extremely fascinating in quickness; and most men are desirous of appearing quick. The great rule for becoming so is, *by not attempting to appear quicker than you really are*; by resolving to understand yourself and others, and to know what *you* mean, and what *they* mean, before you speak or answer. Every man must submit to be slow before he is quick; and insignificant before he is important. The too early struggle against the pain of obscurity corrupts no small

share of understandings. Well and happily has that man conducted his understanding who has learned to derive from the exercise of it regular occupation and rational delight ; who, after having overcome the first pain of application, and acquired a habit of looking inwardly upon his own mind, perceives that every day is multiplying the relations, confirming the accuracy, and augmenting the number of his ideas ; who feels that he is rising in the scale of intellectual beings, gathering new strength with every new difficulty which he subdues, and enjoying to-day as his pleasure that which yesterday he labored at as his toil. There are many consolations in the mind of such a man which no common life can ever afford ; and many enjoyments which it has not to give ! It is not the mere cry of moralists, and the flourish of rhetoricians ; but it is *noble* to seek truth, and it is *beautiful* to find it. It is the ancient feeling of the human heart,—that knowledge is better than riches ; and it is deeply and *sacredly true* !

To mark the course of human passions as they have flowed on in the ages that are past ; to see why nations have risen, and why they have fallen ; to speak of heat, and light, and winds ; to know what man has discovered in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath ; to hear the chemist unfold the marvellous properties that the Creator has locked up in a speck of earth ; to be told that there are worlds so distant from our sun that the quickness of light travelling from the world's creation has never yet reached us ; to wander in the creations of poetry, and grow warm again, with that eloquence which swayed the democracies of the old world ; to go up with great reasoners to the First Cause of all, and to perceive in the midst of all this dissolution and decay, and cruel separation, that there *is* one thing unchangeable, indestructible, and everlasting ;—it is worth while in the days of our youth to strive hard for this great discipline ; to pass sleepless nights for it, to give up to it laborious days ; to spurn for it present pleasures ; to endure for it afflicting poverty ; to wade for it through darkness, and sorrow, and contempt, as the great spirits of the world have done in all ages and all times.—*Moral Philosophy.*



## TALENT AND COURAGE.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained obscure because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort ; and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame.

The fact is, that in order to do anything in this world worth doing we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks, and adjusting nice chances : it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward ; but at present a man waits and doubts and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousins, and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age—that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice. There is such little time for over-squeamishness at present, the opportunity so easily slips away, the very period of life at which a man chooses to venture, *if ever*, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation.—*Moral Philosophy.*

## A RECEIPT FOR SALAD.

To make this condiment your poet begs  
 The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs ;  
 Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,  
 Smoothness and softness to the salad give ;  
 Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,  
 And, half suspected, animate the whole ;  
 Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,  
 Distrust the condiment that bites too soon ;

But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault  
 To add a double quantity of salt ;  
 Four times the spoon with oil from Lucca crown,  
 And twice with vinegar, procured from town ;  
 And lastly, o'er the flavored compound toss  
 A magic soupçon of anchovy sauce.  
 O green and glorious ! O herbaceous treat !  
 'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat ;  
 Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,  
 And plunge his fingers in the salad-bowl ;  
 Serenely full, the epicure would say,  
 " Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day."

## WIT.

There is an association in men's minds between dullness and wisdom, amusement and folly, which has a very powerful influence in decision upon character, and is not overcome without considerable difficulty. The reason is, that the *outward* signs of a dull man and a wise man are the same, and so are the outward signs of a frivolous man and a witty man ; and we are not to expect that the majority will be disposed to look to much *more* than the outward sign. I believe the fact to be that wit is very seldom the *only* eminent quality which resides in the mind of any man ; it is commonly accompanied by many other talents of every description, and ought to be considered as a strong evidence of a fertile and superior understanding. Almost all the great poets, orators, and statesmen of all times, have been witty. Cæsar, Alexander, Aristotle, Descartes, and Lord Bacon, were witty men ; so were Cicero, Shakespeare, Demosthenes, Boileau, Pope, Dryden, Fontenelle, Jonson, Waller, Cowley, Solon, Socrates, Dr. Johnson, and almost every man who has made a distinguished figure in the House of Commons. . . . The meaning of an extraordinary man is, that he is *eight* men, not one man ; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit ; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and information ;

when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty, and sometimes much *better* than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit;—wit is *then* a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness—teaching age, and care, and pain, to smile—extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the *flavor of the mind!* Man could direct his way by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his pained steps over the burning marle."

#### AN APPEAL FOR UNIVERSAL JUSTICE.

I confess, it mortifies me to see the very quick to contrast with our matchless stupidity and inimitable folly the conduct of Bonaparte upon the subject of religious persecution. At the moment when we are tearing the crucifixes from the necks of the Catholics, and washing pious mud from the foreheads of the Hindoos—at that moment this man is assembling the very Jews in Paris, and endeavoring to give them stability and importance. I shall never be reconciled to mending shoes in America; but I see it must be my lot, and I will then take a dreadful revenge upon Mr. Perceval, if I catch him preaching within ten miles of me. You cannot imagine, you say, that England will ever be ruined and conquered; and for no other reason that I can find but because it seems so very odd it should be ruined and conquered. Alas! so reasoned, in their time, the Austrian,

Russian, and Prussian Plymleys. But the English are brave ; so were all these nations. You might get together a hundred thousand men individually brave ; but without generals capable of commanding such a machine, it would be as useless as a first-rate man-of-war manned by Oxford clergymen or Parisian shopkeepers. I do not say this to the disparagement of English officers—they have had no means of acquiring experience ; but I do say it to create alarm ; for we do not appear to me to be half alarmed enough, or to entertain that sense of our danger which leads to the most obvious means of self-defence. As for the spirit of the peasantry, in making a gallant defence behind hedges, and through plate-racks and hen-coops, highly as I think of their bravery, I do not know any nation in Europe so likely to be struck with panic as the English ; and this from their total unacquaintance with the science of war. Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles round ; cart-mares shot ; sows of Lord Somerville's breed running wild over the country ; the minister of the parish sorely wounded ; Mrs. Plymley in fits—all these scenes of war an Austrian or a Russian has seen three or four times over ; but it is now three centuries since an English pig has fallen in a fair battle upon English ground, or a farm-house been rifled.

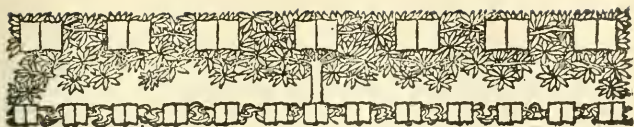
There is a village (no matter where) in which the inhabitants, on one day in the year, sit down to a dinner prepared at the common expense : by an extraordinary piece of tyranny (which Lord Hawkesbury would call the wisdom of the village ancestors), the inhabitants of three of the streets, about a hundred years ago, seized upon the inhabitants of the fourth street, bound them hand and foot, laid them upon their backs, and compelled them to look on while the rest were stuffing themselves with beef and beer ; the next year, the inhabitants of the persecuted street (though they contributed an equal quota of the expense) were treated precisely in the same manner. The tyranny grew into a custom ; and (as the manner of our nature is) it was considered as the most sacred of all duties to keep these poor fellows without their annual dinner : the village was so tenacious of this practice, that nothing could induce

them to resign it ; every enemy to it was looked upon as a disbeliever in Divine Providence, and any nefarious churchwarden who wished to succeed in his election had nothing to do but to represent his antagonist as an abolitionist, in order to frustrate his ambition, endanger his life, and throw the village into a state of the most dreadful commotion. By degrees, however, the obnoxious street grew to be so well peopled, and its inhabitants so firmly united, that their oppressors, more afraid of injustice, were more disposed to be just. At the next dinner they are unbound, the year after allowed to sit upright, then a bit of bread and a glass of water ; till at last, after a long series of concessions, they are emboldened to ask, in pretty plain terms, that they may be allowed to sit down at the bottom of the table, and to fill their bellies as well as the rest. Forthwith a general cry of shame and scandal : "Ten years ago, were you not laid upon your backs ? Don't you remember what a great thing you thought it to get a piece of bread ? how thankful you were for cheese-parings ? Have you forgotten that memorable era, when the lord of the manor interfered to obtain for you a slice of the public pudding ? And now, with an audacity only equalled by your ingratitude, you have the impudence to ask for knives and forks, and to request, in terms too plain to be mistaken, that you may sit down to table with the rest, and be indulged even with beef and beer ; there are not more than half a dozen dishes which we have reserved for ourselves : the rest has been thrown open to you in the utmost profusion ; you have potatoes and carrots, suet dumplings, sops in the pan, and delicious toast and water, in incredible quantities. Beef, mutton, lamb, pork, and veal are ours ; and if you were not the most restless and dissatisfied of human beings, you would never think of aspiring to enjoy them."

Is not this, my dainty Abraham, the very nonsense, and the very insult which is talked to and practised upon the Catholics ? You are surprised that men who have tasted of partial justice should ask for perfect justice ; that he who has been robbed of coat and cloak will not be contented with the restitution of one of his

garments. He would be a very lazy blockhead if he were content ; and I (who, though an inhabitant of the village, have preserved, thank God, some sense of justice) most earnestly counsel these half-fed claimants to persevere in their just demands, till they are admitted to a more complete share of a dinner for which they pay as much as the others ; and if they see a little, attenuated lawyer squabbling at the head of their opponents, let them desire him to empty his pockets, and to pull out all the pieces of duck, fowl, and pudding which he has filched from the public feast to carry home to his wife and children.—*From the Letters of "Peter Plymley."*





SMOLLETT, TOBIAS GEORGE, a Scottish novelist and historian, born in Dalquhurn, Dumbartonshire, Scotland, in 1721; died at Monte Novo, near Leghorn, Italy, October 21, 1771. He was of an ancient family, received a good education, and was apprenticed to a surgeon. After acting as surgeon's mate in the navy, he betook himself to London, and authorship. His writings included compositions of almost every kind. He wrote novels, plays, poems, travels, and histories; translated *Don Quixote* from the Spanish, and *Gil-Blas* and *Telemachus* from the French. He wrote a *Complete History of England to 1748*, in four quarto volumes; compiled a *Compendium of Authentic and Entertaining Voyages*, in seven volumes, and became editor of the *Critical Review*. His best works are his novels, among which are *Roderick Random* (1748); *Peregrine Pickle* (1751); *Ferdinand, Count Fathom* (1752); *Sir Lancelot Graves* (1762); *Humphrey Clinker* (1771). The following account of a "Modern Feast in the Ancient Manner," is here considerably abridged by omitting the numerous ludicrous mishaps which befell one and another of the guests at this repast.

"The few poems which he has left," says Thomas Campbell, "have a portion of delicacy which is not to be found in his novels; but they have not, like those prose fictions, the strength of

a master's hand. Were he to live over again, we might wish him to write more poetry, in the belief that his poetical talent would improve by exercise; but we should be glad to have more of his novels just as they are."

"The novel of *Humphrey Clinker*," says Thackeray, "is, I do think, the most laughable story that has ever been written since the goodly art of novel-writing began. Winifred Jenkins and Tabitha Bramble must keep Englishmen on the grin for ages yet to come; and in their letters and the story of their lives there is a perpetual fount of sparkling laughter as inexhaustible as Bladud's well."

#### THE DOCTOR'S CLASSICAL DINNER.

Peregrine Pickle, by his insinuating behavior, acquired the full confidence of the Doctor; who invited him to an entertainment which he intended to prepare in the manner of the ancients. Pickle, struck with this idea, eagerly embraced the proposal, which he honored with many encomiums, as a plan in all respects worthy of his genius and apprehension; and the day was appointed at some distance of time, that the treator might have leisure to compose certain pickles and confections which were not to be found among the culinary preparations of these degenerate days. With a view of rendering the physician's taste more conspicuous, and extracting from it the more diversion, Peregrine proposed that some foreigners should partake of the banquet; and the task being left to his care and discretion, he actually bespoke the company of a French Marquis, an Italian Count, and a German Baron, whom he knew to be egregious coxcombs.

The mutual compliments that passed on this occasion were scarce finished, when a servant, coming into the room, announced dinner; and the entertainer led the



way into another apartment, where they found a long table—or rather two boards joined together—and furnished with a variety of dishes, the steams of which had such evident effect upon the nerves of the company, that the Marquis made frightful grimaces under pretence of taking snuff, the Italian's eyes watered, the German's visage underwent several distortions of feature. Our hero found means to exclude the odor from his sense of smelling by breathing only through his mouth; and the poor painter, running into another room, plugged his nostrils with tobacco.

The Doctor himself, who was the only person then present whose organs were not discomposed, pointing to a couple of couches placed on each side of the table, told his guests that he was sorry he could not procure the exact *triclinia* of the ancients, which were somewhat different from these conveniences, and desired that they would have the goodness to repose themselves without ceremony, each in his respective couchette, while he and his friend Mr. Pallet would place themselves upright at the ends, that they might have the pleasure of serving those that lay along. This disposition, of which the strangers had no previous idea, disconcerted and perplexed them in a most ridiculous manner. The Marquis and Baron stood bowing to each other on pretence of disputing the lower seat: but, in reality, with a view of profiting by the example of the other, for neither of them understood the manner in which they were to loll. In this disagreeable and ludicrous suspense, they continued acting a pantomime of gesticulations, until the Doctor earnestly entreated them to waive all compliment and form, lest the dinner should be spoiled before the ceremonial could be concluded. . . .

This misfortune being repaired as well as the circumstances of the occasion would permit, and everyone settled according to the arrangement which had been made, the Doctor graciously undertook to give some account of the dishes as they occurred, that the company might be directed in their choice; and with an air of infinite satisfaction, thus began:

“This here, gentlemen, is a boiled goose, served up in a sauce composed of pepper, lovage, coriander, mint,

ruces, anchovies, and oil. I wish, for your sakes, gentlemen, it was one of the geese of Ferrara, so much celebrated for the magnitude of their livers, one of which is said to have weighed two pounds. With this food, exquisite as it was, did the tyrant Heliogabalus regale his hounds. But I beg pardon; I had almost forgot the soup, which I hear is so necessary at all tables in France. At each end are dishes of the *salacacabia* of the Romans. One is made of parsley, pennyroyal, cheese, pine-tops, honey, vinegar, brine, eggs, cucumbers, onions, and hen-livers; the other is much the same as the *soup-maigre* of this country. Then there is a loin of boiled veal with fennel and caraway-seed, on a potage composed of pickle, oil, honey, and flour; and a curious hashis of the lights, liver, and blood of a hare, together with a dish of roasted pigeons. Monsieur le Baron, shall I help you to a plate of this soup?"

The German, who did not at all disapprove of the ingredients, assented to the proposal, and seemed to relish the composition; while the Marquis, being asked by the painter which of the silly-kickabys he chose, was, in consequence of his desire, accommodated with a portion of the *soup-maigre*; and the Count, in lieu of spoon-meat, of which he said he was no great admirer, supplied himself with a pigeon; therein conforming to the choice of our young gentleman, whose example he determined to follow through the whole course of the entertainment.

The various dishes affected the eaters in various unpleasant ways—literally *ad nauseam*—which are fully narrated. The whole table was thrown into confusion.

The Doctor finding that it would be impracticable to re-establish the order of the banquet by presenting again the dishes which had been discomposed, ordered everything to be removed, a clean cloth to be laid, and the dessert to be brought in. Meanwhile he regretted his incapacity to give them a specimen of the *alicus*, or fish-meals of the ancients: such as the *jusdia-baton*, the

conger-eel, which, in Galen's opinion, is hard of digestion; the cornuta, or gurnard, described by Pliny in his *Natural History*, who says that the horns of many of them were a foot and a half in length; the mullet and the lamprey, that were in the highest estimation of old, of which Julius Cæsar borrowed six thousand for one triumphal supper. He observed that the manner of dressing them was described by Horace in the account he gives of the entertainment to which Mæcenas was invited by the epicure Nasiedenus; and told them that they were commonly eaten with the *Chus syriacum*—a certain anodyne and astringent seed which qualified the purgative nature of the fish.

Finally this learned physician gave them to understand that though this was reckoned a luxurious dish in the zenith of the Roman taste, it was by no means comparable in point of expense to some preparations in vogue about the time of that absurd voluptuary Helio-gabalus, who ordered the brains of six hundred ostriches to be compounded in one mess.—*Peregrine Pickle*.

#### THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

We set out from Glasgow, by the way of Lanark, the county town of Clydesdale, in the neighborhood of which the whole River Clyde, rushing down a steep rock, forms a very noble and stupendous cascade. Next day we were obliged to halt in a small borough, until the carriage, which had received some damage, should be repaired; and here we met with an incident which warmly interested the benevolent spirit of Mr. Bramble. As we stood at the window of an inn that fronted the public prison, a person arrived on horseback, genteelly though plainly dressed in a blue frock, with his own hair cut short, and a gold-laced hat upon his head. Alighting, and giving his horse to the landlord, he advanced to an old man who was at work in paving the street, and accosted him in these words: "This is hard work for such an old man as you." So saying, he took the instrument out of his hand, and began to thump the pavement. After a few strokes, "Had you never a son," said he, "to ease you of this labor?" "Yes, an"

please your honor," replied the senior, "I have three hopeful lads, but at present they are out of the way." "Honor not me," cried the stranger; "it more becomes me to honor your gray hairs. Where are those sons you talk of?" The ancient pavior said, his eldest son was a captain in the East Indies, and the youngest had lately enlisted as a soldier, in hopes of prospering like his brother. The gentleman desiring to know what was become of the second, he wiped his eyes, and owned he had taken upon him his old father's debts, for which he was now in the prison hard by.

The traveller made three quick steps toward the jail; then turning short, "Tell me," said he, "has that unnatural captain sent you nothing to relieve your distresses?" "Call him not unnatural," replied the other, "God's blessing be upon him! he sent me a great deal of money, but I made a bad use of it; I lost it by being security for a gentleman that was my landlord, and was stripped of all I had in the world besides." At that instant a young man, thrusting out his head and neck between two iron bars in the prison-window, exclaimed, "Father! father! if my brother William is in life, that's he." "I am! I am!" cried the stranger, clasping the old man in his arms, and shedding a flood of tears; "I am your son Willy, sure enough!" Before the father, who was quite confounded, could make any return to this tenderness, a decent old woman, bolting out from the door of a poor habitation, cried, "Where is my bairn? where is my dear Willy?" The captain no sooner beheld her than he quitted his father, and ran into her embrace.

I can assure you, my uncle, who saw and heard everything that passed, was as much moved as any one of the parties concerned in this pathetic recognition. He sobbed, and wept, and clapped his hands, and holloed, and finally ran down into the street. By this time the captain had retired with his parents, and all the inhabitants of the place were assembled at the door. Mr. Bramble, nevertheless, pressed through the crowd, and entering the house, "Captain," said he, "I beg the favor of your acquaintance. I would have travelled a hundred miles to see this affecting scene; and I shall

think myself happy if you and your parents will dine with me at the public-house." The captain thanked him for his kind invitation, which, he said, he would accept with pleasure; but in the meantime he could not think of eating or drinking while his poor brother was in trouble. He forthwith deposited a sum equal to the debt in the hands of the magistrate, who ventured to set his brother at liberty without further process; and then the whole family repaired to the inn with my uncle, attended by the crowd, the individuals of which shook their townsman by the hand, while he returned their caresses without the least sign of pride or affectation. . . .

My uncle was so charmed with the character of Captain Brown that he drank his health three times successively at dinner. He said he was proud of his acquaintance; that he was an honor to his country, and had in some measure redeemed human nature from the reproach of pride, selfishness, and ingratitude. For my part I was as much pleased with the modesty as with the filial virtue of this honest soldier, who assumed no merit from his success, and said very little of his own transactions, though the answers he made to our inquiries were equally sensible and laconic.—*Humphrey Clinker.*





SNIDER, DENTON JACQUES, an American literary critic, born in Mt. Gilead, Ohio, January 9, 1841. After graduation at Oberlin in 1862, he engaged in teaching, and is now a lecturer on general literature. He has published *A System of Shakespeare's Dramas* (1877); *Delphic Days* (1880); *A Walk in Hellas* (1882); *Agamemnon's Daughter*, a poem (1885); *An Epigrammatic Voyage* (1886); *Commentary on Goethe's Faust* (1886); *Commentary on Shakespeare's Tragedies* (1887); *Homer in Chios* (1891); *Commentary on Dante's Inferno* (1893).

IPHIGENIA AT AULIS.

Still the Euboic hills detained the sun,  
Who threw upon their peaks his last of light  
For that one day, and then his course was done;  
In silence flew the silken wings of night,  
To brush out of the skies the cloudlets bright,  
And tinted films hung high on heaven's way;  
Then sank into the mist the mountain height,  
And twilight poured its flood on Aulis' bay.

Meantime, they bore the Maiden to the shrine,  
Which lay upon a knoll within a wood;  
There Calchas led her through a weeping line  
Of massive men, who round her pathway stood,  
To see the highest worth of womanhood;  
The hearts of all burst out in tearful rue,  
As they beheld in her what was the good,  
And made the vow to her they would be true.

The fair white fane of marbled Artemis  
A smile into the twilight seemed to throw ;  
From its fond pillars flowed a silent kiss  
Which showered love around the deed of woe,  
As there in flight of stone she grasped her bow  
To save a fleeing fawn from savage chase ;  
She touched the arrow in a sacred glow,  
The very marble lit up in her face.

Within the door the maiden disappears,  
A cloud descends and fills the holy space,  
And for a moment sheds its gentle tears,  
Till every leaf and grass-blade in the place  
Hath on it one pure drop of sorrow's grace,  
And bends to let it fall upon the ground,  
Which swallows it at once and shows no trace,  
Though leaf and grass, freed from the weight, rebound.

But soon with ragged rent is pierced the cloud,  
And through it looks the silver-shining moon,  
Which softly strokes the melancholy crowd  
And to a music sweet doth them attune,  
While they quite sink away into the swoon ;  
It drives far off the night with the dark cloud,  
And out the air into her lunar noon  
The goddess stepped at once and spake aloud :

“Thy time is full, thee have I come to save,  
As promised in Mycenæ from my shrine ;  
Men say I in revenge thy life must have,  
Because thy father slew with heart malign  
The guiltless fawn he knew I loved as mine ;  
But no ! the goddess must not vengeance pay,  
Not death for death can be the law divine,  
Though he slay mine, his shall I never slay.

“The gods must not revengeful be to man,  
Else they will not escape his penalty ;  
The gods must also learn, and learn they can,  
To give up hatè, and turn to charity,  
Whereby alone we gods are whole and free.  
The Greeks shall deem thee dead, with grief be racked,

But sacrifice they shall hereafter see,  
And find the richer blessing for thine act.

“But to myself I shall now rescue thee,  
I, the mild Goddess, dare not take thy blood;  
Thee shall I bear away to Barbary,  
There in a land remote to do the Good,  
Anew the offering for a multitude  
Vaster than all on earth, to be now found;  
The world, all time thy deed will yet include,  
Far wilt thou pass beyond the Grecian bound.

“This hour auspicious gales begin to blow,  
Helen, the erring one, is to return,  
The armament shall crush the Trojan foe  
Through deed of thine to-day, which men will burn  
To imitate, and from a maiden learn  
To offer life for land and family;  
With Helen home, thou, too, wilt homeward turn,  
And Greece once saved, is saved again by thee.”

The moon has fled with night, and timid rays  
Of rosy dawn into the heavens rise;  
While in the woods a godlike presence prays,  
Soft hymns of triumph float up to the skies,  
Bearing aloft a world of harmonies;  
The Greeks rush to the fane to hear the word,  
The axe unbloody on the altar lies,  
The maid is gone, and naught of her is heard.

Astonished they all stand at plan divine,  
But see, there is another wonder new:  
The fawn that dead was lying at the shrine,  
Rose up to sudden life before their view,  
And to its perfect strength at once it grew;  
Unharm'd through all the gazing crowd it flees,  
No stains upon the grass it now doth strew,  
And soon from sight is lost amid the trees.

—*Agamemnon's Daughter.*





**SOCRATES**, a Greek philosopher, born at Athens in 470 B.C.; died there in 399 B.C. He was the son of a sculptor, to whose profession he was brought up, and which he exercised for a while with good success; but gave it up in order to become what we may call a "private lecturer" on ethics, in obedience to what he esteemed a divine monition. It was his wont to frequent workshops and public places, discoursing to anyone who would listen to him. His favorite method of disputation was to assume the attitude of a learner, put a series of artful questions until his interlocutor had involved himself in some self-contradiction or manifest absurdity, and then bear down upon him with the keenest ridicule.

Though he set up no school, had no fixed place of instruction, and even disclaimed the appellation of a teacher, there gathered around him in time a group of men who may properly be called his disciples. Among these were two young men, Plato and Xenophon, from whom we learn nearly all that we know about Socrates and his teaching. For more than sixty years he seems to have been an Athenian citizen of good repute. But toward the close of his life he incurred the disfavor of the party which had obtained the political ascendancy. In his seventieth year he was indicted upon charges that he was "guilty, firstly, of denying the gods recognized by the state, and

Introducing new divinities; secondly, of corrupting the young." The tribunal before which he was arraigned consisted of 500 "judges." He was found guilty by a vote of 280 to 220; and was sentenced to die by drinking a decoction of the poisonous "hemlock," a species of *cicuta*. Thirty days intervened between the sentence and its execution. During this period he was kept in prison, securely bound; but his friends were allowed free access to him, and he discoursed to them upon the loftiest themes, as is recorded by Plato, especially in the *Phædo*.

Socrates committed none of his teachings to writing. It is not altogether certain how far the words which Plato puts into the mouth of Socrates were actually spoken by him. But there can be little question that the *Apologia*, or "Defence," of Socrates is substantially the speech which he made at his trial. After having defended himself against the special charges made against him, and apparently after the vote had been taken, but before the sentence had been pronounced, Socrates turned to his friends among the "judges," and discoursed upon the question of the moment.

#### THE PROBLEM OF LIFE AND DEATH.

Friends, who would have acquitted me, I would like to talk with you about this thing which has happened, before I go to the place at which I must die. Stay then awhile, for we may as well talk with one another while there is time.\* You are my friends, and I should like

\* Socrates supposed that the execution would take place on that day, according to Athenian usage. The delay of thirty days happened unexpectedly by reason of the occurrence of a religious festival.

to show you the meaning of this event which has happened to me. O my judges--for so I may truly call you, I should like to tell you of a wonderful circumstance :

Hitherto the familiar oracle within me has constantly been in the habit of opposing me, even in trifles, if I was going to make a slip or err in any matter ; and now, as you see, there has come upon me the last and worst evil. But the oracle made no sign of opposition, either as I was leaving my house and going out in the morning, or while I was speaking, at anything which I was going to say ; and yet I have often been stopped in the middle of a speech ; but now in nothing that I either said or did touching this matter has the oracle opposed me. What do I take to be the explanation of this ? I will tell you. I regard this as a great proof that what has happened to me is a good ; and that those who think that death is an evil are in error. For the customary sign would surely have opposed me had I been going to evil and not to good.

Let us reflect in another way, and we shall see that there is no great reason to hope that death is a good. For one of two things--either death is a state of nothingness ; or, as men say, there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to another.

Now if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by the sight of dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain. For if a person were to select the night in which his sleep was undisturbed even by dreams, and were to compare this with the other days and nights of his life ; and then were to tell us how many days and nights he had passed in the course of his life better and more pleasantly than this one, I think this man--I will not say a private man, but even the great king--will not find many such days or nights, when compared with others. Now if death is like this I say that to die is gain ; for eternity is then only a single night.

But if death is the journey to another place--and there, as men say, all the dead are--what good can be greater than this ? If, indeed, when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors

of justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there—Minos, and Rhadamanthus, and Æacus, and Triptolemus, and other sons of God who were righteous in their own life—that pilgrimage will be worth making.

Above all, I shall then be able to continue my search into true and false knowledge, as in this world, so also in that. And I shall find out who is wise, and who pretends to be wise and is not. What would not a man give to be able to examine the leader of the Trojan expedition; or Odysseus, or Sisyphus, or numberless others—men and women, too! What infinite delight would there be in conversing with them and asking questions!—in another world they do not put a man to death for asking questions; assuredly not. For besides being happier in that world than in this, they will be immortal, if what is said be true. Wherefore, be of good cheer about death, and know of a certainty that no evil can happen to a good man, either in this life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods, nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that to die and be released was better for me; and therefore the oracle gave no sign.

For which reason, also, I am not angry with my condemners or with my accusers. They have done me no harm, although they did not mean to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them. Still I have a favor to ask of them. When my sons grow up, I would ask you, my friends, to punish them. And I would have you trouble them, as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything more than about virtue. Or if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing, then reprove them, as I have reprovèd you, for not caring about that for which they ought to care, and thinking that they are really something when they are really nothing. And if you do this, I and my sons will have received justice at your hands.

The hour of my departure has arrived, and we go our ways—I to die, and you to live. Which is better, God only knows.—*Translation of JOWETT.*



SOLON, an Athenian statesman and poet, born on the island of Salamis about 638 B.C. He is first heard of as the author and reciter of some stirring verses, which moved the Athenians to recover his native island from the Megarans, who had forcibly taken possession of it. In 594 B.C. he was made archon, and to him was given almost dictatorial power in reforming the laws and administration of Attica. The pitiable condition of the poor debtors of his city and state (many of whom had become slaves) first attracted his attention. He annulled all land mortgages at one blow, thus relieving the acute distress of the small landholders. The heavy loss inflicted on the wealthy class he compensated for, or attempted to compensate for, by other means. He then divided the citizenship into four classes, according to wealth, the first class alone being eligible to the archonship and to military and naval commands; the second class were the knights and horsemen; the third the heavy armed infantry, and the fourth and most numerous class—that of small farmers, tradesmen, and artisans—who supplied light troops and sailors. All four classes had equal rights in the popular assembly, which elected magistrates and decided on public measures, and though Solon sought to guard against pure democracy, the popular assembly was the

foundation for the future success of that principle. Under him the community flourished. After finishing his rulership he travelled extensively. Returning to Athens, he witnessed the usurpation of power of Pisistratus, whom he opposed. He died about 559.

No draft of Solon's laws has come down to us, and their exact character is to some extent disputed. Of his poetry, only a few fragments are extant.

"With Solon," says R. C. Jebb, "a new element comes into elegy. He employs it for the utterance of his thoughts on the evils which afflict Attica, and on his own efforts to remedy them. These are the thoughts of a statesman who is also a philosopher; they are inseparably connected with still wider and deeper reflections on the permanent conditions of human life. Man proposes, but the gods dispose; the prophet can read omens, but cannot avert fate; the physician can prescribe, but has no assurance of healing. Solon thus represents in its highest form that tendency of Greek elegy which is described by the term 'gnomic'—the desire to inculcate moral precepts and practical wisdom." Plato held Solon's genius in high regard, believing that had he applied himself seriously to poetry, he might have rivalled Homer.

#### JUSTICE.

Short are the triumphs to injustice given—  
 Jove sees the end of all; like vapors driven  
 By early spring's impetuous blast that sweeps  
 Along the billowy surface of the deeps,  
 Or passing o'er the fields of tender green,

Lays in sad ruin all the lovely scene,  
 Till it reveals the clear, celestial blue,  
 And gives the palace of the gods to view ;  
 Then bursts the sun's full radiance from the skies,  
 Where not a cloud can form or vapor rise.  
 Such is Jove's vengeance ; not like human ire,  
 Blown in an instant to a scorching fire ;  
 But slow and certain ; though it long may lie,  
 Wrapt in the vast concealment of the sky ;  
 Yet never does the dread avenger sleep,  
 And though the sire escape, the son shall weep.

—MERIVALE'S *translation*.

OF THE CONSTITUTION OF ATHENS.

I gave the people freedom clear,  
 But neither flattery nor fear ;  
 I told the rich and noble race  
 To crown their state with modest grace ;  
 And placed a shield in either's hand  
 Wherewith in safety both might stand.

. . . . .

The people love their rulers best  
 When neither cringed to nor oppressed.

—COLERIDGE'S *translation*.

REMEMBRANCE AFTER DEATH.

Let not a death unwept, unhonored, be  
 The melancholy fate allotted me !  
 But those who love me living when I die  
 Still fondly keep some cherished memory !





SOMERVILLE, MARY (FAIRFAX), a Scottish scientist and mathematician, born at Jedburgh, Scotland, December 26, 1780; died at Naples, Italy, November 29, 1872. She was the daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir William Fairfax. She was married in 1804 to Samuel Greig, then Russian Consul in London. She was left a widow in 1807. Five years later she was married to Dr. William Somerville. In 1816 he was appointed a member of the Army Medical Board, and removed to London, where Mrs. Somerville attracted attention by her experiments on the magnetic influence of the violet rays in the solar spectrum. Her results were published in the *Philosophical Transactions* (1826). She prepared a summary of Laplace's *Mécanique Celeste* for the *Library of Useful Knowledge*, which proved too large for its purpose, and was published under the title of *Mechanism of the Heavens* (1831). This led to her election to the Royal Astronomical Society. She was a member of other distinguished societies, and received many honors. Her last years were spent in Italy. Mrs. Somerville's works are *The Connection of the Physical Sciences* (1834; 9th ed., 1858); *Physical Geography* (2 vols., 1848; 6th ed., 1870); *Molecular and Microscopic Science* (2 vols., 1869). Her life has been written by her daughter, Martha Somerville.



## WAVES.

The friction of the wind combines with the tides in agitating the surface of the ocean, and, according to the theory of undulations, each produces its effect independently of the other; wind, however, not only raises waves, but causes a transfer of superficial water also. Attraction between the particles of air and water, as well as the pressure of the atmosphere, brings its lower stratum into adhesive contact with the surface of the sea. If the motion of the wind be parallel to the surface, there will still be friction, but the water will be smooth as a mirror; but if it be inclined, in however small a degree, a ripple will appear. The friction raises a minute wave, whose elevation protects the water beyond it from the wind, which consequently impinges on the surface at a small distance beyond; thus each impulse, combining with the other, produces an undulation which continually advances.

Those beautiful silvery streaks on the surface of a tranquil sea called cats-paws by sailors are owing to a partial deviation of the wind from a horizontal direction. The resistance of the water increases with the strength and inclination of the wind. The agitation at first extends little below the surface, but in long-continued gales even the deep water is troubled; the billows rise higher and higher, and, as the surface of the sea is driven before the wind, their "monstrous heads," impelled beyond the perpendicular, fall in wreaths of foam. Sometimes several waves overtake one another, and form a sublime and awful sea. The highest waves known are those which occur during a northwest gale off the Cape of Good Hope, aptly called by the ancient Portuguese navigators the Cape of Storms. Cape Horn also seems to be the abode of the tempest. The sublimity of the scene, united to the threatened danger, naturally leads to an over-estimate of the magnitude of the waves, which appear to rise mountain-high, as they are proverbially said to do: there is, however, reason no doubt if the highest waves off the Cape of Good Hope exceed forty feet from the hollow trough to the

summit. The waves are short and abrupt in small, shallow seas, and on that account are more dangerous than the long, rolling billows of the wide ocean. . . .

The waves raised by the wind are altogether independent of the tidal waves; each maintains its undisturbed course; and as the inequalities of the coasts reflect them in all directions, they modify those they encounter and offer new resistance to the wind, so that there may be three or four systems or series of co-existing waves, all going in different directions, while the individual waves of each maintain their parallelism.

The undulation called a ground-swell, occasioned by the continuance of a heavy gale, is totally different from the tossing of the billows, which is confined to the area vexed by the wind; whereas the ground-swell is rapidly transmitted through the ocean to regions far beyond the direct influence of the gale that raised it, and it continues to heave the smooth and glassy surface of the deep long after the wind and the billows are at rest. In the South Pacific, billows which must have travelled one thousand miles against the trade-wind from the sea to the storm expend their fury on the lee-side of the many coral islands which bedeck that sunny sea. A swell sometimes comes from a quarter in direct opposition to the wind, and occasionally from various points of the compass at the same time, producing a vast commotion even in a dead calm, without ruffling the surface.—*Physical Geography.*





SOPHOCLES, an eminent Greek dramatic poet, born at Colonus, a village near Athens, in 495 B.C.; died in 405 B.C. He was of good family, inherited a competent estate, and received the best education of his time. He was noted for the beauty of his person, the amenity of his manners, and the amiability of his disposition. Aristophanes, who caricatured Socrates, and girded at Æschylus and Euripides, has only praise for Sophocles. He was a contemporary of Æschylus and Euripides, being thirty years younger than the former, and fifteen years older than the latter. At twenty-six he came forward as a competitor for the dramatic prize at the great festival of Bacchus, Æschylus being one of his rivals. The first prize—a simple wreath of wild olives—was awarded to Sophocles. He continued to exhibit plays for more than forty years, sometimes gaining the first place, and never falling to the third. He produced more than a hundred dramas, of which only the seven following have come down to us: *Œdipus the King*, *Œdipus at Colonus*, *Antigone*, *The Death of Ajax*, *The Maidens of Trachis*, *Philoctetes*, and *Electra*. Sophocles was pre-eminently a religious poet. The gods of his country were with him objects of profound veneration. His dramas abound in passages which might have been written by the most sincere Christian of any age.

Speak me no word of pride, nor raise  
 A swelling thought against the gods on high;  
 For Time uplifteth and Time layeth low  
 All human things; and the great gods above  
 Abhor the wicked as the good they love. . . .  
 Be blameless in all duties toward the gods,  
 For God the Father in compare with this  
 Lightly esteemeth all things else; and so  
 Thy righteousness shall with thee to the end  
 Endure, and follow thee beyond the grave.  
 —*Philoctetes*; translation of D'ARCY THOMPSON.

The dialogue, which with Sophocles sometimes becomes a trilogy—or spoken part of his tragedies—is often of very high dramatic power; but the “Chorus,” or lyrical part, is their most distinguishing feature. We give several of these.

MAN'S DOMINION OVER NATURE.

Many the things that strange and wondrous are;  
 None stranger and more wonderful than Man:  
 He dares to wander far,  
 With stormy blast across the hoary sea,  
 Where naught his eyes can scan  
 But waves still surging round unceasingly;  
 And Earth, of all the gods  
 Mightiest, unwearied, indestructible,  
 He weareth year by year, and breaks her clods,  
 While the keen ploughshare makes her furrows well,  
 Still turning to and fro;  
 And still he bids his steeds  
 Through daily task-work go.  
 —*Antigone*; translation of PLUMPTRE.

THE FINAL DOOM OF GUILT.

Shall Judgment be less strong than Sin?  
 Shall man o'er Jove dominion win?—  
 No! Sleep beneath his leaden sway  
 May hold but things that know decay.

The unwearied months with godlike vigor move.  
 Yet cannot change the might of Jove.  
     Compassed with dazzling light,  
     Throned on Olympus' height,  
 His front the eternal God uprears,  
 By toils unwearied, and unaged by years.  
 Far back through seasons past,  
     Far on through times to come,  
 Has been, and still must last  
     Sin's never-failing doom :  
 Doom, whence with countless sorrows rife  
 Is erring man's tumultuous life.  
 Some, heeling Hope's beguiling voice  
     From Virtue's pathway rove ;  
 And some, deluded, make their choice  
     The levities of Love.  
 For well and wisely was it said,  
 That all, by Heaven to sorrows led,  
 Perverted by delirious mood,  
 Deem Evil wears the shape of Good ;  
 Chase the fair phantom, free from fears,  
 And waken to a life of tears.

—*Antigone*; translation of ANSTICE.

SUPPLICATION OF THEBAN CITIZENS.

Lord of the starry heaven,  
 Grasping the terrors of the burning levin !  
 Let thy fierce bolt descend,  
 Scathe the Destroyer's might, and suffering Thebes be  
     friend.  
 Speed thou here, Lycæan King—  
 Archer from whose golden string  
 Light, the unerring arrows, spring—  
     Apollo, lend thine aid !  
 And come, ye beams of the wreathed light,  
 Glancing on the silent night,  
 In mazy dance, on Lycia's height,  
     When roves the Huntress Maid.  
 Thou, the golden chaplet fair  
 Braiding 'mid thy clustering hair,  
 To thy native haunts repair,  
     Thy name that gave.

Thou, whose brow the vineless stain,  
 Thou, to whom on starlit plain  
 "Evoë!" sing the frenzied train—  
     Bacchus the brave!  
 With thy torch of pine defy  
 (Hated by the powers on high)  
 War's unhallowed deity:  
     Haste thee to save!—  
 —*Ædipus the King*; translation of ANSTICE.

THE MADNESS OF AJAX.

*Tecmessa*.—Sons of Erectheus, of Athenian race,  
 Ye brave companions of the valiant Ajax,  
 Oppressed with grief behold a wretched woman,  
 Far from her native soil, appointed here  
 To watch your hapless lord, and mourn his fate.

*Chorus*.—What new misfortune hath the night brought  
 forth?

Say, daughter of Teleutas, for with thee,  
 His captive bride, the noble Ajax deigns  
 To share the nuptial bed, and therefore thou  
 Canst best inform us.

*Tec*.—                    How shall I declare  
 Sadder than death th' unutterable woe!  
 This night, with madness seized, hath Ajax done  
 A dreadful deed; within thou may'st behold  
 The tents o'erspread with bloody carcasses  
 Of cattle slain, the victims of his rage.

*Chor*.—Sad news indeed thou bring'st of that brave  
 man:

A dire disease! and not by human aid  
 To be removed; already Greece hath heard  
 And wond'ring crowds repeat the dreadful tale;  
 Alas! I fear th' event! I fear me much,  
 Lest, with their flocks and herds the shepherds slain,  
 Against himself he lift his murth'rous hand.

*Tec*.—Alas! this way he led his captive spoils.  
 And some he slew, and others tore in sunder;  
 From out the flock two rams of silver hue  
 He chose, from one the head and tongue divided,  
 He cast them from him; then the other chained

---

Fast to the pillar, with a double rein  
Bore cruel stripes, and bitterest execrations,  
Which not from mortal came, but were inspired  
By that avenging god who thus torments him.

*Chor.*—Now then, my friends (for so the time demands),

Each o'er his head should cast the mournful veil,  
And instant fly, or to our ships repair,  
And sail with speed ; for dreadful are the threats  
Of the Atridæ ; death may be our lot,  
And we shall meet an equal punishment  
With him whom we lament, our frantic lord.

*Tec.*—He raves not now, but like the southern blast,  
When lightnings cease and all the storm is o'er,  
Grows calm again ; yet to his sense restored,  
He feels new griefs, for oh ! to be unhappy,  
And know ourselves alone the guilty cause  
Of all our sorrows is the worst of woes.

*Chor.*—Yet if his rage subside we should rejoice ;  
The ill removed, we should remove our care.

*Tec.*—Hadst thou then, rather, if the choice were given,

Thyself at ease, behold thy friend in pain,  
Than with thy friend be joined in mutual sorrow ?

*Chor.*—The double grief is sure the most oppression.

*Tec.*—Therefore, though not distempered, I am wretched.

*Chor.*—I understand thee not.

*Tec.*— The noble Ajax—

Whilst he was mad, was happy in his frenzy,  
And yet the while affected me with grief  
Who was not so ; but now his rage is o'er,  
And he hath time to breathe from his misfortune,  
Himself is almost dead with grief, and I  
Not less unhappy than I was before ;  
Is it not double then ?

*Chor.*— It is indeed ;

And much I fear the wrath of angry heaven,  
If from his madness ceased he yet received  
No kind relief.

*Tec.*— 'Tis so ; and 'twere most fit  
You knew it well.

*Chor.*— Say, then, how it began ;  
 For like thyself we feel for his misfortunes.

*Tec.*— Since you partake the sorrows of a friend,  
 I'll tell you all. Know, then, at dead of night,  
 What time the evening taper was expired,  
 Snatching his sword, he seemed as if he meant  
 To roam abroad. I saw and chid him for it ;  
 "What wouldst thou do," I cried, "my dearest Ajax ?  
 Unasked, uncalled for, whither wouldst thou go ?  
 No trumpet sounds to battle, the whole host  
 Is wrapped in sleep." Then did he answer me,  
 With grief but sharp rebuke, as he was wont :  
 "Woman, thy sex's noblest ornament  
 Is silence." Thus reproved, I said no more.  
 Then forth he rushed alone, where and for what,  
 I knew not ; but returning he brought home  
 In chains the captive herd, in pieces some  
 He tore, whilst others bound like slaves he lashed  
 Indignant ; then out at the portal ran,  
 And with some shadow seemed to hold discourse  
 Against th' Atridæ, and Ulysses oft  
 Would he inveigh ; or laughing loud, rejoice  
 That he had ta'en revenge for all his wrongs ;  
 Then back he came At length, by slow degrees,  
 His fury ceased ; when, soon as he beheld  
 The tents o'erwhelmed with slaughter, he cried out,  
 And beat his brains ; rolled o'er the bloody heaps  
 Of cattle slain, and tore his clotted hair,  
 Long fixed, in silence : then, with horrid threats  
 He bade me tell him all that had befallen  
 And what he had been doing. I obeyed,  
 Trembling with fear, and told him all I knew.  
 Instant he poured forth bitt'rest lamentations,  
 Such as I ne'er had heard from him before,  
 For grief like that, he oft would say, betrayed  
 A weak and little mind, and therefore ever  
 When sorrow came refrained from loud complaint.  
 And like the lowing heifer, inly mourned.  
 But sinking now beneath this sore distress,  
 He will not taste of food or nourishment ;  
 Silent he sits, amid the slaughtered cattle,  
 Or if he speaks, utters such dreadful words



As shows a mind intent on something ill.  
 Now then my friends, for therefore came I hither,  
 Oh ! if ye have the power, assist me now ;  
 Perhaps ye may ; for oft the afflicted man  
 Will listen to the counsels of a friend.

—*Ajax.*

THE SUPPLICATION FOR DEJANIRA.

Thou flaming Sun ! whom spangled Night,  
 Self-destroying, brings to light,  
 Then lulls to sleep again ;  
 Bright Herald, girt with beaming rays,  
 Say, where Alemena's offspring strays :  
 Say, lurks he on the main ?  
 Or lays his head to rest  
 On Europe's or on Asia's breast ?  
 In pity deign reply,  
 Thou of the lordly eye.  
 His bride, erst won by desperate fray,  
 Muses where lies his dangerous way ;  
 Like some sad bird, her soul is set  
 On constancy and vain regret.  
 Sleep never seals those eyes, where woe  
 Lies all too deep for tears to flow,  
 While thought and boding Fancy's dread  
 Flit ever round her lonely bed.  
 Oft when the northern blast,  
 Or southern winds unwearied rave,  
 Ye see the ocean cast  
 In quick succession wave on wave ;  
 So to 'whelm old Cadmus' son,  
 Rush redoubled labors on,  
 Thick as round the Cretan shore  
 The swol'n and turbid billows roar ;  
 Yet his step from Pluto's halls  
 Still some unerring god recalls. . . .  
 Grief and delight, in endless change,  
 Round man in many circles range,  
 Like never setting stars that roll  
 In endless courses round the pole.  
 Soon spangled night must turn to day,  
 Soon wealth, soon trouble, flits away :

In turn—so fixed the eternal plan—  
 Bliss and bereavement wait on man.  
 My queen! on hope thy soul be stayed,  
 Nor yield thee to despair:  
 When hath not Jove his children made  
 His providential care?

—*The Maidens of Trachis; translation of ANSTICE.*

THE CHARIOT-RACE.—REPORTED DEATH OF ORESTES.

They took their stand where the appointed judges  
 Had cast their lots and ranged the rival cars,  
 Rang out the brazen trump! Away they bound,  
 Cheer the hot steeds, and shake the slackened reins;  
 As with a body the large space is filled  
 With the huge clangor of the battling cars.  
 High whirl aloft the dust-clouds; blent together,  
 Each presses each, and the lash rings: and loud  
 Snort the wild steeds, and from their fiery breath  
 Along their manes and down the circling wheels  
 Catter the foam. . . .

[The narrator goes on to relate how the goal was six times rounded; but then the horses of one chariot became unmanageable, and the chariot dashed against another.—The whole story is, however, a fabricated one. Orestes has not been killed; but lives to kill Clytemnestra, his adulterous mother, and Ægëthius, her paramour.]

. . . Then order changed to ruin;  
 Car crashed on car; the wide Circean plain  
 Was sea-like strewn with wrecks. The Athenian saw,  
 Slackened his speed, and wheeling round the marge,  
 Left the wild tumult of that tossing storm.  
 Behind, Orestes, hitherto the last,  
 Had yet kept back his courses for the close.  
 Now one sole rival left, on, on he flew,  
 And the sharp sound of the impelling scourge  
 Rang in the keen ears of the flying steeds.  
 He hears, he reaches; they are side by side;  
 Now one—the other—by a length the victor.  
 The courses all are past—the wheels erect—  
 All safe; when, as the hurrying courses round  
 The fatal pillar dashed, the wretched boy  
 Slackened the left rein; on the column's edge



THE CHARIOT RACE.



Crashed the frail axle ; headlong from the car,  
Caught, and all meshed within the reins he fell ;  
And masterless the mad steeds raged along.

Loud from that mighty multitude arose  
A shriek—a shout ! But yesterday such deeds,  
To-day such doom ! Now whirled upon the earth,  
Now his limbs dashed aloft, they dragged him—those  
Wild horses—till all gory from the wheels  
Released : and no man, not his nearest friend,  
Could in that mangled corpse have traced Orestes.  
They laid the body on the funeral pyre ;  
And, while we speak, the Phocian strangers bear,  
In a small, brazen, melancholy urn,  
That handful of cold ashes to which all  
The grandeur of the Beautiful hath shrunk.  
Hither they bear him, in his father's land  
To find that heritage—a tomb !

—*Electra*; translation of LORD LYTTON.

ELECTRA, CLYTEMNESTRA, AND THE CHORUS.

*Electra*.—A cry goes up within : friends, hear ye not ?

*Chorus*.—I heard what none should hear—ah, misery !  
And shuddered listening.

*Clytem*. (*Within*).— Ah me ! ah me ! Woe, woe !  
*Ægisthus*, where art thou ?

*Electra*.— Hear ! List again,  
I hear a bitter cry.

*Clytem*. (*Within*).— My son,  
Have pity on thy mother !

*Electra*.— Thou hadst none  
On him, nor on the father that begat him.

*Clytem*. (*Within*).— Ah, I am smitten !

*Electra*.— Smite her yet again,  
If thou hast strength for it.

*Clytem*. (*Within*).— Ah ! blow on blow !

*Electra*.—Would that *Ægis* thus shared them !

*Chorus*.— Yes ; the curse  
Is now fulfilled. The buried live again ;  
For they who died long since now drain in him  
The blood of those that slew them.

—*Electra*; translation of PLUMPTRE.



SOTHEBY, WILLIAM, an English poet, born in London in 1757; died in 1833. He was educated at Harrow School; entered the army at seventeen; resigned his commission in 1780, and purchased an estate near Southampton. He wrote many poems, the most ambitious of which is *Saul*; and produced several tragedies, among which is *Orestes*, constructed on the ancient Greek model. Byron said of him that "he imitated everybody, and occasionally surpassed his models." He is, however, best known by his translations, which rank among the best in our language. Among these are the *Oberon* of Wieland (1798); the *Georgics* of Virgil (1800); the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer, begun about 1827, when he had reached his seventieth year.

Of his translation of the *Iliad*, the *London Monthly Review* of May, 1831, says: "We know of no book in any tongue but this single one of Sotheby's in which anything like a just conception of Homer can be conveyed to an unlearned reader."

"Sotheby was never great," says D. M. Moir, "except when treading in some beaten path. His 'Saul,' an epic poem, and his 'Constance de Castile,' a romance in the manner of Scott, as well as his 'Italy,' a descriptive poem, contain each fine and spirited passages; but even these are almost always reflections of what has attracted his own particular admiration in others."

## STAFFA AND IONA.

Staffa, I scaled thy summit hoar,  
I passed beneath thy arch gigantic,  
Whose pillared caverns swell the roar,  
When thunders on thy rocky shore  
The roll of the Atlantic.

That hour the wind began to roar,  
The surge forgot its motion,  
And every pillar in thy cave  
Slept in its shadow on the wave,  
Unrippled by the ocean.

Then the past age before me came,  
When 'mid the lightning's sweep,  
Thy isle with its basaltic frame,  
And every column wreathed with flame  
Burst from the boiling deep.

When 'mid Iona's wrecks meanwhile  
O'er sculptured graves I trod,  
Where time had strewn each mouldering aisle  
O'er saints and kings that reared the pile,  
I hailed the eternal God.  
Yet, Staffa, more His presence in thy cave  
Than where Iona's cross rose o'er the western wave





SOUTH, ROBERT, an English theologian, born in Middlesex in 1633; died in 1716. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he received his first degree in 1655; took orders in 1658, and two years later was made University Orator. He became a canon of Christ Church in 1670; and in 1680 the rectory of Islip was conferred upon him, and he was made Chaplain in Ordinary to Charles II. He was a staunch adherent of the Church of England, and a determined opponent of every form of dissent. His voluminous writings, consisting mainly of sermons, have been several times reprinted in Great Britain and America.

Of these sermons Henry Rogers says, in the *Edinburgh Review*: "Of all the English preachers, South seems to us to furnish, in point of style, the truest specimens of the most effective species of pulpit eloquence. . . . His style is everywhere direct, condensed, pungent. His sermons are well worthy of frequent and diligent perusal by every young preacher."

"Forced conceits, unnatural metaphors, absurd similes, turgid and verbose language," says the *London Retrospective Review*, Vol. 9, "occasionally disfigure the pages of South. But we will, as usual, charge these faults on the times in which he lived, and attribute to his own good sense and



ingenuity the numerous beauties he possesses.  
 . . . South's sermons are adapted to all readers  
 and all days."

RELIGION NOT HOSTILE TO PLEASURE.

That pleasure is man's chiefest good—because indeed, it is the perception of good that is properly pleasure—is an assertion most certainly true; though, under the common acceptation of it, not only false but odious. For, according to this, pleasure and sensuality pass for terms equivalent; and therefore he that takes it in this sense, alters the subject of the discourse. Sensuality is indeed a part—or, rather, one part—of pleasure, such an one as it is. For pleasure, in general, is the consequent apprehension of a suitable object suitably applied to a rightly disposed faculty; and so must be conversant both about the faculties of the body and of the soul respectively, as being the result of fruitions belonging to both.

Now, amongst those many arguments used to press upon men the exercise of religion, I know none that are like to be so successful as those that answer and remove the prejudices that generally possess and bar up the hearts of men against it; amongst which there is none so prevalent in truth, though so little owned in pretence, as that it is an enemy to men's pleasures; that it bereaves them of all the sweets of converse; that it dooms them to an absurd and perpetual melancholy, designing to make the world nothing else but a great monastery; with which notion of religion, nature and reason have great reason to be dissatisfied.

For since God never created any faculty, either in soul or body, but wital prepared for it a suitable object, and that in order to its gratification, can we think that religion was designed only for a contradiction to nature, and with the greatest and most irrational tyranny in the world, to tantalize and tie men up from enjoyment, in the midst of all the opportunities of enjoyment? To place men with the most furious affections of hunger and thirst in the very bosom of plenty, and then to tell them that the envy of Providence has

sealed up everything that is suitable, under the character of unlawful? For certainly first to frame appetites to receive pleasure, and then to interdict them with a "Touch not, taste not," can be nothing else than only to give them occasion to devour and prey upon themselves, and so to keep men under the perpetual torment of an unsatisfied desire; a thing hugely contrary to the natural felicity of the creature; and consequently to the wisdom and goodness of the great Creator.

He, therefore, that would persuade men to religion, both with art and efficacy, must found the persuasion of it on this: That it interferes not with any rational pleasure; that it bids nobody to quit the enjoyment of any one thing that his reason can prove to him ought to be enjoyed.

#### THE STATE OF MAN BEFORE THE FALL.

The understanding, the noblest faculty of the mind, was then sublime, clear, and aspiring, and, as it were, the soul's upper region, lofty and serene, free from the vapors and disturbances of the inferior affections. It was the leading, controlling faculty; all the passions wore the colors of reason; it did not so much persuade as command; it was not consul, but dictator. Discourse was then almost as quick as intuition; it was nimble in proposing, firm in concluding; it could sooner determine than now it can dispute. It did not so properly apprehend as irradiate the object; not so much find as make things intelligible. It arbitrated upon the several reports of sense, and all the varieties of imagination; not, like a drowsy judge, only hearing, but also directing their verdict. In short, it was *vegete*,\* quick, and lively; open as the day, untainted as the morning, full of the innocence and sprightliness of youth; it gave the soul a bright and full view into all things; and was not only a window, but itself the prospect. Adam came into the world a philosopher, which sufficiently appeared by his writing the nature of things upon their names; he could view essences in themselves, and read forms

\* Vigorous.

without the comment of their respective properties ; he could see consequents yet dormant in their principles, and effects yet unborn in the womb of their causes ; his understanding could almost pierce into future contingents, his conjectures improving even to prophecy, or the certainties of prediction ; till his fall, he was ignorant of nothing but sin ; or, at least, it rested in the notion, without the smart of the experiment. Like a better Archimedes, the issue of all his inquiries was an "I have found it, I have found it !"—the offspring of his brain, without the sweat of his brow. . . . This is the doom of fallen man, to labor in the fire, to seek truth in the deep, to exhaust his time, and to impair his health, and perhaps to spin out his days and himself into one pitiful, controverted conclusion. . . . I confess it is as difficult for us, who date our ignorance from our first being, and were still bred up with the same infirmities about us with which we were born, to raise our thoughts and imaginations to those intellectual perfections that attended our nature in the time of innocence, as it is for a peasant bred up in the obscurities of a cottage to fancy in his mind the unseen splendors of a court. But by rating positives by their privatives, and other acts of reason, by which discourse supplies the want of the reports of sense, we may collect the excellency of the understanding then by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building by the magnificence of its ruins. All those arts, rarities, and inventions, which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the relics of an intellect defaced with sin and time. We admire it now only as antiquaries do a piece of old coin, for the stamp it once bore, and not for those vanishing lineaments and disappearing draughts that remain upon it at present. And certainly that must needs have been very glorious the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely when old and decrepit, surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.



SOUTHEY, ROBERT, an English poet, born at Bristol, August 12, 1774; died at Keswick, March 21, 1843. Having been left an orphan at an early age, he was placed by a maternal uncle in Westminster School, where he remained four years, and was then expelled for publishing a paper satirizing corporal punishment. In 1793 he was entered at Balliol College, Oxford. He was destined for the Church; but he had embraced Unitarian views in religion—as did Coleridge, with whom he here became intimate; both, however, before long, became High Churchmen in the Anglican faith. He left Oxford after a year's residence. He had become dazzled with the democratic theories engendered by the French Revolution; and he, with Coleridge and Robert Lovell, formed a scheme for emigrating to America and establishing upon the banks of the Susquehanna a "Pantisocracy," or ideal community, in which all the members were to be on a perfect equality. All were to be married, the women to perform the domestic duties, and the men to cultivate literature, "with neither king nor lord nor priest to mar their felicity." To raise the requisite funds, Southey and Coleridge each undertook to deliver a course of lectures, and in conjunction wrote *The Fate of Robespierre*, a drama of which two-thirds was by Southey, who had already pub-



ROBERT SOUTHEY.



lished *Wat Tyler*, a poem that attracted sufficient attention to be denounced in the House of Commons as seditious. The pantisocratic scheme was abandoned in consequence of some disagreement among the projectors. In 1795 Southey wrote *Joan of Arc*, an epic poem, for which Cottle, a Bristol publisher, paid him fifty guineas. He also engaged to publish all the poems that Coleridge had written, and all that he should thereafter write. In 1795 Southey married Miss Edith Fricker of Bristol, her sister Sara becoming the wife of Coleridge. A third sister was already married to Lovell.

In 1797 Southey, who had outgrown his radical views in religion and politics, accompanied his uncle, Mr. Herbert Chaplain, to the "factory" at Lisbon, Portugal; here he remained six months, and laid the foundation for that intimate acquaintance with the Portuguese and Spanish languages which afterward served him in good stead. Returning to England, he went to London with the design of studying law; but he devoted himself mainly to literary labor. In 1804 he took up his residence at Greta Hall, near Keswick, in the Lake region. Coleridge was then domiciled there, and Wordsworth lived a few miles distant. These three poets, so dissimilar in genius, came to be popularly designated as "The Lake Poets." From this time the life of Southey lay mainly in his numerous works in prose and verse. A few events in his external life are to be noted: In 1813 he succeeded James Pye as Poet Laureate, and was himself succeeded by Wordsworth, and he

by Tennyson. In 1835 he was offered a baronetcy, which he declined, for the reason that his means were not adequate to maintain the dignity. In 1837 his wife died, having been for three years in a state of mental imbecility. Eighteen months afterward he married Caroline Bowles, herself a poet of considerable ability, and a friend of many years' standing. But Southey's own mental powers had begun to fail. He had scarcely brought his wife to their home when his mind gave way entirely. Memory failed utterly. He would wander among his books, taking them down and opening them mechanically, but he was wholly incapable of understanding them. It was a relief rather than a sorrow when, after three such years, the end came. For many years Southey's house was the home of the widow of Lovell, and of the wife and children of Coleridge, who had practically abandoned them. Southey left about £12,000 to his children; he had gradually collected a valuable library, "more ample," he says, "than was ever before possessed by one whose whole estate was in his inkstand."

There is scarcely a department in literature in which Southey was not more or less eminent. Besides translations from the Portuguese and Spanish, frequent contributions to the *Quarterly Review*, which had been established to oppose the Whig teachings of the *Edinburgh Review*, and editing the poems of Henry Kirke, White, and the works of Cowper and others, his principal prose works are *History of Brazil* (1810-19); *Life of Nelson* (1813); *Life of John Wesley* (1820); *History*



of the *Peninsular War* (1820-32); *Book of the Church* (1824); *Sir Thomas More, or Colloquies on Society*, trenchantly criticised by Macaulay (1829); *Essays, Moral and Political* (1832); *Life of John Bunyan* (1834); *The Doctor*, a curious *mélange* written and put forth in separate volumes, and never publicly acknowledged by Southey (1834-37). His principal poems are *Joan of Arc* (1796); *Thalaba, the Destroyer* (1801); *Madoc* (1805); *Metrical Tales, and Other Poems* (1805); *The Curse of Kehama* (1810); *Roderick, the Last of the Goths* (1814); *A Pilgrim to Waterloo* (1816); *A Vision of Judgment*, eulogizing George III. (1821); *A Pilgrimage to Compostella* (1839). Southey's *Common-Place Book*, edited by his son-in-law, John Wood Warter, was published in 1849, and his *Life and Correspondence*, edited by his son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey, in 1850. A succinct *Life of Southey*, by E. Dowden, forms a volume of the "English Men of Letters" series (1886).

#### THE DEATH OF NELSON AT TRAFALGAR.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting the example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of the action. He

fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Captain Hardy, who was but a few steps from him, turning round saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy!" said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied; "my backbone is shot through."

Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, as they were carrying him down, he observed that the tiller-ropes, which had been shot away, had not been replaced; he ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honor from the enemy, England perhaps would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a paliet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all but Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily in his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst.

He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurrahd; and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eye and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though frequently sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain

struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment.

"Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a sound drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck!" Hardy answered, "There is no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will all be over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh, no!" he replied; "it is impossible. My back is shot through; Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck. By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him, "You know I am gone. I feel something rising in my breast which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, so great that he wished that he was dead. "Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer, too!" And after a few minutes, in the same undertone, he added, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation?" Next to his country she occupied his thoughts.

Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned: and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That is well," said Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor!" Hardy upon this hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavoring to raise

himself from the bed; "do you anchor." Presently calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard!" and desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then, reverting to his private feelings: "Take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed him on his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy!" And then Hardy left him forever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." Death was indeed rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, "Doctor, I have not been a very great sinner;" and after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

#### IMMORTALITY OF LOVE.

They sin who tell us Love can die.  
 With life all other passions fly,  
 All others are but vanity :  
 In heaven Ambition cannot dwell,  
 Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell;  
 Earthly these passions of the earth,  
 They perish where they have their birth :  
 But love is indestructible ;  
 Its holy flame forever burneth,  
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.  
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
 At times deceived, at times oppressed,  
 It here is tried and purified,  
 Then hath in heaven its perfect rest.  
 It soweth here with toil and care,  
 But the harvest-time of Love is there.

Oh ! when a mother meets on high  
 The babe she lost in infancy,  
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,  
 The day of woe, the watchful night,  
 For all her sorrow, all her tears,  
 An over-payment of delight ?

—*Kehama.*

THE MAGIC THREAD.

He found a woman in the cave,  
 A solitary woman,  
 Who by the fire was spinning,  
 And singing, as she spun.  
 The pine-boughs were cheerfully blazing,  
 And her face was bright with the flame,  
 Her face was as a damsel's face,  
 And yet her hair was gray.  
 She bade him welcome with a smile,  
 And still continued spinning,  
 And singing as she spun.

The thread she spun it gleamed like gold  
 In the light of the odorous fire ;  
 Yet was it so wondrously thin,  
 That, save when it shone in the light,  
 You might look for it closely in vain.  
 The youth sate watching it,  
 And she observed his wonder,  
 And then again she spake,  
 And still her speech was song :—  
 “ Now twine it round thy hands, I say,  
 Now twine it round thy hands, I pray :  
 My thread is small, my thread is fine,  
 But he must be  
 A stronger than thee,  
 Who can break this thread of mine ! ”

And up she raised her bright blue eyes,  
 And sweetly she smiled on him,  
 And he conceived no ill ;  
 And round and round his right hand,  
 And round and round his left,

He wound the thread so fine.  
 And then again the woman spake,  
 And still her speech was song :  
 "Now thy strength, O stranger, strain!  
 Now then break this slender chain!"

Thalaba strove, but the thread  
 By magic hands was spun ;  
 And in his cheek the flush of shame  
 Arose, commixed with fear.  
 She beheld, and laughed at him,  
 And then again she sung :  
 "My thread is small, my thread is fine,  
 But he must be  
 A stronger than thee  
 Who can break this thread of mine!"

And up she raised her bright blue eyes,  
 And fiercely she smiled on him :  
 "I thank thee, I thank thee, Hodeirah's son!  
 I thank thee for doing what can't be undone,  
 For binding thyself in the chain I have spun!"  
 Then from his head she wrenched  
 A lock of his raven hair,  
 And cast it into the fire,  
 And cried aloud as it burnt,  
 "Sister! Sister! hear my voice!  
 Sister! Sister! come and rejoice!  
 The thread is spun, the prize is won,  
 The work is done,  
 For I have made captive Hodeirah's son!"

—*Thalaba.*

#### THE FATE OF THE LAST OF THE GOTHs.

The evening darkened, but the avenging sword  
 Turned not away its edge till night had closed  
 Upon the field of blood. The chieftain then  
 Blew the recall; and from their perfect work  
 Returned rejoicing all but he for whom  
 All looked with most expectance. He full sure  
 Had thought upon that field to find his end

Desired, and with Florinda in the grave  
 Rest, in indissoluble union joined.  
 But still where through the press of war he went,  
 Half-armed, and like a lover seeking death,  
 The arrows passed him by to right and left ;  
 The spear-point pierced him not, the cimeter  
 Glanced from his helmet. He, when he beheld  
 The rout complete, saw that the shield of Heaven  
 Had been extended over him once more,  
 And bowed before its will. Upon the banks  
 Of Sella was Orelia found, his legs  
 Incarnadined, his poitrel smeared  
 With froth and foam and gore ; his silver mane  
 Sprinkled with blood, which hung on every hair,  
 Aspersed like dew-drops. Trembling there he stood  
 From the toil of battle, and at times sent forth  
 His tremulous voice, far-echoing, loud, and shrill,  
 A frequent, anxious cry, with which he seemed  
 To call the master whom he loved so well,  
 And who had thus again forsaken him.  
 Silverian's helm and cuirass on the grass  
 Lay near ; and Julian's sword, its hilt and chain  
 Clotted with blood. But where was he whose hand  
 Had wielded it so well that glorious day ? . . .

Days, months, and years, and generations passed,  
 And centuries held their course, before far-off  
 Within a hermitage near Viseu's walls  
 A humble tomb was found, which bore inscribed  
 In ancient characters King Roderick's name.

—*Roderick.*

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,  
 Old Kaspar's work was done,  
 And he before his cottage door  
 Was sitting in the sun ;  
 And by him sported on the green  
 His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
 Roll something large and round,  
 Which he, beside the rivulet,  
 In playing there, had found ;

He came to ask what he had found,  
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Oid Kaspar took it from the boy,  
Who stood expectant by ;  
And then the old man shook his head,  
And with a natural sigh,  
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,  
" Who fell in the great victory.

" I find them in the garden,  
For there's many hereabout ;  
And often, when I go to plough,  
The ploughshare turns them out ;  
For many thousand men," said he,  
" Were slain in that great victory."

" Now tell us what 'twas all about,"  
Young Peterkin he cries ;  
While little Wilhelmine looks up,  
With wonder-waiting eyes ;  
" Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they killed each other for."

" It was the English," Kaspar cried,  
" Who put the French to rout ;  
But what they killed each other for  
I could not well make out ;  
But everybody said," quoth he,  
" That 'twas a famous victory.

" My father lived at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream hard by ;  
They burned his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forced to fly ;  
So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to lay his head.

" With fire and sword the country round  
Was wasted far and wide ;  
And many a childing mother, then,  
And new-born baby died ;



But things like these, you know, must be  
At every famous victory.

“They say it was a shocking sight  
After the field was won ;  
For many a thousand bodies here  
Lay rotting in the sun ;  
But things like that, you know, must be  
After a famous victory.

“Great praise the Duke of Marlbro’ won,  
And our good Prince Eugene.”  
“Why, ’twas a very wicked thing !”  
Said little Wilhelmine.  
“Nay, nay, my little girl,” quoth he,  
“It was a famous victory.

“And everybody praised the Duke  
Who this great fight did win.”  
“And what good came of it at last ?”  
Quoth little Peterkin.  
“Why, that I cannot tell,” said he ;  
“But ’twas a famous victory.”

## THE HOLLY-TREE.

O reader ! hast thou ever stood to see  
The Holly-tree ?  
The eye that contemplates it well perceives  
Its glossy leaves,  
Ordered by an intelligence so wise  
As might confound the Atheist’s sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen,  
Wrinkled and keen ;  
No grazing cattle through their prickly round  
Can reach to wound,  
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,  
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear

I love to view these things with curious eyes,  
And moralize :

And in this wisdom of the Holly-trees  
 Can emblems see  
 Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme—  
 One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear  
 Harsh and austere,  
 To those who on my leisure would intrude,  
 Reserved and rude,  
 Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,  
 Like the high leaves upon the Holly-tree.

And should my youth—as youth is apt, I know—  
 Some harshness show,  
 All vain asperities I day by day  
 Would wear away,  
 Till the smooth temper of my age should be  
 Like the high leaves upon the Holly-tree.

And as, when all the summer-trees are seen  
 So bright and green,  
 The Holly-leaves a sober hue display  
 Less bright than they ;  
 But when the bare and wintry woods we see,  
 What then so cheerful as the Holly-tree ?

So serious should my youth appear among  
 The thoughtless throng ;  
 So would I seem among the young and gay  
 More grave than they,  
 That in my age as cheerful I might be  
 As the green winter of the Holly-tree.

IN MY LIBRARY.

**My** days among the dead are **past** ;  
 Around me I behold,  
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
 The mighty minds of old.  
**My** never-failing friends are they,  
**With** whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,  
 And seek relief in woe ;  
 And while I understand and feel  
 How much to them I owe,  
 My cheeks have often been bedewed  
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude. . . .

My hopes are with the dead. Anon  
 With them my place will be ;  
 And I with them shall travel on  
 Through all futurity ;  
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
 That will not perish in the dust.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

Described in Rhymes for the Nursery.

“How does the water  
 Come down at Lodore ?”  
 My little boy asked me  
 Thus, once on a time ;  
 And moreover he tasked me  
 To tell him in rhyme.  
 Anon at the word,  
 There first came one daughter,  
 And then came another,  
 To second and third  
 The request of their brother,  
 And to hear how the water  
 Comes down at Lodore,  
 With its rush and its roar,  
 As many a time  
 They had seen it before.  
 So I told them in rhyme,  
 For of rhymes I had store ;  
 And 'twas in my vocation  
 For their recreation  
 That so I should sing ;  
 Because I was Laureate  
 To them and the King.

From its sources which well  
 In the tarn on the fell ;  
 From its fountains  
 In the mountains,  
 Its rills and its gills ;  
**Through moss and through brake**  
 It runs and it creeps  
 For a while, till it sleeps  
 In its own little lake.  
 And thence at departing,  
 Awakening and starting,  
**It runs through the reeds,**  
 And away it proceeds,  
**Through meadow and glade,**  
 In sun and in shade,  
**And through the wood-shelter,**  
 Among crags in its flurry,  
 Helter-skelter,  
 Hurry-skurry,  
 Here it comes sparkling,  
 And there it lies darkling ;  
 Now smoking and frothing  
 Its tumult and wrath in,  
 Till in this rapid race  
 On which it is bent,  
 It reaches the place  
**Of its steep descent.**

The cataract strong  
 Then plunges along,  
 Striking and raging  
 As if a war waging  
**Its caverns and rocks among ;**  
 Rising and leaping,  
 Sinking and creeping,  
 Swelling and sweeping,  
 Showering and springing,  
 Flying and flinging,  
 Writhing and wringing,  
 Eddying and whisking,  
 Spouting and frisking,  
 Turning and twisting,

Around and around  
 With endless rebound :  
 Smiting and fighting,  
 A sight to delight in ;  
 Confounding, astounding,  
**Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.**

Collecting, projecting,  
 Receding and speeding,  
 And shocking and rocking,  
 And darting and parting,  
 And threading and spreading,  
 And whizzing and hissing,  
 And dripping and skipping,  
 And hitting and splitting,  
 And shining and twining,  
 And rattling and battling,  
 And shaking and quaking,  
 And pouring and roaring,  
 And waving and raving,  
 And tossing and crossing,  
 And flowing and going,  
 And running and stunning,  
 And foaming and roaming,  
 And dinning and spinning,  
 And dropping and hopping,  
 And working and jerking,  
 And guggling and struggling,  
 And heaving and cleaving,  
 And moaning and groaning,  
 And glittering and frittering,  
 And gathering and feathering,  
 And whitening and brightening,  
 And quivering and shivering,  
 And hurrying and skurrying,  
 And thundering and floundering ;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,  
 And falling and brawling and sprawling,  
 And driving and riving and striving,  
 And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,  
**And sounding and bounding and rounding,**

And bubbling and troubling and doubling,  
 And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,  
 And clattering and battering and shattering ;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,  
 Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,  
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,  
 Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,  
 And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beam-  
     ing,  
 And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,  
 And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,  
 And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,  
 And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,  
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing ;  
 And so never ending, but always descending,  
 Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,  
 All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,  
 And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

#### THE DEVIL'S WALK.

From his brimstone bed at break of day  
 A-walking the Devil has gone,  
 To look at his little, snug farm of the world,  
 And see how his stock went on.

Over the hill and over the dale,  
 And he went over the plain,  
 And backward and forward he swished his tail,  
 As a gentleman swishes a cane.

How then was the Devil dressed ?  
 Oh, he was in his Sunday's best ;  
 His coat was red, and his breeches were blue,  
 And there was a hole where his tail came through.

A lady drove by in her pride,  
 In whose face an expression he spied,  
 For which he could have kissed her ;  
 Such a flourishing, fine, clever creature was she,  
 With an eye as wicked as wicked can be :

“I should take her for my aunt,” thought he ;  
 “If my dam had had a sister.”

He met a lord of high degree—  
 No matter what was his name—  
 Whose face with his own, when he came to compare  
 The expression, the look, and the air,  
 And the character too, as it seemed to a hair—  
 Such a twin-likeness there was in the pair,  
 That it made the Devil start and stare ;  
 For he thought there was surely a looking-glass there  
 But he could not see the frame.

He saw a lawyer killing a viper  
 On a dunghill beside his stable ;  
 “Ho !” quoth he, “thou put'st me in mind  
 Of the story of Cain and Abel.”

An apothecary on a white horse  
 Rode by on his vocation ;  
 And the Devil thought of his old friend  
 Death, in the Revelation.

He passed a cottage with a double coach-house,  
 A cottage of gentility ;  
 And he owned, with a grin,  
 That his favorite sin  
 Is pride that apes humility.

He saw a pig rapidly  
 Down a river float ;  
 The pig swam well, but every stroke  
 Was cutting his own throat ;

And Satan gave thereat his tail  
 A twirl of admiration ;  
 For he thought of his daughter War  
 And her suckling babe Taxation.

Well enough, in sooth, he liked that truth,  
 And nothing the worse for the jest ;  
 But this was only a first thought ;

And in this he did not rest :  
 Another came presently into his head ;  
 And here it proved, as has often been said,  
 That second thoughts are best.

For as piggy plied, with wind and tide,  
 His way with such celerity,  
 And at every stroke the water dyed  
 With his own red blood, the Devil cried,  
 " Behold a swinish nation's pride  
 In cotton-spun prosperity ! "

He walked into London leisurely ;  
 The streets were dirty and dim ;  
 But there he saw Brothers the prophet,  
 And Brothers the prophet saw him.

He entered a thriving bookseller's shop ;  
 Quoth he, " We are both of one college,  
 For I myself sate like a cormorant once  
 Upon the tree of knowledge. "

As he passed through Cold-Bath Fields, he looked  
 At a solitary cell ;  
 And he was well pleased, for it gave him a hint  
 For improving the prisons of hell.

He saw a turnkey tie a thief's hands  
 With a cordial tug and jerk ;  
 " Nimble, " quoth he, " a man's fingers move  
 When his heart is in his work. "

He saw the same turnkey unfettering a man  
 With little expedition ;  
 And he chuckled to think of his dear slave-trade,  
 And the long debates and delays that were made  
 Concerning its abolition.

. . . . .

At this good news, so great  
 The Devil's pleasure grew,  
 That with a joyful swish he rent  
 The hole where his tail came through.



His countenance fell for a moment  
 When he felt the stitches go ;  
 " Ah ! " thought he, " there's a job now  
 That I have made for my tailor below."

" Great news ! bloody news ! " cried a newsman ;  
 The Devil said, " Stop, let me see !  
 Great news ? bloody news ? " thought the Devil,  
 " The bloodier the better for me."

So he bought the newspaper, and no news  
 At all for his money he had.  
 " Lying varlet," thought he, " thus to take in old Nick !  
 But it's some satisfaction, my lad,  
 To know thou art paid beforehand for the trick,  
 For the sixpence I gave thee is bad."

And then it came into his head,  
 By oracular inspiration,  
 That what he had seen and what he had said,  
 In the course of this visitation,  
 Would be published in the *Morning Post*  
 For all this reading nation.

Therewith in second sight he saw  
 The place and the manner and time,  
 In which this mortal story  
 Would be put in immortal rhyme.

That it would happen when two poets  
 Should on a time be met  
 In the town of Nether Stowey  
 In the shire of Somerset.

There, while the one was shaving,  
 Would he the song begin ;  
 And the other, when he heard it at breakfast,  
 In ready accord join in.

So each would help the other,  
 Two heads being better than one ;  
 And the phrase and conceit  
 Would in unison meet,

And so with glee the verse flow free  
 In ding-dong chime of sing-song rhyme,  
 Till the whole were merrily done.

And because it was set to the razor,  
 Not to the lute or harp,  
 Therefore it was that the fancy  
 Should be bright, and the wit be sharp.

“But then,” said Satan to himself,  
 “As for that said beginner,  
 Against my infernal Majesty  
 There is no greater sinner.

“He hath put me in ugly ballads  
 With libellous pictures for sale ;  
 He hath scoffed at my hoofs and my horns,  
 And has made very free with my tail.

“But this Mister Poet shall find  
 I am not a safe subject for whim ;  
 For I'll set up a school of my own,  
 And my poets shall set upon him.”

. . . . .

As he went along the Strand  
 Between three in the morning and four,  
 He observed a queer-looking person  
 Who staggered from Perry's door.

And he thought that all the world over  
 In vain for a man you might seek,  
 Who could drink more like a Trojan,  
 Or talk more like a Greek.

The Devil then he prophesied  
 It would one day be matter of talk,  
 That with wine when smitten,  
 And with wit moreover being happily bitten,  
 This erudite bibber was he who had written  
 The story of this walk.

“A pretty mistake,” quoth the Devil ;  
 “A pretty mistake, I opine ;  
 I have put many ill thoughts in his mouth ;  
 He will never put good ones in mine.”

. . . . .  
 Now the morning air was cold for him,  
 Who was used to a warm abode ;  
 And yet he did not immediately wish  
 To set out on his homeward road.

For he had some morning calls to make  
 Before he went back to hell ;  
 “So,” thought he, “I’ll step into a gaming-house,  
 And that will do as well ;”  
 But just before he could get to the door  
 A wonderful chance befell.

For all on a sudden, in a dark place,  
 He came upon General ——’s burning face ;  
 And it struck him with such consternation,  
 That home in a hurry his way did he take,  
 Because he thought, by a slight mistake,  
 ’Twas the general conflagration.

## EMMET’S EPITAPH.

“Let no man write my epitaph ; let my grave  
 Be uninscribed, and let my memory rest  
 Till other times are come, and other men,  
 Who then may do me justice.”

Emmet, no !  
 No withering curse hath dried my spirit up,  
 That I should now be silent—that my soul  
 Should from the stirring inspiration shrink,  
 Now when it shakes her, and withhold her voice,  
 Of that divinest impulse nevermore  
 Worthy, if impious I withheld it now,  
 Hardening my heart. Here, here in this free isle,  
 To which in thy young virtue’s erring zeal  
 Thou wert so perilous an enemy,

Here in free England shall an English hand  
 Build thy imperishable monument ;  
 O, to thine own misfortune and to ours,  
 By thine own deadly error so beguiled,  
 Here in free England shall an English voice  
 Raise up thy mourning-song. For thou hast paid  
 The bitter penalty of that misdeed ;  
 Justice hath done her unrelenting part,  
 If she in truth be Justice who drives on,  
 Bloody and blind, the chariot-wheels of Death.

So young, so glowing for the general good,  
 O, what a lovely manhood had been thine,  
 When all the violent workings of thy youth  
 Had passed away, hadst thou been wisely spared,  
 Left to the slow and certain influences  
 Of silent feeling and maturing thought !  
 How had that heart—that noble heart of thine,  
 Which even now had snapped one spell, which beat  
 With such brave indignation at the shame  
 And guilt of France, and of her miscreant lord—  
 How had it clung to England ! With what love,  
 What pure and perfect love, returned to her,  
 Now worthy of thy love, the champion now  
 For freedom—yea, the only champion now  
 And soon to be the avenger. But the blow  
 Hath fallen, the indiscriminating blow  
 That for its portion to the grave consigned  
 Youth, Genius, generous Virtue. O, grief, grief !  
 O, sorrow and reproach ! Have ye to learn—  
 Deaf to the past, and to the future blind—  
 Ye who thus irremissibly exact  
 The forfeit life, how lightly life is staked,  
 When in distempered times the feverish mind  
 To strong delusion yields ? Have ye to learn  
 With what a deep and spirit-stirring voice  
 Pity doth call revenge ? Have ye no heart?  
 To feel and understand how Mercy tames  
 The rebel nature, maddened by old wrongs,  
 And binds it in the gentle bands of love,  
 When steel and adamant were weak to hold  
 That Samson-strength subdued ?

Let no man write

Thy epitaph, Emmet ! Nay, thou shalt not go  
 Without thy funeral strain ! O young and good,  
 And wise, though erring here, thou shalt not go  
 Unhonored or unsung. And better thus  
 Beneath that indiscriminating stroke,  
 Better to fall than to have lived to mourn,  
 As sure thou wouldst, in misery and remorse,  
 Thine own disastrous triumph ; to have seen,  
 If the Almighty, at that awful hour,  
 Had turned away His face ; wild Ignorance  
 Let loose, and frantic Vengeance, and dark zeal,  
 And all bad passions tyrannous, and the fires  
 Of Persecution once again ablaze.  
 How had it sunk into thy soul to see,  
 Last curse of all, the ruffian slaves of France  
 In thy dear native country lording it !  
 How happier thus, in that heroic mood  
 That takes away the sting of death, to die,  
 By all the good and all the wise forgiven !  
 Yea, in all ages by the wise and good  
 To be remembered, mourned, and honored still.

#### GOD'S JUDGMENT ON HATTO.

[Hatto, Archbishop of Mentz, in the year 914 barbarously murdered a number of poor people to prevent their consuming a portion of the food during that year of the famine. He was afterward devoured by rats in his tower on an island in the Rhine.—*Old Legend.*]

The summer and autumn had been so wet,  
 That in winter the corn was growing yet.  
 'Twas a piteous sight to see all around  
 The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor  
 They crowded around Bishop Hatto's door ;  
 For he had a plentiful last-year's store,  
 And all the neighborhood could tell  
 His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day  
 To quiet the poor without delay ;

He bade them to his great barn repair,  
And they should have food for the winter **there.**

Rejoiced the tidings good to hear,  
The poor folks flocked from far and near ;  
The great barn was full as it could hold  
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then, when he saw it could hold no more,  
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door ;  
And whilst for mercy on Christ they call  
He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all.

“ I’ faith, ’tis an excellent bonfire ! ” quoth he ;  
“ And the country is greatly obliged to me  
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,  
Of rats that only consume the corn.”

So then to his palace returnèd he,  
And he sate down to supper merrily ;  
And he slept that night like an innocent man—  
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning, as he entered the hall,  
Where his picture hung against the wall,  
A sweat like death all over him came,  
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked, there came a man from his farm,—  
He had a countenance white with alarm :  
“ My lord, I opened your granaries this morn,  
And the rats had eaten all your corn.”

Another came running presently,  
And he was pale as pale could be.  
“ Fly ! my lord bishop, fly ! ” quoth he,  
“ Ten thousand rats are coming this way,—  
The Lord forgive you for yesterday ! ”

“ I’ll go to my tower in the Rhine,” replied he ;  
“ ’Tis the safest place in Germany,—  
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,  
And the tide is strong, and the water deep.”

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away ;  
 And he crossed the Rhine without delay ;  
 And reached his tower in the island, and barred  
 All the gates secure and hard.

He laid him down and closed his eyes,  
 But soon a scream made him arise ;  
 He started, and saw two eyes of flame  
 On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listened and looked—it was only the cat ;  
 But the bishop he grew more fearful for that,  
 For she sate screaming, mad with fear  
 At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swum over river so deep,  
 And they have climbed the shores so steep,  
 And now by thousands up they crawl  
 To the holes and the windows in the wall.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,  
 And faster and faster his beads did he tell,  
 As louder and louder, drawing near,  
 The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,  
 And through the walls, by thousands they pour ;  
 And down from the ceiling and up through the floor,  
 From the right and the left, from behind and before,  
 From within and without, from above and below,—  
 And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,  
 And now they pick the bishop's bones ;  
 They gnawed the flesh from every limb,  
 For they were sent to do judgment on him !

THE GREENWOOD SHRIFT.

**[George III. and a Dying Woman in Windsor Forest.]**

Outstretched beneath the leafy shade  
 Of Windsor forest's deepest glade,  
 A dying woman lay ;

Three little children round her stood,  
 And there went up from the greenwood  
 A woful wail that day.

“O mother !” was the mingled cry,  
 “O mother, mother ! do not die,  
 And leave us all alone.”  
 “My blessed babes !” she tried to say,  
 But the faint accents died away  
 In a low, sobbing moan.

And then, life struggling hard with death,  
 And fast and strong she drew her breath,  
 And up she raised her head ;  
 And, peering through the deep wood maze  
 With a long, sharp, unearthly gaze,  
 “Will she not come ?” she said.

Just then, the parting boughs between,  
 A little maid’s light form was seen,  
 All breathless with her speed ;  
 And, following close, a man came on  
 (A portly man to look upon),  
 Who led a panting steed.

“Mother !” the little maiden cried,  
 Or e’er she reached the woman’s side,  
 And kissed her clay-cold cheek,  
 “I have not idled in the town,  
 But long went wandering up and down,  
 The minister to seek.

“They told me here, they told me there,—  
 I think they mocked me everywhere :  
 And when I found his home,  
 And begged him on my bended knee  
 To bring his book and come with me,  
 Mother, he would not come !

“I told him how you dying lay,  
 And could not go in peace away  
 Without the minister ;



I begged him, for dear Christ his sake,  
 But O, my heart was fit to break,—  
     Mother, he would not stir!

“So, though my tears were blinding me,  
 I ran back, fast as fast could be,  
     To come again to you;  
 And here—close by—this squire I met,  
 Who asked (so mild) what made me fret;  
     And when I told him true—

“‘I will go with you, child,’ he said,  
 ‘God sends me to this dying bed’—  
     Mother, he’s here, hard by.”  
 While thus the little maiden spoke,  
 The man, his back against an oak,  
     Looked on with glistening eye.

The bridle on his neck hung free,  
 With quivering flank and trembling knee,  
     Pressed close his bonny bay;  
 A statelier man, a statelier steed,  
 Never on greensward paced, I rede,  
     Than those stood there that day.

So, while the little maiden spoke,  
 The man, his back against an oak,  
     Looked on with glistening eye  
 And folded arms, and in his look  
 Something that, like a sermon-book,  
     Preached—“All is vanity.”

But when the dying woman’s face  
 Turned toward him with a wishful gaze,  
     He stepped to where she lay;  
 And, kneeling down, bent over her,  
 Saying, “I am a minister,  
     My sister! let us pray.”

And well, withouten book or stole  
 (God’s words were printed on his soul!),  
     Into the dying ear

He breathed, as 'twere an angel's strain,  
 The things that unto life pertain,  
 And death's dark shadows clear.

He spoke of sinners' lost estate,  
 In Christ renewed, regenerate,—  
 Of God's most blest decree,  
 That not a single soul should die  
 Who turns repentant, with the cry  
 "Be merciful to me."

He spoke of trouble, pain, and toil,  
 Endured but for a little while  
 In patience, faith, and love—  
 Sure, in God's own good time, to be  
 Exchanged for an eternity  
 Of happiness above.

Then, as the spirit ebbed away,  
 He raised his hands and eyes to pray  
 That peaceful it might pass ;  
 And then—the orphans' sobs alone  
 Were heard, and they knelt, every one,  
 Close round on the green grass.

Such was the sight their wandering eyes  
 Beheld, in heart-struck, mute surprise,  
 Who reined their coursers back,  
 Just as they found the long astray,  
 Who, in the heat of chase that day,  
 Had wandered from their track.

But each man reined his pawing steed,  
 And lighted down, as if agreed,  
 In silence at his side ;  
 And there, uncovered all, they stood,—  
 It was a wholesome sight and good  
 That day for mortal pride.

For of the noblest of the land  
 Was that deep-hushed, bareheaded band ;  
 And, central in the ring,

By that dead pauper on the ground,  
Her ragged orphans clinging round,  
Knelt their anointed king.

—ROBERT *and* CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

[“ In the Parish of St. Neots, Cornwall, is a well, arched over with the robes of four kinds of trees—withy, oak, elm, and ash—and dedicated to St. Keyne. The reported virtue of the water is this, that, whether husband or wife first drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby.”—FULLER.]

A well there is in the West country,  
And a clearer one never was seen ;  
There is not a wife in the West country  
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,  
And behind does an ash-tree grow,  
And a willow from the bank above  
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne ;  
Pleasant it was to his eye,  
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,  
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,  
For thirsty and hot was he,  
And he sat down upon the bank,  
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the neighboring town  
At the well to fill his pail,  
On the well-side he rested it,  
And bade the stranger hail.

“ Now art thou a bachelor, stranger ? ” quoth he,  
“ For an’ if thou hast a wife,  
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day  
That ever thou didst in thy life.

“ Or has your good woman, if one you have,  
 In Cornwall ever been ?  
 For an' if she have, I'll venture my life  
 She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne.”

“ I have left a good woman who never was here,”  
 The stranger he made reply ;  
 “ But that my draught should be better for that,  
 I pray you answer me why.”

“ St. Keyne,” quoth the countryman, “ many a time  
 Drank of this crystal well,  
 And before the angel summoned her  
 She laid on the water a spell.

“ If the husband, of this gifted well,  
 Shall drink before his wife,  
 A happy man thenceforth is he,  
 For he shall be master for life.

“ But if the wife should drink of it first,  
 Woe be to the husband then !”  
 The stranger stooped to the Well of St. Keyne,  
 And drank of the waters again.

“ You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes ?”  
 He to the countryman said.  
 But the countryman smiled as the stranger spake,  
 And sheepishly shook his head.

“ I hastened, as soon as the wedding was done,  
 And left my wife in the porch.  
 But i' faith, she had been wiser than I,  
 For she took a bottle to church !”

#### THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,—  
 The ship was still as ship might be ;  
 Her sails from heaven received no motion ;  
 Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,  
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock ;  
So little they rose, so little they fell,  
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The holy abbot of Aberbrothock  
Had floated that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;  
On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,  
And louder and louder its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the tempest's swell,  
The mariners heard the warning bell :  
And then they knew the perilous rock,  
And blessed the priest of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven shone so gay—  
All things were joyful on that day ;  
The sea-birds screamed as they sported round,  
And there was pleasure in their sound.

The float of the Inchcape bell was seen,  
A darker speck on the ocean green ;  
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,  
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring—  
It made him whistle, it made him sing ;  
His heart was mirthful to excess ;  
But the rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the bell and float :  
Quoth he, " My men, pull out the boat ;  
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,  
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,  
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;  
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,  
And cut the warning bell from the float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound ;  
The bubbles rose, and burst around.  
Quoth Sir Ralph, " The next who comes to the rock  
Will not bless the priest of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away—  
 He scoured the seas for many a day ;  
 And now, grown rich with plundered store,  
 He steers his course to Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky  
 They could not see the sun on high ;  
 The wind had blown a gale all day ;  
 At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the rover takes his stand ;  
 So dark it is they see no land.  
 Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,  
 For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar ?  
 For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.  
 Now where we are I cannot tell,  
 But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound ; the swell is strong ;  
 Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along ;  
 Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—  
 Alas ! it is the Inchcape Rock !

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair ;  
 He beat himself in wild despair.  
 The waves rush in on every side ;  
 The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But ever in his dying fear  
 One dreadful sound he seemed to hear,—  
 A sound as if with the Inchcape bell  
 The evil spirit was ringing his knell.

#### THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS,

#### AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried ;  
 "The few locks which are left you are gray ;  
 You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man ;  
 Now tell me the reason, I pray."

“In the days of my youth,” Father William replied,  
 “I remembered that youth would fly fast,  
 And abused not my health and my vigor at first,  
 That I never might need them at last.”

“You are old, Father William,” the young man cried ;  
 “And pleasures with youth pass away ;  
 And yet you lament not the days that are gone ;  
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

“In the days of my youth,” Father William replied,  
 “I remembered that youth could not last ;  
 I thought of the future, whatever I did,  
 That I never might grieve for the past.”

“You are old, Father William,” the young man cried ;  
 “And life must be hastening away ;  
 You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death ;  
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

“I am cheerful, young man,” Father William replied ;  
 “Let the cause thy attention engage ;  
 In the days of my youth I remembered my God !  
 And He hath not forgotten my age.”

LORD WILLIAM AND EDMUND.

No eye beheld when William plunged  
 Young Edmund in the stream ·  
 No human ear but William's heard  
 Young Edmund's drowning scream.

“I bade thee with a father's love  
 My orphan Edmund guard—  
 Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge ?  
 Now take thy due reward.”

He started up, each limb convulsed  
 With agonizing fear—  
 He only heard the storm of night—  
 'Twas music to his ear !

When lo! the voice of loud alarm  
 His inmost soul appalls—  
 “What, ho! Lord William, rise in haste!  
 The water saps thy walls!”

He rose in haste—beneath the walls  
 He saw the flood appear;  
 It hemmed him round—’twas midnight now—  
 No human aid was near.

He heard the shout of joy! for now  
 A boat approached the wall:  
 And eager to the welcome aid  
 They crowd for safety all.

“My boat is small,” the boatman cried,  
 “’Twill bear but one away;  
 Come in, Lord William, and do ye  
 In God’s protection stay.”

The boatman plied the oar, the boat  
 Went light along the stream;—  
 Sudden Lord William heard a cry,  
 Like Edmund’s dying scream!

The boatman paused—“Methought I heard  
 A child’s distressful cry!”  
 “’Twas but the howling winds of night,”  
 Lord William made reply.

“Haste—haste—ply swift and strong the oar;  
 Haste—haste across the stream!”  
 Again Lord William heard a cry,  
 Like Edmund’s dying scream!

“I heard a child’s distressful scream,”  
 The boatman cried again.  
 “Nay, hasten on—the night is dark—  
 And we should search in vain.”

“O God! Lord William, dost thou know  
 How dreadful ’tis to die?”



And canst thou, without pity, hear  
A child's expiring cry?

"How horrible it is to sink  
Beneath the chilly stream :  
To stretch the powerless arms in vain !  
In vain for help to scream !"

The shriek again was heard : it came  
More deep, more piercing loud.  
That instant, o'er the flood, the moon  
Shone through a broken cloud ;

And near them they beheld a child ;  
Upon a crag he stood,  
A little crag, and all around  
Was spread the rising flood.

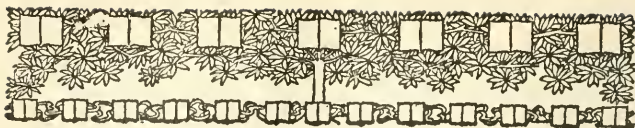
The boatman plied the oar, the boat  
Approached his resting-place :  
The moonbeam shone upon the child,  
And showed how pale his face.

"Now reach thy hand," the boatman cried,  
"Lord William, reach and save !"  
The child stretched forth his little hands,  
To grasp the hand he gave.

Then William shrieked ;—the hand he touched  
Was cold, and damp, and dead !  
He felt young Edmund in his arms,  
A heavier weight than lead !

"Help ! help ! for mercy, help !" he cried,  
"The waters round me flow."  
"No—William—to an infant's cries  
No mercy didst thou show."

The boat sunk down—the murderer sunk  
Beneath th' avenging stream ;  
He rose—he screamed—no human ear  
Heard William's drowning scream.



SOUTHWORTH, EMMA D. E. (NEVITTE), an American novelist, born in Washington, D. C., December 26th, 1818; died in Washington, June 30th, 1899 (81). She was a daughter of Captain Charles Nevitte, of Alexandria, Va. Like many other authors whose writings have taken a strong hold upon the public mind, she received in early life the baptism of sorrow. Her childhood, girlhood, and early womanhood, as described by herself, were little else than one continued scene of gloom, rivalling in intensity that which hung over the life of Charlotte Brontë. She became Mrs. Southworth in 1841, and in 1843 was thrown upon her own resources, "a widow in fact but not in name," to support herself and her little one. She became a teacher in the public schools, and a writer for the periodicals, and worked for both at starvation prices. Her first productions were merely short tales and sketches. At length, in 1849, she undertook a story intended to run through two or three numbers of *The National Era*, for which she was then writing. As the composition of the tale, *Retribution*, was the turning-point in her life, the history of its composition is given in her own words:

"The circumstances under which this, my first novel, was written, and the success that afterward attended its publication, are a remarkable instance of 'sowing in tears, and reaping in joy;' for, in

addition to that bitterest sorrow with which I may not make you acquainted—that great life-sorrow—I had many minor troubles. My small salary was inadequate to our comfortable support. My school numbered eighty pupils, boys and girls, and I had the whole charge of them myself. Added to this, my little boy fell dangerously ill and was confined to his bed in perfect helplessness until June. He would suffer no one to move him but myself—in fact no one else could do so without putting him in pain. Thus my time was passed between house-keeping and school-keeping, my child's sick-bed, and my literary labors. The time devoted to writing was the hours that should have been given to sleep or fresh air. It was too much for me. It was too much for any human being. My health broke down. I was attacked with frequent hemorrhage of the lungs. Still I persevered; I did my best for my house, my school, my sick child, and my publisher. Yet neither child, nor school, nor publisher received justice. The child suffered and complained—the patrons of the school grew dissatisfied, annoying and sometimes insulting me—and as for the publisher, he would reject whole pages of that manuscript which was written amid grief, and pain, and toil that he knew nothing of. It was indeed the very *mêlée* of the 'Battle of Life.' I was forced to keep up struggling when I only wished for death and for rest. But look how it terminated. That night of storm and darkness came to an end, and morning broke on me at last—a bright, glad morning, pioneering a

new and happy day of life. First of all, it was in this very tempest of trouble that my 'life-sorrow' was, as it were, carried away—or I was carried away from brooding over it. Next, my child, contrary to my own opinion and the doctor's, got well. Then my book, written in so much pain, published besides in a newspaper, and, withal, being the first work of an obscure and penniless author, was, contrary to all probabilities, accepted by the first publishing house in America, was published and (subsequently) noticed with high favor even by the cautious English reviewers. Friends crowded around me—offers for contributions poured in upon me. And I, who six months before had been poor, ill, forsaken, slandered, killed by sorrow, privation, toil, friendless, found myself born as it were into a new life; found independence, sympathy, friendship, and honor, and an occupation in which I could delight. All this came very suddenly, as after a terrible storm, a sun burst."

Mrs. Southworth's novels are not of the highest class, but they have been popular, and they have been poured forth from her teeming brain with extraordinary rapidity. Among them are the following: *The Family Doom*, *The Prince of Darkness*, *The Bride's Fate*, *The Changed Brides*, *How He Won Her*, *Fallen Pride*, *The Widow's Son*, *Bride of Llewellyn*, *The Fortune Seeker*, *Allworth Abbey*, *The Bridal Eve*, *The Fatal Marriage*, *Love's Labor Won*, *The Deserted Wife*, *The Lost Heiress*, *The Gypsy's Prophecy*, *The Discarded Daughter*, *The Three Beauties*, *Vivia or the Secret of Power*, *The Two Sisters*,

*The Missing Bride, The Wife's Victory, The Mother-in-law, The Haunted Homestead, The Lady of the Isle, Retribution, The Pearl of Pearl River, The Curse of Clifton.*

#### THE PLANTER'S DAUGHTER.

The summer sun had just sunk below the horizon, leaving all the heavens suffused with a pale golden and roseate light, that falls softly on the semi-transparent waters of the Pearl, flowing serenely on between its banks of undulating hills and dales and green and purple lights and glooms. No jarring sight or sound breaks the voluptuous stillness of the scene and hour. The golden light has faded from the windows and balconies of the villa and sunk with the sunken sun. An evening breeze is rising from the distant pine-woods, that will soon tempt the inmates forth to enjoy its exhilarating and salubrious freshness and fragrance. But as yet all is quiet about the mansion.

In the innermost sanctuary of that house reposes Miss Sutherland. It is the most elegant of a sumptuous suite of apartments upon which Mr. Sutherland had spared no amount of care or expense — having summoned from New Orleans a French *artiste*, of distinguished genius in his profession, to superintend their interior architecture, furnishing, and adornment.

The suite consists of a boudoir, two drawing-rooms, a hall or picture-gallery, a music-room, a double parlor, a library, and dining and breakfast rooms, and, by the machinery of grooved doors, all these splendid apartments may be thrown into one magnificent saloon.

But the most finished and perfect of the suite is the luxurious boudoir of India. It is a very bower of beauty and love, a *chef d'œuvre* of artistic genius, a casket worthy to enshrine the Pearl of Pearl River.

There she reposes in the recess of the bay window "silk-curtained from the sun." This bay window is the only one in the apartment; it is both deep and lofty, and is a small room in itself. It is curtained off from the main apartment by drapery of purple damask satin, lined with gold-colored silk and festooned by

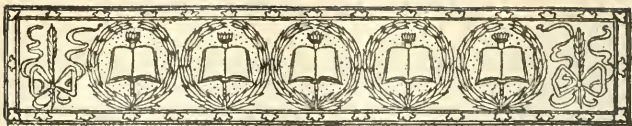
gold cords and tassels. The interior of the recess is draped with thin gold-colored silk alone; and the evening light glowing through it, throws a warm, rich, lustrous atmosphere around the form of Oriental beauty reposing on the silken couch in the recess.

It is a rare type of beauty, not easy to realize by your imagination, blending the highest charms of the spiritual, the intellectual, and the sensual, in seeming perfect harmony; it is a costly type of beauty, possessed often only at a fearful discount of happiness; it is a dangerous organization, full of fatality to its possessor and all connected with her; for that lovely and voluptuous repose resembles the undisturbed serenity of the young leopardess, or the verdant and flowery surface of the sleeping volcano. It is a richly and highly gifted nature, but one that, more than all others, requires in early youth the firm and steady guidance of the wise and good, and that in after-life needs the constant controlling of Christian principle.

India Sutherland has never known another guide than her own good pleasure. "Queen o'er herself" she is *not*, indeed, unhappily; but queen instead over father and lover, friends, relatives, and servants. In truth, hers is a gentle and graceful reign. It could not be otherwise over subjects so devoted as hers. All of them, from Mr. Sutherland her father, down to Oriole her bower-maid, deem it their best happiness to watch, anticipate, and prevent her wants; and she is pleased to repay such devotion with lovely smiles and loving words. She is, indeed, the tamest as well as the most beautiful young leopardess that ever sheathed claws and teeth in the softest down. She is no hypocrite; she is perfectly sincere; but her deepest nature is unawakened, undeveloped. She knows no more, no, nor as much, as you now do, of the latent strength, fire, and cruelty of those passions which opposition might provoke. There she lay, as unconscious of the seeds of selfishness and tyranny as Nero was, when, at seventeen years of age, he burst into tears at signing the first death-warrant. Awful spirits sleep in the vasty depths of our souls—awful in goodness or in evil—and vicissitudes are the Glendowers that can call them

forth. There she lies, all unconscious of the coming struggle, "a perfect form in perfect rest." A rich dress of light material, yet dark and brilliant colors, flows gracefully around her beautiful figure. She reclines upon a crimson silken couch, her face slightly turned downward, her head supported by her hand, and her eyes fixed upon a book that lies open upon the downy pillow; a profusion of smooth, shining, amber-hued ringlets droop around her graceful Grecian head; her eyebrows are much darker, and are delicately pencilled; her eyelashes are also dark and long, and shade large eyes of the deepest blue; her complexion is very rich, of a clear warm brown, deepening into a crimson blush upon cheeks and lips, the brighter and warmer now that the book beneath her eyes absorbs her quite. The light through the golden-hued drapery of the window pours a warm subdued effulgence over the whole picture.—*India : the Pearl of Pearl River.*





SOUVESTRE, ÉMILE, a French journalist and essayist, born at Morlaix, Brittany, April 15, 1806; died in Paris, July 5, 1854. He studied law, and attempted to set up as advocate at Rennes, but was unsuccessful. He went to Paris, where he wrote a drama, *The Siege of Missolonghi*. The Théâtre Français accepted it, but the censor cut it till it was unfit for presentation. He next became a bookseller's assistant, and then tried writing for the papers. In 1836 he brought out his study of the character and customs of the people of his native province (*Les Derniers Bretons*), which was successful. Returning to Paris, he soon achieved success as a contributor to the leading Parisian publications.

His best works were: *The Confessions of a Workman*, *The Red Mansion*, *Travels in Finisterre*, *The Greased Pole*, and *Un Philosophe sous les Toits*, translated into English under the title *An Attic Philosopher*.

"He is the man of whom Terence says that 'nothing human seems foreign to him!' All external objects and incidents are reflected in his mind, as in a camera obscura, which present their images in a picture. He 'looks at society as it is, in itself,' with the patient curiousness which belongs to recluses: and he writes a monthly jour-



nal of what he has seen or thought," says the translator of *An Attic Philosopher*.

"All his books," says a critic, "exhibit the workings of a pure and thoughtful mind; they are written in a charming style, and are unexceptionable in point of morality."

#### REFLECTIONS ON THE SOCIAL BODY.

August 10, 4 o'clock A.M.—The dawn casts a red glow on my bed-curtains; the breeze brings in the fragrance of the gardens below; here I am again leaning on my elbows by the window, inhaling the freshness and gladness of this first wakening of the day.

My eye always passes over the roofs filled with flowers, warbling, and sunlight, with the same pleasure; but to-day it stops at the end of a buttress which separates our house from the next. The storms have stripped the top of its plaster covering, and dust carried by the wind has collected in the crevices, and being fixed there by the rain has formed a sort of aerial terrace, where some green grass has sprung up. Amongst it rises a stalk of wheat, which to-day is surrounded by a sickly ear that droops its yellow head.

This poor stray crop on the roofs, the harvest of which will fall to the neighboring sparrows, has carried my thoughts to the rich crops which are now falling beneath the sickle; it has recalled to me the beautiful walks I took as a child through my native province, when the threshing-floors at the farm-houses resounded from every part with the sound of the flail, and when the carts, loaded with golden sheaves, came in by all the roads. I still remember the songs of the maidens, the cheerfulness of the old men, the open-hearted merriment of the laborers. There was, at that time, something in their looks both of pride and feeling. The latter came from thankfulness to God, the former from the sight of the harvest, the reward of their labor. They felt indistinctly the grandeur and the holiness of **their part in the general work of the world**; they looked

with pride upon their mountains of corn-sheaves, and they seemed to say, Next to God, it is we who feed the world !

What a wonderful order there is in all human labor ! Whilst the husbandman furrows his land, and prepares for everyone his daily bread, the town artisan, far away, weaves the stuff in which he is to be clothed ; the miner seeks underground the iron for his plough ; the soldier defends him against the invader ; the judge takes care that the law protects his fields ; the tax-comptroller adjusts his private interests with those of the public ; the merchant occupies himself in exchanging his products with those of distant countries ; the men of science and of art add every day a few horses to this ideal team, which draws along the material world, as steam impels the gigantic trains of our iron roads ! Thus all unite together, all help one another ; the toil of each one benefits himself and all the world ; the work has been apportioned among the different members of the whole of society by a tacit agreement. If, in this apportionment, errors are committed—if certain individuals have not been employed according to their capacities, these defects of detail diminish in the sublime conception of the whole. The poorest man included in this association has his place, his work, his reason for being there ; each is something in the whole.

There is nothing like this for man in the state of nature. . . . No one reaps, manufactures, fights, or thinks for him ; he is nothing to anyone. . . . Yet notwithstanding this, the other day, disgusted by the sight of some vices in detail, I cursed the latter, and almost envied the life of the savage. One of the infirmities of our nature is always to mistake feeling for evidence, and to judge of the season by a cloud or a ray of sunshine.

Was the misery, the sight of which made me regret a savage life, really the effect of civilization ? Must we accuse society of having created these evils, or acknowledge, on the contrary, that it has alleviated them ? Could the women and children who were receiving the coarse bread from the soldier hope in the desert for more help or pity ? That dead man whose forsaken

state I deplored, had he not found, by the cares of an hospital, a coffin, and the humble grave where he was about to rest? Alone, and far from men, he would have died like the wild beast in his den, and would be serving as food for vultures. These benefits of human society are shared then by the most destitute. . . . But cannot society give us more? Who doubts it? Errors have been committed in this distribution of tasks and workers. Time will diminish the number of them; with new lights a better division will arise; the elements of society go on toward perfection, like every-thing else.—*An Attic Philosopher in Paris.*





**SPARKS, JARED**, an American biographer and historical writer, born at Willington, Conn., May 10, 1789; died at Cambridge, Mass., March 14, 1866. He was graduated at Harvard in 1815. In 1817 he was appointed tutor in mathematics and natural philosophy in the college, and in 1819 he was ordained pastor of a new Unitarian church at Baltimore. He took part in the theological controversies of the time, and in 1821 was chosen chaplain to the House of Representatives. In 1823 he resigned his pastorate, and became editor of the *North American Review*, which he had aided in establishing, and to which he had been a frequent contributor. In 1839 he became Professor of Ancient and Modern History at Harvard, and in 1849 was made President of the College, but resigned the presidency in 1853 on account of impaired health. Mr. Sparks commenced his biographical work by the *Life of John Ledyard* (1828). In 1830 he originated the *American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge*, the early volumes of which were edited by him. In 1832 he published the *Life of Gouverneur Morris*. In 1834 he projected the *Library of American Biography*, which reached twenty-five volumes (1834-48), containing sixty biographies, of which those of Ethan Allen, Benedict Arnold, Marquette, De la Salle, Pulaski, Ribault, Charles Lee, and Ledyard

were by Sparks. As early as 1826 he began the preparatory labor on what proved to be the main work of his life, and which was carried on with the direct aid of Congress. These works are: *The Writings of George Washington* (10 vols., 1834-38); the *Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution* (12 vols., 1829-30); the *Works of Benjamin Franklin* (10 vols., 1836-1840); the *Correspondence of the American Revolution* (4 vols., 1854). At the time of his death he was engaged upon a *History of the American Revolution*. The *Memoirs of Jared Sparks* have been best written by George E. Ellis (1869).

#### WASHINGTON'S DOCUMENTS.

The large mass of papers accumulated in the hands of Washington during the long period of his public life, as well as those of a private nature, were carefully preserved by him at Mount Vernon. By his will he left his estate at Mount Vernon and all his papers to his nephew, Bushrod Washington, who was for many years one of the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. These manuscripts were placed in my possession by Judge Washington for the purpose of preparing for the press and publishing the work which is now brought to a conclusion and submitted to the public.

The original papers, including Washington's own letters and those received by him, and amounting to more than two hundred folio volumes, have recently been purchased by Congress and are deposited in the archives of the Department of State. With these materials it will readily be supposed that the work might have been extended to a much larger number of volumes. The task of selection has not been without its difficulties. I feel bound to say, however, that any errors in this respect should be attributed to defects of judgment, and not to carelessness or negligence. . . .

It was Washington's custom, in all his letters of importance, first to write drafts, which he transcribed. In making the transcripts he sometimes deviated from the drafts—omitting, inserting, and altering parts of sentences; nor did he always correct the drafts so as to make them accord with the letters as sent to his correspondents. These imperfect drafts were laid aside, and from time to time copied by an amanuensis into letter-books. Hence the drafts, as now recorded, do not in all cases agree precisely with the originals which were sent away. My researches have brought under my inspection many of these original letters. Regarding them as containing the genuine text, I have preferred it to that in the letter-books; and it has accordingly been adopted whenever it could be done. But the discrepancies are of little moment, relating to the style, not to the substance.

For the most part I have been obliged to rely upon the letter-books; and, for the reasons here mentioned, it is probable that the printed text may not in every particular be the same as in the originals—that is, the corrected copies which were sent to his correspondents. These remarks apply chiefly to private letters, written when Washington was at Mount Vernon, and to those written during the French war. In the period of the Revolution, and during the Presidency, much more exactness was observed; and as far as my observation has extended, there is generally a literal accordance between the original letters and the transcripts in the letter-books.—*Preface to Writings of Washington.*

#### THE STATESMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

The acts of the Revolution derive dignity and interest from the character of the actors and the nature and magnitude of the events. Statesmen were at hand who, if not skilled in the art of governing empires, were thoroughly imbued with the principles of just government, intimately acquainted with the history of former ages and, above all, with the condition, sentiments, and feelings of their countrymen. If there were no Richelieus nor Mazarins, no Cecils nor Chathams in Amer-

ica, there were men who, like Themistocles, knew how to raise a small state to glory and greatness.

The eloquence and the internal counsels of the Old Congress were never recorded ; we know them only by their results. But that assembly, with no other power than that conferred by the suffrage of the people, with no other influence than that of their public virtue and their talents, unsupported even by the arm of the law or of ancient usages—that assembly levied troops, imposed taxes, and for years not only retained the confidence and upheld the civil existence of a distracted country, but carried through a perilous war, under its most aggravated burdens of sacrifice and suffering. Can we imagine a situation in which were required higher moral courage, more intelligence and talent, a deeper insight into human nature and the principles of social and political organizations, or, indeed, any of those qualities which constitute greatness of character in a statesman ?

See, likewise, that work of wonder, the Confederation—a union of independent States, constructed in the very heart of a desolating war, but with a beauty and strength, imperfect as it was, of which the ancient leagues of the Amphictyons, the Achæans, the Lycians and the modern confederacies of Germany, Holland, Switzerland afford neither exemplar nor parallel. In their foreign affairs these same statesmen showed no less sagacity and skill, taking their stand boldly in the rank of nations, maintaining it there, competing with the tactics of practised diplomacy, and extorting from the Powers of the Old World not only the homage of respect but the proffers of friendship.

The instructive lesson of history, teaching by example, can nowhere be studied with more profit, or with a better promise, than in this Revolutionary period of America ; and especially by us, who sit under the tree our fathers have planted, enjoy its shade, and are nourished by its fruits.—*The Men of the Revolution.*



SPEDDING, JAMES, an English biographer, born at Mirehouse, near Bassenthwaite, Cumberland, in June, 1808; died in St. George's Hospital, London, March 9, 1881. For a number of years he held positions in the service of the English Government that enabled him to devote much time to critical and biographical work, and in 1843 he visited the United States as Lord Ashburton's private secretary. In 1870 he put forth, in conjunction with R. L. Ellis and D. D. Heath, an edition of the *Works of Francis Bacon*. As a supplement to this, Mr. Spedding published in 1874 the *Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*, in seven volumes, and *Life and Times of Francis Bacon* (1878), in two volumes. Upon the preparation of these works was lavished the labor of nearly a score of years. Mr. Spedding announced that his object was "to enable posterity to form a true conception of the kind of man Bacon really was." While the fact of Bacon's having accepted bribes in his judicial capacity was admitted, his biographer did the best that could be done to palliate the enormity of his guilt.

Of his *Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*, Samuel R. Gardiner says, in the *Academy*: "His great contribution to English history has no rival for accuracy of judgment and for industry carried to the extreme point; he has taught us to know in his true character one of the greatest statesmen of



a land fertile in statesmanship. His book is more than a history, more than a biography. It is a moral school, teaching historical writers to combat the sin which most easily besets them, the tendency to put their own interpretation upon doubtful facts, and their own thoughts into the minds of men of other days."

#### BACON AND HIS CRIME.

I know nothing more inexplicable than Bacon's unconsciousness of the nature of his own case, unless it be the case itself. That he, of all men, whose fault had always been too much carelessness about money, who, though always too ready to borrow, to give, to lend, and to spend, had never been either a bargainer, or a grasper, or a hoarder; and whose professional experience must have continually reminded him of the peril of meddling with anything that could be construed into corruption; that he should have allowed himself on any account to accept money from suitors, while their cases were before him, is wonderful. That he should have done it without feeling at the time that he was laying himself open to what in law would be called bribery, is more wonderful still. That he should have done it often, and not have lived under an abiding sense of insecurity—from the consciousness that he had secrets to conceal, of which the disclosure would be fatal to his reputation, yet the safe-keeping of which did not rest wholly with himself—is most wonderful of all.

Give him credit for nothing more than ordinary intelligence and ordinary prudence—wisdom for a man's self—and it seems almost incredible. And yet I believe it was the fact. The whole course of his behavior, from the first rumor to the final sentence, convinces me that not the discovery of the thing only, but the thing itself, came upon him as a surprise; and that if anybody had told him the day before that he stood in danger of a charge of taking bribes, he would have received the suggestion with unaffected incredulity. How far I am justified in thinking so, the reader shall judge for him-

This day, dear Lord, with joy begin ;  
 And grant that we, for whom Thou diddest die,  
 Being with thy dear blood clean washed from sin,  
 May live forever in felicity ;  
 And that thy love we weighing worthily  
 May likewise love Thee for the same again.  
 And for thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,  
 With love may one another entertain.  
 So let us love, dear Love, like as we ought :  
 Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

Spenser's greatest work, *The Faerie Queene*, is a poem the subject of which is chivalric, allegorical, narrative, and descriptive, while the execution is in a great measure derived from the manner of Ariosto and Tasso. It was originally planned to consist of twelve books or moral adventures, each typifying the triumph of a Virtue, and couched under the form of an exploit of knight-errantry. The hero of the whole action was to be the mythical Prince Arthur, the type of perfect virtue in Spenser, as he is the ideal hero in the vast collection of mediæval legends in which he figures. This fabulous personage is supposed to become enamoured of the Faerie Queene, who appears to him in a dream ; and arriving at her court in Fairy-land he finds her holding a solemn feudal festival during twelve days. At her court there is a beautiful lady for whose hand the twelve most distinguished knights are rivals ; and in order to settle their pretensions these twelve heroes undertake twelve separate adventures, which furnish the materials for the action. The First Book relates the expedition of the Red-Cross Knight, who is the allegorical representative of *Holiness*,

while his mistress Una represents true *Religion*; and the action of the knight's exploit shadows forth the triumph of Holiness over the enchantments and deceptions of Heresy. The Second Book recounts the adventures of Sir Guyon, or *Temperance*; the Third those of Britomartis—a female champion—or *Chastity*. It must be remarked that each of these books is subdivided into twelve cantos, consequently that the poem, even in the imperfect form under which we possess it, is extremely voluminous. The three first books were published separately in 1590, and dedicated to Elizabeth, who rewarded the delicate flattery which pervades innumerable allusions in the work with a pension of £50 a year. After returning to Ireland Spenser prosecuted his work; and in 1596 he gave to the world three more books, namely, the Fourth, containing the Legend of Cambell and Triamond, allegorizing *Friendship*; the Fifth, the Legend of Artegall, or of *Justice*; and the Sixth, that of Sir Calidore, or *Courtesy*. Thus half of the poet's original design was executed. What progress he made in the six remaining books it is now impossible to ascertain. There are traditions which assert that this latter portion was completed, but that the manuscript was lost at sea; while the more probable theory is, that Spenser had not time to terminate his extensive plan, but that the dreadful misfortunes amid which his life was closed prevented him from completing his design. The fragment consisting of two cantos of *Mutability* was intended to be inserted in the legend of *Constancy*, one of

sinia. He was the first to ascertain practically the true character of the Nile. Returning to England, he put forth, in 1863, his *Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile*, which was followed by a supplementary work, *What Led to the Discovery of the Sources of the Nile*. He was killed on September 15, 1864, by the accidental discharge of his own gun.

#### INTRODUCTION TO THE COURT OF UGANDA.

The mighty King was now reported to be sitting on his throne in the state-hut. I advanced, hat in hand, with my guard of honor following, formed in open ranks, who, in their turn, were followed by the bearers carrying the presents. I did not walk straight up to him as if to shake hands, but went outside of the ranks to a three-sided square of squatting Wakungu, all habited in skins—mostly cow-skins; some few of them had in addition leopard-skins girt around the waist—the sign of royal blood. Here I was desired to halt and sit in the glaring sun; so I donned my hat, mounted my umbrella—a phenomenon which set them all wondering and laughing—ordered the guard to close ranks, and sat gazing at the novel spectacle.

A more theatrical sight I never saw. The King—a good-natured, well-figured young man of twenty-five—was sitting on a red blanket spread upon a square platform of royal grass, incased in tiger-grass reeds, scrupulously well-dressed mbugu. The hair of his head was cut short excepting on the top, where it was combed up to a high ridge, running from stem to stern, like a cock's comb. On his neck was a very neat ornament—a large ring of beautifully worked beads, forming elegant patterns by their various colors. On one arm was another bead ornament, prettily devised, and on the other a wooden charm, tied by a string, covered with snake-skin. On every finger and every toe he had alternate brass and copper rings; and above the ankles, half-way up to the calf, a stocking of very pretty beads. Everything was light, neat, and elegant in its way; not

a fault could be found with the taste of his "getting-up." For a handkerchief he had a well-folded piece of bark, and a piece of gold-embroidered silk, which he constantly employed to hide his large mouth when laughing, or to wipe it after a drink of plantain-wine, of which he took constant and copious draughts from neat little gourd-cups, administered by his ladies-in-waiting, who were at once his sisters and wives. A white dog, spear, shield, and woman—the Uganda cognizance—were by his side, as also a knot of staff-officers with whom he kept up a brisk conversation, on one side; and on the other was a band of Wachwézì, or lady sorcerers.

I was now asked to draw nearer within the hollow square of squatters, where leopard-skins strewn upon the ground, and a large copper kettle-drum, surmounted with brass bells on arching wires, with two other smaller drums covered with cowrie-shells and beads of color worked into patterns, were placed. I now longed to open conversation, but knew not the language, and no one near me dared speak, or even lift his head, from fear of being accused of eying the women; so the King and myself sat staring at one another for full an hour; I mute, and he pointing and remarking to those around him on the novelty of my guard and general appearance, and requiring to see my hat lifted, the umbrella shut and opened, and the guards face about and show off their red cloaks; for such wonders had never been seen in Uganda.

Then, finding the day waning, he sent Maula on an embassy to ask me if I had seen him; and on receiving my reply, "Yes, for full an hour," I was glad to see him rise, spear in hand, lead his dog, and walk unceremoniously away through the inclosure into the fourth tier of huts; for this being a pure levée-day, no business was transacted. The King's gait on retiring was intended to be very majestic, but did not succeed in conveying to me that impression. It was the traditional walk of his race, founded on the step of the lion; but the outward sweep of the legs, intended to represent the stride of the noble beast, appeared to me to realize only a very **indicrous kind of waddle.**—*Source of the Nile.*

From her fair head her fillet she undight,  
 And laid her stole aside ; her angel's face,  
 As the great eye of heaven, shinèd bright,  
 And made a sunshine in the shady place ;  
 Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood  
 A ramping lion rushèd suddenly,  
 Hunting full greedy after salvage blood.  
 Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,  
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,  
 To have at once devoured her tender corse ;  
 But to the prey, when as he drew more nigh,  
 His bloody rage assuagèd with remorse,  
 And, with the sight amazed, forgot his furious force.

Instead thereof he kissed her weary feet,  
 And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue,  
 As he her wrongèd innocence did weet.  
 Oh, how can beauty master the most strong,  
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong !  
 Whose yielded pride and proud submission,  
 Still dreading death, when she had markèd long,  
 Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion ;  
 And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

“The lion, lord of every beast in field,”  
 Quoth she, “his princely puissance doth abate,  
 And mighty proud to humble weak doth yield,  
 Forgetful of the hungry rage which late  
 Him pricked, in pity of my sad estate.  
 But he, my lion, and my noble lord,  
 How does he find in cruel heart to hate  
 Her that him loved, and ever most adored  
 As the god of my life ? Why hath he me abhorred ?

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,  
 Which softly echoed from the neighbor wood ;  
 And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,  
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood :  
 With pity calmed, down fell his angry mood.  
 At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,  
 Arose the virgin born of heavenly brood,

And to her snowy palfrey got again,  
To seek her strayèd champion, if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,  
But with her went along, as a strong guard  
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate  
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard.  
Still when she slept he kept both watch and ward,  
And when she waked he waited diligent  
With humble service to her will prepared.  
From her fair eyes he took commandement,  
And ever by her looks conceivèd her intent.

—*Faerie Queene, Book I., Canto 3.*

#### THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

And is there care in heaven? And is there love  
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,  
That may compassion of their evils move?—  
There is:—else much more wretched were the case  
Of men than beasts. But oh! the exceeding grace  
Of mighty God, that loves his creatures so,  
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,  
That blessèd angels he sends to and fro,  
To serve the wicked man—to serve his wicked foe!  
How oft do they their silver bowers leave  
To come to succor us that succor want!  
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave  
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,  
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!  
For us they fight, they watch and duly ward,  
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;  
And all for love, and nothing for reward.  
Oh, why should heavenly God to men have such re-  
gard?

—*Faerie Queene, Book II., Canto 8.*

#### HEAVENLY AND EARTHLY BEAUTY.

Rapt with the rage of mine own ravished thought,  
Through contemplation of those goodly sights  
And glorious images in heaven wrought,

guages, as ordinarily carried on, these natural relations between words and their meanings are habitually traced, and the laws regulating them explained, it must be admitted that they are commonly learned as fortuitous relations. On the other hand, the relations which science presents are casual relations; and when properly taught are understood as such. Instead of being practically accidental, they are necessary; and, as such, give exercise to the reasoning faculties. While language familiarizes with non-rational relations, science familiarizes with rational relations. While the one exercises memory only, the other exercises both memory and understanding.

Observe next that a great superiority of science over language as a means of discipline is that it cultivates the judgment. As Professor Faraday well remarks, the most common intellectual fault is deficiency of judgment. He contends that "Society, speaking generally, is not only ignorant as respects education of the judgment, but is ignorant of its ignorance." And the cause to which he ascribes this state is want of scientific culture. The truth of his conclusion is obvious. Correct judgment with regard to all surrounding things, events, and consequences becomes possible only through knowledge of the way in which surrounding phenomena depend on each other. No extent of acquaintance with the meaning of words can give the power of forming correct inferences respecting causes and effects. The constant habit of drawing conclusions from data, and then of verifying those conclusions by observation and experiment, can alone give the power of judging. And that it necessitates this habit is one of the immense advantages of science.

Not only, however, for intellectual discipline is science the best, but also for *moral* discipline. The learning of language tends, if anything, further to increase the already undue respect for authority. Such and such are the meanings of these words, says the teacher or the dictionary. So and so is the rule in this case, says the grammar. By the pupil these dicta are received as unquestionable. His constant attitude of mind is that of submission to dogmatic authority: and



a necessary result is a tendency to accept, without inquiry, whatever is established.

Quite opposite is the attitude of mind generated by the cultivation of science. By science constant appeal is made to individual reason. Its truths are not accepted upon authority alone; but all are at liberty to test them; nay, in many cases, the pupil is required to think out his own conclusions. Every step in a scientific conclusion is submitted to his judgment. He is not asked to admit it without seeing it to be true. And the trust in his own powers thus produced is further increased by the constancy with which Nature justifies his conclusions when they are correctly drawn. From all which there flows that independence which is a most valuable element in character. Nor is this the only moral benefit bequeathed by scientific culture. When carried on, as it should always be, as much as possible under the form of independent research, it exercises perseverance and sincerity.—*Education—Intellectual, Moral, and Physical.*

#### SELF-EDUCATION.

In education the process of self-development should be encouraged to the fullest extent. Children should be led to make their own investigations, and to draw their own inferences. They should be *told* as little as possible, and induced to *discover* as much as possible. Humanity has progressed solely by self-instruction; and that to achieve the best results each mind must progress somewhat after the same fashion, is continually proved by the marked success of self-made men. Those who have been brought up under the ordinary school-drill, and have carried away with them the idea that education is practicable only in that style, will think it hopeless to make children their own teachers. If, however, they will call to mind that the all-important knowledge of surrounding objects which a child gets in its early years is got without help—if they will remember that the child is self-taught in the use of its mother-tongue—if they will estimate the amount of that experience of life, that out-of-school wisdom, which every

delineation of character; but in an unequalled richness of description, in the art of representing events and objects with an intensity that makes them visible and tangible. He describes *to the eye*, and communicates to the airy conceptions of allegory, the splendor and the vivacity of visible objects. He has the exhaustless fertility of Rubens, with that great painter's sensuous and voluptuous profusion of color. Among the most important of his other poetical writings, I must mention his *Mother Hubbard's Tale*; his *Daphnida*, an idyllic elegy bewailing the early death of the accomplished Sidney; and above all his *Amoretti*, or love poems, the most beautiful of which is his *Epithalamium*, or Marriage-Song on his own nuptials with the 'fair Elizabeth.' This is certainly one of the richest and chastest marriage-hymns to be found in the whole range of literature, combining warmth with dignity, the intensest passion with a noble elevation and purity of sentiment. Here, too, as well as in innumerable passages of the *Faerie Queene*, do we see the influence of that lofty and abstract philosophical idea of the identity between Beauty and Virtue, which he borrowed from the Platonic speculations."

#### BEAUTY.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,  
 And hath in it the more of heavenly light,  
 So it the fairer body doth procure  
 To habit in, and it more fairly dight  
 With cheerful grace and amiable sight;  
 For of the soul the body form doth take;  
 For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Therefore wherever that thou dost behold  
 A comely corpse, with beauty fair endued,  
 Know this for certain, that the same doth hold  
 A beauteous soul, with fair conditions thwed,  
 Fit to receive the seed of virtue strewed ;  
 For all that fair is, is by nature good ;  
 That is a sign to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falls that many a gentle mind  
 Dwells in deformèd tabernacle drowned,  
 Either by chance, against the course of kind,  
 Or through unaptness in the substance found,  
 Which it assumed of some stubborne ground,  
 That will not yield unto her form's direction,  
 But is performed with some foul imperfection

And oft it falls (aye me, the more to rue !)  
 That goodly beauty, albeit heavenly born,  
 Is foul abused, and that celestial hue,  
 Which doth the world with her delight adorn,  
 Made but the bait of sin, and sinners' scorn,  
 Whilst every one doth seek but to deprave it.

Yet nathèmore is that faire beauty's blame,  
 But theirs that do abuse it unto ill :  
 Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame  
 May be corrupt, and wrested unto will :  
 Natheless the soule is fair and beauteous still,  
 However fleshe's fault it filthy make ;  
 For things immortal no corruption take.

—*From Hymn in Honor of Beauty.*

#### THE BRIDE.

Loe ! where she comes along with portly pace,  
 Lyke Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,  
 Arysing forth to run her mighty race,  
 Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.  
 So well it her beseems, that ye would weene  
 Some angell she had beene.  
 Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,  
 Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres at weene,

“Oh, where doth faithful Gelert roam,  
 The flower of all his race ;  
 So true, so brave—a lamb at home,  
 A lion in the chase ?”

’Twas only at Llewellyn’s board  
 The faithful Gelert fed ;  
 He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,  
 And sentinelled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,  
 The gift of royal John :  
 But no Gelert could be found,  
 And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o’er the rocks and dells  
 The gallant chidings rise,  
 All Snowdon’s craggy chaos yells  
 The many-mingled cries !

That day Llewellyn little loved  
 The chase of hart and hare ;  
 And scant and small the bounty proved,  
 For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,  
 When, near the portal seat,  
 His truant Gelert he espied,  
 Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained his castle-door,  
 Aghast the chieftain stood ;  
 The hound all o’er was smeared with gore ;  
 His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewellyn gazed with fierce surprise ;  
 Unused such looks to meet,  
 His favorite checked his joyful guise,  
 And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewellyn passed  
 And on went Gelert, too :

And still, where'er his eyes he cast,  
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,  
With blood-stained covert rent ;  
And all around, the walls and ground  
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied—  
He searched, with terror wild ;  
Blood, blood he found on every side,  
But nowhere found his child.

“Hell-hound ! my child's by thee devoured,  
The frantic father cried ;  
And to the hilt his vengeful sword  
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,  
No pity could impart ;  
But still his Gelert's dying yell  
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,  
Some slumberer wakened nigh :  
What words the parent's joy could tell  
To hear his infant's cry !

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap,  
His hurried search had missed,  
All glowing from his rosy sleep,  
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scathe hath he, nor harm, nor dread,  
But, the same couch beneath,  
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,  
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain !  
For now the truth was clear ;  
His gallant hound the wolf had slain  
To save Llewellyn's heir.

## THE BOWER OF BLISS.

There the most daintie paradise on ground  
 Itselfe doth offer to his sober eye,  
 In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,  
 And none does others happinesse envye ;  
 The painted flowres ; the trees upshooting hye ;  
 The dales for shade ; the hilles for breathing space ;  
 The trembling groves ; the christall running by ;  
 And, that which all fair workes doth most agrace,  
 The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude  
 And scorned partes were mingled with the fine)  
 That Nature had for wantonnesse ensude  
 Art, and that Art at Nature did repine ;  
 So striving each th' other to undermine,  
 Each did the others worke more beautify ;  
 So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine :  
 So all agreed, through sweete diversity,  
 This gardin to adorne with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,  
 Of richest substance that on earth might bee,  
 So pure and shiny that the silver flood  
 Through every channell running one might see ;  
 Most goodly it with curious ymageree  
 Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,  
 Of which some seemed with lively iollitee  
 To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,  
 Whylest others did themselves embay in liquid ioyes.

And over all of purest gold was spred  
 A trayle of yvie in his native hew ;  
 For the rich metal was so coloured,  
 That wight, who did not well avis'd it vew,  
 Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew :  
 Low his lascivious armes adowne did creepe,  
 That, themselves dipping in the silver dew  
 Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,  
 Which drops of christall seemed for wantones to weep.

Infini streames continually did well  
 Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,  
 The which into an ample laver fell,  
 And shortly grew to so great quantitie,  
 That like a little lake it seemed to bee ;  
 Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,  
 That through the waves one might the bottom see,  
 All pav'd beneath with iaspar shining bright,  
 That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

. . . . .

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,  
 Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,  
 Such as attonce might not on living ground,  
 Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere :  
 Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,  
 To reed what manner musicke that mote bee ;  
 For all that pleasing is to living eare,  
 Was there consorted in one harmonee ;  
 Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree :

The ioyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,  
 Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet ;  
 Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made  
 To th' instruments divine responce meet ;  
 The silver-sounding instruments did meet  
 With the base murmure of the waters fall ;  
 The waters fall, with difference discreet,  
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;  
 The gentle, warbling wind low answered to all.

—*From the Faerie Queene.*

#### THE CAVE OF SLEEP.

He, making speedy way through spersed ayre,  
 And through the world of waters wide and deepe,  
 To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire  
 Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,  
 And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,  
 His dwelling is ; there Tethys his wet bed  
 Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe

Beauty. He also wrote, in prose, a *View of Ireland*.

"There is something in Spenser," says the poet Pope, that pleases me as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read *The Faerie Queene* when I was about twelve, with infinite delight, and I think it gave me as much when I read it over about a year or two ago."

"He is the great master of English versification—incomparably the greatest master in our language," says Southey.

"His command of imagery," says the poet Campbell, "is wide, easy, and luxuriant. He threw the soul of harmony into our verse and made it more warmly, tenderly, and magnificently descriptive than it ever was before, or, with a few exceptions, than it has ever been since. It must certainly be owned that in description he exhibits nothing of the brief strokes and robust power which characterize the very greatest poets; but we shall nowhere find more airy and expansive images of visionary things, a sweeter tone of sentiment, or a finer flush in the colors of language than in the Rubens of English poetry. His fancy teems exuberantly in minuteness of circumstance, like a fertile soil sending bloom and verdure through the utmost extremities of the foliage which it nourishes."

#### AT THE ALTAR.

Open the temple gates unto my love,  
 Open them wide that she may enter in,  
 And all the posts adorn as doth behove,  
 And all the pillows deck with garlands trim.



For to receive this saint with honor due,  
 That cometh in to you.  
 With trembling steps, and humble reverence,  
 She cometh in, before the Almighty's view ;  
 Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,  
 When so ye come into those holy places,  
 To humble your proud faces :  
 Bring her up to the high altar, that she may  
 The sacred ceremonies there partake,  
 The which do endless matrimony make ;  
 And let the roaring organs loudly play  
 The praises of the Lord in lively notes  
 The whiles, with hollow throats,  
 The choristers with joyous anthems sing,  
 That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,  
 Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,  
 And blesseth her with his two happy hands,  
 How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,  
 And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil stain,  
 Like crimson dyed in grain ;  
 That even the angels, which continually  
 About the sacred altar do remain,  
 Forget their service, and about her fly,  
 Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair,  
 The more they on it stare.  
 But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,  
 Are governèd with goodly modesty,  
 That suffers not one look to glance awry,  
 Which may let in a little thought unsound.  
 Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,  
 The pledge of all our band ?  
 Sing, ye sweet angels, alleluja sing,  
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.  
 —*The Epithalamion.*

#### UNA AND THE LION.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,  
 From her unhasty beast she did alight ;  
 And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay  
 In secret shadow, far from all men's sight ;

From her fair head her fillet she undight,  
 And laid her stole aside ; her angel's face,  
 As the great eye of heaven, shinèd bright,  
 And made a sunshine in the shady place ;  
 Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood  
 A ramping lion rushèd suddenly,  
 Hunting full greedy after salvage blood.  
 Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,  
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,  
 To have at once devoured her tender corse ;  
 But to the prey, when as he drew more nigh,  
 His bloody rage assuagèd with remorse,  
 And, with the sight amazed, forgot his furious force.

Instead thereof he kissed her weary feet,  
 And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue,  
 As he her wrongèd innocence did weet.  
 Oh, how can beauty master the most strong,  
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong !  
 Whose yielded pride and proud submission,  
 Still dreading death, when she had markèd long,  
 Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion ;  
 And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

“ The lion, lord of every beast in field,”  
 Quoth she, “ his princely puissance doth abate,  
 And mighty proud to humble weak doth yield,  
 Forgetful of the hungry rage which late  
 Him pricked, in pity of my sad estate.  
 But he, my lion, and my noble lord,  
 How does he find in cruel heart to hate  
 Her that him loved, and ever most adored  
 As the god of my life ? Why hath he me abhorred ?

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,  
 Which softly echoed from the neighbor wood ;  
 And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,  
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood :  
 With pity calmed, down fell his angry mood.  
 At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,  
 Arose the virgin born of heavenly brood,

And to her snowy palfrey got again,  
To seek her strayèd champion, if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,  
But with her went along, as a strong guard  
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate  
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard.  
Still when she slept he kept both watch and ward,  
And when she waked he waited diligent  
With humble service to her will prepared.  
From her fair eyes he took commandement,  
And ever by her looks conceivèd her intent.

—*Faerie Queene, Book I., Canto 3.*

#### THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

And is there care in heaven? And is there love  
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,  
That may compassion of their evils move?—  
There is:—else much more wretched were the case  
Of men than beasts. But oh! the exceeding grace  
Of mighty God, that loves his creatures so,  
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,  
That blessèd angels he sends to and fro,  
To serve the wicked man—to serve his wicked foe!  
How oft do they their silver bowers leave  
To come to succor us that succor want!  
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave  
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,  
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!  
For us they fight, they watch and duly ward,  
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;  
And all for love, and nothing for reward.  
Oh, why should heavenly God to men have such re-  
gard?

—*Faerie Queene, Book II., Canto 8.*

#### HEAVENLY AND EARTHLY BEAUTY.

Rapt with the rage of mine own ravished thought,  
Through contemplation of those goodly sights  
And glorious images in heaven wrought,

Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights,  
 Do kindle love in high-conceited sprites,  
 I fain to tell the things that I behold,  
 But feel my wits to fail, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O thou most Almighty Sprite,  
 From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flow,  
 To shed into my breast some sparkling light  
 Of Thine eternal truth, that I may show  
 Some little beams to mortal eyes below  
 Of that Immortal Beauty there with Thee  
 Which in my weak, distraughted mind I see ;

That with the glory of so goodly sight  
 The hearts of men, which fondly here admire  
 Fair seeming shows, and feed on vain delight,  
 Transported with celestial desire  
 Of these fair forms, may lift themselves up higher,  
 And learn to love, with zealous, humble duty,  
 The eternal fountain of that Heavenly Beauty

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshy sense  
 Or idle thought of earthly things remain ;  
 But all that erst seemed sweet seems now offence,  
 And all that pleasèd erst now seems to pain.  
 Their joy, their comfort, their desire, their gain  
 Is fixed all on that which now they see ;  
 All other sights but feignèd shadows be.

And that fair lamp which useth to inflame  
 The hearts of men with self-consuming fire,  
 Thenceforth seems foul, and full of sinful blame ;  
 And all that pomp to which proud minds aspire  
 By name of honor, and so much desire,  
 Seems to them baseness, and all riches dross,  
 And all mirth sadness, and all lucre loss.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,  
 And senses fraught with such satiety,  
 That in naught else on earth they can delight  
 But in th' aspect of that felicity,  
 Which they have written in their inward eye,

On which they feed, and in their fastened mind  
All happy joy and full contentment find.

And then, my hungry soul, which long hast fed  
On idle fancies of my foolish thought,  
And, with false Beauty's flattering bait misled,  
Hast after vain, deceitful shadows sought,  
Which all are fled, and now have left thee naught  
But late repentance through thy folly's prief,  
Ah! cease to gaze on matter of thy grief ;

And look at last up to that sovereign light  
From whose pure beams all perfect Beauty springs,  
That kindleth love in every godly sprite—  
Even the Love of God, which loathing brings  
Of this vile world and these gay-seeming things ;  
With whose sweet pleasures being so possessed,  
Thy straying thoughts henceforth forever rest.  
—*From Hymn of Heavenly Beauty.*

#### WEDLOCK A FREE BONDAGE.

The doubt which ye misdeem, fair love, is vain,  
That fondly fear to lose your liberty ;  
When, losing one, two liberties ye gain,  
And make him bound that bondage erst did fly.  
Sweet be the bonds the which true love doth tye,  
Without constraint or dread of any ill.  
The gentle bird feels no captivity  
Within her cage ; but sings and feeds her fill ;  
There Pride dare not approach, nor Discord spill  
The league 'twixt them that loyal love hath bound ;  
But simple truth, and mutual good-will,  
Seeks, with sweet peace, to salve each other's wound ;  
There Faith doth fearless dwell in brazen tower,  
And spotless Pleasure builds her sacred bower.

#### EASTER MORNING.

Most glorious Lord of Life, that on this day  
Didst make thy triumph over Death and Sin,  
And, having harrowed Hell, didst bring away  
Captivity thence captive, us to win ;

This day, dear Lord, with joy begin ;  
 And grant that we, for whom Thou diddest die,  
 Being with thy dear blood clean washed from sin,  
 May live forever in felicity ;  
 And that thy love we weighing worthily  
 May likewise love Thee for the same again.  
 And for thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,  
 With love may one another entertain.  
 So let us love, dear Love, like as we ought :  
 Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

Spenser's greatest work, *The Faerie Queene*, is a poem the subject of which is chivalric, allegorical, narrative, and descriptive, while the execution is in a great measure derived from the manner of Ariosto and Tasso. It was originally planned to consist of twelve books or moral adventures, each typifying the triumph of a Virtue, and couched under the form of an exploit of knight-errantry. The hero of the whole action was to be the mythical Prince Arthur, the type of perfect virtue in Spenser, as he is the ideal hero in the vast collection of mediæval legends in which he figures. This fabulous personage is supposed to become enamoured of the Faerie Queene, who appears to him in a dream ; and arriving at her court in Fairy-land he finds her holding a solemn feudal festival during twelve days. At her court there is a beautiful lady for whose hand the twelve most distinguished knights are rivals ; and in order to settle their pretensions these twelve heroes undertake twelve separate adventures, which furnish the materials for the action. The First Book relates the expedition of the Red-Cross Knight, who is the allegorical representative of *Holiness*,

while his mistress Una represents true *Religion*; and the action of the knight's exploit shadows forth the triumph of Holiness over the enchantments and deceptions of Heresy. The Second Book recounts the adventures of Sir Guyon, or *Temperance*; the Third those of Britomartis—a female champion—or *Chastity*. It must be remarked that each of these books is subdivided into twelve cantos, consequently that the poem, even in the imperfect form under which we possess it, is extremely voluminous. The three first books were published separately in 1590, and dedicated to Elizabeth, who rewarded the delicate flattery which pervades innumerable allusions in the work with a pension of £50 a year. After returning to Ireland Spenser prosecuted his work; and in 1596 he gave to the world three more books, namely, the Fourth, containing the Legend of Cambell and Triamond, allegorizing *Friendship*; the Fifth, the Legend of Artegall, or of *Justice*; and the Sixth, that of Sir Calidore, or *Courtesy*. Thus half of the poet's original design was executed. What progress he made in the six remaining books it is now impossible to ascertain. There are traditions which assert that this latter portion was completed, but that the manuscript was lost at sea; while the more probable theory is, that Spenser had not time to terminate his extensive plan, but that the dreadful misfortunes amid which his life was closed prevented him from completing his design. The fragment consisting of two cantos of *Mutability* was intended to be inserted in the legend of *Constancy*, one of

the books projected. The vigor, invention, and splendor of expression that glow so brightly in the first three books, manifestly decline in the fourth, fifth, and sixth; and it is perhaps no matter of regret that the poet never completed so vast a design, in which the very nature of the plan necessitated a monotony that not all his fertility of genius could have obviated. We may apply to the *Faerie Queene* the paradox of Hesiod—"the half is more than the whole."

UNA AND THE RED CROSSE KNIGHT.

A gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,  
 Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,  
 Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,  
 The cruel markes of many a bloody field ;  
 Yet armes till that time did he never wield :  
 His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,  
 As much disdayning to the curbe to yield :  
 Full iolly knight he seemed, and faire did sitt,  
 As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

And on his breast a bloodie crosse he bore,  
 The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,  
 For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,  
 And dead, as living, ever him ador'd :  
 Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,  
 For sovaine hope, which in his helpe he had,  
 Right faithfull, true, he was in deede and word ;  
 But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad ;  
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,  
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave,  
 That greatest glorious queene of Faery lond,  
 To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,  
 Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave :  
 And ever as he rode, his hart did earne  
 To prove his puissance in battell brave



Upon his foe, and his new force to learne ;  
 Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,  
 Upon a lowely asse more white than snow ;  
 Yet she much whiter ; but the same did hide  
 Under a vele, that wimpled was full low ;  
 And over all a blacke stole shee did throw :  
 As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,  
 And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow ;  
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had ;  
 And by her in a line a milke-white lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent as that same lambe  
 She was in life and every vertuous lore ;  
 And by descent from royall lynage came  
 Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore  
 Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,  
 And all the world in their subiection held ;  
 Till that infernall feend with foule uprore  
 Forwasted all their land, and then expeld ;  
 Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compeld.

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,  
 That lassie seemed, in being ever last,  
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag  
 Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,  
 The day with cloudes was suddaine overcast,  
 And angry Iove an hideous storme of raine  
 Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,  
 That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain ;  
 And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,  
 A shadie grove not farr away they spide,  
 That promist ayde the tempest to withstand ;  
 Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,  
 Did spread so broad, that heavens light did hide,  
 Not perceable with power of any starr :  
 And all within were pathes and alleies wide,  
 With footing worne, and leading inward farr :  
 Faire harbour that them seemes ; so in they entred ar  
 —*From the Faerü Queene, Book I., Canto 1.*

## THE BOWER OF BLISS.

There the most daintie paradise on ground  
 Itselfe doth offer to his sober eye,  
 In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,  
 And none does others happinesse envye ;  
 The painted flowres ; the trees upshooting hye ;  
 The dales for shade ; the hilles for breathing space ;  
 The trembling groves ; the christall running by ;  
 And, that which all fair workes doth most aggrace,  
 The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude  
 And scorned partes were mingled with the fine)  
 That Nature had for wantonnesse ensude  
 Art, and that Art at Nature did repine ;  
 So striving each th' other to undermine,  
 Each did the others worke more beautify ;  
 So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine :  
 So all agreed, through sweete diversity,  
 This gardin to adorne with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,  
 Of richest substance that on earth might bee,  
 So pure and shiny that the silver flood  
 Through every channell running one might see ;  
 Most goodly it with curious ymageree  
 Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,  
 Of which some seemed with lively iollitee  
 To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,  
 Whylest others did themselves embay in liquid ioyes.

And over all of purest gold was spread  
 A trayle of yvie in his native hew ;  
 For the rich metal was so coloured,  
 That wight, who did not well avis'd it vew,  
 Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew :  
 Low his lascivious armes adowne did creepe,  
 That, themselves dipping in the silver dew  
 Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,  
 Which drops of christall seemed for wantones to weep.

Infinit streames continually did well  
 Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,  
 The which into an ample laver fell,  
 And shortly grew to so great quantitie,  
 That like a little lake it seemed to bee ;  
 Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,  
 That through the waves one might the bottom see,  
 All pav'd beneath with iaspar shining bright,  
 That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

. . . . .

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,  
 Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,  
 Such as attonce might not on living ground,  
 Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere :  
 Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,  
 To reed what manner musicke that mote bee ;  
 For all that pleasing is to living eare,  
 Was there consorted in one harmonie ;  
 Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree :

The ioyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,  
 Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet ;  
 Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made  
 To th' instruments divine respotence meet ;  
 The silver-sounding instruments did meet  
 With the base murmure of the waters fall ;  
 The waters fall, with difference discreet,  
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;  
 The gentle, warbling wind low answered to all.  
 —*From the Faerie Queene.*

#### THE CAVE OF SLEEP.

He, making speedy way through spersed ayre,  
 And through the world of waters wide and deepe,  
 To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire  
 Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,  
 And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,  
 His dwelling is ; there Tethys his wet bed  
 Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe

In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,  
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred

And, more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,  
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,  
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,  
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne  
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.  
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,  
As still are wont t' annoy the walled towne,  
Might there be heard ; but carelesse Quiet lyes  
Wrapt in eternall silence, farre from enimyes.

—*From the Faerie Queene.*

PRINCE ARTHUR.

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet  
A goodly Knight, faire marching by the way,  
Together with his Squyre, arrayed meet :  
His glitterand armour shined far away,  
Like glauncing light of Phœbus brightest ray ;  
From top to toe no place appearèd bare,  
That deadly dint of steele endanger may :  
Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware,  
That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most pre-  
tious rare :

And, in the midst thereof, one pretious stone  
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,  
Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,  
Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights,  
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights :  
Thereby his mortal blade full comely hong  
In yvory sheath, ycarv'd with curious slights,  
Whose hilts were burnisht gold ; and handle strong  
Of mother perle ; and buckled with a golden tong.

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,  
Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour bredd :  
For all the crest a dragon did enfold  
With greedie pawes, and over all did spredd  
His golden winges ; his dreadfull hideous hedd,

Close couched on the bever, seemd to throw  
 From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd,  
 That suddaine horrour to faint hartes did show ;  
 And scaly taylor was stretcht adowne his back full low  
 —*Faerie Queene, Book I., Canto 7.*

## BELPHEBE.

Her face so faire, as flesh it seemèd not,  
 But heavenly pourtraict of bright angels hew,  
 Cleare as the skye, withouten blame or blot,  
 Through goodly mixture of complexions dew ;  
 And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew  
 Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,  
 The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,  
 And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,  
 Hable to heale the sicke and to revive the ded.

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,  
 Kindled above at th' Hevenly Makers light,  
 And darted fyrie beames out of the same,  
 So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,  
 That quite bereavd the rash beholders sight :  
 In them the blinded god his lustful fyre  
 To kindle oft assayd, but had no might ;  
 For, with dredd maiestie and awfull yre  
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched bace desyre.

Her yvoire forehead, full of bountie brave,  
 Like a broad table did itselke dispred,  
 For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,  
 And write the battailes of his great godhed ;  
 All good and honour might therein be red ;  
 For there their dwelling was. And, when she spake,  
 Sweete wordes, like dropping honny, she did shed ;  
 And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake  
 A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemed to make.  
 —*Faerie Queene, Book II., Canto 3.*

“The power of Spenser’s genius,” says Professor Shaw, “does not consist in any deep analysis of human passion or feeling, in any skill in the

delineation of character; but in an unequalled richness of description, in the art of representing events and objects with an intensity that makes them visible and tangible. He describes *to the eye*, and communicates to the airy conceptions of allegory, the splendor and the vivacity of visible objects. He has the exhaustless fertility of Rubens, with that great painter's sensuous and voluptuous profusion of color. Among the most important of his other poetical writings, I must mention his *Mother Hubbard's Tale*; his *Daphnida*, an idyllic elegy bewailing the early death of the accomplished Sidney; and above all his *Amoretti*, or love poems, the most beautiful of which is his *Epithalamium*, or Marriage-Song on his own nuptials with the 'fair Elizabeth.' This is certainly one of the richest and chastest marriage-hymns to be found in the whole range of literature, combining warmth with dignity, the intensest passion with a noble elevation and purity of sentiment. Here, too, as well as in innumerable passages of the *Faerie Queene*, do we see the influence of that lofty and abstract philosophical idea of the identity between Beauty and Virtue, which he borrowed from the Platonic speculations."

BEAUTY.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,  
 And hath in it the more of heavenly light,  
 So it the fairer body doth procure  
 To habit in, and it more fairly dight  
 With cheerful grace and amiable sight;  
 For of the soul the body form doth take;  
 For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Therefore wherever that thou dost behold  
 A comely corpse, with beauty fair endued,  
 Know this for certain, that the same doth hold  
 A beauteous soul, with fair conditions thewed,  
 Fit to receive the seed of virtue strewed ;  
 For all that fair is, is by nature good ;  
 That is a sign to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falls that many a gentle mind  
 Dwells in deformed tabernacle drowned,  
 Either by chance, against the course of kind,  
 Or through unaptness in the substance found,  
 Which it assumed of some stubborne ground,  
 That will not yield unto her form's direction,  
 But is performed with some foul imperfection

And oft it falls (aye me, the more to rue!)  
 That goodly beauty, albeit heavenly born,  
 Is foul abused, and that celestial hue,  
 Which doth the world with her delight adorn,  
 Made but the bait of sin, and sinners' scorn,  
 Whilst every one doth seek but to deprave it.

Yet nathèmore is that faire beauty's blame,  
 But theirs that do abuse it unto ill :  
 Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame  
 May be corrupt, and wrested unto will :  
 Natheless the soule is fair and beauteous still,  
 However fleshe's fault it filthy make ;  
 For things immortal no corruption take.

—*From Hymn in Honor of Beauty.*

#### THE BRIDE.

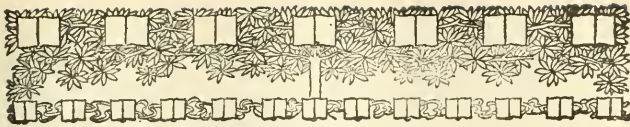
Loe ! where she comes along with portly pace,  
 Lyke Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,  
 Arysing forth to run her mighty race,  
 Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.  
 So well it her beseems, that ye would weene  
 Some angeli she had beene.  
 Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,  
 Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres at weene,

**Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre,**  
 And, being crowned with a girland greene,  
 Seem lyke some mayden queene.  
 Her modest eyes, abashed to behold  
 So many gazers as on her do stare,  
 Upon the lowly ground affixèd are,  
 Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,  
 But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud--  
 So farre from being proud.  
 Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing,  
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see  
 So fayre a creature in your towne before ;  
 So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,  
 Adorned with beautyes grace and vertues store ?  
 Her goodly eyes lyke saphyres shining bright,  
 Her forehead yvory white,  
 Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,  
 Her lips lyke cherries, charming men to byte,  
 Her brest lyke to a bowl of creame uncrudded,  
 Her paps lyke lyllies budded,  
 Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre,  
 And all her body like a pallace fayre,  
 Ascending up, with many a stately stayre,  
 To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre.  
 Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,  
 Upon her so to gaze,  
 Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,  
 To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring ?  
 —*The Epithalamion.*







SPIELHAGEN, FRIEDRICH, a German novelist, born at Magdeburg, February 27, 1829. He is the son of a German official, was educated at the University of Berlin, studied law in Bonn, and in 1854 went to Leipsic, where he taught in the Gymnasium. Devoting himself to literature, he has gained a foremost place among modern German novelists. His works are: *Clara Vere* (1854); *On the Downs* (1858); *Problematical Natures* (1861); *Through Night to Light*, a sequel (1862); *At the Twelfth Hour* (1863); *The Rose of the Court* (1864); *The Hohensteins* (1864); *Rank and File* (1866); *Hans and Margaret* (1868); *The Village Coquette* (1869); *Hammer and Anvil* (1869); *German Pioneers* (1870); *Ever Forward* (1872); *What the Swallows Sang* (1873); *Ultimo* (1873); *Love for Love* (1875); *Storm-Floods* (1878); *Low Land* (1879); *The Skeleton in the House* (1879); *Quisisana* (1880); *Angela* (1881); *Uhlenhanns* (1883); *A New Pharaoh* (1888); *Finder und Erfinder* (1890), and *Poems* (1891). *Hans and Margaret* was dramatized as a comedy in 1876.

“Although in some respects, as we have pointed out,” says the *Westminster Review* (October, 1868), “this popular German romance writer displays subjective biasses; yet, on the whole, he is objective, and most decidedly reflects opinions now prevalent in his country. In fact, one of his critics avers that ‘a psychological historian of the future

may turn to his works for valuable data on many aspects of social life in the present times.' As a delineator of individual characters, many of them types of different classes of society; as a painter of various situations, scenic and social, he appears to us unequalled by any other modern German writer of fiction. Reflections, too, moral and philosophical, are strewn about his works, which, if they have not always for superior minds the charm of novelty, have at least that of diction to recommend them."

#### AMONG UNSEEN FOES.

They left the grotto and looked around. They could not see much as yet. A dense fog floated in waving masses over the meadows, now allowing green islands to rise from the gray sea, and then swallowing them up again. The forest from which they had come was lost to sight. Munzer thought it was on one side, Antonia on the other; they went first in this direction, then in that, and still the pine-trees which they sought would not show themselves. At last they saw them at some distance; but a brook, which had changed the meadow into a swamp, prevented the wanderers from approaching in a straight line. They turned aside, and instantly the wood was lost again in the mist. All of a sudden they found themselves near the stump on which they had been sitting last night. To the left of it, about a hundred yards farther on the edge of the wood, the little path led to the camp of the corps.

"All is right now," said Munzer, "but it was high time. What is that?"

A peculiar noise of bushes being trod down, and then again a low sound as of many men marching with equal step on a soft ground, and, between, every now and then, a word of command—thus it came up the hill.

They stood still and listened, breathless, into the mist.

"The enemy!" whispered Munzer, taking down his rifle.

"What are you going to do?"

"Give a warning before it is too late!" He fired; almost at the same instant several shots fell, which had been fired at hap-hazard by the approaching troops, and Munzer fell at Antonia's feet.

With a wild cry she sank down by his side and raised his bleeding head. She thought he had been killed, but she soon perceived that the ball had only glanced along the temple, and that all hope was not lost. She pressed her handkerchief on the gaping wound; she tore her silk fichu from her neck and bound it around his head. In vain! The blood but ran all the faster over her trembling hands. She loosened her belt, tore off her blouse, and wrapped it around him; she sat down on the grass and placed the dear head on her lap, she saw nothing but the flowing blood, nothing but the fading face. What did it matter to her that gray forms slipped by her on all sides, that soon the firing became more serious, large masses being engaged, and that at last the mist rose, and so deprived her of the only protection which had concealed her until now, as by a miracle, from the eyes of the attacking party. One company after another came up, sharpshooters on the flanks, at the beat of the drum, charging the edge of the wood, which it seemed was held by the revolutionary troops, and obstinately defended. Again and again the bugle gave the signal for retreat. At last, however, they had apparently succeeded in gaining a hold on the forest; for the trees now resounded with the cheers of the soldiers and the crack of the rifles. A new battalion came to the support of the troops who were already engaged in the forest. The sharpshooters, deploying in line, approached the spot where Antonia was sitting motionless, with her terrible burden.

"There are some more dogs of republicans!" cried one, aiming at Antonia.

"Save your cartridge, my man!" said an officer, knocking up the barrel of the gun with his sword.

Lieutenant Todwitz had seen that the man who was lying on the ground, with his head in the lap of the

handsome young woman, was either dead or grievously wounded : the sight had excited his pity. He rushed up to the group. Antonia looked at him with fixed, imploring eyes. She knew the young officer well ; she had danced with him often enough in the city.

“Save him, Baron Todwitz !” she cried, forgetting everything else.

The officer was petrified. Was this Antonia?—the brilliant Antonia Hohenstein?—in this costume?—in such a position ?

Nevertheless he was a good fellow, and not so hardened against the impulse of doing a heroic thing that he was not touched by what he saw.

“I will do what I can,” he said, “but I fear that will be little enough.”—*The Hohensteins; translation of SCHELE DE VERE.*





SPINOZA, BARUCH, a famous Dutch philosopher, of Jewish parentage, born at Amsterdam, November 24, 1632; died at The Hague, February 21, 1677. He Latinized his name of Baruch into BENEDICTUS, by which he is usually designated. He received a careful Rabbinical training; but at an early age he began to hold heterodox opinions, and was repeatedly summoned before a Rabbinical Council. As he failed to appear, the *anathema maranatha* was pronounced against him in 1656. At the urgency of the Rabbis he was banished from Amsterdam, and finally took up his residence at The Hague, where he devoted himself to speculative philosophy. He had learned the art of grinding lenses for optical instruments, by the exercise of which craft he supported himself, though poorly, for most of his time was devoted to study. In 1673 he was offered a professorship in the University of Marburg, on condition that he would teach nothing opposed to the established religion; this he declined. A suggestion was made to him that he should dedicate some work to Louis XIV. of France, in the expectation of being rewarded by a pension; he replied that he had nothing to dedicate to that monarch. During his lifetime Spinoza put forth several profound treatises, but he withheld several of his most notable works, which were not published until after his death.

Among these are the *Ethica*, the *Tractatus de Intellectus Emendatione*, the *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*. Our extracts from his writings are given in the translation of J. A. Froude. The First Book of his *Ethica* contains a series of "Definitions" and "Axioms," which may be regarded as the basis of his philosophical system.

#### PHILOSOPHICAL DEFINITIONS.

(1.) By a thing which is *causus sui*—its own cause—I mean a thing the essence of which involves the existence of it, or a thing which cannot be conceived except as existing.—(2.) I call a thing finite, *suo genere*, when it can be limited by another (or others) of the same nature. For example, a given body is called finite, because we can always conceive another body enveloping it; but body is not limited by thought, nor thought by body.—(3.) By substance I mean what exists in itself, and is conceived by itself; the conception of which, that is, does not involve the conception of anything else as the cause of it.—(4.) By attribute I mean whatever the intellect perceives of substance as constituting the essence of substance.—(5.) Mode is an affection of substance, or is that which is in something else, by and through which it is conceived.—(6.) God is a being absolutely infinite; a substance consisting of infinite attributes, each of which expresses His eternal and infinite essence.

#### PHILOSOPHICAL AXIOMS.

(1.) All things that exist, exist either themselves or in virtue of something else.—(2.) What we cannot conceive of as existing in virtue of something else, we must conceive through and in itself.—(3.) From a given cause an effect necessarily follows, and if there be no cause, no effect can follow.—(4.) Things which have nothing in common with each other cannot be understood through one another; that is, the conception of one does not involve the conception of the other.—(5.)

To understand an effect implies that we understand the cause of it.—(6.) A true idea is one which corresponds with its *ideate*.—(7.) The essence of anything which can be conceived as non-existent does not involve existence.

#### SUBSTANCE AN ETERNAL VERITY.

If anyone affirms that he has a clear, distinct—that is to say, a true—idea of substance, but that nevertheless he is uncertain whether any such substance exists, it is the same as if he were to affirm that he had a true idea, but yet was uncertain whether it were not false. Or if he says that substance can be created, it is like saying that a false idea can become a true idea : as absurd a thing as it is possible to conceive. And therefore the existence of substance, as well as the essence of it, must be acknowledged as an eternal verity.

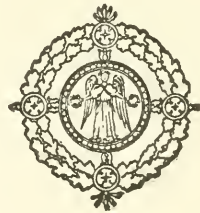
#### THE BODY AND THE MIND.

What Body can or cannot do, no one has yet determined ; Body, that is, by the law of its own nature and without any assistance from mind. No one has so probed the human frame as to have detected all its functions, and exhausted the list of them. There are powers exhibited by animals far exceeding human sagacity ; and, again, feats are performed by somnambulists on which in the waking state the same persons would never venture—itsself a proof that Body is able to accomplish what Mind can only admire.

Men say that Mind moves Body ; but how it moves it they cannot tell, or what degree of motion it can impart to it ; so that, in fact, they do not know what they say, and are only confessing their own ignorance in specious language. They will answer me that whether or not they understand how it can be, yet they are assured by plain experience that unless Mind could perceive, Body would be altogether inactive ; they know that it depends on the Mind whether the tongue speaks or is silent. But do they not equally experience that if their bodies are paralyzed their minds cannot think ? that if their bodies are asleep their minds are without power ? that their minds are not at all times able to exert

themselves even on the same subject, but depend on the state of their bodies? And as for experience proving that the members of the Body can be controlled by the Mind, I fear experience proves very much the reverse.

But it is absurd, they rejoin, to attempt to explain, from the mere laws of Body, such things as pictures, or palaces, or works of art; the Body could not build a church unless the Mind directed it. I have shown, however, that we do not yet know what Body can or cannot do, or what would naturally follow from the structure of it; that we experience in the feats of somnambulists something which, antecedently to that experience, would have seemed incredible. This fabric of the human body exceeds infinitely any contrivance of human skill, and an infinity of things, as I have already proved, ought to follow from it.







SPOFFORD, HARRIET ELIZABETH (PRESCOTT), an American novelist and poet, born at Calais, Me., April 3, 1835. While she was a child her family removed to Newburyport, Mass., at or near which she has since resided. In 1855 she became the wife of Richard S. Spofford, a lawyer of Boston. About 1850 she began to write stories for periodicals. In 1859 she sent to the *Atlantic Monthly* a story of Parisian life, entitled *In a Cellar*, which was held in abeyance for some time under the impression that it was an unacknowledged translation from the French. This misapprehension was removed; the story was published, and Harriet Prescott soon became a frequent contributor to the best magazines. Some of her numerous pieces have from time to time been collected into volumes. Among her works are *Sir Rohan's Ghost* (1859); *The Amber Gods, and Other Stories* (1863); *Azarian* (1864); *New England Legends* (1871); *The Thief in the Night* (1872); *Art Decoration Applied to Furniture* (1881); *Marquis of Carabas* (1882); *Poems* (1882); *Hester Stanley at St. Mark's* (1883); *The Servant-Girl Question* (1884); *Ballads About Authors* (1888); *A Lost Jewel and House and Hearth* (1891); and *A Scarlet Poppy* (1894).

Her sister, MARY NEWMARCH PRESCOTT (1849-88), was a frequent contributor, in prose and verse, to periodicals.

## RUTH YETTON'S ART-STUDIES.

Without premeditation or affectation or search Miss Yetton had found an art; an art in which she stood almost alone. As she began to give herself rules, one that she found absolute was to work from nothing but the life. During the winter, and while yet her means were very small, the opposite course had been needful; but even then some little card where a handful of brown stems and ruddy berries from the snowy roadside seemed to have been thrown, where she had caught just the top-most tips of the bare tree in the square, lined like any evanescent sea-moss, delicate as the threads of smoke that wander upward, faintly lined in rosy purple and etched upon a calm, deep sky with most exquisite and intricate entanglement of swaying spray and swinging bud: even then things like these commanded twice the price of any copy of her past sketches. Something of this was due to growth, perhaps. Already she felt that she handled her pencil with a swifter decision, and there was a courage in her color.

But when spring came she revelled. She took jaunts deeper among the outlying regions. One day, luncheon in pocket, she went pulling apart old fallen twigs and bits of stone on the edge of a chasm where dark and slumbrous waters forever mantled, and returning the forty miles in the afternoon train, brought home with her bountiful bunches, root and blood-red leaf, downy bud and flaky flower of the purple hepatica—the hepatica whose pristine element, floating out of heaven and sinking into the sod with every star-sown fall of snow, answers the first touch of wooing sunshine, assailed of dazzle, enriched with some tincture of the mould's own strain, and borrowing from the crumbling granites that companion it all winter an atom of fibre, a moment of permanence; breezy bits of gold and purple at last; cuddled in among old gnarls and roots, and calling the wild March sponsor. These before her she wrought patiently on ivory, with all delicate veinery and tender tint, painting in a glossy jet of background, till, rivalling the Florentine, the dainty mosaic was ready for the cun-

ning goldsmith who should shape it to the pin that gathers the laces deep in any lady's bosom.

Then, when the brush had exhausted their last essence, some messenger of the year, some little stir in her pulse, warned her of hurrying May-flowers, and she sped down to the Plymouth woods, within sound of their rustling sea-shore, to pull up clustered wet trailing masses, flushed in the warmest, wealthiest pink, with the heartsomest flower that blows. And there, in the milder weather, she took her only familiar, her father, that he might plunge his trembling hands deep down among the flowers; or, sitting on a mossy knoll, listen to the wild song of the pines above. Sometimes, too, she stood with him through long reveries in the wide rhodora marshes, where some fleece of burning mist seemed to be falling, and caught and tangled in the filaments upon the bare twigs and sprays that lovingly detained it. At other times she lingered over the blushing wild honeysuckle, and every tribe of fragrance poured strength and light into her spirit. Always in gathering her trophies from among their natural surroundings she felt half her picture painted. . . .

At length, when—summer ended and her tramps among pastures on fire with their burning huckleberry-bushes, just begun—there came an order from across the seas for a book of autumn leaves, accompanied by a check for two hundred dollars, Miss Yetton thought her fortune made.—*Azarian*.

A SIGH.

It was nothing but a rose I gave her,  
 Nothing but a rose;  
 Any wind might rob of half its savor,  
 Any wind that blows.

When she took it from my trembling fingers  
 With a hand as chill—  
 Ah, the flying touch upon them lingers,  
 Stays and thrills them still!

Withered, faded, pressed between the pages,  
 Crumpled fold on fold—  
 Once it lay upon her breast, and ages  
 Cannot make it old!

## HAPPY DAY OF HAPPY JUNE.

Ah, happy day, refuse to go !  
 Hang in the heavens forever so !  
 Forever in mid afternoon,  
 Ah, happy day of happy June !  
 Pour out thy sunshine on the hill  
 The piny wood with perfume fill,  
 And breathe across the surging sea  
 Land-scented breezes that shall be  
 Sweet as the gardens that they pass  
 Where children tumble in the grass !

Ah, happy day, refuse to go !  
 Hang in the heavens forever so !  
 And long not for thy blushing rest  
 In the soft bosom of the west ;  
 But bid gray evening get her back  
 With all the stars upon her track !  
 Forget the dark, forget the dew,  
 The mystery of the midnight blue,  
 And only spread thy wide, warm wings,  
 While Summer her enchantment flings !

Ah, happy day, refuse to go !  
 Hang in the heavens forever so !  
 Forever let thy tender mist  
 Lie, like dissolving amethyst,  
 Deep in the distant dales, and shed  
 Thy mellow glory overhead !  
 Yet wilt thou wander—call the thrush,  
 And have the wilds and waters hush  
 To hear his passion-broken tune  
 Ah, happy day of happy June !

## VANITY.\*

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,  
 And day and night are the same as one ;  
 The year grows green, and the year grows brown,  
 And what is it all when all is done ?  
 Grains of sombre or shining sand,  
 Gliding into and out of the hand.

\* Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

And men go down in ships to the seas,  
And a hundred ships are the same as one ;  
And backward and forward blows the breeze,  
And what is it all, when all is done ?  
A tide with never a shore in sight  
Getting steadily on to the night.

The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,  
And a hundred streams are the same as one ;  
And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,  
And what is it all when all is done ?  
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,  
And always the dreaming the dreamer wakes





SPRAGUE, CHARLES, an American poet, born in Boston, October 26, 1791; died there, January 22, 1875. He was engaged in mercantile business until 1825, when he became cashier of the Globe Bank, Boston, a position from which he retired in 1864. A collection of his poems was published in 1850, and a later one in 1876. Besides numerous occasional poems they include the *Shakespeare Ode*, recited in 1823; *Curiosity*, delivered as a Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard, in 1829; and the Boston *Centennial Ode* (1830).

“Mr. Sprague’s language,” says the *North American Review*, “is simple and nervous, and his imagery brilliant and striking. There is a spirit of pervading good sense in this poem [*Curiosity*] which shows that he gives poetry its right place in his mind. Above all there is a lofty tone of thought, which indicates superiority to the affectations of the day.”

#### THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

[*Addressed to two little birds, who flew into a church during service, and remained perched there.*]

Gay, guiltless pair,  
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?  
Ye have no need of prayer,  
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,  
Where mortals to their Maker bend?  
Can your pure spirits fear  
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew  
**The crimes for which we come to weep ;**  
 Penance is not for you,  
**Blest wanderers of the upper deep.**

To you 'tis given  
**To wake sweet Nature's untaught lays ;**  
 Beneath the arch of heaven  
**To chirp away a life of praise.**

Then spread each wing  
**Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands**  
 And join the choirs that sing  
**In yon blue dome not reared with hands.**

Or, if ye stay  
**To note the consecrated hour,**  
 Teach me the airy way,  
**And let me try your envied power.**

Above the crowd,  
**On upward wings could I but fly,**  
 I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,  
**And seek the stars that gem the sky.**

'Twere heaven indeed  
**Through fields of trackless light to soar,**  
 On Nature's charms to feed,  
**And Nature's own great God adore.**

**I SEE THEE STILL.**

I see thee still !  
**Remembrance, faithful to her trust,**  
**Calls thee in beauty from the dust.**  
 Thou comest in the morning light,  
**Thou'rt with me in the gloomy night ;**  
 In dreams I meet thee as of old,  
**Then thy soft arms my neck enfold,**  
**And thy sweet voice is in mine ear.**  
**In every scene to memory dear**  
**I see thee still !**

**I see thee still !**  
 In every hallowed token round ;  
 This little ring thy finger bound,  
 This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,  
 This silken chain by thee was braided ;  
 These flowers, all withered now like thee,  
 Sweet sister, thou didst cull for me ;  
 This book was thine—here didst thou read.  
 This picture—ah yes ! here indeed  
 I see thee still !

**I see thee still !**  
 Here was thy summer noon's retreat  
 Here was thy favorite fireside seat ;  
 This was thy chamber—here, each day,  
 I sat and watched thy sad decay,  
 Here on this bed thou last didst lie,  
 Here on this pillow thou didst die :  
 Dark hour ! once more its woes unfold !  
 As then I saw thee pale and cold,  
 I see thee still !

**I see thee still !**  
 Thou art not in the grave confined—  
 Death cannot claim the immortal Mind.  
 Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,  
 But goodness dies not in the dust.  
 Thee, O my sister ! 'tis not thee  
 Beneath the coffin's lid I see ;  
 Thou to a fairer land art gone :  
 There let me hope, my journey done,  
 To see thee still !

## SHAKESPEARE.

[ *as an Ode recited at the Shakespeare Celebration in Boston, in 1823.* ]

**Then Shakespeare rose !—**  
 Across the trembling strings  
 His daring hand he flings,  
 And lo ! a new creation glows !  
 Where, clustering round, submissive to his will,  
 Fate's vassal train his high commands fulfil :—



Madness, with his frightful scream,  
 Vengeance, leaning on his lance,  
 Avarice, with his blade and beam,  
 Hatred, blasting with a glance ;  
 Remorse that weeps, and Rage that roars,  
 And Jealousy that dotes, but dooms, and murders yet  
 adores ;  
 Mirth, his face with sunbeams lit,  
 Waking Laughter's merry swell,  
 Arm in arm with fresh-eyed Wit,  
 That waves his tingling lash, while Folly shakes his  
 bell.

Despair that haunts the gurgling stream,  
 Kissed by the virgin moon's cold beam,  
 Where some lost maid wild chaplets wreathes  
 And, swan-like, there her own dirge breathes,  
 Then broken-hearted sinks to rest,  
 Beneath the bubbling wave that shrouds her maniac  
 breast.

Young Love with eye of tender gloom,  
 Now drooping o'er the hallowed tomb  
 Where his plighted victims lie,  
 Where they met, but met to die,  
 And now, when crimson buds are sleeping  
 Through the dewy arbor peeping,  
 Where Beauty's child, the frowning world forgot,  
 To Youth's devoted tale is listening,  
 Rapture on her dark lash glistening,  
 While fairies leave their cowslip cells, and guard the  
 happy spot.

Thus rise the phantom throng  
 Obedient to their Master's song,  
 And lead in willing chains the wondering soul along.

For other worlds war's Great One sighed in vain ;  
 O'er other worlds see Shakespeare rove and reign !  
 The rapt magician of his own wild lay,  
 Earth and her tribes his mystic wand obey.  
 Old Ocean trembles, thunder cracks the skies,

Air teems with shapes, and tell-tale spectres rise ;  
 Night's fearful hags their fearful orgies keep,  
 And faithless Guilt unseals the lip of sleep ;  
 Time yields his trophies up, and Death restores  
 The mouldered victims of his voiceless shores.  
 The fireside legend and the faded page,  
 The crime that cursed, the deed that blest an age.  
 All, all, come forth, the good to charm and cheer,  
 To scourge bold Vice, and start the generous tear ;  
 With pictured Folly gazing worlds to shame,  
 And guide young Glory's foot along the path to fame.

THE FAMILY MEETING.

We are all here !  
 All who hold each other dear,  
 Each chair is filled—we're all at home ;  
 To-night let no cold stranger come :  
 It is not often thus around  
 Our old, familiar hearth we're found ;  
 Bless, then, the meeting and the spot ;  
 For once be every care forgot ;  
 Let gentle Peace assert her power,  
 And kind affection rule the hour ;  
 We're all—all here.

We're *not* all here !  
 Some are away—the dead ones dear,  
 Who throng'd with us this ancient hearth,  
 And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.  
 Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,  
 Looked in and thinned our little band :  
 Some, like a night-flash, passed away,  
 And some sank, lingering, day by day ;  
 The quiet graveyard—some lie there—  
 And cruel Ocean has his share—  
 We're *not* all here.

We *are* all here !  
 Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear ;  
 Fond memory to her duty true,  
 Brings back their faded forms to view.

How life-like, through the mist of years,  
Each well-remembered face appears !  
We see them as in times long past ;  
From each to each kind looks are cast ;  
We hear their words, their smiles behold ;  
They're round us as they were of old—  
    We *are* all here.

    We are all here !  
    Father, Mother,  
    Sister, Brother,  
You that I love with love so dear,  
*This* may not long of us be said ;  
Soon must we join the gathered dead ;  
And by the hearth we now sit round,  
Some other circle will be found.  
O ! then, that wisdom may we know,  
Which yields a life of peace below !  
So, in the world to follow this,  
May each repeat, in words of bliss,  
    We're all--all *here* !





SPRAGUE, WILLIAM BUELL, an American clergyman and religious historian and biographer, born at Andover, Conn., October 16, 1795; died at Flushing, Long Island, May 7, 1876. He was graduated at Yale in 1815; studied at the Princeton Theological Seminary, and in 1819 was settled as associate pastor of the Congregational Church at West Springfield, Mass. In 1829 he became pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Albany, N. Y., retaining this post until his resignation in 1869. Among his numerous writings are *Letters to a Daughter* (1822); *Letters from Europe* (1828); *Lectures on Revivals* (1832); *Aids to Early Religion* (1847); *Words to a Young Man's Conscience* (1848). His most important work, to which the labor of many years was devoted, was the *Annals of the American Pulpit*, containing biographies of clergymen of all denominations, with Historical Introductions to the biographies of each denomination, the whole being brought down to 1855. The publication of this work was begun in 1857, the ninth and concluding volume was issued in 1867.

A writer in the *Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Cyclopædia* pays this fine tribute to Dr. Sprague: "He has been well and truly described as an 'illustrious man, a cultivated, elegant, voluminous, useful, and popular preacher; an indefat-

igable and successful pastor ; an unselfish and devoted friend ; loving, genial, pure and noble ; an Israelite, indeed, in whom there was no guile ; one of the most childlike, unsophisticated, and charitable of men.' By his great literary work, *Annals of the American Pulpit*, a herculean task, nobly accomplished, he has placed all denominations represented in it under great obligations for the faithful manner in which it is executed."

In the Preface he thus sets forth the plan of the work :

PLAN OF THE "ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN PULPIT."

In the construction of this work I had an eye to the history of the Church, as well as to the biography of its ministers. I have therefore kept each denomination by itself, and have arranged the names under each chronologically, so that the gradual changes of the ministry can be easily traced, and the progress of each denomination, also, so far as it is identified with the characters and doings of its ministers.

The work is chiefly distinguished by two characteristics. One is that the testimony concerning character is, with very few exceptions, original. It is not only the sentiments but the very language of the individual who could speak from actual knowledge. The other characteristic feature of the work is that it at least claims an exemption from denominational partiality. My only aim has been to present what I supposed to be a faithful outline of the life and character of each individual, without justifying or condemning opinions they have respectively held. . . . One of the most difficult and delicate things in connection with the work has been the selection of its subjects. The general principle that has controlled me has been the following : to include those who were eminent for their talents, their acquirements, or their usefulness, or who were particularly distinguished in their history.



SPRAT, THOMAS, an English divine and historian, born in 1636; died at Bromley, May 30, 1713. He was one of the foremost London preachers. He took an active part in the politico-ecclesiastical movements of his day; he became chaplain to Charles II., by whom, in 1684, he was made Bishop of Rochester. He gave his support to the government of James II., but embraced the cause of William and Mary, and assisted at their coronation. In 1692 an attempt was made to implicate him in a plot to restore the exiled Stuarts. This utterly failed, and the chief conspirator was put in the pillory, and a few years afterward was hanged for coining false money. Sprat's works embrace a few *Poems*, several eloquent *Sermons*, and an elaborate *History of the Royal Society of London for the Improving of Natural Knowledge* (1667).

“Unhappily for his fame,” says Lord Macaulay, “it has been usual to print his verses in collections of the British poets; and those who judge of him by his verses must consider him as a servile imitator, who, without one spark of Cowley's admirable genius, mimicked whatever was least commendable in Cowley's manner; but those who are acquainted with Sprat's prose writings will form a very different estimate of his powers. He was, indeed, a great master of our language, and possessed at once the eloquence of the orator, of the controversialist, and of the historian.”

## PHILOSOPHY AND FAITH.

We are guilty of false interpretations of providence and wonders when we either make those to be miracles that are none, or when we put a false sense upon those that are real ; when we make general events to have a private aspect, or particular accidents to have some universal signification. Though both these may seem at first to have the strictest appearance of religion, yet they are the greatest usurpations of the secrets of the Almighty, and unpardonable presumptions on His high prerogatives of punishment and reward. And now, if a moderating of those extravagances must be esteemed profaneness, I confess I cannot absolve the experimental philosopher. It must be granted that he will be very scrupulous in believing all manner of commentaries on prophetic visions, in giving liberty to new predictions, and in assigning the causes and making out the paths of God's judgments amongst His creatures.

He cannot suddenly conclude all extraordinary events to be the immediate finger of God ; because he familiarly beholds the inward working of things, and thence perceives that many effects which used to affright the ignorant are brought forth by the common instruments of nature. He cannot be suddenly inclined to pass censure on men's eternal condition from any temporal judgments that may befall them, because his long converse with all matters, times, and places has taught him the truth of what the Scripture says, that "all things happen alike to all." He cannot blindly consent to all imaginations of devout men about future contingencies, seeing he is so rigid in examining all particular matters of fact. He cannot be forward to assent to spiritual raptures and revelations ; because he is truly acquainted with the temper of men's bodies, the composition of their blood, and the power of fancy, and so better understands the difference between diseases and inspirations.

But in all this he commits nothing that is irreligious. 'Tis true that to deny that God has heretofore warned

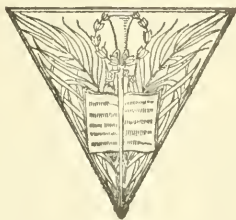
the world of what was to come is to contradict the very Godhead itself; but to reject the sense which any private man shall fasten to it is not to disdain the Word of God, but the opinions of men like ourselves. To declare against the possibility that new prophets may be sent from heaven, is to insinuate that the same infinite wisdom which once showed itself in that way is now at an end. But to slight all pretenders that come without the help of miracles is not a contempt of the Spirit, but a just circumspection that the reason of men be not over-reached. To deny that God directs the course of human things is stupidity; but to hearken to every prodigy that men frame against their enemies, or for themselves, is not to reverence the power of God, but to make that serve the passions, the interests, and revenges of men. . . .

Let us, then, imagine our philosopher to have all slowness of belief, and rigor of trial, which by some is miscalled a blindness of mind and hardness of heart. Let us suppose that he is most unwilling to grant that anything exceeds the force of nature but where a full evidence convinces him. Let it be allowed that he is always alarmed, and ready on his guard, at the noise of any miraculous event, lest his judgment should be surprised by the disguises of faith. But does he by this diminish the authority of ancient miracles? or does he not rather confirm them the more, by confining their number, and taking care that every falsehood should not mingle with them? Can he by this undermine Christianity, which does not now stand in need of such extraordinary testimonies from heaven; or do not they rather endanger it who still venture its truth on so hazardous a chance; who require a continuance of signs and wonders, as if the works of our Saviour and his apostles had not been sufficient?

Who ought to be esteemed the most carnally minded—the enthusiast who perverts religion with his own passions, or the experimenter that will not use it to flatter and obey his own desires, but to subdue them? Who is to be thought the greatest enemy of the Gospel—he that loads men's faith by so many improbable things as will go near to make the reality itself suspect-



ed, or he that only admits a few arguments to confirm the evangelical doctrines, but then chooses those that are unquestionable? It cannot be an ungodly purpose to strive to abolish all holy cheats, which are of fatal consequence both to the deceivers and those that are deceived—to the deceivers, because they must needs be hypocrites, having the argument in their keeping; to the deceived, because if their eyes shall ever be opened, and they chance to find that they have been deluded in any one thing, they will be apt not only to reject that, but even to despise the very truths themselves which they had before been taught by these deluders.—*History of the Royal Society.*





SPURGEON, CHARLES HADDON, a celebrated English Baptist minister and controversialist, born in Kelvedon, Essex, England, June 19, 1834; died at Mentone, France, January 31, 1892. His literary school education was brief, and was received chiefly at Colchester, with a subsequent year at an agricultural college at Maidstone, where he supported himself as usher, and a short time later filled the same office at Cambridge. His chief preparation as one of the greatest preachers of his age was obtained in a determined system of book-reading and training. His sermons abound in numerous and apt quotations and illustrations from a multitude of authors in the literary field. He was a great lover as well as student of nature and Providence, and used to say that he built his "studio on Calvary, and had taken a hermit's cell in the Garden of Gethsemane, and laved his brows in the waters of Siloam."

He became pastor of a small congregation at Waterbeach, about five miles from Cambridge, in 1851, at the age of seventeen, and while still an usher. His first sermon in London was in 1853. A year later he began to preach in New Park Street. Soon after his congregation so enlarged that it was transferred to Exeter Hall, and later to the great Surrey Music Hall. In 1861 he erected at a cost of \$160,000 his Metropolitan Tabernacle, which accommodated an audience of 6,000 people.

Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, of which about 25,000 of each later issue were sold, have been published since the first week of 1855, and were translated into various foreign languages. As an author he produced numerous works, the chief being the *Treasury of David*; he also edited *The Sword and Trowel*. Mr. Spurgeon founded, in 1867, the Stockwell Orphanage. The Pastors' College, the Colportage Association, the Book Fund, and the Supplementary Pastors' Aid Fund also owe their inspiration in a large measure to Mr. Spurgeon. In 1887, he severed his connection with the Baptist Union—a step which had led to a long controversy in the papers under the title of the *Down Grade Question*. In 1888 Mr. Spurgeon celebrated the issue of his 2,000th sermon. Shortly before his death he published two volumes of proverbs under the title of *Salt-cellars*. At his death he was at Mentone in quest of health.

#### THE GOSPEL FOR THE PEOPLE.

Be it known that the doctrine of Christ is the doctrine of the people. It was not meant to be the gospel of a caste, a clique, or any class of the community. The covenant of grace was not ordered for men of one peculiar grade, but all sorts are included. A few there were of rich that followed Jesus in his own day, as there are now. Mary and Martha and Lazarus were well-to-do, and there was the wife of Herod's steward, with some more of the nobility. These, however, were but few; the "common people heard him gladly"; and his doctrine was one which did not allow of distinctions, but put all men, as sinners naturally, on an equality in the sight of God. One is your Father, one is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren. These were words which he taught to his disciples, while in

his own person he was the mirror of humility, and proved himself the friend of earth's poor sons, and the lover of mankind. Oh, ye purse proud! Oh, ye who cannot touch the poor, even with your white gloves! Ah, ye with your mitres and crosiers! Ah, ye with your cathedrals and splendid ornaments! This is the man whom ye call master—the people's Christ—one of the people! And ye look down with scorn upon the people; ye despise them. What are they in your opinion? *The common herd—the multitude.* Out on ye! Call yourselves no more the ministers of Christ. How can you, unless descending from your pomp and your dignity, come among the poor and visit them—you come among our teeming population and preach them the gospel of Christ Jesus? We believe you to be the descendants of the fishermen! Ah, no, until you doff your grandeur, and, like the fishermen, come out the people's men, and preach to the people, speak to the people, instead of lolling in your splendid seats, and making yourselves rich at the expense of your pluralities! Christ's ministers should be the friends of mankind at large . . . their Master was the people's Christ. Rejoice, Oh, rejoice, ye multitudes! Rejoice, rejoice, for Christ was one of the people.

#### THE GIFT OF SLEEP.

“So he giveth his beloved sleep.” In my revery, as I was on the border-land of dreams, methought I was in a castle. Around its massive walls there ran a deep moat. Watchmen paced the walls both day and night. It was a fine old fortress, bidding defiance to the foe; but I was not happy in it. I thought I lay upon a couch; but scarcely had I closed my eyes, ere a trumpet blew, “To arms! to arms!” and when the danger was overpast, I laid me down again. “To arms! to arms!” once more resounded, and again I started up. Never could I rest. I thought I had my armor on, and moved about perpetually clad in mail, rushing each hour to the castle-top, aroused by some fresh alarm. At one time a foe was coming from the west, at another time from the east. I thought I had treasure some-

where down in some deep part of the castle, and all my care was to guard it. I dreaded, I feared, I trembled, lest it should all be taken from me. I awoke, and I thought I would not live in such a tower as that for all its grandeur. It was the castle of discontent, the castle of ambition, in which a man never rests. It is ever, "To arms! to arms! to arms!" It is a foe here or a foe there. His dear-loved treasure must be guarded. Sleep never crossed the drawbridge of the castle of discontent. Then I thought I would supplement by another revery. I was in a cottage. It was in what poets call a beautiful and pleasant place, but I cared not for that, I had no treasure in the world, save one sparkling jewel on my heart; and I thought I put my hand on that and went to sleep, nor did I awake till the morning light. That treasure was a quiet conscience and the love of God—"the peace that passeth all understanding." I slept, because I slept in the house of content, satisfied with what I had. Go, ye over-reaching misers! Go, ye grasping, ambitious men! I envy not your life of inquietude. The sleep of statesmen is often broken; the dream of the miser is always evil; the sleep of the man who loves gain is never hearty; but "God giveth his beloved sleep." . . . The sleep of the body is the gift of God. So said Homer of old when he described it as descending from the clouds, and resting on the tents of the warriors around old Troy. And so said Virgil, when he spoke of Palinurus falling asleep upon the prow of a ship. Sleep is the gift of God, and not a man would close his eyes did not God put his fingers on his eyelids; did not the Almighty send a soft and balmy influence over his frame which lulled his thoughts into quiescence, making him enter into that blissful state of rest which we call sleep. True, there be some drugs and narcotics whereby men can poison themselves wellnigh to death, and then call it sleep; but the sleep of the healthy body is the gift of God. He bestows it; He rocks the cradle for us every night; He draws the curtain of darkness; He bids the sun shut up his burning eyes, and then He comes and says, "Sleep, sleep, my child, I give thee sleep."



SQUIER, EPHRAIM GEORGE, an American traveller and archæologist, born at Bethlehem, N. Y., June 17, 1821; died in Brooklyn, N. Y., April 17, 1888. In early life he worked on a farm; afterward taught school, studied civil engineering, and became a newspaper editor, lastly at Chillicothe, Ohio. Here, in conjunction with Dr. A. H. Davis, he prepared an account of the Ancient Monuments in the Mississippi Valley, which was published in the Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge for 1848, where also was printed in the next year his account of the Aboriginal Monuments in the State of New York. In 1849 he was appointed Special Envoy to the States of Central America. In 1853 he again visited Central America in connection with a projected railway to connect the Atlantic and the Pacific, which occupied his attention for several years. In 1863 he was appointed United States Commissioner to Peru, where he made a thorough examination of the existing remains of Inca civilization. For several years thereafter he resided in New York, employed in literary labor. In 1874 his mental faculties, especially his memory, became impaired, so that he became incapable of performing any work which required continuous thought. He, however, so far recovered as to put in order the extensive material which he had already col-

lected for his work on Peru. Besides several monographs, mainly upon American archæology, his works are *Nicaragua: Its People, Scenery, etc.* (1852); *Notes on Central America* (1854); *Waikna, or Adventures on the Mosquito Shore*, a romance published under the pseudonym of Samuel A. Bard (1855); *The States of Central America* (1870); *Peru, the Land of the Incas* (1871).

#### TIAHUANUCO, THE BAALBEC OF THE NEW WORLD.

Tiahuanuco lies almost in the very centre of the great terrestrial basin of lakes Titicaca and Aullagas, and in the heart of a region which may be characterized as the Thibet of the New World. Here, at an elevation of 12,900 feet above the sea, in a broad, open, and uncultivated plain, cold in the wet, and frigid in the dry season, we find the evidences of an ancient civilization regarded by many as the oldest and the most advanced of both the American continents. The first thing that strikes the visitor in the village of Tiahuanuco is the great number of beautifully cut stones built into the rudest edifices, and paving the squalidest courts. They are used as lintels, jambs, seats, tables, and as receptacles for water. The church is mainly built of them; the cross in front of it stands on a stone pedestal which shames the symbol it supports in excellence of workmanship. On all sides are vestiges of antiquity from the neighboring ruins, which have been a real quarry whence have been taken the cut stones not only for Tiahuanuco and all the churches of its valley, but for erecting the cathedral of La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, situated in the deep valley of one of the streams falling into the river Beni, twenty leagues distant. The monuments of the past have furnished most of the materials for the public edifices, the bridges, and highways of the present day.

The ruins of Tiahuanuco have been regarded by all students of American antiquities as in many respects the most interesting and important, and at the same

time most enigmatical, of any on the continent. They have excited the admiration and wonder alike of the earliest and the latest travellers, most of whom, vanquished in their attempts to penetrate the mystery of their origin, have been content to regard them as the solitary remains of a civilization that disappeared before that of the Incas began, and was contemporaneous with that of Egypt and of the East. Unique, yet perfect in type, and harmonious in style, they appear to be the work of a people who were thorough masters of an architecture which had no infancy, and passed through no period of growth, and of which we find no other examples. Tradition, which mumbles more or less intelligibly of the origin of many other American monuments, is dumb concerning these. The wondering Indians told the first Spaniards that "they existed before the sun shone in the heavens;" that they were raised by giants; or that they were the remains of an impious people whom an angry Deity had converted into stone because they had refused hospitality to his vicegerent and messenger. —*Land of the Incas.*

#### SACSAHUAMAN, THE ANCIENT FORTRESS OF CUZCO.

The capital of the Inca empire was not defended by walls, such as protected some of the ancient Inca cities. Its valley, surrounded by high mountains, was itself naturally almost impregnable, and the approaches to it were covered by fortifications. But the city nevertheless had its citadel or fortress. It was built upon the bold headland projecting into the valley of Cuzco, between the rivulets Huatenay and Rodadero, looking from below like a high, abrupt hill, but being really only the spur of a shell or plateau, somewhat irregular in surface, which in turn is commanded by higher hills or mountains, themselves the escarpments of remote natural terraces or *puna* lands. This headland is called *Los Altos del Sacsahuaman*, the latter being a compound word signifying "Gorge thyself, Hawk!" Thus metaphorically did the Incas glorify the strength of their fortress: "Dash thyself against its rocky and impregnable sides, if thou wilt; the hawks will gather up the fragments!" . . .



The usual ascent to the Sacsahuaman, and which is practicable by horses, is through the gorge of the Rodadero to the right of the eminence, where a road is partly cut out of the hill and partly built up against it—a cliff on one side and a precipice on the other. As we ascend, we observe, high above us, long lines of walls, which are the faces of the eastern terraces of the fortress. These become heavier as we advance, until when we reach the level of the plateau, up the rugged front of which we have been struggling, they cease to be simply retaining-walls, and rise in massive independent walls, composed of great blocks of limestone. A gateway flanked by heavy stones opens on our left. Passing through this gateway, we have our first view of the great, Cyclopean walls of the fortress of Sacsahuaman, the most massive among monuments of this character either in the Old or in the New World. The outline of the eminence, on the side toward the rocks of the Rodadero, is rather concave than otherwise, and it is along this face that the heaviest works of the fortress were built. They remain substantially perfect, and will remain so—unless disturbed by a violence which is not to be anticipated—as long as the Pyramids shall last, or Stonehenge and the Coliseum endure, for it is only with these works that the fortress of the Sacsahuaman can be properly compared. . . .

The stones composing the walls are massive blocks of blue limestone, irregular in size and shape. One of these stones is 27 feet high, 14 feet broad, and 12 in thickness. Stones of 15 feet in length, 12 in width, and 10 in thickness, are common in the outer walls. They are all slightly bevelled on the face, and near the joints chamfered down sharply to the contiguous faces. The joints are not now, if they ever were, so perfect as they are represented by the chroniclers. They are nevertheless wonderfully close, and cut with a precision rarely seen in modern fortifications.—*Land of the Incas.*



STAËL-HOLSTEIN, ANNE LOUISE GERMAINE NECKER DE, a miscellaneous French writer of great versatility, born in Paris, April 22, 1766; died there, July 14, 1817. She was the only child of the finance minister, Necker. She early showed literary genius and brilliant conversational gifts. At the age of twenty she was married to the Swedish ambassador, Baron de Staël-Holstein. She was in sympathy with the French Revolution, but deplored its excess, and she devised a plan for the safety of the royal family, which was not acted upon; saved Montmorency and others from the guillotine, and in 1793 went to London, where she published an appeal in behalf of Marie Antoinette. She met Talleyrand there, and on his return to France aided him to enter the Ministry. She was conspicuous in Paris as a leader of the constitutional party, but was banished and went to Germany, where she became acquainted with the royal family, and with Goethe and Schiller. On the death of her father, she went to Italy, where she collected material for her story *Corinne*. In 1805 she went to Switzerland, and alternately resided at Geneva and Coppet. *Corinne* was published in France in 1807; but in Germany, the work, which had been printed with the approval of the censors, was confiscated. For political reasons

Napoleon oppressed Mme. de Staël, and converted her residence at Coppet into a prison. She was forbidden to go two miles from the house, but in 1812 she escaped by taking a walk from which she never returned. She went through Switzerland to Vienna, and, pursued by Napoleon's officers, travelled to Russia, where she was received by the imperial family. She afterward took refuge in London. During Napoleon's banishment to Elba she resided in Paris. In 1816 she made an unsuccessful attempt to restore her health by a trip to Italy. Her friend Schlegel was with her to the last, and Chateaubriand first met Mme. Recamier at the death-bed of Mme. de Staël. For several years she was separated from her husband, whom she rejoined in his last illness in 1802. In 1811 she was secretly married to Albert Jean de Rocca, a French officer, and military writer. This fact was not known until after her death. Mme. de Staël's versatility was extraordinary. She excelled in every branch of composition, was a linguist, a singer of some talent, and a clever amateur actress and dramatist. Her works are *Delphine*, a novel, in which she idealizes herself (1802); *Corinne, en l'Italie* (1807); *De l'Allemagne* (1813), all of which have passed through many editions and translations. Her other works include *Lettres sur les Ecrits et le Caractère de J. J. Rousseau* (1788); *Reflexions sur la Paix* (1794); *De l'Influence des Passions sur le Bonheur des Individus et des Nations* (1796); *De la Littérature considérée dans ses Rapports avec les Institutions Sociales* (1800); *Considerations*

*sur les Principaux Evénements de la Révolution Française* (1818), and *Dix Années d'Exil* (1821). Her complete works were edited by her son, Auguste, with notes by her daughter, Mme. Necker de Saussure (17 vols., 1820-21). This was followed by a new edition supplemented by *Œuvres Diverses* (5 vols., 1828-29). Mme. de Staël's correspondence with the grand duchess Louisa of Saxe-Weimar, in 1800-17, was published in 1862, and her other letters were published by Saint-René Taillandier in the following year.

CONTRASTED MERITS OF FRENCH AND GERMAN  
WRITERS.

Perspicuity is in France one of the first merits of a writer ; for the first object of a reader is to give himself no trouble, but to catch, by running over a few pages in the morning what will enable him to shine in conversation in the evening. The Germans, on the contrary, know that perspicuity can never have more than a relative merit : a book is clear according to the subject and according to the reader. Montesquieu cannot be so easily understood as Voltaire, and nevertheless he is as clear as the object of his meditations will permit. Without doubt clearness should accompany depth of thought ; but those who confine themselves only to the graces of wit and the play on words, are much more sure of being understood. They have nothing to do with mystery, why then should they be obscure ? The Germans, through an opposite defect, take pleasure in darkness ; they often wrap in obscurity what was before clear, rather than follow the beaten road ; they have such a disgust for common ideas, that when they find themselves obliged to recur to them, they surround them with abstract metaphysics, which give them an air of novelty till they are found out. German writers are under no restraint with their readers ; their works being received and commented upon

as oracles, they may envelop them with as many clouds as they like ; patience is never wanting to draw those clouds aside ; but it is necessary at length to discover a divinity ; for what the Germans can least support is to see their expectations deceived ; their efforts and their perseverance render some great conclusion needful. If no new or strong thoughts are discovered in a book, it is soon disdained ; and if all is pardoned in behalf of superior talent, they scarcely know how to appreciate the various kinds of address displayed in endeavoring to supply the want of it.

The prose of the Germans is often too much neglected. They attach more importance to style in France than in Germany ; it is a natural consequence of the interest excited by words, and the value they must acquire in a country where society is the first object. Every man with a little understanding is a judge of the justness or suitableness of such and such a phrase, while it requires much attention and study to take in the whole compass and connection of a book. Besides, pleasantry finds expressions much sooner than thoughts, and in all that depends on words only we laugh before we reflect.

It must be agreed nevertheless that beauty of style is not merely an external advantage, for true sentiments almost always inspire the most noble and just expressions ; and if we are allowed to be indulgent to the style of a philosophical writing, we ought not to be so to that of a literary composition ; in the sphere of the fine arts, the form in which a subject is presented to us is as essential to the mind as the subject itself.

The dramatic art offers a striking example of the distinct faculties of the two nations. All that relates to action, to intrigue, to the interest of events, is a thousand times better combined, a thousand times better conceived, among the French ; all that depends on the development of the impressions, of the heart, on the secret storms of strong passion, is much better investigated among the Germans.

In order to attain the highest point of perfection in either country, it would be necessary for the Frenchman to be religious, and the German more a man of the

world. Piety opposes itself to levity of mind, which is the defect and the grace of the French nation; the knowledge of men and of society would give to the Germans that taste and facility in literature which is at present wanting to them. The writers of the two countries are unjust to each other; the French, nevertheless, are more guilty in this respect than the Germans; they judge without knowing the subject, and examine after they have decided; the Germans are more impartial. Extensive knowledge presents to us so many different ways of beholding the same object that it imparts to the mind the spirit of toleration which springs from universality.

The French would, however, gain more by comprehending German genius than the Germans would in subjecting themselves to the good taste of the French. In our days, whenever a little foreign leaven has been allowed to mix itself with French regularity, the French have themselves applauded it with delight. J. J. Rousseau, Bernardin de Saint Pierre, Chateaubriand, etc., are, in some of their works, even unknown to themselves, of the German school; that is to say, they draw their talent only out of the internal sources of the soul. But if German writers were to be disciplined according to the prohibitory laws of French literature, they would not know how to steer amid the quicksands that would be pointed out to them; they would regret the open sea, and their minds would be much more disturbed than enlightened. It does not follow that they ought to hazard all, and that they would do wrong in sometimes imposing limits on themselves; but it is of consequence to them to be placed according to their own modes of perception. In order to induce them to adopt certain necessary restrictions, we must recur to the principle of those restrictions without employing the authority of ridicule, which is always highly offensive to them.

Men of genius in all countries are formed to understand and esteem each other; but the vulgar class of writers and readers, whether German or French, bring to our recollection that fable of La Fontaine, where the stork cannot eat in the dish, nor the fox in the bottle.

The most complete contrast is perceived between minds developed in solitude, and those formed by society. Impressions from external objects and the inward recollections of the soul, and knowledge of men and abstract ideas, action and theory, yield conclusions totally opposite to each other. The literature, the arts, the philosophy, the religion of these two nations attest this difference ; and the eternal boundary of the Rhine separates two intellectual regions which, no less than the two countries, are foreign to each other.—*Germany (L'Allemagne)*.

VESUVIUS.

Leaving Pompeii, they proceeded to Portici, whose inhabitants beset them with loud cries of "Come and see the mountain !" thus they designate Vesuvius. Has it need of name ? It is their glory ; their country is celebrated as the shrine of this marvel. Oswald begged Corinne to ascend in a sort of palanquin to the Hermitage of St. Salvatore, which is half-way up, and the usual resting-place for travellers. He rode by her side to overlook her bearers ; and the more his heart filled with the generous sentiments such scenes inspire, the more he adored Corinne.

The country at the foot of Vesuvius is the most fertile and best cultivated of the kingdom most favored by Heaven in all Europe. The celebrated *Lachryma Christi* vine flourishes beside land totally devastated by lava, as if nature here made a last effort, and resolved to perish in her richest array. As you ascend, you turn to gaze on Naples, and on the fair land around it—the sea sparkles in the sun as if strewn with jewels ; but all the splendors of creation are extinguished by degrees as you enter the region of ashes and of smoke that announces your approach to the volcano. The iron waves of other years have traced their large black furrows in the soil. At a certain height, birds are no longer seen ; farther on, plants become very scarce ; then even insects find no nourishment. At last all life disappears ; you enter the realm of death, and the slain earth's dust alone slips beneath your unassured feet. . . . A hermit lives betwixt the confines of life and death. **One**

tree, the last farewell to vegetation, stands before his door, and beneath the shade of its pale foliage are travellers wont to wait the night ere they renew their course ; for during the day the fires and lava, so fierce when the sun is set, look dark beneath his splendor. This metamorphose is in itself a glorious sight, which every eve renews the wonder that a continual glare would awaken.—*Corinne; translation of ISABEL HILL.*

KLOPSTOCK.

Those who have known Klopstock respect as much as they admire him. Religion, liberty, love, occupied all his thoughts. His religious profession was found in the performance of all his duties : he even gave up the cause of liberty when innocent blood would have defiled it ; and fidelity consecrated all the attachments of his heart. Never had he recourse to his imagination to justify an error ; it exalted his soul without leading it astray. It is said that his conversation was full of wit and taste ; that he loved the society of women, particularly of French women, and that he was a good judge of that sort of charm and grace which pedantry reproves. I readily believe it, for there is always something of universality in genius, and perhaps it is connected by secret ties to grace, at least to that grace which is bestowed by nature. How far distant is such a man from envy, selfishness, excess of vanity, which many writers have excused in themselves in the name of the talents they possessed !—*De l'Allemagne.*







**STAGNELIUS, ERIK JOHAN**, a Swedish poet, born on the island of Oland, October 14, 1793; died at Stockholm, April 13, 1823. His father became Bishop of Kalmar, and the son was educated at the University of Lund. His reputation as a poet in his native country is second only to that of Tegnér. Many of his poems are in the form of Sonnets, some of which have been translated into English by Edmund Gosse, who says of them: "Though exceedingly mystical, and often obscure, they are certainly the most original in the Swedish language."

"The most signal specimen," says Longfellow, "of a genius at once precocious and productive, which the annals of Swedish literature afford, is Stagnelius." . . . "He was," says a Swedish writer, "one of those truly poetic beings to whom Goethe's beautiful comparison, likening the life of a poet to the gentle, ever-working existence of the silkworm, may be justly applied. He was so thoroughly a poet that all his thoughts, words, deeds, and even his errors and excesses, bore the stamp of poetic impulse. He is remarkable for a strain of deep melancholy, a profound, mystical intuition of life and nature, and a longing for the moment when the imprisoned *anima* might burst its earthly tenement and soar to the *pleroma*, as he terms it—the purer regions of celestial air.

## THE SIGHS OF THE CREATURES.

What sighs the hill,  
 What the North wind through the pine-wood that blows ?  
     What whispers the rill,  
 Whilst through the valley so softly it flows ?  
     What says the morning,  
     Golden mists born in ?  
 What the night's moon all heaven adorning,  
 Silently gazing on valleys below ?  
 What thinks the red rose ? what the narcissé ?  
     Or the stern precipice,  
 Gloomy and threatening, what does it know ?  
 We know, and we think, and we sigh, and we speak !  
 O man, from the trance of thy stupor awake,  
 And up to the primal-life's region go back !  
 If thou wilt ascend to the true world ideal,  
 Into light will transform all the gloomy, the real,  
 We also transfigured shall follow thy track.  
 Thou thyself art in bonds to material powers.  
 Alas ! The same terrible bondage is ours,  
 For lead where thou wilt we must still follow thee !  
     One law, that is common to both, we lie under ;  
     Unfetter the creatures—thy bonds burst asunder ;  
 Unfetter thyself, and thou them settest free !

## LUNA.

Deep slumber hung o'er sea and hill and plain ;  
     With pale, pink cheek fresh from her watery caves,  
     Slow rose the sun out of the midnight waves,  
 Like Venus out of ocean born again ;  
 Olympian blazed she on the dark blue main :  
     " So shall, ye gods ! " hark how my weak hope  
     raves---  
     " My happy star ascend the sea that laves  
 Its shores with quiet, and silence all my pain ! "  
     With that, there sighed a wandering midnight breeze  
 High up among the topmost tufted trees

And o'er the Moon's face blew a veil of cloud.  
 And in the breeze my Genius spake, and said,  
 "While thy heart stirred, thy glimmering hope has  
 fled,  
 And, like the Moon, lies muffled in a shroud."

## MEMORY.

O camp of flowers, with poplars girdled round,  
 The guardians of life's soft and purple bud !  
 O silver spring, beside whose brimming flood  
 My dreaming childhood its Elysium found !  
 O happy hours with love and fancy crowned,  
 Whose horn of plenty flatteringly subdued  
 My heart into a trance, whence with a rude  
 And horrid blast, fate came my soul to hound,  
 Who was the goddess who empowered you all  
 Thus to bewitch me ?—Out of wasting snow  
 And lily-leaves her head-dress should be made !  
 Weep, my poor lute, nor on Astræa call :  
 She will not smile, nor I who mourn below,  
 Till I, a shade, in heaven clasp her, a shade.

## ETERNITY.

Up through the ruins of my earthly dreams  
 I catch the stars of immortality.  
 What store of joy can lurk in heaven for me ?  
 What other hope feed those celestial gleams ?  
 Can there be other grapes whose nectar streams  
 For me, whom earth's vine fails ? Oh ! can it be  
 That this most helpless heart again may see  
 A forehead garlanded, an eye that beams ?  
 Alas ! 'tis childhood's dream that vanisheth !  
 The heaven-born soul that feigns it can return  
 And end in peace this hopeless strife with fate !  
 There is no backward step ; 'tis only death  
 Can break those cords of wasting fire that burn,  
 Can break the chain, the captive liberate.



**STANHOPE, PHILIP HENRY, EARL**, an English statesman and historian, born January 31, 1805; died at Bournemouth, December 24, 1875. He succeeded his father in the earldom in 1855, previous to which he was known by his courtesy title of Lord Mahon. He was graduated at Oxford in 1827, and entered Parliament in 1830. In 1834-35 he was made Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs; and Secretary to the Indian Board of Control in 1845-46. He was elected President of the Society of Antiquaries in 1846, and Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen in 1858. His principal works are *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht [1713] to the Peace of Versailles [1783]*, *History of the War of the Succession in Spain*, *Life of the Great Condé*, *Life of Belisarius*, *Life of William Pitt*, and a volume of *Miscellanies*.

Of his *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles*, the *Edinburgh Review* (1836) says: "It was with no small satisfaction that we saw a history of this period announced from the pen of Lord Mahon; nor have we been disappointed in our expectations. . . . His narrative is minute and circumstantial without being tedious. His history of the rebellion, in particular, is clear, distinct, and entertaining. In his judgment of persons he is, on the whole, fair, candid, and discriminating."





THE LANDING OF THE YOUNG PRETENDER IN SCOTLAND.

Drawing by E. Bayard.

Of his *History of England During the Reign of Queen Anne Until the Peace of Utrecht*, the *Saturday Review* says: "Though Lord Stanhope cannot claim any one of the higher intellectual qualities which go to the writing of a history that is destined to live, his intelligence, fairness, and research make him usually a safe guide as to facts."

CHARLES EDWARD STUART, "THE YOUNG PRETENDER."

Charles Edward Stuart is one of the characters that cannot be portrayed at a single sketch, but have so greatly altered as to require a new delineation at different periods. View him in his later years, and we behold the ruins of intemperance—as wasted but not as venerable as those of time. We find him in his anticipated age a besotted drunkard, a peevish husband, a tyrannical master; his understanding debased, and his temper soured.

But not such was the Charles Stuart of 1745. Not such was the gallant Prince, full of youth, of hope, of courage, who, landing with seven men in the wilds of Moidart, could rally a kingdom round his banner, and scatter his foes before him at Preston and at Falkirk. Not such was the gay and courtly host of Holyrood. Not such was he whose endurance of fatigue and eagerness for battle shone pre-eminent even amongst Highland chiefs; while fairer critics proclaimed him the most winning in conversation, the most graceful in the dance.

Can we think lowly of one who could acquire such unbounded popularity in so few months, and over so noble a nation as the Scots; who could so deeply stamp his image on their hearts that even thirty or forty years after his departure, his name, as we are told, always awakened the most ardent praises from all who had known him? The most rugged cheeks were seen to melt at his remembrance, and tears to steal down the furrowed cheeks of the veteran. Let us then, without denying the faults of his character, or extenuating the degradation of his age, do justice to the lustre of his manhood.—*History of England.*



STANLEY, ARTHUR PENRHYN, an English clergyman and religious and historical writer, born at Alderly, Cheshire, December 13, 1815; died in London, July 18, 1881. His father, who was Rector of Alderly, afterward became Bishop of Norwich, and his *Memoirs* have been written by his son. He was trained at Rugby, where he was the favorite pupil of Dr. Arnold; thence he proceeded to Oxford, and in 1838 was made a Fellow of University College, in which he also became a tutor. He was made Canon of Canterbury in 1851; Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford in 1858; Dean of Westminster in 1864. In 1872 he was elected one of the select preachers before the University of Oxford, notwithstanding the vehement opposition of the High Church party. Among the principal works of Dean Stanley are *Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold* (1844); *Sermons and Essays on the Apostolic Age* (1846); *The Epistles to the Corinthians* (1854); *Sinai and Palestine* (1855); *Lectures on the Eastern Church* (1861); *Lectures on the Jewish Church* (1865); *Lectures on the Church of Scotland* (1871); *Christian Institutions* (1878). He also published several series of *Essays* and *Sermons*, preached on various occasions. In 1862 he accompanied the Prince of Wales upon an extended tour in the East. The following is from a sermon preached at Ehden, at the foot of the "Mountain of the Cedars."



## LESSONS FROM THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

Our last Sunday in Syria has arrived, and it has been enhanced to us this morning by the sight of these venerable trees which seemed to the Psalmist and the Prophets of old one of the chief glories and wonders of the creation. Two main ideas were conveyed to the minds of those who then saw them, which we may still bear away with us :

One is that of their greatness, breadth, solidity, vastness. "The righteous," says the Psalmist, "shall flourish like a palm-tree." That is one part of our life ; to be upright, graceful, gentle, like that most beautiful of Oriental trees. But there is another quality added—"He shall spread abroad like a cedar in Libanus." That is, his character shall be sturdy, solid, broad ; he shall protect others, as well as himself ; he shall support the branches of the weaker trees around him ; he shall cover a vast surface of the earth with his shadow ; he shall grow, and spread, and endure ; he and his works shall make the place where he was planted memorable for future times.

The second feeling is the value of reverence for these great trees which caused them to be employed for the sacred service of Solomon's Temple, and which has ensured their preservation for so long. It was reverence for Almighty God that caused these trees, and these only, to be brought down from this remote situation to be employed for the Temple of Old. Reverence, we may be sure, whether to God or to the great things which God has made in the world, is one of the qualities most needful for every human being, if he means to pass through life in a manner worthy of the place which God had given him in the world.

But the sight of the Cedars, and our encampment here, recall to us that this is the close of a manner of life which, in many respects, calls to mind that of the ancient Israelites, as we read it in the lessons of this and of last Sunday, the Book of Numbers and of Deuteronomy : "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel"—so unlike our common life, so suggestive of thoughts which can hardly come to us

again. It brings us back, even with all the luxuries which surround us, to something of the freshness and rudeness and simplicity of primitive life, which it is good for us all to feel at one time or other. It reminds us, though in a figure, of the uncertainty and the instability of human existence, so often compared to the pitching and striking of a tent. The spots on which, day after day for the last six weeks, we have been encamped, have again become a desolate open waste; "The Spirit of the Desert stalks in," and their place will be known no more. How like the way in which happy hopes rise and sink, and vanish, and are lost.

. . . . .

May I take this occasion of speaking of the importance of this one solemn ordinance of religion, never to be forgotten, wherever we are—morning and evening prayer? It is the best means of reminding ourselves of the presence of God. To place ourselves in His hands before we go forth on our journey, on our pleasure, on our work—to commit ourselves again to Him before we retire to rest—this is the best security for keeping up our faith and trust in Him in whom we all profess to believe, whom we all expect to meet after we leave this world. It is also the best security for our leading a good and a happy life. It has been well said twice over by the most powerful delineator of human character (with one exception) ever produced by our country, that prayer to the Almighty Searcher of Hearts is the best check to murmurs against Providence, or to the inroad of worldly passions, because nothing else brings before us so strongly their inconsistency and unreasonableness. We shall find it twice as difficult to fall into sin if we have prayed against it every morning, or if we thank God for having kept it from us that very evening. It is the best means of gaining strength and refreshment and courage and self-denial for the day. It is the best means of gaining content and tranquillity and rest for the night, for it brings us, as nothing else can bring us, into the presence of Him who is the source of all these things, and who gives them freely to those who truly and sincerely ask for them.



STANLEY, HENRY MORTON (original name John Rowlands), a Welsh-American explorer, born near Denbigh, Wales, in 1841. In 1855 he came as cabin-boy to New Orleans, was befriended by a merchant, served in the Confederate army, and, after capture, in the Federal navy; was newspaper correspondent in Turkey, and with the British army in the Abyssinian war. In 1870 he was sent by the *New York Herald* to find Livingstone, found him, and returned in 1872. His second exploration, beginning 1874, added much to the knowledge of the Victoria and Albert lakes, and ended with his famous descent of a great river which proved to be the Congo. From 1879 to 1884, sent by the King of Belgium, he completed the grand work of founding the Free State of Congo. From 1887, for two years, he went to the relief of Emin Pasha, making a journey of 1,670 miles through the vast central forest of Africa. His works are: *How I Found Livingstone* (1872); *My Kalulu* (1872); *Coomassie and Magdala* (1874); *Through the Dark Continent* (1878); *The Congo, and the Founding of Its Free State* (1885); *In Darkest Africa* (1890); *My Dark Companions and Slavery and the Slave Trade in Africa* (1893). Mr. Stanley has now entered political life in England, and is a member of the present Parliament.

## STANLEY'S MEETING WITH LIVINGSTONE.

I pushed back the crowds, and passing from the rear walked down a long avenue of people until I came to the semicircle of Arabs, in front of which stood "the white man with the gray beard." As I advanced slowly toward him I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a gray beard; wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band round it; had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of gray tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob; would have embraced him, only he was an Englishman, and I did not know how he would receive me. So I did what cowardice and false shame suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately up to him, took off my hat, and said—

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Yes," said he, with a smile, lifting his cap slightly.

I replace my hat on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both shake hands, and I then say aloud—"I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you."

He answered—"I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you."

I turn to the Arabs, take off my hat to them, in response to a saluting chorus of "Yambos" I receive, and the Doctor introduces them to me by name. Then, oblivious of the crowds, of the men who shared with me my dangers, we—Livingstone and I—turn our faces toward his *tembe*. He points to the veranda—or, rather, stone platform—under the broad, overhanging eaves. He points to his own particular seat, which I see his age and experience in Africa has suggested; namely, a straw mat with a goat-skin over it, and another skin nailed to the wall to protect his back from contact with the cold mud. I protest against taking this seat, which so much more befits him than me; but the Doctor will not yield; I must take it.

We are seated—the Doctor and I—with our backs against the wall. The Arabs take seats on our left. More than a thousand natives are in our front, filling the whole square densely; indulging their curiosity, and discussing the fact of two white men meeting at

Ujiji—one of them just come from Manye'ma, in the west, the other from Unyanyebuke, in the east.

Conversation began. What about? Oh, we mutually asked questions of each other, such as—"How did you come here?" and "Where have you been all this long time? The world has believed you dead."

Yes, that was the way it began; but whatever the Doctor informed me, and that which I communicated to him, I cannot correctly report; for I found myself gazing at him, conning the wonderful man at whose side I now sat in Central Africa. Every hair of his head, every wrinkle of his face, the wanness of his features, and the slightly wearied look he wore, were all imparting intelligence to me—the knowledge I craved for ever since I heard the words—"Take what you want; but find Livingstone!" What I saw was deeply interesting to me, and unvarnished truth. I was listening and reading at the same time. What did these dumb witnesses relate to me? Oh, reader, had you been at my side on this day in Ujiji, how eloquently could he have told the nature of this man's work! Had you been there, but to see and hear! His lips gave me the details—lips that never lie. I cannot repeat what he said. I was too much engrossed to take my note-book out, and begin to stenograph his story. He had so much to say that he began at the end, seemingly oblivious of the fact that five or six years had to be accounted for. But his account was fast oozing out; it was growing fast into grand proportions—into a most marvellous history of deeds.—*How I Found Livingstone.*

#### ENTERING THE GREAT FOREST.

This was on the 28th day of June, and until the 5th of December, for one hundred and sixty days, we marched through the forest, bush, and jungle, without ever having seen a bit of greensward of the size of a cottage-chamber floor. Nothing but miles and miles, endless miles of forests, in various stages of growth and various degrees of altitude, according to the ages of the trees, with varying thickness of undergrowth according to the character of the trees which afforded thicker or

slighter shade. It is to the description of the march through this forest and to its strange incidents I propose to confine myself for the next few chapters, as it is an absolutely unknown region opened to the gaze and knowledge of civilized man for the first since the waters disappeared and were gathered into the seas, and the earth became dry land. . . .

The head of the column arrived at the foot of a broad, cleared road, twenty feet wide and three hundred yards long, and at the farther end probably three hundred natives of the town of Yankondé stood gesticulating, shouting, with drawn bows in their hands. In all my experience of Africa I had seen nothing of this kind. The pioneers halted, reflecting, and remarking somewhat after this manner: "What does this mean? The pagans have carved a broad highway out of the bush to their town for us, and yet there they are at the other end, ready for a fight! It is a trap, lads, of some kind, so look sharp."

With the bush they had cut they had banked and blocked all passage to the forest on either side of the road for some distance. But, with fifty pairs of sharp eyes searching around above and below, we were not long in finding that this apparent highway through the bush bristled with skewers six inches long sharpened at both ends, which were driven into the ground half their length, and slightly covered with green leaves so carelessly thrown over them that we had thought at first these strewn leaves were simply the effect of clearing bush.

Forming two lines of twelve men across the road, the first line was ordered to pick out the skewers, the second line was ordered to cover the workers with their weapons, and at the first arrow-shower to fire. A dozen scouts were sent on either flank of the road to make their way into the village through the woods. We had scarcely advanced twenty yards along the cleared way before volumes of smoke broke out of the town, and a little cloud of arrows came toward us, but falling short. A volley was returned. The skewers were fast being picked out, and an advance was steadily made until we reached the village at the same time that the scouts

rushed out of the underwood, and as all the pioneers were pushed forward the firing was pretty lively, under cover of which the caravan pressed through the burning town to a village at its eastern extremity, as yet unfired.—*In Darkest Africa.*

#### LEAVING THE GREAT FOREST.

This, then, was the long-promised view and the long-expected exit out of gloom! Therefore I called the tall peak terminating the forested ridge, of which the spur whereon we stood was a part, and that rose two miles east of us to a height of 4,000 feet above the sea, Pisgah—Mount Pisgah—because, after one hundred and fifty-six days of twilight in the primeval forest, we had first viewed the desired pasture-lands of Equatoria.

The men crowded up the slope eagerly, with inquiring, open-eyed looks, which, before they worded their thoughts, we knew meant “Is it true? Is it no hoax? Can it be possible that we are near the end of this forest hell?”

“Aye, friends, it is true. By the mercy of God we are wellnigh the end of our prison and dungeon!’ They held their hands far out yearningly toward the superb land, and each looked up to the bright blue heaven in grateful worship, and after they had gazed as though fascinated, they recovered themselves with a deep sigh, and as they turned their heads, lo! the sable forest heaved away to the infinity of the west, and they shook their clinched hands at it with gestures of defiance and hate. Feverish from a sudden exultation, they apostrophized it for its cruelty to themselves and their kinsmen; they compared it to Hell, they accused it of the murder of one hundred of their comrades, they called it the wilderness of fungi and wood-beans; but the great forest which lay vast as a continent before them, and drowsy, like a great beast, with monstrous fur thinly veiled by vaporous exhalations, answered not a word, but rested in its infinite sullenness, remorseless and implacable as ever.—*In Darkest Africa.*



STANNARD, HENRIETTA ELIZA VAUGHAN (PALMER) ("John Strange Winter," *pseudonym*), an English novelist, born at York in 1856. She is the daughter of Henry V. Palmer, rector of St. Margaret's, York, and was married to Arthur Stannard in 1884. She began to write at an early age, and contributed to the *Yorkshire Chronicle*. Among her books are *Regimental Martyrs* (1878); *The Ordeal by Paint* (1879); *Cavalry Life* (1881); *Regimental Legends* (1882); *Mignon, or Bootles' Baby*, on which her fame chiefly rests (1883); *Mignon's Secret* (1887); *Garrison Gossip* and *A Siege Baby* (1887); *Beautiful Jim of the Blankshire Regiment* (1888), and *Mrs. Bob* (1890).

"Mrs. Stannard," says Ruskin, "is the author to whom we owe the most finished and faithful rendering ever yet given of the character of the British soldier." "This writer," says Percy Russell, in his *Guide to British and American Novels*, "most certainly possesses much exact acquaintance with barrack life. She does not in the least depend on the pomp and circumstance of war, but interests us in the daily life and the domestic affairs of officers and men living in barracks, and that generally under conditions of peace. She has, too, the art of introducing little children and rendering them naturally, and therefore making them really interesting."





HENRIETTA STANNARD.



## LETTER VERSUS SPIRIT.

For hours after he left the ante-room Bootles kept out of everyone's way—indeed until Lacy came to tell him that Gilchrist was dead. Then, it being close upon the hour of eleven, he went and knocked at the door of Mignon's nursery. The nurse opened it a few inches, and seeing who it was, set it open wide.

"Is Miss Mignon asleep?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; hours ago," the woman answered.

He passed into the inner room, where the child was lying. A candle burned on a table beside the cot, casting its light on the fair baby face, now flushed in sleep, and on the tangled coverlet one hand grasping the whip with which he had ridden and won that day, the other holding the card of the races. Bootles bent and scanned her face closely, but not one trace could he discern of likeness to the father—not one—and he drew a deep breath of relief that it was so.

Well he remembered Lacy's puzzled scrutiny of the year-old baby. "There's a likeness to Gilchrist, but I don't know where to plant it." If there had been a likeness then, it had now passed away; and as Bootles satisfied himself that it was so, his love for her, which during the last few hours had hung trembling in the balance, though he would hardly have acknowledged it, even to himself, reasserted itself, and rose up in his heart stronger than ever. Just then she moved uneasily in her sleep.

"Lal, where *is* Bootles?" she asked. Then, after a pause, "Gotted *another* headache?" And an instant later, "Miss Grace said Mignon was to be *very* kind to Bootles."

Bootles bent down and kissed her, and she awoke.

"Bootles," she said, in sleepy surprise; then imperatively, "Take me up."

So Bootles carried her to the fire in the adjoining room, where the nurse was sewing a fresh frill of lace on the pretty velvet frock, with its braidings of scarlet and gold, which she had worn that day.

"Lal said Mignon wasn't to go to Bootles," she said, reproachfully.

"Bootles has been bothered, Mignon," he answered.

"Poor Bootles!" stroking his cheek with her soft hand. "Bootles was vexed; Lal said so. But not with Mignon. Mignon told Lal so," confidently.

"Never with Mignon," answered Bootles, resting his cheek against the tossed golden curls, and feeling as if he had done this faithful baby heart a moral injustice by his hours of anger and doubt.

There was a moment of silence, broken by the nurse. "Have you heard, sir, how Mr. Gilchrist is?" she asked.

Bootles roused himself. "He is dead, nurse. Died half an hour ago."

"Then, if you please, sir," she asks, hesitatingly, "might I ask if it is true about Miss Mignon?"

"Yes, it is true," his face darkening.

"Because, sir, Miss Mignon should have mourning," she began, when Bootles cut her short.

"I shall not allow her to wear mourning for Mr. Gilchrist," he said, curtly; so the nurse dared say no more.

Three days later the funeral took place; and if the facts of the dead man's having acknowledged Miss Mignon as his child, and having admitted to Bootles that he had transferred her that night from his own quarters to Bootles' rooms, created a sensation, it was as nothing to the intense surprise caused by the will, which was read, by the dead man's desire, before all the officers of the regiment.

In it he left his entire property to his daughter Mary Gilchrist, now in the care of Captain Ferrers, and commonly known as Mignon, on condition that Captain Ferrers consented to be her sole guardian and trustee until she had attained the age of twenty-one, or until her marriage, provided it should be with her guardian's sanction, and on the express understanding that Captain Ferrers should not give up the care of the child to her mother, even temporarily. To his wife, Helen Gilchrist, a copy of this testament was to be sent forthwith. Should any of the conditions be violated, the whole property of **which he died possessed should go to his cousin, Lucian**

Gavor Gilchrist ; but if the conditions be faithfully observed Captain Ferrers should have the power of applying any or all of the income arising from the estate for the use and maintenance of said Mary Gilchrist.

"Cwazy!" murmured Lacy to Bootles, who listened in contemptuous silence, and wondered in no small dismay what kind of a life he should have if Mignon's mother chose to make herself objectionable.

But the will was not crazy at all ; far from it. It was only a very cleverly thought out plan for keeping mother and child apart. Bootles would take care not to endanger Mignon's inheritance, and Gilchrist had taken advantage of it to carry out his animosity toward his wife to the bitter end.

But of course there was one contingency he had never thought of or provided for—*marriage*.

It was less than a week after Gilchrist's death that Bootles received a note by hand, signed Helen Gilchrist.

"Already!" he groaned, impatiently.

"May I trouble you to send the child to see me for half an hour during this afternoon?" she said, and that was all.

But Bootles did not see *sending* the child to be quietly stolen away. He forgot quite that since Gilchrist had not left his widow a farthing she would probably be now no better able to provide for the child than she had been when compelled to cast her baby upon the father's mercy. Therefore, immediately after lunch, he drove down to the hotel from which the note had been written. Yes ; Mrs. Gilchrist was within—this way. And then—then—Bootles, with the child fast holding his hand, was shown into a room, and there they found—*Miss Grace!*

The truth flashed into his mind instantly. She rose hurriedly, and he saw that she was clad in black, but was not in widows' dress. She fell upon her knees and almost smothered Mignon with kisses.

"Mignon! Mignon!" she cried.

"Mignon has been very kind to Bootles," Mignon explained, not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

"My Mignon! my baby!" the mother sobbed. Bootles watched them—the two things he loved best on earth.

“Have you nothing to say to me?” he asked at last. “What shall I say?” She had risen from her knees, and now moved shyly away.

“You might say,” said Bootles, severely, “that you are very sorry that you, a married woman, deceived me, and stole my heart away. You might say that, for one thing.”

“But I am not sorry,” cried Mignon’s mother, audaciously.

“Then you might take a leaf out of Mignon’s book, and say, as she says when I have a headache, ‘Mignon loves Bootles.’”

. . . . .

“I weally do think,” remarked Lacy to the fellows, when the astounding news had been told and freely discussed, “that now we must let the poor, malicious, cwooked-minded chap west in his gwave in peace. Seems to me,” he continued, with his most reflective air, “that—er—Solomon was wight, and said a vewy wise thing, when he said, ‘love laughs at locksmiths.’”

“Solomon!” cried a voice, amid a shout of laughter.

“Oh, wasn’t it Solomon?” questioned Lacy mildly. “It’s of no consequence; someone said it. But only think of that poor devil spending his last moments waising a barwier to keep mother and child apart, and old Bootles fulfils all the conditions to the letter, and bweaks them all in the spirit by—marwiage!”—*Bootles’ Baby.*

Mrs. Stannard founded, in 1891, *Winter’s Weekly Magazine*; was elected, in 1892, President of the “Writers’ Club,” the pioneer female press club; elected in 1893 a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature. She gave the entire copyright of *A Soldier’s Children* to the Victoria Hospital for Children.









STANTON, ELIZABETH (CADY), an American reformer and advocate of female suffrage, born in Johnstown, N. Y., November 12th, 1815; died in New York City, October 25th, 1902. A daughter of Judge Daniel Cady, she was educated at Johnstown Academy and at Mrs. Willard's seminary in Troy, N. Y., graduating in 1832. In 1840 she married Henry B. Stanton. Her study of Blackstone, Story, and other legal writers first drew her attention to the subject of woman suffrage. With Lucretia Mott, whose acquaintance she had made at the Anti-Slavery Convention in London, 1840, she signed the call for the first woman's rights convention, which met in Seneca Falls, N. Y., in 1848. She circulated petitions for the Married Woman's Property Bill, and addressed a legislative committee on the subject in 1844. She has lectured throughout the United States, and frequently addressed Congressional committees and State Conventions. She was President of the Woman's Rights Committee (1855-65), of the Woman's Loyal League in 1863, and of the National Association until 1892. She has travelled in England and Scotland, addressing large conventions. She was one of the editors of *The Revolution*, has contributed to the *Westminster Review* and to American journals and periodicals. With Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Matilda J. Gage she is the author of *The History of Woman Suffrage*.

## WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

We ask woman's enfranchisement as the first step toward the recognition of that essential element in government that can only secure the health, strength, and prosperity of the nation. Whatever is done to lift woman to her true position will help to usher in a new day of peace and perfection for the race. In speaking of the masculine element, I do not wish to be understood that all men are hard, selfish, and brutal, for many of the most beautiful spirits the world has known have been clothed with manhood ; but I refer to those characteristics, though often marked in women, that distinguish what is called the stronger sex. For example, the love of acquisition and conquest, the very pioneers of civilization, when expended on the earth, the sea, the elements, the riches and forces of nature, are powers of destruction when used to subjugate one man to another or to sacrifice nations to ambition. Here that great conservator of woman's love, if permitted to assert itself, as it naturally would in freedom against oppression, violence, and war, would hold all these destructive forces in check, for woman knows the cost of life better than man does, and not with her consent would one drop of blood ever be shed, one life sacrificed in vain. With violence and disturbance in the natural world, we see a constant effort to maintain an equilibrium of forces. Nature, like a loving mother, is ever trying to keep land and sea, mountain and valley, each in its place, to hush the angry winds and waves, balance the extremes of heat and cold, of rain and drought, that peace, harmony, and beauty may reign supreme. There is a striking analogy between matter and mind, and the present disorganization of society warns us that in the dethronement of woman we have let loose the elements of violence and ruin that she only has the power to curb. If the civilization of the age calls for the extension of the suffrage, surely a government of the most virtuous educated men and women would better represent the whole, and protect the interests of all, than could the representation of either sex alone.



STANTON, FRANK, journalist and poet, born in Georgia in 1859. Having lost his father at an early age, his boyhood was spent in manual labor. For a time he supported himself by sawing wood. He then for a number of years worked as a farm-hand. Of his education, he himself says, writing to a friend: "What little education I have was got by hard study at night, never having had any school advantages worth recording. I shall have a weakness for poetry as long as I live. I feel every line I write, and would not write unless I did."

From farm labor Mr. Stanton went into a printing-office and learned the printers' trade. He was for a short time the office "imp" on a paper, the *Savannah Morning News*, on which Joel Chandler Harris was a reporter. It was while setting type that he began contributing to the newspapers, and from a printer and contributor he became an editor. He went to Smithville, Ga., and began the publication of a little weekly called the *Smithville News*. Here he was editor, typesetter, pressworker, and office-boy. It was while editing this paper that his writings began to attract attention. His poems and humorous articles were copied into other papers in the State, and later by the press generally, and he soon began to receive requests for contributions to other periodicals.

To supply these orders and perform all the duties of an editor of a country newspaper was too great a demand upon his strength, and when he was offered an editorial position on the staff of the Rome, Ga., *Tribune*, he accepted it. He declined a reportorial position on the *Atlanta Constitution*, but after the death of Henry W. Grady he accepted an editorial position on that paper. As a poet he has become known and admired both in this country and in England. He has published *Songs of a Day* and *Songs of the Soil* (1894).

THE SHIPS OF MELTON.

How sail the ships to Melton,  
That lieth far and fair  
And dreamlike in the haven,  
Where skies are calm and clear ?  
With blown sails leaning whitely,  
Sure winged 'neath storm or star,  
They straightly steer—for still they hear  
The love-bells o'er the bar.

How sail the ships to Melton,  
Within whose cots of white  
Love dreams of love and listens  
For footsteps in the night ?  
Like gulls their glad way winging,  
They speed from lands afar ;  
For still they hear in music clear  
The love-bells o'er the bar.

How sail the ships to Melton ?  
Love-blown across the foam ;  
For still the sea sings ever  
The songs of love and home ;  
Nor spicy isles with splendid smiles  
Can win their sails afar,  
While softly swells that chime of bells—  
The love-bells o'er the bar.

Oh, ships that sail to Melton,  
 With captains glad and grand,  
 The stars that light the ocean  
 Are the stars that light the land ;  
 But say for me, adrift at sea  
 On lonely wrecks afar :  
 My heart still hears, and dreaming nears  
 'The love-bells o'er the bar !

—*Songs of the Soil.*

TO THE NEW YEAR.

One song for thee, New Year,  
 One universal prayer :  
 Teach us—all other teaching far above—  
 To hide dark Hate beneath the wings of Love.  
 To slay all hatred, strife  
 And live the larger life !  
 To bind the wounds that bleed ;  
 To lift the fallen, lead the blind  
 As only love can lead—  
 To live for all mankind !

Teach us, New Year, to be  
 Free men among the free,  
 Our only master, Duty ; with no God  
 Save one—our Maker ; monarchs of the sod !  
 Teach us with all its might,  
 Its darkness and its light ;  
 Its heart-beats tremulous,  
 Its grief, its gloom,  
 Its beauty and its bloom—  
 God made the world for us !

—*Songs of the Soil.*

WEARY THE WAITING.

There's an end to all toiling some day—sweet day,  
 But it's weary the waiting, weary !  
 There's a harbor somewhere in a peaceful bay,  
 Where the sails will be furled and the ship will stay  
 At anchor—somewhere in the faraway—  
 But it's weary the waiting, weary !

There's an end to the troubles of souls opprest,  
 But it's weary the waiting, weary !  
 Some time in the future, when God thinks best,  
 He'll lay us tenderly down to rest ;  
 And roses 'll bloom from the thorns in the breast—  
 But it's weary the waiting, weary !

There's an end to the world, with its stormy frown,  
 But it's weary the waiting, weary !  
 There's a light somewhere that no dark can drown,  
 And where life's sad burdens are all laid down,  
 A crown—thank God !—for each cross—a crown !  
 But it's weary the waiting, weary !

—*Songs of the Soil.*

WHAT BOTHERS HIM.

There ain't so much of pleasure  
 In fishin' South in May,  
 Or any other blessed month—  
 No matter what they say !

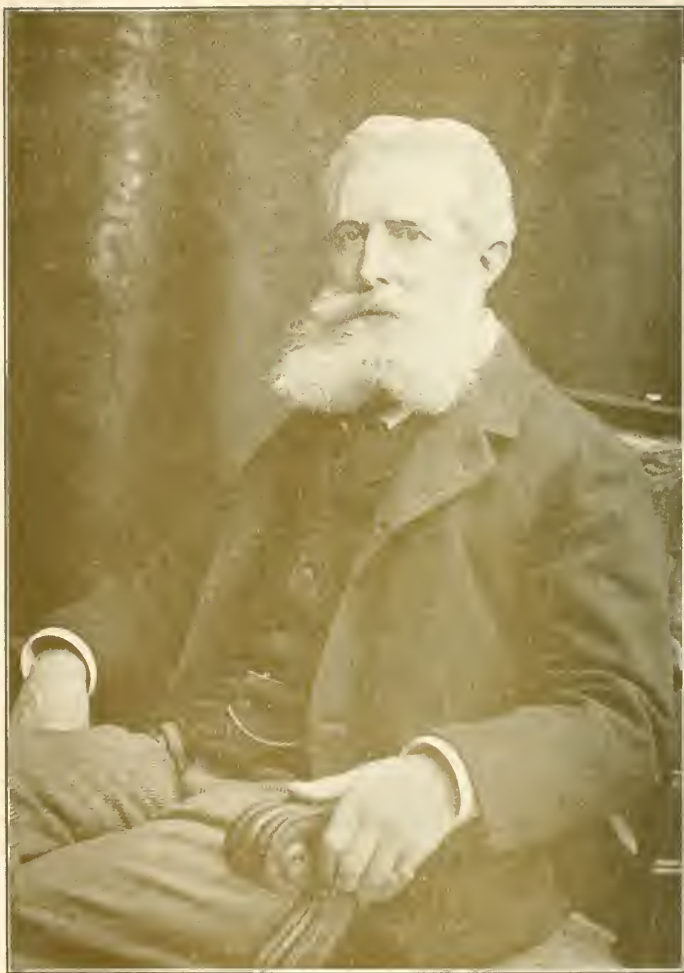
Because the river bank is green ;  
 The grass is soft an' deep,  
 An' where the shady willows lean  
 A feller falls to sleep.

An' jest when he begins to nod  
 'Longside his empty cup,  
 A fish comes jerkin' at his rod  
 An' always wakes him up !

—*Songs of the Soil.*







EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.





STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE, an American poet and critic, born at Hartford, Conn., October 8, 1833. He studied at Yale College about two years. In 1852 he became editor of the *Winsted Herald*, in Litchfield County, Conn., which he conducted until 1855, when he removed to New York. In 1859 he became connected with the *New York Tribune*. In 1860 he put forth his first volume, *Poems, Lyric and Idyllic*, containing many pieces which had already appeared in periodicals. In the same year he became connected with the *New York World*, and during the first two years of the Civil War he was the Washington correspondent of that journal. In 1864 he abandoned journalism as a profession, and became a stock-broker in New York, but was active in literary pursuits. His subsequent volumes of poems are *Alice of Monmouth, and Other Poems* (1864); *The Blameless Prince, and Other Poems* (1869). As a critic and historian of literature he has attained a foremost place. His principal works in this department are *The Victorian Poets* (1875); *The Poets of America* (1885), and, in conjunction with Ellen Mackay Hutchinson, *The Literature of the Republic*, an extensive selection from the whole circle of American literature in every department (1888-90); *The Nature and Elements of Poetry* (1892).

## TOUJOURS AMOUR.

Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin,  
 At what age does love begin?  
 Your blue eyes have scarcely seen  
 Summers three, my fairy queen,  
 But a miracle of sweets,  
 Soft approaches, sly retreats,  
 Show the little archer there,  
 Hidden in your pretty hair.  
 When didst thou learn a heart to win?  
 Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin!  
 "Oh," the rosy lips reply,  
 "I can't tell you if I try.  
     'Tis so long I can't remember:  
 Ask some younger lass than I."

Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face,  
 Do your heart and head keep pace?  
 When does hoary love expire?  
 When do frosts put out the fire?  
 Can its embers burn below  
 All that chill December snow?  
 Care you still soft hands to press,  
 Bonny heads to smooth and bless?  
 When does love give up the chase?  
 Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face!  
 "Ah!" the wise old lips reply,  
 "Youth may pass, and strength may die;  
     But of love I can't foretoken:  
 Ask some older sage than I!"

## THE DOOR-STEP.

The conference-meeting through at last,  
     We boys around the vestry waited  
 To see the girls come tripping past,  
     Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall  
     By level musket-flashes lit

Than I, who stepped before them all  
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no : she blushed and took my arm !  
We let the old folks have the highway,  
And started toward the Maple Farm  
Along a kind of lover's by-way.

I can't remember what we said—  
'Twas nothing worth a song or story ;  
Yet that rude path by which we sped  
Seemed all transformed, and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,  
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming ;  
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,  
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—  
O sculptor, if you could but mould it !  
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff  
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone,  
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended,  
At last we reached the foot-worn stone  
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home ;  
Her dimpled hand the latches fingered ;  
We heard the voices nearer come,  
Yet on the door-step still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her hood  
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled ;  
But yet I knew she understood  
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,  
The moon was slyly peeping through it,  
Yet hid its face, as if it said—  
"Come, now or never ! do it ! *do it.*"

My lips till then had only known  
 The kiss of mother and of sister ;  
 But somehow, full upon her own  
 Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed **her !**

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still—  
 O listless woman, weary lover !—  
 To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill  
 I'd give—but who can live youth over ?

#### WHAT THE WIND BRINGS.

“Which is the wind that brings the cold ?”—  
 The North Wind, Freddy, and all the **snow** ;  
 And the sheep will scamper into the fold  
 When the North begins to blow.

“Which is the wind that brings the heat ?”  
 The South Wind, Katy ; and corn will **grow**  
 And peaches redden for you to eat,  
 When the South begins to blow.

‘Which is the wind that brings the rain ?’—  
 The East Wind, Arty ; and farmers **know**  
 That cows come shivering up the lane  
 When the East begins to blow.

“Which is the wind that brings the flowers ?”  
 The West Wind, Bessy ; and soft and **low**  
 The birds sing in the summer hours  
 When the West begins to blow.

#### THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

Could we but know  
 The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,  
 Where be those happier hills and meadows **low**—  
 Ah, if beyond the spirit's inmost cavil,  
 Aught of that country could we surely know,  
 Who would not go ?

Might we but hear  
**The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,**

Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,  
One radiant vista of the realm before us,  
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,  
Ah, who would fear ?

Were we quite sure  
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,  
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,  
To gaze on eyes that here were love-lit only—  
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,  
Who would endure ?

#### THE POET AND THE LAWS OF POETRY.

It is an open question whether a poet need be conscious of the existence and bearing of the laws and conditions under which he produces his work. It may be a curb and detriment to his genius that he should trouble himself about them in the least. But this rests upon the character of his intellect and includes a further question of the effects of culture. Just here there is a difference between poetry and the cognate arts of expression, since the former has somewhat less to do with material processes and effects. The freedom of the minor sculptor's, painter's, or composer's genius is not checked, while scope and precision are increased, by knowledge of the rules of his calling, and of their application in different regions and times. But in the case of the minor poet, excessive culture and wide acquaintance with methods and masterpieces often destroys spontaneity. . . .

Full-throated, happy minstrels like Béranger or Burns need no knowledge of thorough-bass and the historical range of composition. Their expression is the carol of the child, the warble of the skylark scattering music at his own sweet will. Nevertheless, there is no strong imagination without vigorous intellect, and to its penetrative and reasoning faculty there comes a time when the laws which it has instinctively followed must be apparent; and later still, it cannot blind itself to the favoring or adverse influences of period and place. Should these forces be restrictive, their baffling effect

will teach the poet to recognize and deplore them, and to endeavor, though with wind and tide against him, to make his progress noble and enduring.

In regard to the province of the critic there can, however, be no question. It is at once seen to be twofold. He must recognize and broadly observe the local, temporal, and general conditions under which poetry is composed, or fail to render adequate judgment upon the genius of the composer. Yet there always are cases in which poetry fairly rises above the idealism of its day. The philosophical critic, then, in estimating the importance of an epoch, also must pay full consideration to the messages that it has received from poets of the higher rank, and must take into account the sovereign nature of a gift so independent and spontaneous that from ancient times men have united in looking upon it as a form of inspiration.—*Victorian Poets*.

BETROTHED ANEW.\*

The sunlight fills the trembling air,  
 And balmy days their guerdons bring;  
 The Earth again is young and fair,  
 And amorous with musky Spring.

The golden nurslings of the May  
 In splendor strew the spangled green,  
 And hues of tender beauty play,  
 Entangled where the willows lean.

Mark how the rippled currents flow;  
 What lustres on the meadows lie!  
 And hark! the songsters come and go,  
 And trill between the earth and sky.

Who told us that the years had fled,  
 Or borne afar our blissful youth?  
 Such joys are all about us spread,  
 We know the whisper was not truth.

\*Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The birds that break from grass and grove  
 Sing every carol that they sung  
 When first our veins were rich with love,  
 And May her mantle round us flung.

O fresh-lit dawn ! immortal life !  
 O Earth's betrothal, sweet and true,  
 With whose delights our souls are rife,  
 And aye their vernal vows renew !

Then, darling, walk with me this morn ;  
 Let your brown tresses drink its sheen ;  
 These violets, within them worn,  
 Of floral fays shall make you queen.

What though there comes a time of pain  
 When autumn winds forbode decay ?  
 The days of love are born again ;  
 That fabled time is far away !

And never seemed the land so fair  
 As now, nor birds such notes to sing,  
 Since first within your shining hair  
 I wove the blossoms of the spring.

#### CAVALRY SONG.\*

FROM "ALICE OF MONMOUTH."

Our good steeds snuff the evening air,  
 Our pulses with their purpose tingle ;  
 The foeman's fires are twinkling there ;  
 He leaps to hear our sabres jingle !

HALT !

Each carbine sends its whizzing ball :  
 Now, cling ! clang ! forward all,  
 Into the fight !

Dash on beneath the smoking dome :  
 Through level lightnings gallop nearer !

\*Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

One look to Heaven! No thoughts of home :  
The guidons that we bear are dearer.

CHARGE!

Cling ! clang ! forward all !  
Heaven help those whose horses fall :  
Cut left and right !

They flee before our fierce attack !  
They fall ! they spread in broken surges.  
Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,  
And leave the foeman to his dirges.

WHEEL!

The bugles sound the swift recall :  
Cling ! clang ! backward all !  
Home, and good-night !

THE OLD ADMIRAL.\*

ADMIRAL STEWART, U.S.N.

Gone at last,  
That brave old hero of the past :  
His spirit has a second birth,  
An unknown, grander life ;

All of him that was earth  
Lies mute and cold,  
Like a wrinkled sheath and old  
Thrown off forever from the shimmering blade  
That has good entrance made  
Upon some distant, glorious strife.

From another generation,  
A simpler age, to ours Old Ironsides came ;  
The morn and noontide of the nation  
Alike he knew, nor yet outlived his fame—  
O, not outlived his fame !  
The dauntless men whose service guards our shore  
Lengthen still their glory-roll  
With his name to lead the scroff,

\* Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.



As a flagship at her fore  
 Carries the Union, with its azure and the stars,  
 Symbol of times that are no more  
 And the old, heroic wars.

He was one  
 Whom Death had spared alone  
 Of all the captains of that lusty age,  
 Who sought the foeman where he lay,  
 On sea or sheltering bay,  
 Nor till the prize was theirs repressed their rage.  
 They are gone—all gone :  
 They rest with glory and the undying Powers ;  
 Only their name and fame, and what they saved, are  
 ours !

It was fifty years ago,  
 Upon the Gallic Sea,  
 He bore the banner of the free,  
 And fought the fight whereof our children know,—  
 The deathful, desperate fight !  
 Under the fair moon's light  
 The frigate squared, and yawed to left and right.  
 Every broadside swept to death a score !  
 Roundly played her guns and well, till their fiery ensigns  
 fell,  
 Neither foe replying more.  
 All in silence, when the night-breeze cleared the air,  
 Old Ironsides rested there,  
 Locked in between the twain, and drenched with blood.  
 Then homeward, like an eagle with her prey !  
 O, it was a gallant fray,—  
 That fight in Biscay Bay !  
 Fearless the captain stood, in his youthful hardihood ·  
 He was the boldest of them all,  
 Our brave old Admiral !

And still our heroes bleed,  
 Taught by that olden deed.  
 Whether of iron or of oak  
 The ships we marshal at our country's need,  
 Still speak their cannon now as then they spoke ;

Still floats our unstruck banner from the mast  
As in the stormy past.

Lay him in the ground :

Let him rest where the ancient river rolls ;  
Let him sleep beneath the shadow and the sound  
Of the bell whose proclamation, as it tolls,  
Is of Freedom and the gift our fathers gave.

Lay him gently down :  
The clamor of the town  
Will not break the slumbers deep, the beautiful, ripe  
sleep,  
Of this lion of the wave,  
Will not trouble the old Admiral in his grave.

Earth to earth his dust is laid.

Methinks his stately shade

On the shadow of a great ship leaves the shore ;  
Over cloudless western seas  
Seeks the far Hesperides,  
The islands of the blest.

Where no turbulent billows roar,—  
Where is rest.

His ghost upon the shadowy quarter stands  
Nearing the deathless lands.

There all his martial mates, renewed and strong,  
Await his coming long.  
I see the happy Heroes rise  
With gratulation in their eyes :

"Welcome, old comrade," Lawrence cries ;

"Ah, Stewart, tell us of the wars !

Who win the glory and the scars ?

How floats the skyey flag—how many stars ?  
Still speak they of Decatur's name,  
Of Bainbridge's and Perry's fame ?  
Of me, who earliest came ?

Make ready, all :

Room for the Admiral !

Come, Stewart, tell us of the wars !"



STEELE, RICHARD, a British essayist and dramatist, born at Dublin in March, 1672; died near Caermarthen, Wales, September 1, 1729. He was educated at Charterhouse School, London, Addison being one of his school-fellows. He afterward entered the University of Oxford, but left without taking a degree, and enlisted in the Horse Guards, where he rose to the rank of captain. In 1701 he put forth *The Christian Hero*, a religious treatise, and within a few years produced several fairly successful comedies, the earliest being *The Funeral, or Grief à la Mode* (1702), the last, and best, being *The Conscious Lovers* (1722). He was a gay and clever man about town, and in 1706 was appointed Court Gazetter, and was made Gentleman Usher to Prince George of Denmark, husband of Queen Anne. He advocated Whig principles, and when, in 1711, that party went out of power, he was ousted from his office of Gazetter, and was formally expelled from the House of Commons, to which he had been returned. It was not long, however, before the Whig party again returned to power, and Steele was restored to Court favor, and received the honor of knighthood.

Steele was an industrious pamphleteer; but his fame rests upon his essays on life and manners, rather than upon his dramas or his political writings. In this department he ranks next after

Addison, though at a wide interval. In 1709 Steele started *The Tatler*, a tri-weekly periodical devoted to town gossip, domestic and foreign news, and essays upon social topics. Addison, at Steele's request, began early to furnish papers for *The Tatler*; and, said Steele, "I fared like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbor to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary. When I had once called him in, I could not subsist without him. The paper was advanced indeed. It was raised to a greater thing than I intended it." It was decided, after two years, that the paper should be discontinued, and a new periodical established, embracing the best features of *The Tatler*. This was *The Spectator*, the plan of which was Addison's, though Steele drew up roughly the characters of the Club who were to be its ostensible conductors. Steele contributed to the first series of *The Spectator* some of his cleverest essays. But Steele had become immersed in political discussions, and Addison went on without him. Steele set up *The Guardian*, and subsequently *The Englishman*, in both which he had some assistance from Addison. The date of these publications falls within the years 1711 and 1714; that is, up to the time when Steele was involved in the temporary ruin caused by the overthrow of the Whig party. They add nothing to the reputation of Steele.

ON CASTLE-BUILDING.

Mr. Spectator: I am a fellow of a very odd frame of mind, as you will find by the sequel; and I think myself fool enough to deserve a place in your paper. I

am unhappily far gone in building, and am one of that species of men who are properly denominated Castle-builders, who scorn to be beholden to the earth for a foundation, or dig in the bowels of it for materials; but erect their structures in the most unstable of elements—the air; fancy alone laying the line, marking the extent, and shaping the model. It would be difficult to enumerate what august palaces and stately porticos have grown under my forming imagination, or what verdant meadows and shady groves have started into being by the powerful heat of a strong fancy.

A castle-builder is ever just what he pleases; and as such I have grasped imaginary sceptres, and delivered uncontrollable edicts from a throne to which conquered nations yielded obedience. I have made I know not how many inroads into France, and ravaged the very heart of the kingdom. I have dined in the Louvre, and drunk champagne at Versailles; and I would have you to take notice I am not only able to vanquish a people already cowed and accustomed to flight, but I could, Almanzorlike, drive the British general from the field, were I less a Protestant, or had ever been affronted by the confederates.

There is no art or profession whose most celebrated masters I have not eclipsed. Wherever I have afforded my salutary presence, fevers have ceased to burn and agues to shake the human fabric. When an eloquent fit has been upon me, an apt gesture and proper cadence have animated each sentence, and gazing crowds have found their passions worked up into rage, or soothed into a calm. I am short, and not very well made; yet upon the sight of a fine woman I have stretched into proper stature, and killed with a good air and mien.

These are the phantoms that dance before my waking eyes, and compose my day-dreams. I should be the most contented man alive were the chimerical happiness which springs from the paintings of fancy less fleeting and transitory. But alas! it is with grief of mind I tell you, the least breath of wind has often demolished my magnificent edifices, swept away my groves, and left no more trace of them than if they had never been. My exchequer has sunk and vanished by a rap on my door;

the salutation of a friend has cost me a whole continent ; and in the same moment I have been pulled by the sleeve, my crown has fallen from my head. The ill consequences of these reveries is inconceivably great, seeing the loss of imaginary possessions makes impressions of real woe. Besides, bad economy is visible and apparent in builders of invisible mansions. My tenants' advertisements of rains and dilapidations often cast a damp on my spirits, even in the instant when the sun, in all his splendor, gilds my eastern palaces. Add to this the pensive drudgery in building, and constant grasping aërial trowels, distracts and shatters the mind, and the fond builder of Babels is often cursed with an incoherent diversity and confusion of thoughts. I do not know to whom I can more properly apply myself for relief from this fantastical evil than myself, whom I earnestly implore to accommodate me with a method how to settle my head and cool my brain-pan. A dissertation on Castle-building may not only be serviceable to myself, but all architects who display their skill in the thin element. Such a favor would oblige me to make my next soliloquy not contain the praises of my dear self, but of the Spectator, who shall by complying with this make me his obliged and humble servant.—*The Spectator, No. 167.*

#### THE DREAM.

I was once myself in agonies of grief that are unutterable, and in so great a distraction of mind that I thought myself even out of the possibility of receiving comfort. The occasion was as follows: When I was a youth in a part of the army which was then quartered at Dover, I fell in love with an agreeable young woman of a good family in those parts, and had the satisfaction of seeing my addresses kindly received, which occasioned the perplexity I am going to relate.

We were, in a calm evening, diverting ourselves upon the top of a cliff with the prospect of the sea, and trifling away the time in such little fondnesses as are most ridiculous to people in business, and most agreeable to those in love.

In the midst of these our innocent endearments, she

snatched a paper of verses out of my hand, and ran away with them. I was following her, when on a sudden the ground, though at a considerable distance from the verge of the precipice, sunk under her, and threw her down from so prodigious a height upon such a range of rocks, as would have dashed her into ten thousand pieces, had her body been made of adamant. It is much easier for my reader to imagine my state of mind upon such an occasion, than for me to express it. I said to myself, It is not in the power of Heaven to relieve me ! when I awaked, transported and astonished, to see myself drawn out of an affliction which, the very moment before, appeared to me altogether inextricable.

The impressions of grief and horror were so lively on this occasion, that while they lasted they made me more miserable than I was at the real death of this beloved person, which happened a few months after, at a time when the match between us was concluded ; inasmuch as the imaginary death was untimely, and I myself in a sort an accessory ; whereas her real decease had at least these alleviations, of being natural and inevitable.

The memory of the dream I have related still dwells so strongly upon me that I can never read the description of Dover Cliff in Shakespeare's tragedy of *King Lear*, without a fresh sense of my escape. The prospect from that place is drawn with such proper incidents that whoever can read it without growing giddy must have a good head, or a very bad one.





**STEFFENS, HEINRICH**, an eminent Norwegian philosopher and theologian, born at Stavanger in 1773; died in 1845. He was originally a Lutheran; for a time wandered from that faith, but ultimately went back to it. He describes the process of his re-conversion in his *How I Became a Lutheran Once More*. He wrote several scientific works, many essays, among which is one upon *Scandinavian Myths*, and several imaginative stories, among which are *Walseth and Leith*, *The Four Norwegians*, and *Malcolm*.

Of his autobiography the *North American Review* (October, 1843) says: "His work, indeed, sometimes reminds us of a saying that even the greatest men, in their old age, love to take themselves up as children upon the arm, fondly stroke their dear heads, and amuse themselves with baby-talk. But the style is pleasing, and the numerous reflections of the author, though now and then a little weakened in their effect by the mistiness of thought and sentimentality of feeling so common in the land of his adoption, are full of poetical, religious, or philosophical interest."

#### PHYSIOGNOMY OF LEGENDS.

Amid my researches in natural history I always had a great curiosity in exploring what I may call the physiognomy of the legends of various districts, or, in other words, the resemblance which these legends bear



to the natural scenery amid which they have their birth. Various districts are marked by the prevalence of various kinds of plants and grasses. Granite, limestone, and other rocks give peculiar formations to chasms, hills, and valleys; and these distinctions affect the varieties of trees. The effects of light and shade in the morning and evening, the aspects of waters, and tones of waterfalls are various in different districts. And, as I have often imagined, the natural characteristics of a district may be recognized in its legends. I know of no better instance to support my supposition than such as may be found on the northern side of the Hartz Mountains, where a marked difference may be found between the legends of the granite regions and those of a neighboring district of slate-rocks; and the legend of Hans Heiling in Bohemia is a genuine production of a granite district.

Seeland, the island home of my childhood, is on the whole a level country, and only here and there hilly; but in some parts it can show prospects of surpassing beauty. The hills are rounded with an indescribable gracefulness; there is a charm in the fresh greenness of the pastures; the beechwoods have an imposing and venerable aspect; the sea winds its arms about amid the verdure of these woodland solitudes; and lakes of silver brightness lie encircled by graceful trees. The leaves rustling, brooks murmuring, the sounds of many insects, the plaintive notes of birds, and the gentle plashing of waves upon the lonely shore are the only sounds which break the silence. In such a solitude I have sometimes felt as if I had approached the sacred place of one of the old legends, and in such a solitude we still may feel their power. When twilight gathers over woods, lakes, and pastures, we may see once more the phantom-ships, guided by departed spirits of the olden times, sailing among the green islands; we may hear the melancholy dirges for fallen heroes, or the plaintive song of the forsaken maid; and when the storm is bending all the boughs of the beech-woods, we may hear, blended in the gale, the loud cries of the Wild Huntsman and his followers.



STEPHEN, LESLIE, an English literary critic and essayist, born at Kensington, November 28, 1832. In 1857 he took his degree of M.A. at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he remained several years as Fellow and tutor. In 1864 he left Cambridge and engaged in literary work at London. In 1871 he became editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, retaining the position until 1882, when he relinquished it in order to assume the editorship of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which position he occupied until 1891. In 1883 he was elected to the lectureship of English Literature at Cambridge. His principal works are *The Playground of Europe* (1871); *Hours in a Library* (three series, 1874, 1876, 1879); *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* (1876); *The Science of Ethics* (1882); *An Agnostic Apology* (1893). He wrote the Lives of Johnson, Pope, and Swift in the "English Men of Letters;" edited the works of Fielding, with a Biographical Sketch, and has been a constant contributor to periodicals.

"When, a hundred years hence," says James Ashcroft Noble, in the *Bookman*, "someone sets himself to write the history of English critical literature in the nineteenth century, he will probably regard Mr. Leslie Stephen as a transition figure, and see in his work a bridge spanning the

gulf between two important and sharply differentiated schools. There were certain years during which Lord Macaulay and Walter Pater were contemporaries; but to pass from the purely literary essays of the former to those of the latter, is like passing from one age into another. . . . There is no doubt that, in the main, Mr. Stephen's critical work has more in common with the Edinburgh than with the Oxford school. It is . . . 'judicial,' rather than 'æsthetic;' its conclusions are based rather on general principles than on particular sensibilities or preferences; it strives after impersonal estimates rather than personal appreciations. . . . Mr. Stephen's intellect is a trifle over-dominant; he forgets too absolutely what some younger critics remember too exclusively, that whatever intellectual bravery criticism may arrogate to itself, it is, in the last analysis, an affair of taste, of sensibility, and that (though the saying may be pushed to unwise applications) 'there is no disputing about taste.' . . . There is a certain grip in Mr. Stephen's work, due to the fact that he is as much interested in life as in literature; or, perhaps, it would be truer to say he is interested in literature mainly because it is an outcome of life. . . . Mr. Stephen is content to be a man first, and a literary connoisseur afterward; and whether it be a merit or a defect of his critical estimates, it is their unfailing character to regard literature as pre-eminently an *expression*. . . . 'The whole art of criticism,' says he, 'consists in learning to know the human being who is partially revealed to us in his spoken or written

words.' . . . Perhaps if this distinguished critic would allow himself a single burst of literary intoxication . . . we might feel him nearer and dearer than before. In a mad world there is a certain high degree of sanity which is a trifle irritating."

#### PERSONAL TRAITS OF JOHNSON.

It was not until some time after Johnson came into the enjoyment of his pension that we first see him through the eyes of competent observers. The Johnson of our knowledge—the most familiar figure to all students of English literary history—had already long passed the prime of life, and had done the greatest part of his literary work. His character, in the common phrase, had been "formed" years before; as, indeed, people's characters are chiefly formed in the cradle; and not only his character but the habits which are learned in the great schoolroom of the world were fixed beyond any possibilities of change. The strange eccentricities which had now become a second nature amazed the society in which he was for twenty years the prominent figure. Unsympathetic observers—those especially to whom the Chesterfieldian type represented the ideal of humanity—were simply disgusted or repelled. The man, they thought, might be in his place in a Grub Street pot-house; but he had no business in a lady's drawing-room. If he had been modest and retiring they might have put up with his defects; but Johnson was not a person whose qualities, good or bad, were of a kind to be ignored. Naturally enough, the fashionable world cared little for the rugged old giant. "The great," said Johnson, "had tried him, and given him up; they had seen enough of him;" and his reason was very much to the purpose: "Great lords and ladies don't love to have their mouths stopped;" especially not, one may add, with an unwashed fist.

It is easy to blame them now. Everybody can see that a saint in beggar's rags is intrinsically better than a sinner in gold lace. But the principle is one of those

which serves for judging of the dead much more than for regulating our own conduct. Those, at any rate, may throw the first stone at the Horace Walpoles and Chesterfields who are quite certain that they would ask a modern Johnson to their houses.—*Life of Johnson.*

## POPE'S TRANSLATION OF HOMER.

Pope undoubtedly achieved, in some true sense, an astonishing success. . . .

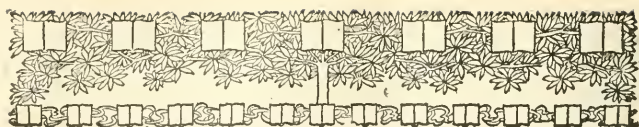
He succeeded in the judgment both of the critics and of the public of the next generation. Johnson calls the Homer "the noblest version of poetry the world has ever seen." Gray declared that no other would ever equal it; and Gibbon that it had every merit except that of faithfulness to the original. This merit of fidelity, indeed, was scarcely claimed by any one. Bentley's phrase, "A very pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer," expresses the uniform view taken from the first by those who could read both. Its fame, however, has survived into the present century. Byron speaks—and speaks, I think, with genuine feeling—of the rapture with which he first read Pope as a boy, and says that no one will ever lay him down except for the original. Indeed, the testimonies of opponents are as signal as those of admirers. Johnson remarks that the Homer "may be said to have turned the English tongue;" and that no writer since its appearance has wanted melody. Coleridge virtually admits the fact, though drawing a different conclusion, when he says that the translation of Homer has been one of the main sources of that "pseudo-poetic diction" which he and Wordsworth were trying to put out of credit. Cowper, the earliest representative of the same movement, tried to supplant Pope's Homer by his own; and his attempt proved at least the reputation held in general by his rival. If, in fact, Pope's Homer was a recognized model for near a century, we may dislike the style, but we must admit the power implied in a performance which thus became the accepted standard of style for the best part of a century.—*Life of Pope.*



STEPHENS, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, an American statesman and historian, born at Crawfordville, Ga., February 11, 1812; died at Atlanta, Ga., March 4, 1883. He was graduated at the University of Georgia in 1832; studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1834. He was elected to Congress in 1843, and held his seat by successive re elections until 1859, when he resigned. Upon the formation of the Southern Confederacy he was elected Vice-President. After the downfall of the Confederacy he was imprisoned for several months at Fort Warren, in Boston harbor, but was released upon his own recognizance. He afterward lectured upon law, and in 1870 became editor of a newspaper at Atlanta, Ga. In 1874 he was again elected to the Congress of the United States. He resigned in 1882, and was elected Governor of Georgia. Few Southern public men who had been prominent Confederates afterward received so large a share of Northern hearty good-will as did Mr. Stephens on his return to the United States Senate. His principal works are *Constitutional View of the Late War Between the States* (2 vols., 1867-70); *School History of the United States* (1870); *History of the United States* (1883). *The War Between the States* takes the form of a series of imaginary colloquies between himself and several other persons, held at his residence, "Liberty Hall," near Crawfordville.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF GENERAL GRANT.

I was never so much disappointed in my life in my previously formed opinions either of the personal appearance or bearing of one about whom I had heard and read so much. The disappointment, moreover, was in every respect favorable and agreeable. I was instantly struck with the great simplicity and perfect naturalness of his manners, and the entire absence of everything like affectation, or even the usual military air or mien of men in his position. He was plainly attired, sitting in a log cabin [at City Point, near Petersburg, February 1, 1865], busily writing at a small table by a kerosene lamp. There was nothing in his appearance or surroundings which indicated his official rank. There were neither guards nor aides around him. His conversation was easy and fluent, without effort or constraint. In this nothing was so closely noticed by me as the point and terseness with which he expressed whatever he said. He did not seem either to court or avoid conversation; but whenever he did speak, what he said was directly to the point and covered the whole matter in a few words. I saw, before very long, that he was exceedingly quick in perception and direct in purpose, with a vast deal more of brain than of tongue, as ready as that was at his command. We were with General Grant two days. The more I became acquainted with him, the more I became thoroughly impressed with the very extraordinary combination of rare elements of character which he exhibited. . . . Upon the whole, the result of this first acquaintance with General Grant was the conviction on my mind that, taken all in all, he was one of the most remarkable men I had ever met with; and that his career in life, if his days should be prolonged, was hardly entered upon; that his character was not yet fully developed; that he was not aware of his own power; and that if he lived he would in the future exert a controlling influence in shaping the destinies of this country, either for good or for evil. Which it would be, time and circumstances alone could disclose.—*The War Between the States, Colloquy XXII.*



STEPHENS, ANN SOPHIA (WINTERBOTHAM), an American novelist, born at Derby, Conn., in 1813; died at Newport, R. I., August 20, 1886. In 1831 she married Mr. Edward Stephens of Portland, Me. Mrs. Stephens had already commenced her literary career, which was thenceforth actively pursued almost to the close of her life. She was from time to time connected, as editor or contributor, with various magazines, and also wrote several popular novels. A uniform edition of her writings was completed in 1886, in twenty-three volumes. The most successful of her novels was *Fashion and Famine* (1854).

#### THE WAIF AND THE HUCKSTER-WOMAN.

With the earliest group that entered Fulton Market that morning was a girl perhaps thirteen or fourteen years old, but tiny in her form, and appearing far more juvenile than that. A pretty quilted hood of rose-colored calico was turned back from her face, which seemed naturally delicate and pale; but the fresh air, and perhaps a shadowy reflection from her hood, gave the glow of a rosebud to her cheeks. Still, there was anxiety upon her young face. Her eyes, of a dark violet blue, drooped heavily beneath her black and curling lashes if anyone from the numerous stalls addressed her; for a small splint basket on her arm, new and perfectly empty, was a sure indication that the child had been sent to make a purchase; while her timid air, the blush that came and went on her face, bespoke as plainly that she was altogether unaccustomed to the scene, and had no regular place to make her humble bargains.



The child seemed a waif cast upon the market, and she was so beautiful, notwithstanding her humble dress of faded and darned calico, that at almost every stand she was challenged pleasantly to pause and fill her basket. But she only cast down her eyes and blushed more deeply as with her little bare feet she hurried on through the labyrinth of stalls toward that portion of the market occupied by the huckster-women. Here she began to slacken her pace, and to look about her with no inconsiderable interest. . . .

At length the child—for she seemed scarcely more than that—was growing pale, and her eyes turned with a sort of sharp anxiety from one face to another, when suddenly they fell upon the buxom old huckster-woman whose stall we have described. There was something in the good dame's appearance that brought an eager and satisfied look to that pale face. She drew close to the stand, and stood for some seconds, gazing timidly on the old woman.

It was a pleasant face and a comfortable form that the timid girl gazed upon. Smooth and comely were the full and rounded cheeks, with their rich autumn color, dimpled like an over-ripe apple. Fat and good-humored enough to defy wrinkles, the face looked far too rosy for the thick gray hair that was shaded, not concealed, by a cap of clear white muslin with a deep border, and tabs that met like a snowy girth to support the firm double-chin. Never did your eyes dwell upon a chin so full of health and good-humor as that. It sloped with a sleek, smiling grace down from the plump mouth, and rolled with a soft, white wave into the neck, scarcely leaving an outline, or the want of one, before it was lost in the white of that muslin kerchief folded so neatly beneath the ample bosom of her gown. Then the broad linen apron of blue and white check, girdling her waist, and flowing over the rotundity of person, was a living proof of the ripeness and wholesome state of her merchandise. I tell you, reader, that woman, take her for all in all, was one to draw the attention—aye, and the love—of a child who had come barefooted and alone in search of kindness.—*Fashion and Famine.*



STEPHENS, JOHN LLOYD, an American traveller and archæologist, born at Shrewsbury, N. J., November 28, 1805; died in New York, October 10, 1852. He was graduated at Columbia College in 1822; studied law, and commenced practice at New York. He subsequently travelled for two years in Egypt, the Holy Land, Greece, European Turkey, and parts of Russia, and upon his return published *Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land* (1837), and *Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia, and Poland* (1838). In 1839 he was appointed United States Minister to the States of Central America, and made explorations of the ancient ruins in that region, and published *Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan* (1841). In 1842 he again visited Yucatan, and wrote *Incidents of Travel in Yucatan* (1843). Both these works were profusely illustrated. He became Vice-President of the Panama Railroad Company, and in 1849 negotiated a treaty with New Granada, by which the right to construct the railroad was granted; and, as president of the company, he superintended the construction of the railroad up to the time of his death.

#### THE SLAVE-MARKET AT CAIRO.

One of my first rambles in Cairo was to the slave-market. It is situated nearly in the centre of the city,

as it appeared to me, although after turning half-a-dozen corners in the narrow streets of a Turkish city I will defy a man to tell where he is exactly. It is a large old building enclosing a hollow square, with chambers all around, above and below. There were probably five or six hundred slaves sitting on mats in groups of ten or twenty, each group belonging to a different proprietor. Most of them were entirely naked, though some, whose shivering forms evinced that even there they felt the want of their native burning sun, were covered with blankets. They were mostly from Dongola and Sennaar, but some were Abyssinians with yellow complexions, fine eyes and teeth, and decidedly handsome. The Nubians were very dark, but with oval, regularly formed, and handsome faces, mild and amiable expression, and no mark of the African except the color of their skin.

The worst spectacle in the bazaar was that of several lots of sick, who were separated from the rest, and arranged on mats by themselves; their bodies, thin and shrunken, their chins resting upon their knees, their long, lank arms hanging helplessly by their sides, their faces haggard, their eyes fixed with a painful vacancy, and altogether presenting the image of man in his most abject condition. Meeting them on their native sands, their crouching attitudes, shrunken jaws, and rolling eyes might have led one to mistake them for those hideous animals, the ourang-outang and the ape. Prices vary from twenty to one hundred dollars; but the sick, as carrying with them the seeds of probable death, are coolly offered for almost nothing, as so much damaged merchandise which the seller is anxious to dispose of before it becomes utterly worthless on his hands. There was one—an Abyssinian—who had mind as well as beauty in her face. She was dressed in silk, and wore ornaments of gold and shells, and called me as I passed, and peeped from behind a curtain, smiling and coquetting, and wept and pouted as I went away; and she thrust out her tongue to show me that she was not like those I had just been looking at, but that her young blood ran pure and healthy in her veins.—*Travels in Egypt.*

## SUMMARY OF EXPLORATIONS IN YUCATAN.

I have now finished my journey among ruined cities. In our long, irregular, and devious route we have discovered the crumbling remains of forty-four ancient cities, most of them but a short distance apart, though from the great change that has taken place in the country, and the breaking up of the old roads, having no direct communication with each other. With but few exceptions all were lost, buried, and unknown, never before visited by a stranger, and some of them perhaps never looked upon by the eyes of a white man. Involuntarily we turn for a moment to the frightful scenes of which this region now so desolate must have been the theatre; the scenes of blood, agony, and war which preceded the destruction, desolation, or abandonment of these cities. But leaving the boundless space in which imagination might rove, I confine myself to the consideration of facts. If I may be permitted to say so, in the whole history of discoveries there is nothing to be compared with those here presented. They give an entirely new aspect to the great continent on which we live, and bring up with more force than ever the question which I once, with some hesitation, undertook to answer—who were the builders of these American cities? —*Travels in Yucatan.*





**STEPNIAK, SERGIUS**, otherwise known as **KAZCHEFFSKY** and as **MICHAEL DRAGOMANOFF**, a Russian political reformer and refugee, born of a semi-noble family of Cossack descent, at Hadjatsch, in the Ukraine Mountains, about 1841; accidentally killed at Chiswick, England, December 23, 1895. He studied at the University of Kieff, 1859-63; became docent in ancient history there in 1865; a professor in 1870; and was removed by the Government in 1873. His writings were prohibited as early as 1862; and he was exiled in 1876. He lived for some time in Geneva; and afterward settled in London. He published many works in the Little Russian and Ukraine dialects, advocating equal political rights and declaring against socialism and absolutism. He wrote English with ease, and contributed many papers to the *London Times* and to the magazines. Besides several books on the ethnography, history, literature, and folk-songs of Little Russia, he was author of *The Career of a Nihilist*, *Tyrannicide in Russia*, *The Russian Storm Cloud*, *Russia Under the Tzars*, *The Turks Within and Without*, *Underground Russia*, *Little Russian Internationalism*, *Historical Poland and Muscovite Democracy*, *Past European Peoples*, *The Propaganda of Socialism*.

## SHOOTING AT THE TZAR.

The great and terrible day had come.

From early dawn Audrey only slumbered, awakened every quarter of an hour by his excessive dread of missing his time. A strip of dazzling light, penetrating through a rent in the blind, played upon the wall opposite his couch, announcing a splendid day. When that strip reached the corner of the chest of drawers, he knew that it would be time for him to rise. But he preferred to get up at once. He pulled the bed-clothes from the leather couch which had served him as bed during his stay at head-quarters, and, carefully folding them up, he put them away in the yellow chest of drawers standing opposite.

"To-night I shall sleep in the cell of the Fortress, if I am not killed on the spot," said he to himself.

He closed the drawers, and proceeded to pull up the blinds of the two windows.

The remark was made in the plainest matter-of-fact tone, just as if he had been merely stating that the weather promised to be fair that day.

He was in a peculiar state of mind this morning, as distant from despondent resignation as from exaltation or from passion of any kind. It was the cold, absolute, inward peace of a man who had settled all accounts with life, and had nothing to expect or to fear, or to give. True, there was yet that deed for him to do. But so much had been already overcome toward its completion, and the little which yet remained was now so certain to be carried out, that this great deed of his life he almost considered as accomplished. While still a living man in full command of his mental and physical energy, he had the strange but perfectly tangible sensation of being already dead, looking upon himself, all those connected with him, and the whole world, with the unruffled, somewhat pitying serenity of a stranger.

The whole of his life was clearly present to his mind, in the minutest details, very clear, the proportions well preserved. He thought of Tania, of the friends he was leaving behind him, of their party, of the country,

—but in a calm, dispassionate way, as if everything that held him to life had receded to an enormous distance.

. . . . .

The distance to the Palace Square, where the attempt had to take place, was considerable. But Audrey intended to traverse it all on foot: he would be more independent of chance in walking than in riding, and could easily regulate his pace so as to reach the spot in time, not one minute too soon or too late. Besides, as a foot-passenger he would be much less noticeable on approaching the Tzar's promenade ground, which teemed with spies.

In his calm, stoical mood, Audrey walked along Lafonskaia Street, Transfiguration Square, and a part of Taurida Street, partly with, partly against the human stream, receiving upon his retina the images of faces— young, old, merry, serious; of horses, carriages, shops, policemen—all instantly forgotten as soon as he had passed them, attentive only to keep at his regular pace. Thus he reached the corner of the Taurida Garden, where a chance meeting with two perfect strangers upset his mental equilibrium, and brought disorder and tumult into the mental calm which he thought no longer subject to any disturbance.

These strangers, whose path came so unseasonably across his own, were two young folks—a girl and a young man, looking like students, and to all appearances lovers. They came from the Greek Street, and were going arm-in-arm, talking, along the outer railing of the Taurida Garden, smiling, caressing each other with their eyes. The young man was telling the girl in a low voice something very tender, judging from the radiant face of the girl. The pair went on slowly, almost reluctantly, as if burdened with their happiness, paying no attention to anything around.

But Audrey could not take his eyes off that girl; she was so remarkably like his own Tania. She was a little taller, and the lower part of her face was heavier, but the complexion, the quaint set of the head, the long eyebrows, resembling the outstretched wings of a bird, and that something which gives character to a face and

to a figure, were exactly those of Tania. She was even dressed in dark blue, Tania's favorite color. Audrey would have given much to have seen her eyes; he was sure they would be like those he was never to look into again. But the girl's face was turned in profile to him, and she never bestowed one glance in his direction. . . .

The girl passed, smiling and blushing, little suspecting the emotions she had caused in the stranger against whom she had brushed. The couple turned the corner and disappeared. But Audrey could not at once recover his self-control. The layer of ice, with which by an effort of will he had succeeded in covering up all his feelings, was broken, and the sea of bitter sadness hidden beneath burst forth. The image of his Tania rose before him no longer as a distant shadow, but warm with life, suffering, love, and beauty, as close and real as the girl who had just passed him.

How was the poor child now? How will she be tonight, when the act anticipated has become an accomplished fact? How will she bear it, when all is over with him? . . .

The Tzar was at this moment a few paces beyond the monument to Alexander I. facing the Palace.

From the window of a house opposite two young men looked upon the scene of the coming encounter with beating hearts.

George was one of them.

He had seen Audrey's coming in collision with the three spies, and had already given him up for lost. Now he saw the Master of all the Russias turning the corner, and Audrey, calm, stern as fate, moving toward him. On seeing a stranger in his way the Tzar gave a momentary start, but still went on.

In breathless suspense George watched as the distance between the two diminished step by step until they seemed to him to have come within a few paces of each other, and nothing had yet happened, and they were still advancing.

Why does he wait? What could it mean? . . . But it was a delusion; the distance which appeared in perspective so short was about fifteen yards.



Here, according to regulations, Audrey had to take off his hat and stand bareheaded until his master should pass. But instead of doing that act of obeisance, he plunged his hand into his pocket, drew a revolver, pointed and fired at the Tzar instantaneously.

The ball struck in the wall of the house at the Tzar's back some forty yards off, almost under the cornice. The shot had missed; the revolver kicked strongly, and had to be pointed at the feet for a fatal shot. This Audrey discovered too late. For a moment he stood petrified with consternation, both hands hanging down. The next moment he rushed onward, his brow knitted, his face pale, firing shot after shot. The Tzar, pale likewise, the flaps of his long overcoat gathered up in his hands, ran from him as quickly as he could. But he did not lose his presence of mind: instead of running straight, he ran in zigzags, thus offering a very difficult aim to the man running behind him. That saved him; only one of the shots pierced the cape of his overcoat, the rest missed altogether.

In less than a minute Audrey's six shots were spent. The flock of spies, who at first had made themselves scarce, now appeared from all sides, their numbers growing every moment. George saw Audrey encompassed at all points by the crowd of them, wild at his having eluded their vigilance. For a moment they stood at a distance, cautious, none daring to be the first to approach him. Then seeing him disarmed and making no show of resistance, they rushed on him all at once. But George heard only their fierce shouts and cries, for he had covered his face with both hands, and saw nothing more.

Audrey was thrown into prison, half dead. He recovered, and was in due time tried, condemned, and executed.—*The Career of a Nihilist.*



STERLING, JOHN, an English miscellaneous writer, born on the island of Bute, July 20, 1806; died at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, September 18, 1844. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and began the study of law, with the ultimate purpose of entering political life; but in 1834 took orders, and became curate to his friend Julius Charles Hare, the Rector of Hurstmonceaux. After eight months he resigned the curacy, and entered upon a literary life in London, where he was intimate in the best literary society—with Carlyle more than any other man. His health, however, was always delicate, compelling him to pass much of his time in warmer climates. His published works are *Arthur Coningsby*, a novel (1833); *The Onyx Ring*, a tale which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* (1836); *Minor Poems* (collected in 1839); *The Election*, a poem (1841); *Strafford*, a tragedy (1843). A collection of his *Prose Writings* was published in 1848, edited by Archdeacon Hare, who also wrote a *Life of Sterling*. Carlyle, in his *Life of Sterling*, introduces extracts from his Letters, which are in fact Essays.

“The tone of his mind,” says the *North American Review* (1842), “seems too cold for poetry, and more adapted to philosophy. He reflects and moralizes when he ought to feel and paint. He dwells too long upon particulars and details. His figures want life, and his coloring warmth.”

“John Sterling had some high qualities of mind,” says D. M. Moir, “but he was utterly destitute of the self-reliance necessary to constitute a great poet. The finest of all his productions, as a mere poem, is *The Sexton’s Daughter*, a striking lyrical ballad, produced in early youth, ere he sank into poetic misgivings.”

## DIOGENES TEUFELSDRÖCKH.

[*From a Letter to Carlyle—1835.*]

What distinguishes Teufelsdröckh not merely from the greatest and the best of men who have been on earth for eighteen hundred years, but from the whole body of those who have been looking forward toward the good, and have been the salt and the light of the world, is this—that he does not believe in a God. He does not belong to the herd of sensual and thoughtless men, because he does not perceive in all Existence a unity of power; because he does believe that this is a real power external to him, and dominant to a certain extent over him, and does not think that he is himself a shadow in a world of shadows. He has a deep feeling of the beautiful, the good, and the true, and a faith in their final victory.

At the same time how evident is the strong inward unrest, the Titanic heaving of the mountain; the storm-like rushing over land and sea in search of peace. He writhes and roars under the consciousness of the difference in himself between the possible and the actual, the hoped-for and the existent. He feels that duty is the highest law of his own being; and knowing how it bids the waves be stilled into an icy fixedness and grandeur, he trusts (but with a troubled inward misgiving) that there is a principle of order which will reduce all confusion to shape and clearness. But wanting peace himself, his fierce dissatisfaction fixes on all that is weak, corrupt, and imperfect around him; and instead of a calm and steady co-operation with all those who are endeavoring to apply the high-

est ideas as remedies for the worst evils, he holds himself aloof in savage isolation, and cherishes (though he dare not own) a stern joy at the prospect of that catastrophe which is to turn loose again the elements of man's social life, and give for a time victory to evil; in hopes that each new convulsion of the world must bring us nearer to the ultimate restoration of things.

Something of this state of mind I may say that I understand; for I have myself experienced it. And the root of the matter appears to me—a want of sympathy with the great body of those who are now endeavoring to guide and help on their fellow-men. And on what is this alienation grounded? It is, as I believe, simply in the difference on that point: The strong, deep, habitual recognition of a one Living *Personal* God, essentially wise, good, and holy, the Author of all that exists, and in a reunion with whom is the only end of all rational beings.

The following lines are the last written words of Sterling. They were written in pencil and handed to his sister-in-law only a few hours before his sudden but not unexpected death.

THE LAST VERSES OF STERLING.

Could we but hear all Nature's voice,  
From glow-worm up to sun,  
'Twould speak with one concordant sound,  
"Thy will, O God, be done!"

But hark, a sadder, mightier prayer  
From all men's hearts that live:  
"Thy will be done in earth and heaven,  
And Thou my sins forgive!"

Sterling's longest poem, *The Sexton's Daughter*, a narrative, contains more than four hundred stanzas. Perhaps the best of all his poems are some of the eighteen *Hymns of a Hermit*, though some of the *Minor Poems* are worthy to stand by

their side. The world, indeed, hardly knows how much poorer it is by the early death of John Sterling.

## HYMN TO THE DEITY.

O Thou, who strength and wisdom sheddest  
 O'er all Thy countless works below,  
 And harmony and beauty spreadest  
 On lands unmoved and seas that flow ;  
 From grains and notes to spheres uncounted,  
 From deeps beneath to suns above !  
 My gaze with awe and joy has mounted,  
 And found in all Thy ordering love.

The fly around me smoothly fitting,  
 The lark that hymns the morning-star,  
 The swan on crystal water sitting,  
 The eagle hung on skies afar—  
 To all their cleaving wings Thou givest,  
 Like those that bear the seraph's flight ;  
 In all, O perfect Will ! Thou livest,  
 For all hast oped Thy world of light.

The grass that springs beside the fountain,  
 The silver waves that sparkle there,  
 The trees that robe the shadowy mountain,  
 And, high o'er all, the limpid air,  
 Amid the vale each lowly dwelling—  
 Whose hearts with sweet religion shine—  
 In measure all things round are swelling  
 With tranquil Being's force divine.

And deep and vast beyond our wonder  
 The links of power that bind the whole,  
 While day and dusk, and breeze and thunder,  
 And life and death unceasing roll ;  
 While all is wheeled in endless motion  
 Thou changest not, upholding all ;  
 And lifting man in pure devotion,  
 On Thee Thou teachest him to call.

To him, Thy child, Thyself revealing,  
 He sees what all is meant to be :

From him Thy secret not concealing,  
 Thou bid'st his will aspire to Thee.  
 And so we own in Thy creation  
 An image painting all Thou art ;  
 And crowning all the revelation,  
 Thy loftiest work, the human heart.

The Will, the Love, the sunlike Reason,  
 Which Thou hast made the strength of man,  
 May ebb and flow through day and season,  
 And oft may mar their seeming plan ;  
 But Thou art here to nerve and fashion  
 With better hopes our world of care,  
 To calm each base and lawless passion,  
 And so the heavenly life repair.

In all the track of earth-born ages  
 Each day displays Thy guidance clear ;  
 And best divined by holiest sages  
 Makes every child in part a Seer.  
 Thy Laws are bright with purest glory,  
 To us Thou giv'st congenial eyes ;  
 And so in earth's unfolding story  
 We view Thy truth that fills the skies.

But midst Thy countless forms of being  
 One shines supreme o'er all beside,  
 And man, in all Thy wisdom seeing,  
 In Him reveres a sinless guide.  
 In Him alone, no longer shrouded  
 By mist that dims all meaner things,  
 Thou dwell'st, O God ! unveiled, unclouded,  
 And fearless peace thy presence brings.

Then teach my heart, celestial Brightness !  
 To know that Thou art hid no more,  
 To sun my spirit's dear-bought whiteness,  
 Beneath Thy rays, and upward soar ;  
 In all that is a law unchanging  
 Of Truth and Love may I behold,  
 And own, 'mid Thought's unbounded ranging,  
 The timeless One proclaimed of old.

—*Hymns of a Hermit, IX.*

## THE MEASURE OF LIFE.

There are two frequent lamentations which might well teach us to doubt the wisdom of popular opinions : men bewail in themselves the miseries of old age, and in others the misfortunes of an early death. They do not reflect that life is made up of emotions and thoughts, some cares and doubts and hopes and scattered handfuls of sorrow and pleasure, elements incapable of being measured by rule or dated by an almanac. It is not from the calendar or the parish-register that we can justly learn for what to grieve and wherefore to rejoice ; and it is rather an affected refinement than a sage instinct, to pour out tears in proportion as our wasting days, or those of our friends, are marked by a clepsydra. And even as old age, if it be the fruit of natural and regular existence, is full, not of aches and melancholy, but of lightness and joy ; so there are men who perform their course in a small circle of years, whose maturity is to be reckoned not by the number of their springs and summers, but of their inward seasons of greenness and glory, and who by a native kindness have enjoyed, during a brief and northern period, more sunshine of soul than ever came to the clouded breast of a basking Ethiop.

## ALFRED THE HARPER.

Dark fell the night, the watch was set,  
The host was idly spread,  
The Danes around their watchfires met,  
Caroused, and fiercely fed.

The chiefs beneath a tent of leaves,  
And Guthrum, king of all,  
Devoured the flesh of England's beeves,  
And laughed at England's fall.  
Each warrior proud, each Danish earl,  
In mail and wolf-skin clad,  
Their bracelets white with plundered pearl,  
Their eyes with triumph mad.

From Humber-land to Severn-land,  
 And on to Tamar stream,  
 Where Thames makes green the towery strand,  
 Where Medway's waters gleam—  
 With hands of steel and mouths of flame  
 They raged the kingdom through ;  
 And where the Norseman sickle came,  
 No crop but hunger grew.

They loaded many an English horse  
 With wealth of cities fair ;  
 They dragged from many a father's corse  
 The daughter by her hair.  
 And English slaves, and gems and gold,  
 Were gathered round the feast ;  
 Till midnight in their woodland hold,  
 O, never that riot ceased.

In stalked a warrior tall and rude  
 Before the strong sea-kings ;  
 "Ye lords and earls of Odin's brood,  
 Without a harper sings.  
 He seems a simple man and poor,  
 But well he sounds the lay ;  
 And well, ye Norseman chiefs, be sure,  
 Will ye the song repay."

In trod the bard with keen, cold look,  
 And glanced along the board,  
 That with the shout and war-cry shook  
 Of many a Danish lord.  
 But thirty brows, inflamed and stern,  
 Soon bent on him their gaze,  
 While calm he gazed, as if to learn  
 Who chief deserved his praise.

Loud Guthrum spake,—“Nay, gaze not thus,  
 Thou Harper weak and poor !  
 By Thor ! who banter looks with us  
 Must worse than looks endure.  
 Sing high the praise of Denmark's host,  
 High praise each dauntless earl ;



The brave who stun this English coast  
With war's unceasing whirl."

The Harper slowly bent his head,  
And touched aloud the string ;  
Then raised his face, and boldly said,  
"Hear thou my lay, O King !  
High praise from every mouth of man  
To all who boldly strive,  
Who fall where first the fight began,  
And ne'er go back alive.

"Fill high your cups, and swell the shout,  
At famous Regnar's name ;  
Who sank his host in bloody rout,  
When he to Humber came.  
His men were chased, his sons were slain,  
And he was left alone.  
They bound him in an iron chain  
Upon a dungeon stone.

"With iron links they bound him fast ;  
With snakes they filled the hole,  
That made his flesh their long repast,  
And bit into his soul.

"Great chiefs, why sink in gloom your eyes ?  
Why champ your teeth in pain ?  
Still lives the song though Regnar dies !  
Fill high your cups again !  
Ye, too, perchance, O Norseman lords !  
Who fought and swayed so long,  
Shall soon but live in minstrel words,  
And owe your names to song.

"This land has graves by thousands more  
Than that where Regnar lies.  
When conquests fade, and rule is o'er,  
The sod must close your eyes.  
How soon, who knows? Not chief, nor bard ;  
And yet to me 'tis given  
To see your foreheads deeply scarred,  
And guess the doom of Heaven.

"I may not read or when or how,  
 But, earls and Kings, be sure  
 I see a blade o'er every brow,  
 Where pride now sits secure.  
 Fill high the cups, raise loud the strain!  
 When chief and monarch fall,  
 Their names in song shall breathe again,  
 And thrill the feastful hall."

Grim sat the chiefs; one heaved a groan,  
 And one grew pale with dread,  
 His iron mace was grasped by one,  
 By one his wine was shed.  
 And Guthrum cried, "Nay, bard, no more  
 We hear thy boding lay;  
 Make drunk the song with spoil and gold!  
 Light up the joyous fray!"

"Quick throbs my brain"—so burst the song—  
 "To hear the strife once more.  
 The mace, the axe, they rest too long;  
 Earth cries, My thirst is sore.  
 More blithely twang the strings of bows  
 Than strings of harps in glee;  
 Red wounds are lovelier than the rose  
 Or rosy lips to me."

"O, fairer than a field of flowers,  
 When flowers in England grew,  
 Would be the battle's marshalled powers,  
 The plain of carnage new.  
 With all its deaths before my soul  
 The vision rises fair;  
 Raise loud the song, and drain the bowl!  
 I would that I were there!"

Loud rang the harp, the minstrel's eye  
 Rolled fiercely round the throng;  
 It seemed two crashing hosts were nigh,  
 Whose shock aroused the song.  
 A golden cup King Guthrum gave  
 To him who strongly played;

And said, "I won it from the slave  
Who once o'er England swayed."

King Guthrum cried, "'Twas Alfred's own ;  
Thy song befits the brave :  
The King who cannot guard his throne  
Nor wine nor song shall have."  
The minstrel took the goblet bright,  
And said, "I drink the wine  
To him who owns by justest right  
The cup thou bid'st be mine.

"To him, your lord, O shout ye all !  
His meed be deathless praise !  
The King who dares not nobly fall  
Dies basely all his days."

"The praise thou speakest," Guthrum said,  
"With sweetness fills mine ear ;  
For Alfred swift before me fled,  
And left me monarch here.  
The royal coward never dared  
Beneath mine eye to stand.  
O, would that now this feast he shared,  
And saw me rule his land !"

Then stern the minstrel rose, and spake,  
And gazed upon the King—  
"Not now the golden cup I take,  
Nor more to thee I sing.  
Another day, a happier hour,  
Shall bring me here again :  
The cup shall stay in Guthrum's power,  
Till I demand it then."

The Harper turned and left the shed,  
Nor bent to Guthrum's crown ;  
And one who marked his visage said  
It wore a ghastly frown.  
The Danes ne'er saw that Harper more,  
For soon as morning rose,  
Upon their camp King Alfred bore,  
And slew ten thousand foes.

## THE SPICE-TREE.

The spice-tree lives in the garden green ;  
 Beside it the fountain flows ;  
 And a fair bird sits the boughs between,  
 And sings his melodious woes.

No greener garden e'er was known  
 Within the bounds of an earthly king ;  
 No lovelier skies have ever shone  
 Than those that illumine its constant spring.

That coil-bound stem has branches three ;  
 On each a thousand blossoms grow ;  
 And, old as aught of time can be,  
 The root stands fast in the rocks below.

In the spicy shade ne'er seems to tire  
 The fount that builds a silvery dome ;  
 And flakes of purple and ruby fire  
 Gush out, and sparkle amid the foam.

The fair white bird of flaming crest,  
 And azure wings bedropt with gold,  
 Ne'er has he known a pause of rest,  
 But sings the lament that he framed of old :

“ O princess bright ! how long the night  
 Since thou art sunk in the waters clear ?  
 How sadly they flow from the depth below—  
 How long must I sing and thou wilt not hear ?

“ The waters play, and the flowers are gay,  
 And the skies are sunny above ;  
 I would that all could fade and fall,  
 And I, too, cease to mourn my love.

“ O, many a year, so wakeful and drear,  
 I have sorrowed and watched, beloved, for thee !  
 But there comes no breath from the chambers of death,  
 While the lifeless fount gushes under the tree.”

The skies grow dark, and they glare with red ;  
 The tree shakes off its spicy bloom ;

The waves of the fount in a black pool spread ;  
And in thunder sounds the garden's doom

Down springs the bird with a long, shrill cry,  
Into the sable and angry flood ;  
And the face of the pool, as he falls from high,  
Curdles in circling stains of blood.

But sudden again upswells the fount ;  
Higher and higher the waters flow,—  
In a glittering diamond arch they mount,  
And round it the colors of morning glow.

Finer and finer the watery mound  
Softens and melts to a thin-spun veil,  
And tones of music circle around,  
And bear to the stars the fountain's tale.

And swift the eddying rainbow screen  
Falls in dew on the grassy floor ;  
Under the spice-tree the garden's queen  
Sits by her lover, who wails no more.

ON A BEAUTIFUL DAY.

O unseen Spirit ! now a calm divine  
Comes forth from thee, rejoicing earth and air !  
Trees, hills, and houses, all distinctly shine,  
And thy great ocean slumbers everywhere.

The mountain ridge against the purple sky  
Stands clear and strong, with darkened rocks and  
dells,

And cloudless brightness opens wide and high  
A home ærial, where thy presence dwells.

The chime of bells remote, the murmuring sea,  
The song of birds in whispering copse and wood,  
The distant voice of children's thoughtless glee,  
And maiden's song, are all one voice of good.

Amid the leaves' green mass a sunny play  
Of flash and shadow stirs like inward life ;  
The ship's white sail glides onward far away,  
Unhaunted by a dream of storm or strife.



STERNE, LAURENCE, an English clergyman and novelist, born of English parents at Clonmel, Ireland, November 24, 1713; died in London, March 18, 1768. He was taken to England in his eleventh year, placed at school, and afterward sent to the University of Oxford, where he was graduated in 1736. He took orders, and was immediately presented to the living of Sutton, in Yorkshire. Other preferments were bestowed upon him, among which was a prebend in York Cathedral. In 1759 he put forth the first two volumes of *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*; the succeeding volumes appeared at intervals, the ninth and last in 1767. From 1762 to 1767 he resided partly in London and partly in France, where his way of life was far from being in accordance with his clerical profession. He had written only the first part of the *Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy*, when he died somewhat suddenly. At various times he put forth volumes of *Sermons*. A collection of his *Letters* was published in 1775. All of his works were published under the pseudonym of "Mr. Yorick."

"If we consider Sterne's reputation as chiefly founded on *Tristram Shandy*, he must be regarded as liable to two severe charges—those, namely, of indecency and affectation. Upon the first accusation Sterne was himself peculiarly sore, and used to

justify the licentiousness of his humor by representing it as a mere breach of decorum, which had no perilous consequences to morals. . . . Sterne, however, began and ended by braving the censure of the world in this particular. . . . In like manner, the greatest admirers of Sterne must own that his style is affected, eminently, and in a degree which even his wit and pathos are inadequate to support. The style of Rabelais, which he assumed for his model, is to the highest excess rambling, excursive, and intermingled with the greatest absurdities. But Rabelais was in some measure compelled to adopt this harlequin's habit, in order that, like licensed jesters, he might, under the cover of his folly, have permission to vent his satire against Church and State. Sterne assumed the manner of his master only as a mode of attracting attention and of making the public stare; and therefore his extravagances, like those of a feigned madman, are cold and forced, even in the midst of his most irregular flights."

## ON NAMES.

I would sooner undertake to explain the hardest problem in geometry than to pretend to account for it that a gentleman of my father's great good sense—knowing (as the reader must have observed him), wise also in political reasoning, and curious, too, in philosophy, and in polemical (as he will find) no way ignorant—could be capable of entertaining a notion so out of the common track, that I fear the reader, when I come to mention it to him, if he is in the least of a choleric temper will immediately throw the book by; if mercurial, he will laugh most heartily at it, and if he is of a grave and saturnine cast, he will, at first sight, condemn it as fanciful and extravagant. And that was in

respect to the choice and imposition of Christian names, on which he thought a great deal more depended than what superficial minds were capable of conceiving. His opinion in this matter was that there was a strange kind of magic basis which good or bad names, as he called them, irresistibly impressed upon our characters and conduct.

The hero of Cervantes argued not the point with more seriousness; nor had he more faith, or more to say, on the powers of necromancy in dishonoring his deeds, or on Dulcinea's name in shedding lustre upon them, than my father had on those of Trismegistus or Archimedes, on the one hand, or of Niky and Simkin, on the other. "How many Cæsars and Pompeys," he would say, "by mere inspiration of the names, have been rendered worthy of them! And how many," he would add, "are there who might have done exceedingly well in the world had not their characters and spirits been totally depressed and Nicodemus'd into nothing!"

"I see plainly, sir, by your looks" (or as the case happened), my father would say, "that you do not heartily subscribe to this opinion of mine, which to those," he would add, "who have not sifted it to the bottom, I own has an air more of fancy than of solid reasoning in it. And yet, my dear sir—if I may presume to know your character—I am morally assured I should hazard little in stating a case to you—not as a party in the dispute, but as a judge—and trusting my appeal upon it to your own good sense and candid disquisition in this matter. You are a person free from as many narrow prejudices of education as most men, and—if I may presume to penetrate farther into you—of a liberality of genius above bearing down an opinion merely because it wants friends. Your son—your dear son—from whose sweet and open temper you have so much to expect—your 'Billy,' sir—would you for the world have called him 'Judas?' Would you, my dear sir," he would say, laying his hand upon your breast—and with the genteelest address, and in the soft and irresistible *piano* of voice which the nature of the *argumentum ad hominem* absolutely requires—"would you,



sir, if a Jew of a godfather had proposed the name of your child, and offered you his purse along with it, would you have consented to such a desecration of him? . . .

"Your greatness of mind in this action, which I admire, with that generous contempt of money which you show me in the whole transaction, is really noble; and what renders it more so is the principle of it; the working of a parent's love upon the truth of this very hypothesis—namely, that was your son called Judas, the sordid and treacherous idea so inseparable from this name would have accompanied him through life like his shadow, and in the end made a miser and a rascal of him in spite, Sir, of your example."—*Tristram Shandy*.

"I CAN'T GET OUT!"

As for the Bastile, the terror is in the word. "Make the most of it you can," said I to myself, "the Bastile is but another word for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of. Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year; but with nine lives a day, and pen, ink, and paper, and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within, at least for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and a wiser man than he went in."

I had occasion—I forget what—to step into the courtyard as I settled this account; and remember I walked down-stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning. "Beshrew the sombre pencil," said I, vauntingly, for I envy not its powers, "which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a coloring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened. Reduce them to their proper size and hue, and she overlooks them. 'Tis true," said I, correcting the proposition, "the Bastile is not an evil to be despised; but strip it of its towers, fill up the fosse, unbarricade the doors, call it simply a place of confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper, and not of a man, which holds you in it, the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint."

I was interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained that it "could not get out!" I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man nor woman nor child, I went out without further attention. In my return back through the passage I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage. "I can't get out! I can't get out!" said the starling. I stood looking at the bird; and to every person that came through the passage, it ran in fluttering to the side toward which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity.

"God help thee!" said I, "but I will let thee out, cost what it will;" so I turned about the cage to get at the door. It was twisted and double-twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it. The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it as if impatient. "I fear, poor creature," said I, "I cannot set thee at liberty." "No," said the starling, "I can't get out! I can't get out!"

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up-stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt," said I, "still slavery is a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess"—addressing myself to Liberty—"whom all in public or in private worship; whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change. No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron. With thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gra-

cious heaven!" cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one of the ascent, "grant me but health, thou great bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion, and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon the heads which are aching for them."—*Sentimental Journey*.

## DEATH OF LE FEVRE.

— — In a fortnight or three weeks, added my Uncle Toby, smiling—he might march. —He will never march, an' please your honor, in this world, said the corporal. — — He will march, said my Uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off: — — An' please your honor, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave. — He shall march, cried my Uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch—he shall march to his regiment. — — He can't stand it, said the corporal. — — He shall be supported, said my Uncle Toby. — — He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy? — — He shall not drop, said my Uncle Toby, firmly. —Ah, well-a-day—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point—the poor soul will die. He shall not die, by G—d! cried my Uncle Toby.

— The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in — — and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever.\*

— — My Uncle Toby went to his bureau—put his purse into his breeches' pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician—he went to bed, and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's, and his afflicted son's; the hand of Death pressed heavy upon his eyelids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, when my Uncle Toby, who had risen up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon

\* The sentiment of this paragraph has been characterized by an eminent American divine as the most beautiful in English literature.

the chair by the bedside, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did—how he had rested in the night—what was his complaint—where was his pain—and what he could do to help him?—and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.

— You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my Uncle Toby, to my house—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter—and we'll have an apothecary, —and the corporal shall be your nurse—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my Uncle Toby—not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my Uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, the son had insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it toward him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back—the film forsook his eyes for a moment—he looked up wistfully in my Uncle Toby's face—then cast a look upon his boy—and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.— —

Nature instantly ebbed again — — the film returned to its place — — the pulse fluttered — — stopped — — went on — — throbbed — — stopped again — — moved — — stopped — — shall I go on? — — No.—*From Tristram Shandy.*





Robert Louis Stevenson



STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS, a Scottish novelist, essayist, and poet, born at Edinburgh, November 13, 1850; died at Apia, Samoa, December 3, 1894. His father, Thomas S., and two uncles, a grandfather, and great-grandfather, were engineers in the lighthouse service. In the dedication of one of his books to his father, he says, "by whose devices the great sea-lights in every quarter of the globe shine out more brightly." Robert was educated at Cambridge, studied law, and was admitted to practice. His literary work began in contributions to magazines; many of the papers have been gathered in book form. In 1879 he came as a steerage passenger to America, and crossed the continent in an emigrant car. He married Mary Van de Grift in California, and she was co-author with him of *The Dynamiter*. Some of his California experiences are recorded in *The Silverado Squatters*. Of his numerous books, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1885) is the one most widely known; next to this are such as *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped* (1886); *The Black Arrow* (1888); *Prince Otto*, *The Master of Ballantrac* (1889); *The Wrecker* (1892); *Across the Plains* (1892); *A Footnote of History* (1892); *David Balfour* (1893); *Island Nights Entertainments* (1893); *Will o' the Mill* (1895). *Virginibus Puerisque* and *Familiar Studies of Men and Books* (1887) are volumes

of essays. A book of poems (1887), bears the title of *Underwoods*—crisp in poetic description, and half of the volume in quaint Scottish dialect. Other works are: *An Inland Voyage*, *Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes*, *The Merry Men*, *Memoir of Fleming Jenkin*, and *A Child's Garden of Verses*.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

A naked house, a naked moor,  
A shivering pool before the door,  
A garden bare of flowers and fruit,  
And poplars at the garden foot:  
Such is the place that I live in,  
Bleak without and bare within.

Yet shall your ragged moor receive  
The incomparable pomp of eve,  
And the cold glories of the dawn  
Behind your shivering trees be drawn;  
And when the wind from place to place  
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,  
Your garden gloom and gleam again,  
With leaping sun, with glancing rain.  
Here shall the wizard moon ascend  
The heavens, in the crimson end  
Of day's declining splendor; here  
The army of the stars appear.  
The neighboring hollows, dry or wet,  
Spring shall with tender flowers beset;  
And oft the morning muser see  
Larks rising from the broomy lea,  
And every fairy wheel and thread  
Of cobweb dew-bediamonded.  
When daisies go, shall winter time  
Silver the simple grass with rime;  
Autumnal frosts enchant the pool  
And make the cart-ruts beautiful;  
And when snow bright the moor expands,  
How shall your children clap their hands!



To make this earth, our hermitage,  
 A cheerful and a changeful page,  
 God's bright and intricate device  
 Of days and seasons doth suffice.

—*Underwoods.*

#### REQUIEM.

Under the wide and starry sky,  
 Dig the grave and let me lie.  
 Glad did I live and gladly die,  
 And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me :  
*Here he lies where he longed to be ;*  
*Home is the sailor, home from sea,*  
*And the hunter home from the hill.*

—*Underwoods.*

#### THE TWO PHILOSOPHERS.

On one of the posts before Tentailon's carriage entry he espied a little, dark figure perched in a meditative attitude, and immediately recognized Jean-Marie.

"Aha," he said, stopping before him humorously, with a hand on either knee. "So we rise early in the morning, do we? It appears to me that we have all the vices of a philosopher."

The boy got to his feet and made a grave salutation.

"And how is our patient?" asked Deprez.

It appeared the patient was about the same.

"And why do you rise early in the morning?" he pursued.

Jean-Marie, after a long silence, professed that he hardly knew.

"You hardly know?" repeated Deprez. "We hardly know anything, my man, until we try to learn. Interrogate your consciousness. Come, push me this inquiry home. Do you like it?"

"Yes," said the boy, slowly; "yes, I like it."

"And why do you like it?" continued the Doctor. "(We are now pursuing the Socratic method.) Why do you like it?"

"It is quiet," answered Jean-Marie ; "and I have nothing to do ; and then I feel as if I were good."

Doctor Deprez took a seat on the post at the opposite side. He was beginning to take an interest in the talk, for the boy plainly thought before he spoke, and tried to answer truly.

"It appears you have a taste for feeling good," said the Doctor. "Now, then, you puzzle me extremely : for I thought you said you were a thief ; and the two are incompatible."

"Is it very bad to steal ?" asked Jean-Marie.

"Such is the general opinion, little boy," replied the Doctor.

"No ; but I mean as I stole," exclaimed the other. "For I had no choice. I think it is surely right to have bread ; it must be right to have bread, there comes so plain a want of it. And then they beat me cruelly if I returned with nothing," he added. "I was not ignorant of right and wrong ; for before that I had been well taught by a priest, who had been very kind to me." (The Doctor made a horrible grimace at the word "priest.") "But it seemed to me when one had nothing to eat and was beaten, it was a different affair. I would not have stolen for tartlets, I believe ; but anyone would steal for bread."

"And so I suppose," said the Doctor, with a rising sneer, "you prayed God to forgive you, and explained the case to Him at length."

"Why, sir !" asked Jean-Marie. "I do not see."

"Your priest would see, however," retorted Deprez.

"Would he ?" asked the boy, troubled for the first time. "I should have thought God would have known."

"Eh ?" snarled the Doctor.

"I should have thought God would have understood me," replied the other. "You do not see ; but then it was God that made me think so, was it not ?"

"Little boy, little boy," said Deprez, "I told you already you had the vices of philosophy ; if you display the virtues also, I must go. I am a student of the blessed laws of health, an observer of plain and temperate nature in her common walks ; and I cannot pre-

serve my equanimity in presence of a monster. Do you understand?"

"No, sir," said the boy.

"I will make my meaning clear to you," replied the Doctor. "Look there at the sky—behind the belfry first, where it is so light, and then up and up, turning your chin back, right to the top of the dome, where it is already as blue as at noon. Is not that a beautiful color? Does it not please the heart? We have seen it all our lives, until it has grown in with our familiar thoughts. Now," changing his tone, "suppose that sky to become suddenly of a live and fiery amber, like the color of clear coals, and growing scarlet toward the top—I do not say it would be any the less beautiful; but would you like it as well?"

"I suppose not," answered Jean-Marie.

"Neither do I like you," returned the Doctor, roughly. "I hate all odd people, and you are the most curious little boy in all the world."

Jean-Marie seemed to ponder for awhile, and then he raised his head again and looked over at the Doctor with an air of candid inquiry. "But are you not a very curious gentleman?" he asked.

The doctor threw away his stick, bounded on the boy, clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him on both cheeks. "Admirable, admirable imp!" he cried.

"What a morning, what an hour for a theorist of forty-two! No," he continued, apostrophizing heaven, "I did not know that such boys existed; I was ignorant they made them so; I had doubted of my race; and now! It is like," he added, picking up his stick, "like a lover's meeting. I have bruised my favorite staff in that moment of enthusiasm. The injury, however, is not grave." He caught the boy looking at him in obvious wonder, embarrassment, and alarm. "Hello!" said he, "why do you look at me like that? Egad, I believe the boy despises me. Do you despise me, boy?"

"O, no," replied Jean-Marie, seriously; "only I do not understand."

"You must excuse me, sir," returned the Doctor, with gravity; "I am still so young. O, hang him!"

ne added to himself. And he took his seat again and observed the boy sardonically. "He has spoiled the quiet of my morning," thought he. "I shall be nervous all day, and have a febricule when I digest. Let me compose myself." And so he dismissed his pre-occupations by an effort of the will which he had long practised, and let his soul roam abroad in the contemplation of the morning. He inhaled the air, tasting it critically as a connoisseur tastes a vintage, and prolonging the expiration with hygienic gusto. He counted the little flecks of cloud along the sky. He followed the movements of the birds around the church tower—making long sweeps, hanging poised, or turning airy somersaults in fancy, and beating the wind with imaginary pinions. And in this way he regained peace of mind and animal composure, conscious of his limbs, conscious of the sight of his eyes, conscious that the air had a cool taste, like a fruit, at the top of his throat; and at last, in complete abstraction, he began to sing. The Doctor had but one air—"Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre;" even with that he was on terms of mere politeness; and his musical exploits were always reserved for moments when he was alone and entirely happy.

He was recalled to earth rudely by a pained expression on the boy's face. "What do you think of my singing?" he inquired, stopping in the middle of a note; and then, after he had waited some little while and received no answer, "What do you think of my singing?" he repeated, imperiously.

"I do not like it," faltered Jean-Marie.

"Oh, come!" cried the Doctor. "Possibly you are a performer yourself?"

"I sing better than that," replied the boy.

The Doctor eyed him for some seconds in stupefaction. He was aware that he was angry, and blushed for himself in consequence, which made him angrier.

"If this is how you address your master!" he said at last, with a shrug and a flourish of his arms.

"I do not speak to him at all," returned the boy. "I do not like him."

"Then you like me?" snapped Doctor Deprez, with unusual eagerness.

"I do not know," answered Jean-Marie.

The Doctor rose. "I shall wish you a good morning," he said. "You are too much for me. Perhaps you have blood in your veins, perhaps celestial ichor, or perhaps you circulate nothing more gross than respirable air; but of one thing I am inexpugnably assured:—that you are no human being. No, boy"—shaking his stick at him—"you are not a human being. Write, write it in your memory—'I am not a human being—I have no pretension to a human being—I am a dive, a dream, an angel, an acrostic, an illusion—what you please, but not a human being.' And so accept my humble salutations and farewell!"

And with that the Doctor made off along the street in some emotion, and the boy stood, mentally gaping, where he left him. . . .

"Never!" cried Madame. "Never, Doctor, with my consent. If the child were my own flesh and blood, I would not say no. But to take another person's indiscretion on my shoulders— My dear friend, I have too much sense."

"Precisely," replied the Doctor. "We both had. And I am all the better pleased with our wisdom, because—because——" He looked at her sharply.

"Because what?" she asked, with a faint premonition of danger.

"Because I have found the right person," said the Doctor firmly, "and shall adopt him this afternoon."—*The Treasure of Franchard (Merry Men).*

#### TRUTH OF INTERCOURSE.

Among sayings that have a currency in spite of being wholly false upon the face of them, for the sake of a half-truth upon another subject which is accidentally combined with the error, one of the grossest and broadest conveys the monstrous proposition that it is easy to tell the truth and hard to tell a lie. I wish heartily it were. But the truth is one; it has first to be discovered, then justly and exactly uttered. Even with instruments specially contrived for such a purpose—with a foot-rule, a lever, or a theodolite—it is not easy

to be exact; it is easier, alas! to be inexact. From those who mark the divisions on a scale to those who measure the boundaries of empires or the distance of the heavenly stars, it is by careful method and minute, unwearied attention that men rise even to material or to sure knowledge, even of external and constant things. But it is easier to draw the outline of a mountain than the changing appearance of a face; and truth in human relations is of this more intangible and dubious order: hard to seize, harder to communicate. . . .

"It takes," says Thoreau, in the noblest and most useful passage I remember to have read in any modern author, "two to speak truth—one to speak and another to hear." He must be very little experienced, or have no great zeal for truth, who does not recognize the fact. A grain of anger or a grain of suspicion produces strange acoustical effects, and makes the ear greedy to remark offence. Hence we find those who have once quarrelled carry themselves distantly, and are ever ready to break the truce. To speak truth, there must be moral equality or else no respect: and hence between parent and child intercourse is apt to degenerate into a verbal fencing bout, and misapprehensions to become ingrained. And there is another side to this, for the parent begins with an imperfect notion of the child's character, formed in early years or during the equinoctial gales of youth; to this he adheres, noting only the facts which suit his preconception; and wherever a person fancies himself unjustly judged, he at once and finally gives up the effort to speak truth. With our chosen friends, on the other hand, and still more between lovers (for mutual understanding is love's essence), the truth is easily indicated by the one and aptly comprehended by the other. A hint taken, a look understood, conveys the gist of long and delicate explanations; and where the life is known, even *yea* and *no* become luminous. In the closest of all relations—that of a love well founded and equally shared—speech is half discarded, like a roundabout, infantile process or a ceremony of formal etiquette; and the two communicate directly by their presences, and with few looks and fewer words contrive to share their good and evil and

uphold each other's hearts in joy. For love rests upon a physical basis ; it is a familiarity of nature's making and apart from voluntary choice. Understanding has in some sort out-ran knowledge, for the affection perhaps began with the acquaintance ; and as it was not made like other relations, so it is not, like them, to be perturbed or clouded. Each knows more than can be uttered ; each lives by faith, and believes by a natural compulsion ; and between man and wife the language of the body is largely developed and grown strangely eloquent. The thought that prompted and was conveyed in a caress would only lose to be set down in words, ay, although Shakespeare himself should be the scribe.

Yet it is in these dear intimacies, beyond all others, that we must strive and do battle for the truth. Let but a doubt arise, and alas ! all the previous intimacy and confidence is but another charge against the person doubted.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*





STEWART, DUGALD, a Scottish philosopher, born at Edinburgh, November 22, 1753; died there, June 11, 1828. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, where his father was professor of mathematics, until 1771, when he entered the University of Glasgow. In 1772 he was invited by his father to teach the mathematical classes at Edinburgh; was made joint-professor in 1775, and in 1780 became professor of moral philosophy, retaining the chair until 1810, when he withdrew from its active duties. His lectures were highly popular. They covered the subjects of Psychology, Metaphysics, Logic, Ethics, Natural Theology, Politics, Political Economy, and the Principles of Taste. His principal philosophical works are: *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind* (Vol. I., 1793; Vol. II., 1814); *Philosophical Essays* (1810); *Dissertation on the History of Ethical Philosophy* (1821); *Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers* (1828).

“His delightful volume of miscellaneous essays,” says John Wilson, “proves that he stood—and forever will stand—in the first order of critics—generous, enthusiastic, and even impassioned, far beyond the hair-splitting spirit of the mere metaphysician.”

Of his *A General View of the Progress of Metaphysical, Ethical, and Political Philosophy Since the*



*Revival of Letters in Europe*, Professor J. P. Nichol says: "It may seem a harsh and presumptuous deliverance, but we have no dread of its being gain-said that in our higher philosophical literature it would be difficult to find a less adequate treatment of so great a theme. From the absence of coherence—the absence of any trace of unity or comprehensive principle—the dissertation is more like the expansion of a commonplace book than an effort to contemplate the continuous flow of human thought. It evinces, too, an extraordinary defect of sympathy with the whole progress of speculation in modern continental Europe. Stewart manifestly knew nothing of Kant, and he did not think it necessary to take notice of Spinoza."

"In the writings of the sagacious, the enlightened, and the virtuous Dugald Stewart," says Dr. Parr, "were united the perspicuity of Dr. Reid, the acuteness of Adam Smith, and the precision of David Hume."

#### THE MEMORY.

It is generally supposed that of all our faculties memory is that which nature has bestowed in the most unequal degrees on different individuals; and it is far from being impossible that this opinion may be well founded. If, however, we consider that there is scarcely any man who has not memory sufficient to learn the use of language, and to learn to recognize, at the first glance, the appearance of an infinite number of familiar objects, besides acquiring such an acquaintance with the laws of nature, and the ordinary course of human affairs, as is necessary for directing his conduct in life, we shall be satisfied that the original disparities among men in this respect are by no means so immense as they seem to be at first view, and that much is to be ascribed to different habits of attention, and to a differ-

ence of selection among the various events presented to their curiosity. It is worthy of remark, also, that those individuals who possess unusual powers of memory with respect to any one class of objects are commonly as remarkably deficient in some of the other applications of that faculty.

A similar observation, I can almost venture to say, will be found to apply to by far the greater number of those in whom this faculty seems to exhibit a preternatural or anomalous degree of force. The *varieties* of memory are indeed wonderful, but they are not to be confounded with the *inequalities* of memory. One man is distinguished by a power of recollecting names and dates and genealogies ; a second by the multiplicity of speculations and of general conclusions treasured up in his intellect ; a third by the facility with which words and combinations of words—the *ipsissima verba* of a speaker or of an author—seem to lay hold of his mind ; a fourth by the quickness with which he seizes and appropriates the sense and meaning of an author, while the phraseology and style seem altogether to escape his notice ; a fifth by his memory for poetry ; a sixth by his memory for music ; a seventh by his memory for architecture, statuary, and painting, and all the other objects of taste which are addressed to the eye. All these different powers seem miraculous to those who do not possess them ; and as they are apt to be supposed by superficial observers to be commonly united in the same individuals, they contribute much to encourage those exaggerated estimates concerning the original inequalities among men in respect to this faculty which I am now endeavoring to reduce to their first standard.

As the great purpose to which this faculty is subservient is to enable us to collect and to retain for the future regulation of our conduct the results of our past experience, it is evident that the degree of perfection which it attains in the case of different persons must vary—first, with the facility of making the original acquisition ; secondly, with the permanence of the acquisition ; and, thirdly, with the quickness or readiness with which the individual is able, on particular occasions, to apply it to use.

The qualities of a good memory are—in the first place, to be susceptible ; secondly, to be retentive ; and, thirdly, to be ready. It is but rarely that these three qualities are united in the same person. We often, indeed, meet with a memory which is at once susceptible and ready ; but I doubt much if such memories be commonly very retentive ; for the same set of habits which are favorable to the first two qualities are adverse to the third.

Those individuals, for example, who, with a view to conversation, make a constant business of informing themselves with respect to the popular topics, or of turning over the ephemeral publications subservient to the amusement or to the politics of the times, are naturally led to cultivate a susceptibility and readiness of memory, but have no inducement to aim at that permanent retention of select ideas which enables the scientific student to combine the most remote materials, and to concentrate at will on a particular object all the scattered lights of his experience and of his reflections. Such men (as far as my observation has reached) seldom possess a familiar or correct acquaintance even with those classical remains of our early writers which have ceased to furnish topics of discourse to the circles of fashion. A stream of novelties is perpetually passing through their minds, and the faint impressions which it leaves soon vanish to make way for others, like the traces which the ebbing tide leaves upon the sand. Nor is this all. In proportion as the associating principles which lay the foundation of susceptibility and readiness predominate in the memory, those which form the basis of our more solid and lasting acquisitions may be expected to be weakened.—*Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind.*



STILL, JOHN, an English divine and dramatist, was born at Grantham, Lincolnshire, in 1543, and died February 26, 1607. Little is known of his life beyond the incidents of his preferment in the Church. He was the son of William Still, of Grantham. He took the degree of M.A. at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he was made Margaret Professor in 1570; and in subsequent years was elected Master of St. John's, and afterward of Trinity College. In 1571 he was presented to the rectory of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, commissioned one of the Deans of Bocking in 1572, collated to the vicarage of Eastmarham, in Yorkshire, in 1573, and installed Canon of Westminster and Dean of Sudbury in 1576. He was chosen Prolocutor of Convocation in 1588, promoted in 1592 to the see of Bath and Wells, and held the bishopric till his death. He amassed a large fortune by the Mendip lead-mines in the diocese, and endowed an almshouse in Wales, to which he bequeathed £500. He was twice married, and left a large family. His excellent character is attested by Sir John Harrington, who says that "he was a man to whom I never came but I grew more religious, and from whom I never went but I parted more instructed."

The comedy of *Gammer Gurton's Needle* was originally printed in 1575, but written several years

earlier. It is composed in rhyme, and regularly divided into acts and scenes. The plot is unpoetical and silly, the whole of the five acts being occupied by a hunt after a needle which Gammer Gurton is supposed to have mislaid, but which is found, by way of catastrophe, in a garment she had been mending. The altercations, quarrels, mishaps, and cross-purposes, arising out of this circumstance, constitute the entire substance of the piece. The dialogue is coarse, even for the age in which it was written, and the humor seldom rises above the level of clowns and buffoons.

Warton, in his *History of Poets*, quotes the *Drinking-Song* from Still's comedy as the first *Chanson à boire* of any merit in our language. He says it "has a vein of ease and humor which we should not expect to have been inspired by the simple beverage of those times." The omission, in another version of the song, of the verse referring to Tyb the maid, has suggested the possibility that Bishop Still had availed himself of an independent composition, adapting it to the comedy by curtailments and a new verse with a personal allusion.

#### DRINKING-SONG.

Back and side go bare, go bare,  
 Both foot and hand go cold:  
 By belly, God send thee good ale enough,  
 Whether it be new or old.

I cannot eat but little meat,  
 My stomach is not good;  
 But, sure, I think that I can drink  
 With him that wears a hood.

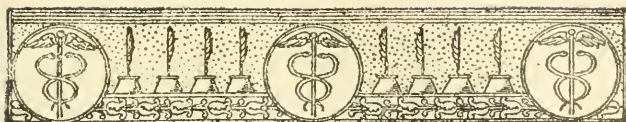
Though I go bare, take ye no care,  
 I am nothing a-cold ;  
 I stuff my skin so full within,  
 Of jolly good ale and old.  
 Back and side go bare, etc.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast  
 And a crab laid in the fire,  
 A little bread shall do me stead,  
 Much bread I not desire.  
 No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,  
 Can hurt me if I wold,  
 I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt,  
 Of jolly good ale and old.  
 Back and side go bare, etc.

And Tyb, my wife, that as her life  
 Loveth well good ale to seek,  
 Full oft drinks she, till ye may see  
 The tears run down her cheek ;  
 Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,  
 Even as a malt worm should ;  
 And saith, Sweetheart, I took my part  
 Of this jolly good ale and old.  
 Back and side go bare, etc.

Now let them drink, till they nod and wink,  
 Even as good fellows should do.  
 They shall not miss to have the bliss  
 Good ale doth bring men to :  
 And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,  
 Or have them lustily trowled,  
 God save the lives of them and their wives,  
 Whether they be young or old.  
 Back and side go bare, etc.

—*From Gammer Gurton's Needle.*



STILLMAN, WILLIAM JAMES, an American art critic and newspaper correspondent, born in Schenectady, N. Y., June 1, 1828. He was graduated at Union College in 1848, and began the study of landscape painting under Frederick E. Church. In 1849 he went to England, mingling with the pre-Raphaelites. He returned to America in six months, and again in 1851 went to England, meeting and forming a close friendship with John Ruskin. In 1852 he went to Hungary, at the behest of Kossuth, on the vain mission of bringing away the crown jewels secreted by the revolutionist. Thence he went to Paris, and resumed his palette and brush. Returning to the United States he founded the short-lived *Crayon* in 1855. He returned to Europe in 1859, and from 1861 to 1865 was United States Consul in Rome, and from 1865 to 1869 Consul in Crete. During 1875-82 he acted as correspondent of the *London Times* in Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Greece, and in 1883-85 he was the art critic of the *New York Evening Post*, and associate editor of the *Photographic Times*. Since 1886 he has been the *London Times's* correspondent at Rome. His published works are: *Acropolis of Athens* (1870); *Cretan Insurrection* (1874); *Poetic Localities of Cambridge* (1876); *Herzegovina and the Late Uprising* (1877); *On the Track of Ulysses* (1887); *Old Italian Masters* (1892).

## ON THE TRACK OF ULYSSES.

What remains for exploration to find on the surface of our little earth? The North and South Poles, some outlying bits of Central Africa, some still smaller remnants of Central Asia—all defended so completely by the elements, barbarism, disease, starvation, by nature and inhumanity, that the traveller of modest means and moderate constitution is as effectually debarred from their discovery as if they were the moon and he inexorably condemned to retreat the trodden paths of men more fortunate in their times.

What then? I said to myself, longing for a venture. Let us begin the tread-mill round again and rediscover. Suppose I take the earliest book of travel which remains to us and burnish up again the golden thread of the journey of the most illustrious of travellers, as told in the *Odyssey* the book of the wanderings of Odysseus, whom we unaccountably call Ulysses, which we may consider not only the first history of travel, but of geography, as it is doubtless a compendium of the knowledge of the earth's surface at the day when it was composed, as the *Iliad* was the census of the known mankind of that epoch. Spread on this small loom, the fabric of the story—of the most subtle design—art of the oldest and noblest, is made up with warp of the will of the great gods, crossed by the woof of the futile struggles of the lesser, the demi-gods, the heroes, and tells the miserable labors of the most illustrious of wanderers, the type for all time of craft, duplicity, and daring, as well as of faith and patient endurance.

. . . . .

The post-Homeric name of Nericus was Leucadia. Æneas is represented as having embarked there, and Apollo had a temple on the heights which terminate the island to the south. From the cliffs which overlook the Adriatic on that side Sappho is said to have leaped into the sea, overcome by the sorrows of her unhappy love. "Sappho's Leap" is the name of the cliff to this day, and my Corfiote captain, as we glided by, told me how the place was celebrated because the



duchess of the island had jumped off into the sea from it, and that the people had put up a great inscription in memory of it. He had never seen it, and didn't know exactly where the leap was made, but I think he was very excusable for his ignorance, as the action of the sea, driven as it is sometimes by the furious southwest wind into a very "hell of waters," which consume the rock in their fury, must long ago have brought down all that classical times had seen of the rock and changed the face of the cliff entirely. As it is now, I could find hardly a point where a new Sappho would have found a welcome so gentle to the embrace of the Adriatic.

. . . . .

In pointing out the deductions to be permitted from the Ithacan inscription, I ventured the hypothesis that the *Odyssey* might prove much older than the usually assigned date, 850 B.C. Is there not justification for carrying it back to 1,000 or 1,100 B.C.? It is impossible that any idea of archæological consistency had led to the exclusion of the Dorians from the *Odyssey*. If the Dorians had been ruling in Greece when it was composed, it seems to the last degree improbable that they could have been so completely ignored, if it were but for the deference to be paid the rulers of half the Greek world; and whether we look at the invariable practice of all early poets to adapt their works to their own times and surroundings, or to the entire consistency of the work in this respect—too complete to be due to the study of utterly unscientific or illiterate times—I think it is to be admitted as probable that the *Odyssey* was composed before the great ethnical revolution in Greece.





STIMSON, FREDERIC JESUP (*pseudonym*, J. S. of Dale), an American lawyer and novelist. He was born at Dedham, Mass., in 1855, and was graduated at Harvard in 1876, and from the Law School two years later. In 1884-85 he was Assistant Attorney-General of Massachusetts. His works in the line of his profession are a *Law Glossary* (1881), and *American Statutory Law* (1886); his novels are: *Guerndale* (1882); *The Crime of Henry Vane*, and *The King's Men* (1884); *The Sentimental Calendar* (1886); *First Harvests*, a satire on New York high life, and *The Residuary Legatee* (1888); *In the Three Zones* (1893), and *King Noanett* (1897). One of the stories in the *Sentimental Calendar* is that of a bridegroom who fell into a glacier crevasse, in 1837, and (the rate of motion and length of time having been computed) was sought, not in vain, by his aged widow at the foot of the glacier forty-five years afterward.

Under the heading "An American *Lorna Doone*," the *Bookman* thus speaks of *King Noanett*: ". . . one of the sweetest and loveliest and tenderest of love-stories it has been our lot to read in many a long day. It will key the mind to the high pitch of thought and feeling in which the story is set. It is not accident surely that has led certain critics to liken *King Noanett* to Mr. Blackmore's famous story. Not that Mr. Stimson's

work is an imitation ; nor is it simply reminiscent of *Lorna Doone*. There is, to be sure, something in the style and manner of *King Noanett* which recalls the tender yet virile touch of the Exmoor tale ; but while it has the same flavor—the flavor of romantic adventure, and of love that is ‘ a strange great worship, a loss of self, that only comes to few ’—Mr. Stimson’s manner is peculiarly his own ; fresh, vigorous, and unstrained ; and in seeking the materials for his story he has cut into virgin soil. . . . We have already spoken of Mr. Stimson’s novel as an epoch-making book, and it well deserves the epithet. The elevating influence of such a book should be far-reaching. It raises the standard of fiction, and therefore of life, which it portrays in its highest idealized forms.”

#### THE BRIDEGROOM IN THE GLACIER.

In the summer of 1882, the little Carinthian village of Heiligenblut was haunted by two persons. One was a young German scientist, with long hair and spectacles : the other was a tall English lady slightly bent, with a face wherein the finger of time had deeply written tender things. Her hair was white as silver, and she wore a long black veil. Their habits were strangely similar. Every morning, when the eastern light shone deepest into the ice-cavern at the base of the great Pasterzen glacier, these two would walk thither ; then both would sit for an hour or two and peer into its depths. Neitner knew why the other was there. The woman would go back for an hour in the late afternoon ; the man, never. He knew that the morning light was necessary for his search.

The man was the famous young Zimmerman, son of his father, the old doctor, long since dead. But the Herr Doctor had written a famous tract, when late in life, refuting all Splüthners, past, present, and to come ;

and had charged his son, as a most sacred trust, that he should repair to the base of the Pasterzen glacier in the year 1882, where he would find a leaden bullet, graven with his father's name, and the date A. U. C. 2590. All this would be a vindication of his father's science. Splüthner, too, was a very old man, and Zimmerman the younger (for even he was no longer young) was fearful lest Splüthner should not live to witness his own refutation. The woman and the man never spoke to each other.

Alas, no one could have known Mrs. Knollys in the young days of the century; not even the innkeeper, had he been there. But he, too, was long since dead. Mrs. Knollys was now bent and white-haired; she had forgotten, herself, how she looked in those old days. Her life had been lived. She was now like a woman of another world; it seemed another world in which her fair hair had twined about her husband's fingers, and she and Charles stood upon the evening mountain, and looked in one another's eyes. That was the world of her wedding-days, but it seemed more like a world she had left when born on earth. And now he was coming back to her in this. Meantime the great Pasterzen glacier had moved on, marking only the centuries; the men upon its borders had seen no change; the same great waves lifted their snowy heads upon its surface; the same crevasse was still where he had fallen. At night, the moonbeams, falling, still shivered off its glassy face; its pale presence filled the night, and immortality lay brooding in its hollows.

Friends were with Mrs. Knollys, but she left them at the inn. One old guide remembered her, and asked to bear her company. He went with her in the morning, and sat a few yards from her, waiting. In the afternoon she went alone. He would not have credited you, had you told him that the glacier moved. He thought it but an Englishwoman's fancy, but he waited with her. Himself had never forgotten that old day. And Mrs. Knollys sat there silently, searching the clear depths of the ice, that she might find her husband.

One night she saw a ghost. The latest beam of the sun, falling on a mountain opposite, had shone back in-

to the ice-cavern; and seemingly deep within, in the grave azure light, she fancied she saw a face turned toward her. She even thought she saw Charles's yellow hair, and the self-same smile his lips had worn when he bent down to her before he fell. It could be but a fancy. She went home, and was silent with her friends about what had happened. In the moonlight she went back, and again the next morning before dawn. She told no one of her going; but the old guide met her at the door, and walked silently behind her. She had slept, the glacier ever present in her dreams.

The sun had not yet risen when she came; and she sat a long time in the cavern, listening to the murmur of the river, flowing under the glacier at her feet. Slowly the dawn began, and again she seemed to see the shimmer of a face—such a face as one sees in the coals of a dying fire. Then the full sun came over the eastern mountain, and the guide heard a woman's cry. There before her was Charles Knollys! The face seemed hardly pale; and there was the same faint smile—a smile like her memory of it, five and forty years gone by. Safe in the clear ice, still unharmed, there lay—O God! not her Charles; not the Charles of her own thought, who had lived through life with her and shared her sixty years; not the old man she had borne thither in her mind—but a boy, a boy of one and twenty, lying asleep, a ghost from another world coming to confront her from the distant past, immortal in the immortality of the glacier. There was his quaint coat, of the fashion of half a century ago; his blue eyes open; his young, clear brow; all the form of the past she had forgotten; and she, his bride, stood there to welcome him, with her wrinkles, her bent figure, and thin white hairs. She was living, he was dead; and she was two and forty years older than he.

Then at last the long-kept tears came to her and she bent her white head in the snow. The old man came up with his pick, silently, and began working in the ice. The woman lay weeping, and the boy, with his still, faint smile, lay looking at them, from the clear ice-veil, from his open eyes.

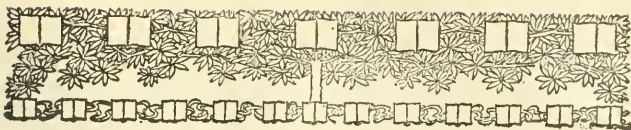
**I believe that the professor found his bullet; I know**

not. I believe that the scientific world rang with his name and the thesis that he published on the glacier's motion, and the changeless temperature his father's lost thermometer had shown. All this you may read. I know no more.

But I know that in the English church-yard there are now two graves, and a single stone, to Charles Knollys and Mary his wife; and the boy of one and twenty sleeps there with his bride of sixty-three; his young frame with her old one, his yellow hair beside her white. And I do not know that there is not some place, not here, where they are still together, and he is one and twenty and she is eighteen. I do not know this; but I know that all the pamphlets of the German doctor cannot tell me it is false.

Meantime the great Pasterzen glacier moves on, and the rocks with it; and the mountain flings his shadow of the planets in its face.—*Sentimental Calendar.*





STOCKTON, FRANCIS RICHARD, an American writer of fiction, born in Philadelphia on the 5th of April, 1834; died on the 20th of April, 1902. After graduating at the Central High School he became an engraver, but soon abandoned art for literature, becoming connected with periodicals in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. He has written several novels and numerous short stories, which have been collected into separate volumes, among which are *Ting-a-Ling Stories* (1870); *Rudder Grange* (1879); *The Lady or the Tiger?* (1884); *The Late Mrs. Null* (1886); *Christmas Week, and Other Tales* (1887); *The Bee-Man of Orne, and Other Fanciful Tales* (1887); *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine* (1887); *The Dusantes* (1888); *Amos Kilbright* (1888); *Personally Conducted* (1889); *The Great War Syndicate* (1889); *The Merry Chanter* (1890); *Ardis Claverden* and *The Stories of the Three Burglars* (1890); *The House of Martha* (1891); *The Rudder Grangers Abroad* (1891); *The Squirrel Inn* (1891); *The Clocks of Rondaine* (1892); *The Watchmaker's Wife* (1893); *Pomona's Travels* (1894); *Adventures of Captain Horn* (1895).

"In following . . . the sinuous stream of his easily flowing fiction," says the *Critic*, "we seldom come to a downright cascade of irresistible and resounding laughter. But with a gentle, ceaseless murmur of amusement and a flickering twinkle of smiles the story moves steadily on in

the calm triumph of its assured and unassailable absurdity, its logical and indisputable impossibility. There is nothing in the world more sweetly reasonable than the narrator's tone. By the absence of merely superficial eccentricities in the deeply eccentric persons he chooses to depict, and the lucid sincerity of style with which he reports their doings, he produces a perfect illusion."

#### THE LADY OR THE TIGER?

In the very olden time there lived a semi-barbarous King whose ideas, though somewhat polished and over-sharpened by the progressiveness of distant Latin neighbors, were still large, florid, and untrammelled, as became the half of him which was barbaric. He was a man of exuberant fancy, and withal of an authority so irresistible that at his will he turned his various fancies into facts. Among the borrowed notions by which his barbarism had been semified was that of the Public Arena in which, by exhibitions of manly and bestly valor, the minds of his subjects were refined and colored. But even here the exuberant and barbarous fancy of the King asserted himself.

The Arena of the King was built, not to give the people an opportunity of hearing the rhapsodies of dying gladiators, nor to enable them to view the inevitable conclusion of a conflict between religious opinions and hungry jaws, but for purposes far better adapted to widen and develop the mental energies of the people. This vast amphitheatre, with its encircling galleries, its mysterious vaults, and its unseen passages, was an agent of poetic justice, in which vice was punished, or virtue rewarded, by the decision of an impartial and incorruptible Chance. When a subject was accused of a crime of sufficient importance to interest the King, public notice was given that on an appointed day the fate of the accused person would be decided in the King's Arena. . . .

When all the people had assembled in the galleries,



and the King, surrounded by his Court, sat high upon his throne of royal state on one side of the arena, he gave a signal ; a door beneath him opened, and the accused subject stepped out into the amphitheatre. Opposite him, on the other side of the enclosed space, were two doors exactly alike, and side by side. It was the duty and the privilege of the person on trial to walk directly to these doors, and open one of them. He could open either door at pleasure ; he was subject to no guidance or influence but that of the afore-mentioned and impartial Chance. If he opened the one door, there came out of it a hungry Tiger, the fiercest and most cruel that could be procured, which immediately sprang upon him and tore him in pieces, as a punishment for his guilt. But if he opened the other door, there came forth from it a Lady, the most suitable to his years and station that his Majesty could select among his fair subjects : and to this Lady he was immediately married, as a reward of his innocence. It mattered not that he might already possess a wife and family, or that his affections might be engaged upon an object of his own selection. The King allowed no such subordinate arrangements to interfere with his great scheme of retribution and reform. . . .

This was the King's semi-barbaric method of administering justice. Its perfect fairness is obvious. The criminal could not know out of which door would come the Lady. He opened either he pleased, without having the slightest idea whether in the next instant he was to be devoured or married. On some occasions the Tiger came out of one door, and on some occasions out of the other. The decisions of this tribunal were not only fair, they were positively determinate. The accused person was instantly punished if he found himself guilty ; and if innocent, he was rewarded on the spot, whether he liked it or not. There was no escape from the judgments of the King's Arena. . . .

This semi-barbaric King had a daughter, as blooming as his most florid fancies, and with a soul as fervent and imperious as his own. As is usual in such cases, she was the apple of his eye, and was loved by him above all humanity. Among his courtiers was a young

man of that fineness of blood and lowness of station common to the conventional heroes of romance who love royal maidens. This royal maiden was well satisfied with her lover, for he was brave and handsome to a degree unsurpassed in all this Kingdom; and she loved him with an ardor that had enough of barbarism in it to make it exceedingly warm and strong. This love affair moved on happily for many months, until one day the King happened to discover its existence. He did not hesitate or waver in regard to his duty in the premises. The youth was immediately cast into prison, and a day was appointed for his trial in the King's Arena. . . .

Of course everybody knew that the deed of which the accused had been charged had been done. He had loved the Princess; and neither he, nor she, nor anyone else, thought of denying the fact. But the King would not think of allowing anything of this kind to interfere with the workings of the tribunal in which he took such great delight and satisfaction. No matter how the affair turned out, the youth would be disposed of; and the King would take an æsthetic pleasure in watching the course of events, which would determine whether or not the young man had done wrong in allowing himself to love the Princess. . . .

As the youth advanced into the arena, he turned, as the custom was, to bow to the King; but he did not think at all of that royal personage. His eyes were fixed upon the Princess, who sat to the right of her father. Had it not been for the moiety of barbarism in her nature it is probable that the lady would not have been there; but her intense and fervid soul would not allow her to be absent on an occasion in which she was so deeply interested. From the moment the decree had gone forth that her lover should decide his fate in the King's Arena she had thought of nothing, night or day, but the great event, and the various subjects connected with it. Possessed of more power, influence, and force of character than anyone who had ever before been interested in such a case, she had done what no other person had done, she had possessed herself of the secret of the doors. She knew in which of the rooms that lay

behind those doors stood the cage of the Tiger, with its open front, and in which waited the Lady. . . .

And not only did she know in which room stood the Lady, ready to emerge should her door be opened, but she knew who the lady was. It was one of the fairest and loveliest of the damsels of the Court who had been selected as the reward of the accused youth, should he be proved innocent of aspiring to one so far above him; and the Princess hated her. Often had she seen—or imagined that she had seen—this fair creature throwing glances of admiration upon the person of her lover; and sometimes she thought these glances were perceived and returned. Now and then she had seen them talking together. It was but for a moment; but much can be said in a brief space. It may have been on most unimportant topics; but how should she know that? The girl was lovely, but she had dared to raise her eyes to the loved one of the Princess; and with all the intensity of the savage blood transmitted to her through long lines of barbaric ancestors, she hated the woman who blushed and trembled behind that silent door.

When her lover turned and looked at her, and his eye met hers, as she sat there, paler and whiter than anyone else in the vast ocean of anxious faces about her, he saw, by that quick power of perception given to those whose souls are one, that she knew behind which door crouched the Tiger, and behind which stood the Lady. He had expected her to know it. He understood her nature, and his soul was assured that she would never rest until she had made plain to herself this thing, hidden to all other lookers-on—even to the King. The only hope of the youth in which there was any element of certainty was based upon the success of the Princess in discovering this mystery; and the moment he looked upon her he saw that she had succeeded.

Then it was that his quick and anxious glance asked the question—“*Which?*” It was as plain to her as if he had shouted it from where he stood. There was not a moment to be lost. The question was asked in a flash; it must be answered in another. Her right hand lay on the cushioned parapet before her. She raised her

hand and made a slight, quick movement to the right. No one saw her. Every eye but hers was fixed on the man in the arena. He turned, and with a firm and rapid step walked across the empty space. Every heart stopped beating, every breath was held, every eye was fixed immovably upon that man. Without the slightest hesitation he went to the door on the right and opened it.

. . . . .

Now the point of the story is this: Did the Tiger come out of that cage, or did the Lady?

The more we reflect upon this question, the harder it is to answer. It involves a study of the human heart, which leads us through mazes of passion out of which it is difficult to find our way. Think of it, fair reader, not as if the decision depended upon yourself, but upon that hot-blooded, semi-barbaric Princess—her soul at a white heat beneath the combined fires of despair and jealousy. She had lost him: but who should have him? Her decision had been indicated in an instant; but it had been made after days and nights of anxious deliberation. She had known she would be asked; she had decided what she would answer; and without the slightest hesitation she had moved her hand to the right. The question of her decision is not one to be lightly considered, and it is not for me to set myself up as the one person able to answer it. And so I leave it with all of you: Which came out of the opened door—the Lady or the Tiger?





STODDARD, CHARLES WARREN, an American poet and journalist, born at Rochester, N. Y., August 7, 1843. He was educated in New York City and in California, his father removing westward in 1855. At an early age he wrote poetry and was engaged in newspaper work. In 1864 he visited the Hawaiian Islands, and from 1873 to 1878 travelled extensively as correspondent of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. He was Professor of English Literature in Notre Dame College, Indiana, in 1885-86. To the *Century Magazine* he has contributed descriptive verse. His volume of poems is dated 1867, and his prose contributions to periodicals, collected in book form, are *South-Sea Idyls* (1873); *Mashallah: a Flight into Egypt* (1881), and *Lepers of Molokai* (1885)—the last two being notes of travel, and the *Idyls* a mixture of fact and fancy in prose. He has also published *Hawaiian Life* (1894).

#### A SURF-SWIMMER.

There was a break in the reef before us; the sea knew it, and seemed to take special delight in rushing upon the shore as though it were about to devour sand, savages, and everything. Kahéle and I watched the surf-swimmers for some time, charmed with the spectacle. Such buoyancy of material matter I had never dreamed of. Kahéle, though much in flesh, could not long resist the temptation to exhibit his prowess, and having been offered a surf-board that would have made a good lid to

his coffin, and was itself as light as cork and as smooth as glass, suddenly threw off his last claim to respectability, seized his sea-sled, and dived with it under the first roller which was then about to break above his head, not three feet from him. Beyond it, a second roller reared its awful front, but he swam under that with ease; at the sound of his "open sesame," its emerald gates parted and closed after him. He seemed some triton, playing with the elements, and dreadfully "at home" in that very wet place. The third and mightiest of the waves was gathering its strength for a charge upon the shore. Having reached its outer ripple, again Kahéle dived and reappeared on the other side of the watery hill, balanced for a moment in the glassy hollow, turned suddenly, and, mounting the towering monster, he lay at full length on his fragile raft, using his arms as a bird its pinions—in fact, soaring for a moment with the wave under him. As it rose, he climbed to the top of it, and there, in the midst of seething like champagne, on the crest of a rushing sea-avalanche about to crumble and dissolve beneath him, his surf-board hidden in spume, on the very top bubble of all, Kahéle danced like a shadow. He leaped to his feet and swam in the air, another Mercury, tiptoeing a heaven-kissing hill, buoyant as vapor, and with a suggestion of invisible wings about him—Kahéle transformed for a moment, and for a moment only; the next second my daring sea-skater leaped ashore, with a howling breaker swashing at his heels. It was something glorious and almost incredible; but I saw it with my own eyes, and I wanted to double his salary on the spot.—*South-Sea Idyls.*

#### AT NIGHT.

It was still night; the sea was again moaning; the cool air of the mountain rustled in the long thatch at the doorway; a ripe bread-fruit fell to the earth with a low thud. I rose from my mat and looked about me. The room was nearly deserted; someone lay swathed like a mummy in a dark corner of the lodge, but of what sex I knew not—probably one who had outlived all

sensations, and perhaps all desires ; a rush, strung full of oily *kukui* nuts, flamed in the centre of the room, and a thread of black smoke climbed almost to the peak of the roof ; but, falling in with a current of fresh air, it was spirited away in a moment.

I looked out of the low door : the hour was such a one as tinges the stoutest heart with superstition ; the landscape was complete in two colors—a moist, transparent gray, and a thin, feathery silver, that seemed almost palpable to the touch. Out on the slopes near the stream reclined groups of natives, chatting, singing, smoking, or silently regarding the moon. I passed them unnoticed ; dim paths led me through guava jungles, under orange groves, and beside clusters of jasmine, overpowering in their fragrance. Against the low eaves of the several lodges sat singers, players upon rude instruments of the land, and glib talkers, who waxed eloquent, and gesticulated with exceeding grace. Footsteps rustled before and behind me ; I stole into the thicket, and saw lovers wandering together, locked in each other's embrace, and saw friends go hand-in-hand, conversing in low tones, or perhaps mute, with an impressive air of the most complete tranquillity. The night-blooming cereus laid its ivory urn open to the moonlight, and a myriad of crickets chirped in one continuous jubilee. Voices of merriment were wafted down to me ; and stealing onward toward the great meadow by the stream, where the sleepless inhabitants of the valley held high carnival, I saw the most dignified chiefs of Méha sporting like children, while the children capered like imps, and the whole community seemed bewitched with the glorious atmosphere of that particular night.—*South-Sea Idyls.*





STODDARD, MRS. ELIZABETH DREW (BARSTOW), an American poet and novelist, wife of Richard Henry Stoddard, born in Mattapoisett, Mass., on the 6th of May, 1823; died on the 1st of August, 1902. At an early age she showed her inclination toward literature, but her contributions to periodicals (which have been numerous) did not begin to appear till after her marriage (1857) to Richard Henry Stoddard. Among her works are three strong novels: *The Morgesons* (1862); *Two Men* (1865); *Temple Home* (1868); and *Lally Dinks's Doings* (1874), a story for children. A new edition of her novels was published in 1888. Her verse was not collected into a volume until 1895. "Pre-eminently," says William Sharp, in the *Academy*, "these poems are the work of a woman, in the sense that they express, with extraordinary forcibleness as well as reserve, the particular pain of quiet endurance which is the lot of so many women of ardent imaginations and unsatisfied hearts. Among the earlier poems are one or two of remarkable beauty, of a kind that might be spoken of as Maeterlinckian, because of the peculiar quality, the tragic atmosphere, with which they are surcharged. . . . No small section of the book consists of poems in blank verse; and it is in this difficult form, the supreme test of the architect of verse, that Mrs. Stoddard exhibits her mastery."



## A SUMMER NIGHT.\*

I feel the breath of the summer night  
Aromatic fire ;  
The trees, the vines, the flowers are astir  
With tender desire.

The white moths flutter about the lamp,  
Enamored with light ;  
And a thousand creatures softly sing  
A song to the night.

But I am alone, and how can I sing  
Praises to thee ?  
Come, Night ! unveil the beautiful soul  
That waiteth for me.

## MERCEDES.

Under a sultry, yellow sky,  
On the yellow sand I lie ;  
The crinkled vapors smite my brain,  
I smoulder in a fiery pain.

Above the crags the condor flies,—  
He knows where the red gold lies,  
He knows where the diamonds shine :  
If I knew, would she be mine ?

Mercedes in her hammock swings ;  
In her court a palm-tree flings  
Its slender shadow on the ground,  
The fountain falls with silver sound.

Her lips are like this cactus cup—  
With my hand I crush it up,  
I tear its flaming leaves apart—  
Would that I could tear her heart !

\* Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Last night a man was at her gate ;  
 In the hedge I lay in wait :  
 I saw Mercedes meet him there,  
 By the fire-flies in her hair.

I waited till the break of day,  
 Then I rose and stole away ;  
 But left my dagger in her gate :—  
 Now she knows her lover's fate.

ON THE CAMPAGNA.

Stop on the Appian Way  
 In the Roman Campagna :  
 Stop at my tomb—  
 The tomb of Cecilia Metella !  
 To-day as you see it  
 Alaric saw it ages ago,  
 When he, with his pale-visaged Goths  
 Sat at the gates of Rome  
 Reading his Runic shield.—  
 Odin, thy curse remains !

Beneath these battlements  
 My bones were interred with Roman pride,  
 Though centuries before my Romans died :  
 Now my bones are dust ; the Goths are dust ;  
 The river-bed is dry where sleeps the king :  
 My tomb remains.  
 When Rome commanded the earth  
 Great were the Metelli ;  
 I was Metellus's wife ;  
 I loved him—and I died.  
 Then with slow patience built he this memorial ;  
 Each century marks his love.

Pass by on the Appian Way  
 The tomb of Cecilia Metella.  
 Wild shepherds alone seek its shelter ;  
 Wild buffaloes tramp at its base ;  
 Deep in its desolation,  
 Deep as the shadow of Rome.

## THE HOUSE OF YOUTH.

The rough north winds have left their icy caves  
To growl and group for prey  
Upon the murky sea ;  
The lonely sea-gull skims the sullen waves  
All the gray winter day.

The mottled sand-bird runneth up and down,  
Amongst the creaking sedge,  
Along the crusted beach,  
The time-stained houses of the sea-walled town  
Are tottering on its edge.

An ancient dwelling in this ancient place,  
Stands in a garden drear,  
A wreck with other wrecks ;  
The Past is there, but no one sees a face  
Within, from year to year.

The wiry rose-trees scratch the window-pane ;  
The window rattles loud ;  
The wind beats at the door,  
But never gets an answer back again,  
The silence is so proud.

The last that lived there was an evil man ;  
A child the last that died  
Upon its mother's breast.  
It seemed to die by some mysterious ban ;  
Its grave is by the side

Of an old tree whose notched and scanty leaves  
Repeat the tale of woe,  
And quiver day and night,  
Till the snow cometh, and a cold shroud weaves,  
Whiter than that below.

This time of year a woman wanders there—  
They say from distant lands :  
She wears a foreign dress,

With jewels on her breast, and her fair hair  
In braided coils and bands.

**The** ancient dwelling and the garden drear  
At night know something more ;  
Without her foreign dress  
**Or** blazing gems, this woman stealeth near  
The threshold of the door.

**The** shadow strikes against the window-pane ;  
She thrusts the thorns away,  
Her eyes peer through the glass,  
**And** down the glass her great tears drip like rain  
In the gray winter day.

The moon shines down the dismal garden track,  
And lights the little mound ;  
But when she ventures there,  
**The** black and threatening branches wave her back,  
And guard the ghastly ground.

What is the story of this buried Past ?  
Were all its doors flung wide,  
For us to search its rooms,  
**And** we to see the race, from first to last,  
And how they lived and died :

Still would it baffle and perplex the brain,  
But teach this bitter truth !  
Man lives not in the past ;  
**None** but a woman ever comes again  
Back to the House of Youth !





STODDARD, LAVINIA (STONE), an American poet, born at Guilford, Conn., June 29, 1787; died at Blakely, Ala., in 1820. While she was yet an infant, her parents removed to Paterson, N. J. In 1811 she was married to Dr. William Stoddard, and with him established an academy at Troy, N. Y. The failure of her health led to their removal to Blakely, Ala., where they both died. Mrs. Stoddard's poems were never published collectively, but one of them, *The Soul's Defiance*, is included in most of the anthologies published in the United States.

"Mrs. Stoddard," says Rufus W. Griswold, "was a woman of piety, benevolence, and an independent temper; and her fine poem entitled *The Soul's Defiance*, her brother has informed me, 'was interesting to her immediate friends for the truthfulness with which it portrayed her own experience and her indomitable spirit, which never quailed under any circumstances.' This was written in a period of suffering and with a sense of injury. It is the last of her compositions, and perhaps the best. It is worthy of George Herbert."

#### THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE.

I said to Sorrow's awful storm,  
That beat against my breast,  
Rage on—thou mayst destroy this form,  
And lay it low at rest ;  
(461)

But still the spirit that now brooks  
Thy tempest, raging high,  
Undaunted on its fury looks,  
With steadfast eye.

I said to Penury's meagre train,  
Come on—your threats I brave ;  
My last poor life-drop you may drain,  
And crush me to the grave ;  
Yet still the spirit that endures  
Shall mock your force the while,  
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours  
With bitter smile.

I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,  
Pass on—I heed you not ;  
Ye may pursue me till my form  
And being are forgot ;  
Yet still the spirit, which ye see  
Undaunted by your wiles,  
Draws from its own nobility  
Its high-born smiles.

I said to Friendship's menaced blow,  
Strike deep—my heart shall bear :  
Thou canst but add one bitter woe  
To those already there ;  
Yet still the spirit that sustains  
This last severe distress,  
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,  
And scorn redress.

I said to Death's uplifted dart,  
Aim sure—oh, why delay ?  
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart,  
A weak, reluctant prey ;  
For still the spirit firm and free,  
Unruffled by this last dismay,  
Wrapt in its own eternity  
Shall pass away.



**STODDARD, RICHARD HENRY**, an American poet and literary critic, born at Hingham, Mass., July 2, 1825. He went to New York when a boy, and entered an iron-foundry, where he worked as a moulder for several years. He began to write for periodicals while under age, and in 1849 put forth *Footprints*, his first volume of poems. Some three years afterward he was appointed to a clerkship in the New York Custom-house, a position which he retained many years, when he resigned in order to devote himself wholly to literary labor. Among his many volumes of poems are: *Songs of Summer* (1857); *The King's Bell* (1863); *The Book of the East* (1871); *The Lion's Cub* (1890). In 1880 was published a collected edition of his poems up to that date. Later he became a frequent contributor, in verse and prose, to periodicals, and was made literary editor of the New York *Mail and Express*. Among his prose works are: *Life, Travels, and Books of Alexander von Humboldt*, *The Loves and Heroines of the Poets*, and *Adventures in Fairy Land*. He has put forth, as compiler, *Melodies and Madrigals from Old English Poets*, and *The Late English Minor Poets*. He also prepared, with additions, new editions of Griswold's *Poets and Poetry of America*, and *The Female Poets of America*. *Under the Evening Lamp* (1892) is a volume of biographical and

critical papers concerning some of the "unfortunates" of literature.

The ode *Mare Victum*, "The Conquered Sea," was composed on the occasion of laying the first Atlantic cable, connecting the two continents. The first message was transmitted August 6, 1858. But defects occurred in the cable; and though several messages were sent and received each way, these grew fainter and fainter, until September 1st, when they ceased altogether. This attempt was practically a failure except in so far as it demonstrated the practicability of laying a cable across the Atlantic. The "Victory over the Sea" was not really won until eight years afterward.

MARE VICTUM.

I.

What means this clamor in the summer air,  
 These pealing bells, the firing of these guns?  
 What news is this that runs  
 Like lightning everywhere?  
 And why these shouting multitudes that meet  
 Beneath our starry flags that wave in every street?  
 Some mighty deed is done,  
 Some victory is won!  
 What victory? No hostile Power, or Powers,  
 Dare pour their slaves on this free land of ours:  
 What could they hope to gain, beyond their graves?  
 It must be on the waves;  
 It must be o'er the race of ocean-kings,  
 Whose navies plough a furrow o'er the Earth.  
 The same great Saxon mother gave us birth,  
 And yet, as brethren will, we fight for little things.  
 I saw her battle-ships, and saw our own,  
 Midway between the Old World and the New;  
 I feared there was some bloody work to do,  
 And heard, in thought, the sailor-widows' moan.



Triumphant waved their fearless flags : they met,  
 But not with lighted match or thundering gun ;  
 They met in peace, and part in peace, and yet  
 A victory is won !  
 Unfold the royal battle-rolls of Time—  
 In every land, a grander cannot be :  
 So simple, so sublime :  
 A victory o'er the Sea !

## II.

What would they think of this, the men of old  
 Around whose little world its waters rolled  
 Unmeasurable, pitiless as Fate,  
 A thing to fear and hate ?  
 Age after age they saw it flow, and flow,  
 Lifting the weeds, and laying bare the sands ;  
 Whence did it come, and whither did it go ?  
 To what far isles, what undiscovered lands ?  
 Who knoweth ? None can say, for none have crossed  
 That unknown sea ; no sail has ventured there  
 Save what the storms have driven, and those are  
 lost ;  
 And none have come—from where ?  
 Beyond the straits where those great Pillars stand  
 Of Hercules, there is no solid land ;  
 Only the fabled Islands of the Blest,  
 That slumber somewhere in the golden West :  
 The Fortunate Isles, where falls no winter snow,  
 But where the palm-trees wave in endless spring,  
 And the birds sing,  
 And balmy west-winds blow !  
 Beyond this bright Elysium all is sea ;  
 A plain of foam that stretches on and on,  
 Beyond the clouds, beyond the setting sun,  
 Endless and desolate as Eternity ! . . .  
 Who shall explore its bounds, if bounds there be ?  
 Who shall make known to man the secrets of the  
 sea ?  
 The Genoese ! His little fleet departs,  
 Steered by the prospering pilot of the wind ;  
 The sailors crowd the stern with troubled hearts,

Watching their homes that slowly drop behind ;  
 His looms before, for by the prow he stands,  
 And sees in his rapt thoughts the undiscovered  
 lands.

. . . . .

Day follows day ; night, night ; and sea and sky  
 Still yawn beyond, and fear to fear succeeds.  
 At last a knot of weeds goes drifting by,  
 And then a sea of weeds.  
 The winds are faint with spice, the skies are bland,  
 And filled with singing-birds, and some alight,  
 And cheer the sailors with the news of land,  
 Until they fly at night.  
 At last they see a light !  
 The keen-eyed Admiral sees it from his bark,  
 A little dancing flame that flickers through the dark.  
 They bed their rusty anchors in the sand,  
 And all night long they lie before the land,  
 And watch, and pray for day.  
 When morning lifts the mist, a league away  
 Like some long cloud on ocean's glittering floor,  
 It takes the rising sun—a wooded shore,  
 With many a glassy bay.  
 The first great footstep in that new-found world  
 Is his who plucked it from the sea. . . .  
 But thousands followed to the lands he won ;  
 They grew as native to the waves, as free  
 As sea-birds in the sun.  
 Their white sails glanced in every bay and stream ;  
 They climbed the hills, they tracked the pathless  
 woods ;  
 And towns and cities o'er the solitudes  
 Rose as in a dream !  
 The happy Worlds exchanged their riches then ;  
 The New sent forth her tribute to the Old,  
 In galleons full of gold,  
 And she repaid with men !  
 Thus did this grand old sailor wrest the key  
 From Nature's grasp, unlocking all the Past ;  
 And thus was won at last  
 A victory o'er the sea.

## III

The victory of to-day  
 Completes what he began  
 Along the dark and barren watery way,  
 And in the Mind of Man !  
 He did but find a world of land, but we  
 What worlds of thought in land, and air, and sea ! . . .  
 The worlds are nearer now, but still too far ;  
 They must be nearer still ! To Saxon men  
 Who dare to think, and use the tongue and pen,  
 What can be long a bar ?  
 We rob the lightning of its deadly fires,  
 And make it bear our words along the wires  
 That run from land to land. Why should we be  
 Divided by the Sea ?  
 It shall no longer be ! A chain shall run  
 Below its stormy waves, and bind the Worlds in  
 One !  
 'Tis done !  
 The Worlds are One !  
 And lo ! the chain that binds them binds the Race  
 That dwells on either shore ;  
 By Space and Time no more  
 Divided ; for to-day there is no Time or Space !  
 We speak—the lightnings flee,  
 Flashing the thoughts of man across the Conquered  
 Sea.

## IV.

Ring, jubilant bells ! ring out a merry chime  
 From every tower and steeple in the land ;  
 Triumphant music for the march of time,  
 The better days at hand !  
 And you, ye cannon, through your iron lips,  
 That guard the dubious peace of warlike Powers,  
 Thunder abroad this victory of ours,  
 From all your forts and ships !  
 We need your noisy voices to proclaim  
 The Nation's joy to-day from shore to shore ;

The grim protection of your deathful flame  
 We hope to need no more ;  
 For, save our English brothers, who dare be  
 Our foes, or rivals, on the land or sea ?  
 Nor dare we fight again as in the past ;  
 For now that we are One, contention ends ;  
 We are, we must be, friends :  
 This victory is the last !

HOW SONGS ARE BEGOT AND BRED.

How are songs begot and bred ?  
 How do golden measures flow ?  
 From the heart or from the head ?  
 Happy Poet ! let me know.

Tell me first how folded flowers  
 Bud and bloom in vernal bowers ;  
 How the south wind shapes its tune—  
 The harper he of June !

None may answer, none may know ;  
 Winds and flowers come and go,  
 And the self-same canons bind  
 Nature and the Poet's mind.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Not what we would, but what we must,  
 Makes up the sum of living ;  
 Heaven is both more and less than just  
 In taking and in giving.  
 Swords cleave to hands that sought the plough,  
 And laurels miss the soldier's brow.

Me, whom the city holds, whose feet  
 Have worn its stony highways,  
 Familiar with its loneliest street—  
 Its ways were never my ways.  
 My cradle was beside the sea,  
 And there, I hope, my grave will be.

Old homestead ! in that gray old town  
 Thy vane is seaward blowing,  
 The slip of garden stretches down  
 To where the tide is flowing,  
 Below they lie, their sails all furled,  
 The ships that go about the world.

Dearer that little country house,  
 Inland, with pines beside it ;  
 Some peach-trees, with unfruitful boughs,  
 A well, with weeds to hide it,  
 No flowers, or only such as rise  
 Self-sown, poor things, which all despise.

Dear country home ! Can I forget  
 The least of thy sweet trifles ?  
 The window-vines that clamber yet,  
 Whose bloom the bee still rifles ?  
 The roadside blackberries, growing ripe !  
 And, in the woods, the Indian-pipe ?

Happy the man who tills his field,  
 Content with rustic labor ;  
 Earth does to him her fulness yield,  
 Hap what may to his neighbor.  
 Well days, sound nights—oh, can there be  
 A life more rational and free ?

Dear country life of child and man !  
 For both the best, the strongest,  
 That with the earliest race began,  
 And has outlived the longest.  
 Their cities perished long ago ;  
 Who the first farmers were we know.

Perhaps our Babels, too, will fall :  
 If so, no lamentations,  
 For Mother Earth will shelter all  
 And feed the unborn nations ;  
 Yes, and the swords that menace now  
 Will then be beaten to the plough.

## THE SKY.

The sky is a drinking-cup that was overturned of old,  
 And it pours in the eyes of men its wine of airy gold !  
 We drink of that wine all day, till the last drop is drained  
 up,  
 And are lighted off to bed by the jewels in the cup.

## SINGING BIRDS UNCAUGHT.

Birds are singing round my window,  
 Tunes the sweetest ever heard,  
 And I hang my cage there daily,  
 But I never catch a bird.

So with thoughts my brain is peopled,  
 And they sing there all day long ;  
 But they will not fold their pinions  
 In the little cage of song.

## THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.

There are gains for all our losses,  
 There are balms for all our pain,  
 But when Youth, the dream, departs,  
 It takes something from our hearts,  
 And it never comes again.

We are stronger, we are better,  
 Under Manhood's sterner reign,  
 Still we feel that something sweet  
 Followed Youth, with flying feet,  
 And will never come again.

Something beautiful has vanished,  
 And we sigh for it in vain ;  
 We behold it everywhere,  
 In the earth and in the air,  
 But it never comes again.





COMMODORE PERRY.



## WIND AND RAINS.

Rattle the window, Winds !  
 Rain, drip on the panes !  
 There are tears and sighs in our hearts and eyes,  
 And a weary weight on our brains.

The gray sea heaves and heaves  
 On the dreary flats and sand  
 And the blasted limb of the church-yard yew,  
 It shakes like a ghostly hand.

The dead are engulfed beneath it,  
 Sunk in the glassy waves ;  
 But we have more dead in our hearts to-day  
 Than the earth in all her graves.

## BRAHMA'S ANSWER.\*

Once, when the days were ages,  
 And the old Earth was young,  
 The high gods and the sages  
 From Nature's golden pages  
 Her open secrets wrung.  
 Each questioned each to know  
 Whence came the Heavens above, and whence the Earth  
 below.

Indra, the endless giver  
 Of every gracious thing  
 The gods to him deliver,  
 Whose bounty is the river  
 Of which they are the spring—  
 Indra, with anxious heart,  
 Ventures with Vivochunu where Brahma is a part.

Brahma ! Supremest Being !  
 By whom the worlds are made,  
 Where we are blind, all-seeing,  
 Stable, where we are fleeing,

\* Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

Of Life and Death afraid—  
Instruct us, for mankind,  
What is the body, Brahma? O Brahma! what the mind?

Hearing as though he heard not,  
So perfect was his rest,  
So vast the soul that erred not,  
So wise the lips that stirred not—  
His hand upon his breast  
He laid, whereat his face  
Was mirrored in the river that girt that holy place.

They questioned each the other  
What Brahma's answer meant,  
Said Vivochunu, "Brother,  
Through Brahma the great Mother  
Hath spoken her intent:  
Man ends as he began,—  
The shadow on the water is all there is of man!"

"The earth with woe is cumbered,  
And no man understands;  
They see their days are numbered  
By one that never slumbered  
Nor stayed his dreadful hands.  
I see with Brahma's eyes—  
The body is the shadow that on the water lies:"

Thus Indra, looking deeper,  
With Brahma's self possessed.  
So dry thine eyes, thou weeper!  
And rise again, thou sleeper!  
The hand on Brahma's breast  
Is his divine assent,  
Covering the soul that dies not. This is what Brahma  
meant.



STODDARD, WILLIAM OSBORN, an American journalist and juvenile writer, born at Homer, Cortland County, N. Y., September 24, 1835. He was graduated at the University of Rochester in 1858, edited successively the *Chicago Daily Ledger* and the *Central Illinois Gazette*, and in 1861 became President Lincoln's private secretary. For two years after the rebellion he was United States Marshal for Arkansas. He has published numerous books, and is one of the best American writers for young people. Among his works are *Royal Decrees of Scandenberg* (1869); *Verses of Many Days* (1875); *Dismissed* (1878); *Dab Kinzer* (1881); *Esau Harding* (1882); *Saltillo Boys* (1882); *Talking Leaves* (1882); *Among the Lakes* (1883); *Life of Abraham Lincoln* (1884); *Two Arrows* (1886); *Lives of the Presidents* (1886-88); *The Volcano Under the City* (1887); *Crowded out o' Crofield and Chuck Purdy* (1890); *Chris, the Model Maker* (1894).

#### THE PRAIRIE PLOVER.

The dim mists heavily the prairies cover,  
And, through the gray,  
The long-drawn, mournful whistle of the plover  
Sounds, far away.

Slowly and faintly now the sun is rising,  
Fog-blind and grim,  
To find the chill world 'neath him sympathizing  
Bluely with him.

Upon the tall grass where the deer are lying  
 His pale light falls,  
 While, wailing like some lost wind that is dying,  
 The plover calls.

Ever the same disconsolate whistle only,  
 No loftier strains—  
 To me it simply means, "Alas, I'm lonely  
 Upon these plains."

No wonder that these endless, dull dominions  
 Of roll and knoll  
 Cause him to pour forth thus, with poised pinions,  
 His weary soul.

Could I the secret of his note discover,  
 Sad, dreary strain—  
 I'd sit and whistle, all day, like the plover,  
 And mean the same.

—*Verses of Many Days.*

#### EVADING THE ENEMY.

All the old men said, one after another, that they knew just how many Apaches there were in that war party. Had they known how very strong it was, they might have been even worse puzzled, but Long Bear was really a clear-headed leader, and he decided the whole matter promptly and finally. He told his gathering braves that the place where they were was a bad one to fight in, while their pale-face friends had selected a peculiarly good one. They themselves had but twenty-three warriors armed with rifles, and nearly as many more young men and well-grown boys around with bows and arrows. That was no force with which to meet Apaches, nobody knew how many, and all sure to be riflemen. To go back through the pass was to die of sure starvation, even if they were not followed and slaughtered among the rocks. The Apaches were plainly making for that very pass, he said ; and he was only a keen-eyed chief, and not at all a prophet, when he read the matter correctly and said :

"Pache ran away from blue-coats. All in a hurry. Not stop. Nez Percé hide and let them go by. Not fight. Keep pony. Keep hair. Good. Ugh!" . . .

Long Bear finished his speech of explanation, and then, without a moment's pause, he gave the order to break up camp and prepare to march, carrying with them every pound of provisions. Not one moment was to be lost in gaining such protection as might be had from the good position of the miners, and from the fact that they were pale-faces of some importance, and from the other great fact that they were all good riflemen. There was hardly anybody in the band, old enough to understand what an Apache was, who did not fully appreciate the force of the chief's argument, and every squaw did her best to hasten the departure. Lodges came down, ponies were packed, children were gathered, warriors and braves and boys completed their preparations for fighting; the Big Tongue declared his readiness to kill a large number of Apaches, and One Eye was compelled to abandon forever all the bones he had buried since the people he barked for had settled upon the bank of that river.

There was a good deal of quiet and sober efficiency in spite of the excitement. Two Arrows had further questions to answer from quite a number of his elders. He was furnished with one of the best ponies in the drove in acknowledgment of his services. He was now, also, to figure as a kind of guide, and he did not once think of or mention the fatigue of his long, hard ride. He very willingly ate, however, the whole of a buffalo steak, broiled for him by one of the squaws, and felt a good deal better afterward. He almost felt that he had earned a rifle, or at least a pistol, but well knew that it was in vain to ask for one when the supply was insufficient to arm all the braves who were a full head taller than himself.

Still it was a magnificent thing at last, to ride out at the head of the cavalcade, by the side of a tall warrior, as the one boy of all that band who was on first-rate terms with the pale-faces and knew perfectly the trail leading to them. As for that, any red man of them all could have followed the tracks of the wagon-wheels,

even at night, but Two Arrows had no idea of surrendering that part of his growing importance. It would have done Na-tee-kah's proud heart good to have seen him, and it would have been well worth the while of almost anybody else to have had a good look at the whole affair, as the motley array poured out into the moonlight from under the shadowy cover of the primeval forest.

There were no sleepy ones except the papposes, and they could sleep under the tightly drawn blankets upon the backs of their mothers as well as anywhere else. All the rest were more or less hardened to the quick changes and migrations of the kind of life into which they had been born. They were not likely to be injured by being kept up pretty late for one night, and there was no need that anybody should walk, now that their four-footed wealth had returned. . . .

The Nez Percé camp had been broken up with great celerity, and no time had been lost, but, after all, the summons to move had come upon them most unexpectedly. There had been a great deal to do, and but a dim light to do it by, and so it was pretty late before the picturesque caravan was in motion. It took a line of march toward the mountains until its head struck the well-marked tracks of the loaded wagons, and from that point forward its course required little guiding. By a stern command from Long Bear, the utmost silence was maintained, and, after the moon went down, the movement might fairly be said to have been performed in secret. There was no danger that any small squad of Apache scouts would assail so strong a party. Even the squaws and children felt pretty safe, but it was very hard upon the Big Tongue, for that great brave soon found himself in an advanced party, commanded by Long Bear himself, and after that he was under an absolute necessity of not saying anything during the whole march.—*Two Arrows.*



**STOLBERG, FRIEDRICH LEOPOLD, COUNT**, a German diplomat, poet, and general writer, born at Bramstadt, Holstein, November 7, 1750; died near Osnabrück, December 5, 1819. He was educated at Halle and Göttingen. During much of his life he was Minister or Ambassador at the Courts of Lübeck, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Copenhagen. He was the author of many poems and of a classical drama, *Theseus*. Among his translations from Greek to German are the *Iliad*, the discourses of Socrates, and the dialogues of Plato. Other works are a romance, *The Island*, *Travels in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy*, and a history of the Christian religion in fifteen volumes, written after he became a Catholic. His travels, which contain some of his poems, were translated into English by Thomas Holcroft, London, 1797.

“He was an aristocrat through and through,” says Professor Scherer, in his *History of German Literature*, “in his extravagances no less than in his conversion to the Catholic faith; in his stormy, bloodthirsty odes against tyrants, as well as in his high-sounding but occasionally awkward hexameters. From his youth upward he felt a profound need of worshipping something above himself, be it Homer or Nature, the heroism of his ancestors or the majestic grandeur of the sea. But

this imaginative and emotional spirit, who needed outward symbols and sought for a firm support upon which to lean, could in the end only find the rest which he longed for and the ideal society which he loved in the Roman Catholic Church and her saints."

RAPHAEL.

How was my soul o'erwhelmed, immortal man  
When, first, entranced, fired by thy mighty mind,  
Filled with thy genius, motionless I stood!  
Through all the Vatican thy spirit breathed!  
The dead, called up by thee, before me rose,  
Moving, living, breathing; discoursing themes  
Of heaven and earth; of angels, martyrs, men;  
Of sinners and of saints; of apostles and gods.

Of what æther did the Eternal frame  
Thy soul, from which streamed, flooding, Nature's first  
Great Cause! He that made, he that saved, and he  
That will eternally reward his best,  
Most admirable workman! Yes, 'twas he  
That did inspire thy genius, guide thy hand,  
And purify thy spirit! Chased far off  
Each thought that glowed not with celestial fire!  
And fitted thee to fill the mighty task;  
That, daring else, audacious, rash, had been.

Thy course on earth is run! Ages have rolled  
Over thy peaceful grave! like as the youth  
Howling laments, who with his virgin bride  
Is by the raging torrent swept away;  
So suffering Art, with wails, and tears, and cries  
Impatient calls, with anguish, clamorous now,  
And now supplicating her own Raphael,  
Her to revisit, and her sons impel  
Again to seize the pencil, bold and free,  
And emulate the mighty master's fire.

Behold the Grecian muse, with dusty train,  
Erst by Apelles wooed, won, and enjoyed!



Lo, 'mid the wrecks of Time, she weeping stands ;  
 Ever and anon, glancing at thy tomb,  
 And bitterly rememb'ring days long past,  
 I hear her murmurs now, in dead of night ;  
 The chaste Diana present, though half veiled,  
 The blast of darkness chasing now, and now  
 Admitting ! Terror-struck, I hear her sigh  
 For her departed sons ! and last Raphael !  
 Mournful as the widowed Spring over her  
 Blighted fruits ! Or as the bleak Winter's winds  
 Howl through the ruins of the houseless Gods,  
 Thus fearfully, thus plaintively, she grieves :

“Pride of my heart ! Delight of eye ! Where,  
 Oh, where art thou fled ? Laurel crowned by me,  
 And by my sister Muses, thee we caught,  
 While yet an infant, in our arms ; and fed  
 Thee with immortal sweets ! Homer not more  
 Our nursling ; nor Plato our more delight !  
 On thy forehead beamed the morning dawn ;  
 Thine eyes shot fire ; bright as meridian day  
 Thy visage shone ; while manna dropt from Heaven,  
 And fruits that Paradise alone can yield,  
 Here proffered to the lips ! Wisdom thine ear  
 Saluted ; and Nature, in all her bloom,  
 Splendid in charms, first met thy infant eye ;  
 Prolific shed her roseate dews around,  
 And, in one large bequest, poured out her stores,  
 Gave all she had, and taught thee all she knew.

“Where art thou now, my son ? Too like the flower  
 Which the tender virgin rears, tempest swept,  
 The moment of maturity beheld  
 Thee blighted, in the fulness of thy bloom.”

Thus mourned the Muse ! And thus, with sighs of  
 deep  
 Regret, pensive I homeward bent my way.

—*Travels.*

#### TO THE SEA.

The boundless, shining, glorious sea,  
 With ecstasy I gaze on thee ;

Joy, joy to him whose early beam  
 Kisses thy lip, bright Ocean-stream ;  
 Thanks for the thousand hours, old Sea,  
 Of sweet communion held with thee ;  
 Oft as I gazed, thy billowy roll  
 Woke the deep feelings of my soul.  
 Drunk with the joy, thou deep-toned Sea,  
 My spirit swells to heaven with thee ;  
 Or, sinking with thee, seeks the gloom  
 Of nature's deep, mysterious tomb.

At evening, when the sun grows red,  
 Descending to his watery bed,  
 The music of thy murmuring deep  
 Soothes e'en the weary earth to sleep.  
 Then listens thee the evening star ;  
 So sweetly glancing from afar ;  
 And Luna hears thee, when she breaks  
 Her light in million-colored flakes.

Oft when the noonday heat is o'er,  
 I seek with joy the breezy shore,  
 Sink on thy boundless, billowy breast,  
 And cheer me with refreshing rest.  
 The poet, child of heavenly birth,  
 Is suckled by the mother Earth ;  
 But thy blue bosom, holy Sea,  
 Cradles his infant fantasy.

The old blind minstrel on the shore  
 Stood listening thy eternal roar,  
 And golden ages long gone by,  
 Swept bright before his spirit's eye.  
 On wing of swan the holy flame  
 Of melodies celestial came,  
 And *Iliad* and *Odyssey*  
 Rose to the music of the Sea.

TO NATURE.

Holy Nature, sweet and free,  
 Let me ever follow thee.

Guide me with thy hand so mild,  
As in leading-strings a child !

And when weary, then will I  
Sweetly on thy bosom lie,  
Breathing Heaven's joys so blest,  
Clinging to a mother's breast.

Ah ! with thee 'tis sweet to dwell,  
Ever will I love thee well ;  
Let me ever follow thee,  
Holy Nature, sweet and free.

— *Translation of* ALFRED BASKERVILLE.

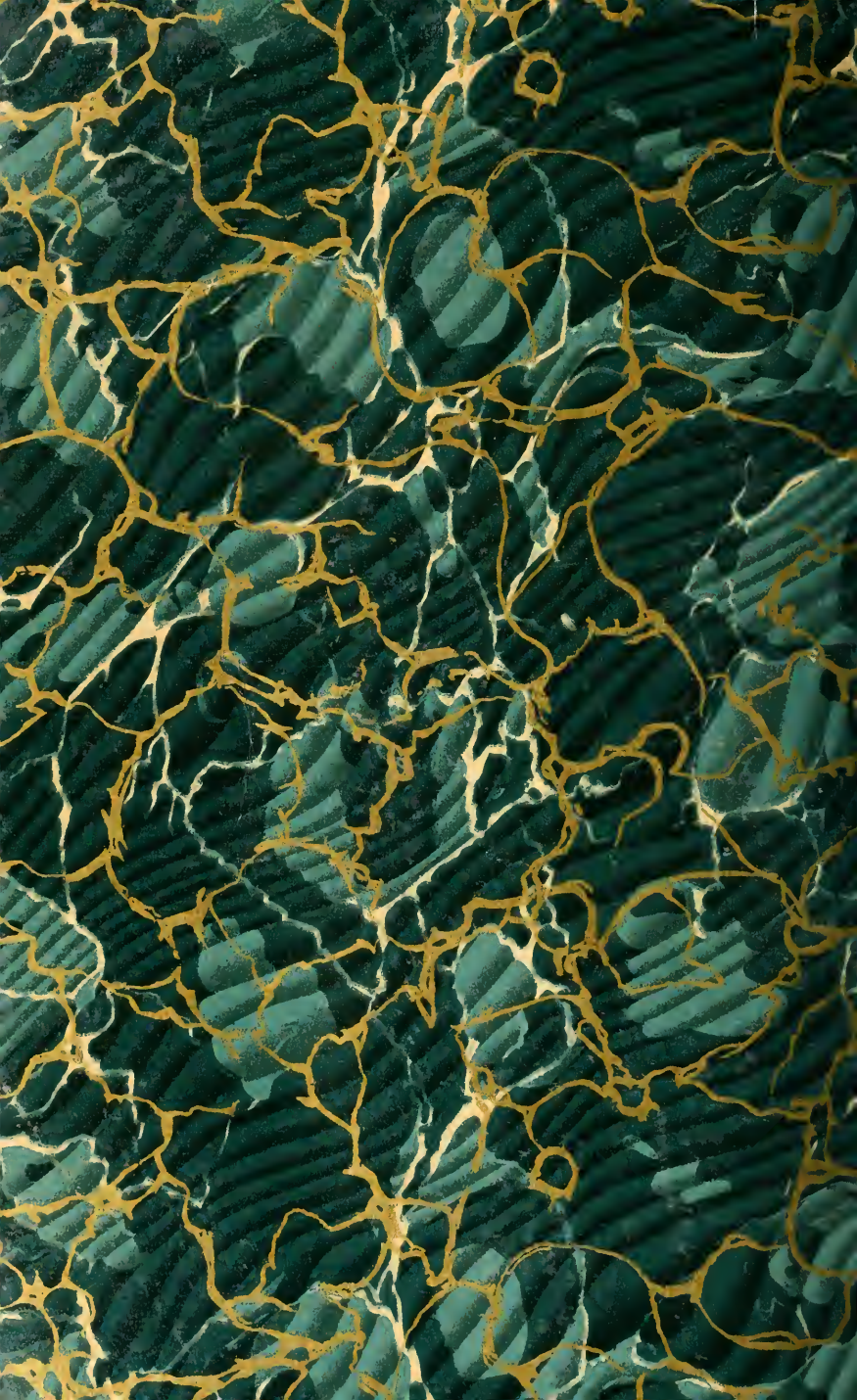






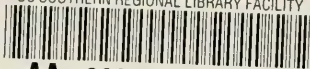








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