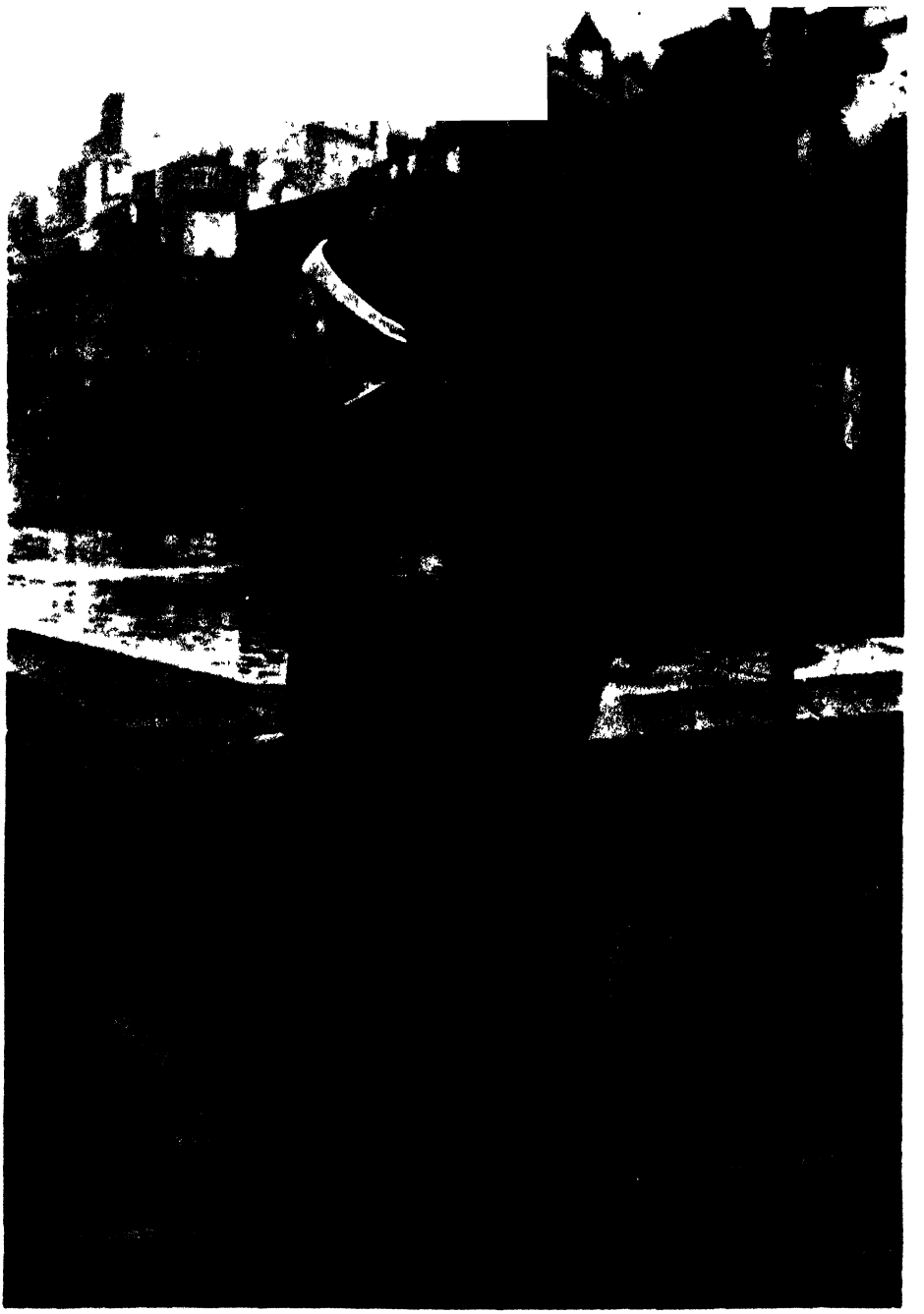
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The World's Great Books in Outline

SECOND VOLUME



From the painting (detail) by Henry Holiday in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool

Dante

The World's GREAT BOOKS In Outline

Edited by
J. A. HAMMERTON
Editor of 'The Masterpiece Library' of Short Stories

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

Second Volume
Pages 593—1168

London
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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE

WITH The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table the most engaging literary personality that America has yet produced introduced to the delighted readers in the New and Old continents a new type of imaginative work in which a kindly, cultured man's conversational philosophising on literature and life, interspersed with much charming verse, is given added human interest by the clever introduction of a little company of fictitious auditors and participants. The papers were contributed in 1857 to the first twelve numbers of The Atlantic Monthly, then just started in Boston, and not only established the success of that periodical, but definitely deflected the author from the profession of medicine to that of literature. They were followed in 1859 and 1871 by The Professor at the Breakfast Table and The Poet at the Breakfast Table, of both of which epitomes are given elsewhere in this work. Many popular editions of the Breakfast Table series are procurable.



"ALL generous minds have a horror of what are commonly called 'facts.' They are the brute beasts of the intellectual domain. Who does not know fellows that always have an ill-conditioned fact or two that they lead after them into decent company like so many bulldogs, ready to let them slip at every ingenious suggestion, or convenient generalisation, or pleasant fancy? I allow no 'facts' at this table."

I continued, for I was in the talking vein. "This business of conversation is a very serious matter. There are men that it weakens one to talk with an hour more than a day's fasting would do. They are the talkers that have what may be called jerky minds. After a jolting half-hour with one of these jerky companions talking with a dull friend affords great relief. It is like taking the cat in your lap after holding a squirrel."

"Do not dull people bore you?" said one of the lady boarders.

"Madam," said I, "all men are bores except when we want them. Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop the vibrations as in twanging them to bring out the music. There is this, too, about talking," I continued; "it shapes our thoughts for us; the waves of conversation roll them as the surf rolls the pebbles on the shore. Writing or printing is like shooting with a rifle; you may hit your reader's mind, or miss it, but talking is like playing at a mark with the pipe of an engine: if it is within reach, and you have time enough, you can't help hitting it."

The company agreed that this last illustration was of superior excellence.

"I WANT to make a literary confession now, which I believe nobody has made before me. I never wrote a 'good' line in my life but the moment after it was written it seemed a hundred years old. This is the philosophy of it. Any new formula which suddenly emerges in our consciousness has its roots in long trains of thought; it is virtually old when it first makes its appearance among the recognized growths of our intellect. Any crystalline group of musical words has had a long and still period to form in. But further, the rapidity with which ideas grow old in our memories is in a direct ratio to the squares of their importance. A great calamity, for instance, is as old as the trilobites an hour after it has happened. It stains backward through all the leaves we have turned over in the book of life, before its blot of tears or of blood is dry on the page we are turning."

I wish I had not said all this then and there. The pale schoolmistress, in her mourning dress, was looking at me with a wild sort of expression; and all at once she melted away from her seat like an image of snow; a sling shot could not have brought her down better. God forgive me!

I—The Confusion of Personality

"We must remember that talking is one of the fine arts—the noblest, the most important and the most difficult. It is not easy for two persons talking together to make the most of each other's thoughts, there are so many of them."

The company looked as if they wanted an explanation.

"When John and Thomas, for instance, are talking together," I continued, "it is natural that among the six there should be more or less confusion and misapprehension."

Our landlady turned pale. No doubt she thought there was a screw loose in my intellect, and that it involved the probable loss of a boarder. Everybody looked up, and the old gentleman opposite slid the carving-knife to one side, as it were, carelessly.

"I think," I said, "I can make it plain that there are at least six personalities distinctly to be recognized as taking part in that dialogue between John and Thomas.

THREE JOHNS

1. The real John; known only to his Maker.
2. John's ideal John; never th and often very unlike him.
3. Thomas's ideal John; never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either.

THREE THOMASES

1. The real Thomas.
2. Thomas's ideal Thomas.
3. John's ideal Thomas.

"It follows that until a man can be found who knows himself as his Maker knows him, or who sees himself as others see him, there must be at least six persons engaged in every dialogue between two. Of these the least important, philosophically speaking, are those we call the real persons. No wonder two disputants often get angry when there are six of them talking and listening all at the same time."

A very unphilosophical application of the above remarks was made by a young fellow, answering to the name of John, who sits near me at table. A certain basket of peaches, a rare vegetable, little known to boarding-houses, was on its way to me *viâ* this unlettered Johannes. He appropriated the three that remained in the basket, remarking that there was just one apiece for him. I convinced him that his practical inference was hasty and illogical but in the meantime he had eaten the peaches.

II—On Books and Dual Consciousness

"Some of you boarders ask me why I don't write a novel, or something of that kind. Well, there are several reasons against it. In the first place, I should tell all my secrets, and I maintain that verse is the proper medium for such revelations. Again, I am terribly afraid I should show up all my friends, and I am afraid all my friends would not bear showing up very well. And sometimes I have thought I might be too dull to write such a story as I should wish to write. And, finally, it is very likely I *shall* write a story some day.

"I saw you smiled when I spoke about the possibility of my being too dull to write a good story. When one arrives at the full and final conclusion that he or she is really dull, it is one of the most tranquillising and blessed convictions that can enter a mortal's mind.

"How sweetly and honestly one said to me the other day, 'I hate books!' I did not recognize in him inferiority of literary taste half so distinctly as I did simplicity of character and fearless acknowledgment of his inaptitude for scholarship. In fact, I think there are many who read that really 'hate books,' but never had the wit to find it out, or the manliness to own it."

I am so pleased with my boarding-house that I intend to remain here, perhaps for years.

"Do thoughts have regular cycles? Take this: All at once a conviction flashes through us that we have been in the same precise circumstances as at the present instant once or many times before."

When I mentioned this the schoolmistress said she knew the feeling well, and

didn't like to experience it; it made her think she was a ghost, sometimes.

The young fellow whom they call John said he knew all about it. He had just lighted a cheroot the other day when a tremendous conviction came over him that he had done just that same thing ever so many times before.

"How do I account for it? Well, some think that one of the hemispheres of the brain, a double organ as they suppose, hangs fire, and the small interval between the perceptions of the nimble and the sluggish half seems an indefinitely long period, and therefore the second perception appears to be the copy of another, ever so old."

III—The Race of Life

NOTHING strikes one more in the race of life than to see how many give out in the first half of the course. 'Commencement day,' always reminds me of the start for the Derby, when the beautiful high-bred three-year-olds of the season are brought up for trial. That day is the start, and life is the race. Some of the best of the colts are pranced round, a few minutes each, to show their paces. Here we are at Cambridge and a class is first 'graduating.' Poor Harry! he was to have been there, but he has paid forfeit.

Ten years gone. First turn in the race. A few broken down; two or three bolted. 'Cassock,' a black colt, seems to be ahead of the rest. 'Meteor' has pulled up.

Twenty years. Second corner turned. 'Cassock' has dropped from the front, and 'Judex,' an iron-grey, has the lead. But look! how they have thinned out! Down flat—five—six—how many? They will not get up again in this race, be very sure!

Thirty years. Third corner turned. 'Dives,' bright sorrel, ridden by the fellow in a yellow jacket, begins to make play fast—is getting to be the favourite with many. But who is that other one that now shows close up to the front? Don't you remember the quiet brown colt 'Asteroid,' with the star in his forehead? That is he; he is one of the sort that lasts. 'Cassock' is now taking it easily in a gentle trot.

Forty years. More dropping off, but places much as before.

Fifty years. Race over. All that are on the course are coming in at a walk; no more running. Who is ahead? Ahead? What! and the winning-post a slab of white or gray stone standing out from that turf where there is no more jockeying, or straining for victory! Well, the world marks their places in its betting-book; but be sure that these matter very little, if they have run as well as they knew how!

"I will read you a few lines, if you do not object, suggested by looking at a section of one of those chambered shells to which is given the name of Pearly Nautilus.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim, dreaming life was wont to dwell
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

IV—Of Sensibility and Scholarship

EVERY person's feelings have a front-door and a side-door by which they may be entered. The front-door is on the street. The side-door opens at once into the sacred chambers. There is almost always at least one key to this side-door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom. Be very careful to whom you entrust one of those keys of the side-door. Some of those who come in at the side-door have a scale of your whole nervous system, and can play on all the gamut of your sensibilities in semi-tones. Married life is the school in which the most accomplished artists in this department are found. Be very careful to whom you give the side-door key.

The world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its great scholars great men. The Hebrew patriarchs had small libraries, if any; yet they represent to our imaginations a very complete idea of manhood, and I think if we could ask Abraham to dine with us men of letters next Saturday we should feel honoured by his company.

V—A Growing Romance

"I SHOULD like to make a few intimate revelations relating especially to my early life, if I thought you would like to hear them."

The schoolmistress turned in her chair and said, "If we should *like* to hear them — we should *love* to."

So I drew my chair a shade nearer her, and went on to speak of voices that had bewitched me.

"I wish you could hear my sister's voice," said the schoolmistress.

"If it is like yours it must be a pleasant one," said I.

Lately she has been walking early and has brought back roses in her cheeks. I love the damask rose best of all flowers.

Our talk had been of trees, and I had been comparing the American and English elms in the walk we call the Mall. "Will you walk out and look at those elms with me after breakfast?" I said to her.

I am not going to tell lies about it and say that she blushed. On the contrary, she turned a little pale, but smiled brightly, and said, "Yes, with pleasure." So she went to fetch her bonnet, and the old gentleman opposite followed her with his eyes and said he wished he was a young fellow.

"This is the shortest way," she said, as we came to the corner.

"Then we won't take it," said I.

When we reached the school-room door the damask roses were so much heightened in colour by exercise that I felt sure it would be useful to her to take a stroll like this every morning.

I have been low-spirited and listless lately. It is coffee, I think. I notice that I tell my secrets too easily when I am down-hearted. There are inscriptions on our hearts never seen except at dead low-tide. And there is a woman's footstep on the sand at the side of my deepest ocean-buried inscription.

I am not going to say which I like best, the sea-shore or the mountains. The one where your place is, is the best for you; but this difference there is—you can domesticate mountains. The sea is feline. It licks your feet, its huge flanks purr very pleasantly for you; but it will crack your bones and eat you for all that, and wipe the crimsoned foam from its jaws as if nothing had happened. The mountains have a grand, stupid, lovable tranquillity; the sea has a fascinating, treacherous intelligence.

"If I thought I should ever see the Alps!" said the schoolmistress.

"Perhaps you might some time or other," I said.

"It is not very likely," she answered.

Tableau. Chamouni. Mont Blanc in full view. Figures in the foreground, two of them standing apart; one of them a gentleman—oh—ah—yes!—the other a lady, leaning on his shoulder. (This, of course, was an internal, private, subjective diorama, seen for one instant on the background of my own consciousness.)

. . . . . .

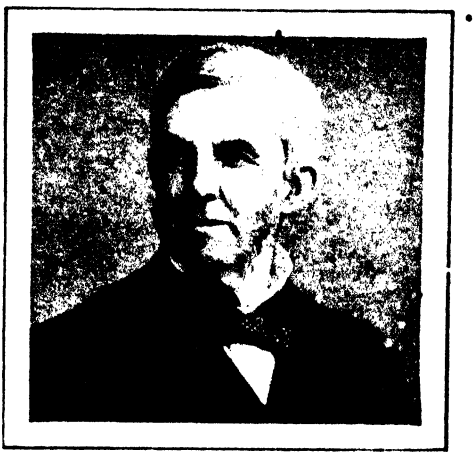
I can't say just how many walks she and I had taken together. I found the effect of going out every morning was

decidedly favourable on her health. I am afraid I did the greater part of the talking. Better too few words from the woman we love than too many; while she is silent, Nature is working for her; while she talks she works for herself. Love is sparingly soluble in the words of men, therefore they speak much of it; but one syllable of woman's speech can dissolve more of it than a man's heart can hold.

IT was in talking of life that the schoolmistress and I came nearest together. I thought I knew something about that. The schoolmistress had tried life, too. Once in a while one meets with a single soul greater than all the living pageant that passes before it. As the pale astronomer sits in his study and weighs Uranus or Neptune as in a balance, so there are meek, slight women who have weighed all this planetary life can offer, and hold it like a bauble in their slender hands. This was one of them. Fortune had left her, sorrow had baptised her. Yet as I looked upon her tranquil face, gradually regaining a cheerfulness that was often sprightly, as she became interested in the various matters we talked about and places we visited, I saw that eye and lip and every shifting lineament were made for love.

I never addressed a word of love to the schoolmistress in the course of these pleasant walks. It seemed as if we talked of everything but love on that particular morning. There was, perhaps, a little more timidity and hesitancy on my part than I have commonly shown among our people at the boarding-house. In fact, I considered myself the master at the breakfast-table; but somehow I could not command myself just then so well as usual. The truth is, I had secured a passage to Liverpool in the steamer which was to leave at noon—with the condition of being released if circumstances occurred to detain me. The schoolmistress knew nothing about this, of course, as yet.

It was on the Common that we were walking. The boulevard of the Common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of these runs across the whole length of the



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29, 1809. After studying medicine at Harvard he made a prolonged visit to Europe and, returning, took his doctor's degree in medicine and became a popular professor of anatomy. After practising medicine for literature in 1857 he wrote many essays and poems, several novels, of which Elsie Venner (1861) is the most notable, lives of Motley and Emerson, and Our Hundred Days in Europe describing his tour in 1887. A much loved and honoured figure, both at home and abroad, Holmes died in Boston, October 7, 1894.

Common. We called it the 'long path,' and were fond of it.

I felt very weak indeed though of a tolerably robust habit as we came opposite to the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice, without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question, "Will you take the long path with me?"

"Certainly," said the schoolmistress, "with much pleasure."

"Think," I said, "before you answer. If you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more."

The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her. One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by the one you may still see close by the gingko-tree. "Pray sit down," I said.

"No, no," she answered softly; "I will walk the *long path* with you!"

The old gentleman who sits opposite met us walking, arm-in-arm, about the middle of the long path, and said very charmingly to us, "Good-morning, my dears!"

EDWARD GIBBON

MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE

IN 1796, two years after his death, Gibbon's autobiography was published by his friend, Lord Sheffield, under the title Miscellaneous Works of Edward Gibbon, Esqre., with Memoirs of His Life and Writings Composed by Himself. In its cadenced formality of style the reader can detect a happy candour, careful sincerity, complacence and loyalty to friendship that recommend the man as truly as the writer. 'After completing his history,' says Augustine Birrell, 'Gibbon had but one thing left to do in order to discharge his duty to the universe. He had written a magnificent history of the Roman Empire, it remained to write the history of the historian. It is a most studied performance and may be boldly pronounced perfect. It is our best, and best known, autobiography.' That the writing was studied is shown by the fact that six different sketches were left in Gibbon's handwriting, and from these all the published memoirs were selected and compiled. Lord Sheffield briefly completed the book. An edition of the work is included in Everyman's Library.

I—Birth and Education



I WAS born at Putney, in the county of Surrey, April 27, in the year 1737, the first child of the marriage of Edward Gibbon, Esq., and Jane Porten.

From my birth I have enjoyed the right of primogeniture; but I was succeeded by five brothers and one sister, all of whom were snatched away in their infancy. So feeble was my constitution, so precarious my life, that in the baptism of each of my brothers my father's prudence successively repeated my Christian name of Edward that, in the case of the departure of the eldest son, this patronymic appellation might be still perpetuated in the family.

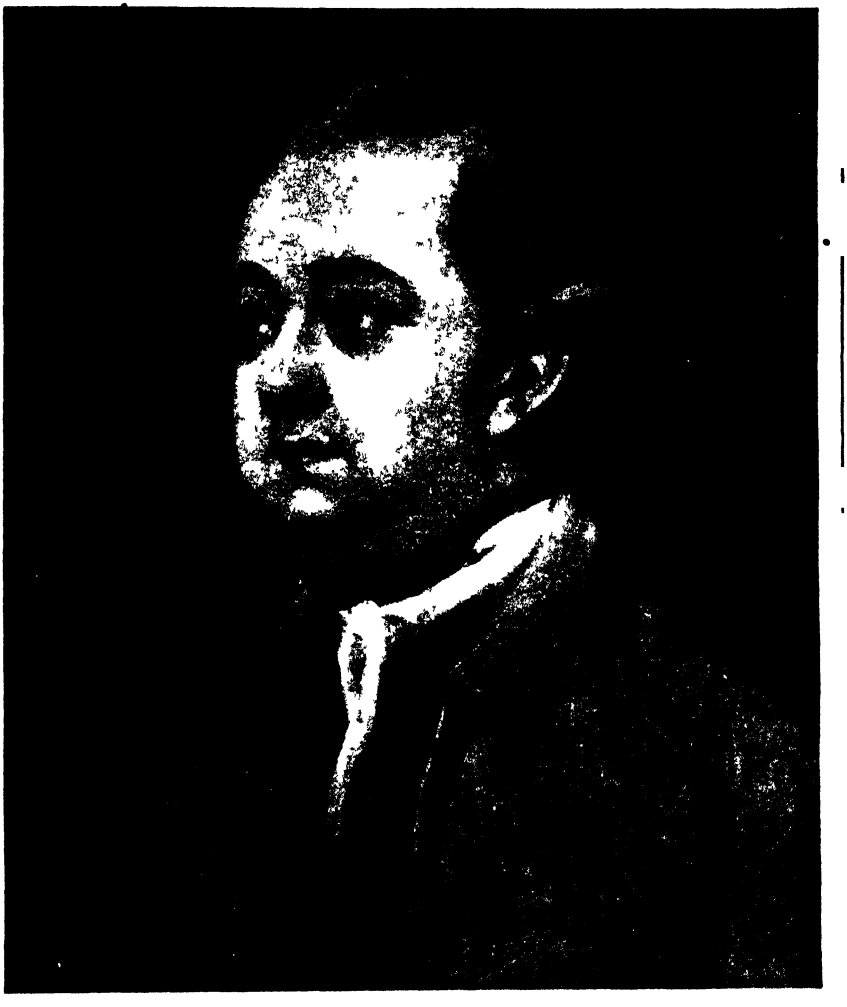
To preserve and to rear so frail a being the most tender assiduity was scarcely sufficient, and my mother's attention was somewhat diverted by an exclusive passion for her husband and by the dissipation of the world; but the maternal office was supplied by my aunt, Mrs. Catherine Porten, at whose name I feel a tear of gratitude trickling down my cheek.

After this instruction at home, I was delivered at the age of seven into the hands of Mr. John Kirkby, who exercised for about eighteen months the office of my domestic tutor, enlarged my knowledge of arithmetic and left me a clear impression of the English and Latin rudiments. In my ninth year, in a lucid interval of comparative health, I was sent to a school of about seventy boys at Kingston-upon-Thames and there, by the common methods of discipline, at the expense of many tears and some blood, purchased a knowledge of the Latin syntax.

After a nominal residence at Kingston of nearly two years, I was finally recalled by my mother's death. My poor father was inconsolable, and he renounced the tumult of London and buried himself in the rustic solitude of Buriton; but as far back as I can remember the house of my maternal grandfather, near Putney Bridge, appears in the light of my proper and native home, and that excellent woman, Mrs. Catherine Porten, was the true mother of my mind, as well as of my health.

At this time my father was too easily content with such teachers as the different places of my residence could supply, and it might now be apprehended that I should continue for life an illiterate cripple; but as I approached my sixteenth year nature displayed in my favour her mysterious energies: my constitution was fortified and fixed and my disorders most wonderfully vanished.

Without preparation or delay, my father carried me to Oxford, and I was matriculated in the university as a gentleman commoner of Magdalen College before I had accomplished the fifteenth year of my age. As often as I was tolerably exempt from danger and pain, reading



Edward Gibbon son of a Hampshire gentleman, was born at Putney, April 27, 1737. While at Oxford a whim to enter the Roman Church led to his banishment to Lausanne where he lived under the care of a Calvinist minister. He returned to Lausanne in 1764 and proceeded thence to Rome where the idea of The Decline and Fall was conceived. The colossal task was completed in 1787. Criticism of his great work is unanimous. In accuracy, lucidity and comprehensiveness his history is unsurpassable, and in its pages the author's nature is clearly mirrored. His career in letters, labouring 'without haste and without pause' at this great task, may well exemplify his moral as well as his intellectual qualities, it was compact of patience, calmness and unswerving industry. Gibbon died January 16, 1794. This portrait, by Henry Walton, hangs in the National Portrait Gallery

free desultory reading, had been the employment and comfort of my solitary hours and I was allowed, without control or advice, to gratify the wanderings of an unripe taste. My indiscriminate appetite subsided by degrees into the historic line, and I arrived at Oxford with a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy would have been ashamed.

The happiness of boyish years I have never known, and that time I have never regretted. To the university of Oxford I acknowledge no obligation. I spent fourteen months at Magdalen College, and they proved the fourteen months the most idle and profitless of my whole life. The sum of my improvement there is confined to three or four Latin plays.

It might at least be expected that an ecclesiastical school should inculcate the orthodox principles of religion. But our venerable mother had contrived to unite the opposite extremes of bigotry and indifference. The blind activity of idleness urged me to advance without armour into the dangerous mazes of controversy, and at the age of sixteen I bewildered myself in the errors of the church of Rome. Translations of two famous works of Bossuet achieved my conversion.

No sooner had I settled my new religion than I resolved to profess myself a Catholic and on June 8, 1753, I solemnly abjured the errors of heresy. An elaborate controversial epistle, addressed to my father, announced and justified the step which I had taken. My father was neither a bigot nor a philosopher, but his affection deplored the loss of an only son and his good sense was astonished at my departure from the religion of my country. In the first sally of passion, he divulged a secret which prudence might have suppressed, and the gates of Magdalen College were for ever shut against my return.

II—A Happy Exile

It was necessary for my father to form a new plan of education and effect the cure of my spiritual malady. After much debate it was determined to fix me for some years at Lausanne, in Switzerland, under the roof and tuition of M. Pavilliard, a Calvinist minister. Suddenly cast on a foreign land, I found myself deprived of the use of speech and hearing, incapable of asking or answering a question in the common intercourse of life. Such was my first introduction to Lausanne, where I spent nearly five years.

This seclusion from English society was attended with the most solid benefits. Before I was recalled home, French, in which I spontaneously thought, was more familiar than English to my ear, my tongue and my pen. My awkward timidity was polished and emboldened; M. Pavilliard gently led me from a blind and undistinguishing love of reading into the path of instruction. He was not unmindful that his first task was to reclaim me from the errors of popery, and I am willing to allow him a handsome share of the honour of my conversion, though it was principally effected by my private reflections.

It was now that I regretted the early years which had been wasted in sickness or idleness or mere idle reading, and I determined to supply this defect. My various reading I now digested, according to the precept and model of Mr. Locke, into a large commonplace book a practice, however, which I do not strenuously recommend. I much question whether the benefits of this laborious method are adequate to the waste of time, and I must agree with Dr. Johnson that what is twice read is commonly better remembered than what is transcribed.

I hesitate from the apprehension of ridicule when I approach the delicate subject of my early love. I need not blush at recollecting the object of my choice and, though my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment.

The personal attractions of Mademoiselle Curchod were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her father lived content with a small salary and laborious duty in the obscure lot of minister of Crassy. In the solitude of a sequestered village he bestowed a liberal, and even learned, education on his only daughter. In her short visit to Lausanne, the wit, the beauty, the erudition of Mademoiselle Curchod were the theme of universal

applause. The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity ; I saw and loved. At Crassy and Lausanne I indulged my dream of felicity, but on my return to England I discovered that my father would not hear of this alliance. After a painful struggle I yielded. I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son ; my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence and the habits of a new life.

III—To England and Authorship

In the spring of the year 1758 my father signified his permission that I should immediately return home. The whole term of my absence from England was four years, ten months and fifteen days. The only person in England whom I was impatient to see was my Aunt Porten, the affectionate guardian of my tender years. It was not without some awe and apprehension that I approached my father ; but he received me as a man and a friend. All constraint was banished at our first interview and afterwards we continued on the same terms of easy and equal politeness.

Of the next two years, I passed about nine months in London and the rest in the country. My progress in the English world was in general left to my own efforts, and those efforts were languid and slow. But my love of knowledge was inflamed and gratified by the command of books, and from the slender beginning in my father's study I have gradually formed a numerous and select library, the foundation of my works and the best comfort of my life both at home and abroad. In this place I may observe that I never bought a book from a motive of ostentation, and that every volume before it was placed on the shelf was either read or sufficiently examined.

The design of my first work, the Essay on the Study of Literature, was suggested by a refinement of vanity—the desire of justifying and praising the object of a favourite pursuit. I was ambitious of proving that all the faculties of the mind may be exercised and displayed by the study of ancient literature.

My father fondly believed that the proof of some literary talents might introduce me to public notice. The work was printed and published under the title Essai sur l'Etude de la Littérature. It is not surprising that a work of which the style and sentiments were so totally foreign should have been more successful abroad than at home. I was delighted by the warm commendations and flattering predictions of the journals of France and Holland. In England it was received with cold indifference, little read and speedily forgotten. A small impression was slowly dispersed.

IV—Soldiering and Travel

An active scene now follows which bears no affinity to any other period of my studious and social life. On June 12, 1759, my father and I received our commissions as major and captain in the Hampshire regiment of militia, and during two and a half years were condemned to a wandering life of military servitude. My principal obligation to the militia was the making me an Englishman and a soldier. In this peaceful service I imbibed the rudiments of the language and science of tactics, which opened a new field of study and observation. The discipline and evolutions of a modern battalion gave me a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion ; and the captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers—the reader may smile—has not been useless to the historian of the Roman Empire.

I was detained above four years by my rash engagement in the militia. I eagerly grasped the first moments of freedom ; and such was my diligence that on my father consenting to a term of foreign travel, I reached Paris only thirty-six hours after the disbanding of the militia.

Between my stay of three months and a half in Paris and a visit to Italy, I interposed some months of tranquil simplicity at Lausanne. My old friends of both sexes hailed my voluntary return the most genuine proof of my attachment. The public libraries of Lausanne and Geneva liberally supplied me with books, from which I armed myself for my Italian journey. On this tour I was agreeably employed for more than a year. Turin, Milan, Genoa, Parma, Modena and Florence were visited, and here I first

acknowledged, at the feet of the Venus of Medici, that the chisel may dispute the pre-eminence with the pencil, a truth in the fine arts which cannot on this side of the Alps be felt or understood.

After leaving Florence, I passed through Pisa, Lucca, Leghorn and Siena to Rome. My temper is not very susceptible to enthusiasm; and the enthusiasm which I do not feel, I have ever scorned to affect. But at the distance of twenty-five years, I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the Eternal City. After a sleepless night, I trod, with a lofty step the ruins of the Forum; each memorable spot, where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Caesar fell, was at once present to my eye, and several days of intoxication were lost or enjoyed, before I could descend to a cool and minute observation.

It was in Rome, on October 15, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing of the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind. But my original plan was circumscribed to the decay of the city rather than the empire; and though my reading and reflections began to point towards that object, some years elapsed, and several avocations intervened, before I was seriously engaged in the execution of that laborious work.

V—History and Politics

The five years and a half between my return from my travels and my father's death are the portion of my life which I passed with the least enjoyment. In the fifteen years between my Essay on the Study of Literature and The Decline and Fall, a criticism of Warburton on Virgil and some articles in Mémoires Littéraires de la Grande Bretagne were my sole publications.

In November 1770 my father sank into the grave in the sixty-fourth year of his age. As soon as I had paid the last solemn duties to my father, and obtained from time and reason a tolerable composure of mind, I began to form the plan of an independent life most adapted to my circumstances and inclination. I had now attained the first of earthly blessings—independence. I was absolute master of my hours and actions; and no sooner was I settled in my house and library than I undertook the composition of the first volume of my history. Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declamation; three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect. In the remainder of the way I advanced with a more equal and easy pace.

By the friendship of Mr. (now Lord) Eliot, who had married my first cousin, I was returned member of parliament for the borough of Liskeard. I took my seat at the beginning of the memorable contest between Great Britain and America, and supported with many a sincere and silent vote, the rights, though not, perhaps, the interest, of the Mother Country. After a fleeting, illusive hope, prudence condemned me to acquiesce in the humble station of a mute. But I listened to the attack and defence of eloquence and reason; I had a near prospect of the characters, views and passions of the first men of the age. The eight sessions that I sat in parliament were a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian.

The first volume of my history, which had been somewhat delayed by the novelty and tumult of a first session, was now ready for the press. During the awful interval of awaited publication, I was neither elated by the ambition of fame nor depressed by the apprehension of contempt. My diligence and accuracy were attested by my own conscience. I likewise flattered myself that an age of light and liberty would receive without scandal an inquiry into the human causes of progress of Christianity.

I am at a loss how to describe the success of the work without betraying the vanity of the writer. The first impression was exhausted in a few days; a second and third edition were scarcely adequate to the demand. My book was on every table; nor was the general voice

disturbed by the barking of any profane critic. Let me frankly own that I was startled at the first discharge of ecclesiastical ordnance; but I soon discovered that this empty noise was mischievous only in intention.

Nearly two years elapsed between the publication of my first and the commencement of my second volume. The second and third volumes of The Decline and Fall insensibly rose in sale and reputation to a level with the first volume. So flexible is the title of my history that the final era might be fixed at my own choice, and I long hesitated whether I should be content with the three volumes, the Fall of the Western Empire. The tumult of London and attendance at parliament were now grown irksome, and when I had finished the fourth volume, excepting the last chapter, I sought a retreat on the shores of Lake Leman.

VI—A Quiet Consummation

My transmigration from London to Lausanne could not be effected without interrupting the course of my historical labours, and a full twelvemonth was lost before I could resume the thread of regular and daily industry. In the fifth and sixth volumes the revolutions of the empire and the world are most rapid, various and instructive. It was not till after many designs and many trials that I preferred the method of grouping my picture by nations; and the seeming neglect of chronological order is surely compensated by the superior merits of interest and perspicacity. I was now straining for the goal, and in the last winter many evenings were borrowed from the social pleasures of Lausanne.

I have presumed to mark the moment of conception; I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the night of June 27, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future fate of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.

The day of publication of my three last volumes coincided with the fifty-first anniversary of my own birthday. The conclusion of my work was generally read and variously judged. Upon the whole, the history of The Decline and Fall seems to have struck root both at home and abroad.

When I contemplate the common lot of mortality, I must acknowledge that I have drawn a high prize in the lottery of life. I am endowed with a cheerful temper. The love of study, a passion which derives fresh vigour from enjoyment, supplies each day, each hour, with a perpetual source of independent and rational pleasure; and I am not sensible of any decay of the mental faculties. I am disgusted with the affectation of men of letters who complain that they have renounced a substance for a shadow. My own experience, at least, has taught me a very different lesson. Twenty happy years have been animated by the labour of my history; and its success has given me a name, a rank, a character in the world to which I should not otherwise have been entitled.

The present is a fleeting moment, the past is no more; and our prospect of futurity is dark and doubtful. I shall soon enter into the period which was selected by the judgement and experience of the sage Fontenelle as the most agreeable of his long life. I am far more inclined to embrace than to dispute this comfortable doctrine. I will not suppose any premature decay of the mind or body; but I must reluctantly observe that two causes, the abbreviation of time and the failure of hope, will always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life.

A Note on John Galsworthy

MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY may justly be regarded as the typical cultured Englishman of to-day: well-bred, well-read, travelled, tolerant—civilized, in the truest sense of the word. Add to these qualities, which are not uncommon, that of genius, which is, and must ever be, a rarity, and you have a sufficiently accurate rough idea of the creator of The Forsyte Saga—his highest achievement so far.



John Galsworthy in 1907

Born at Coombe, Surrey, in 1867, he was educated at Harrow, and at New College, Oxford, many traces of both school and 'varsity life peep out of his writings. In 1890 he was called to the Bar, and in his books as in his plays there is plenty to show that his knowledge of the Courts and of legal procedure generally, which is considerable, is due to actual experience, of which he has made full use.

Although his first novel, Jocelyn dates from 1898, Mr. Galsworthy's real start in letters was not until six years later, when The Island Pharisees at once compelled attention. Here clearly, was the work of one who had something to say and knew perfectly well how to say it. Only two years after this (1906) came The Man of Property, a work of so much strength and originality and charm as not merely to confirm the promise already given, but to show that a new writer of the highest order had arrived. In fact, John Galsworthy's name was made.

A SEQUEL to this stimulating novel was inevitable, and one might reasonably have expected that it would appear within a year or two. But no; other tales, having nothing to do with the Forsytes, were produced—admirable things like The Country House (1908), The Patrician (1911), Saint's Progress (1919)—but still no sign of a continuation of The Man of Property.

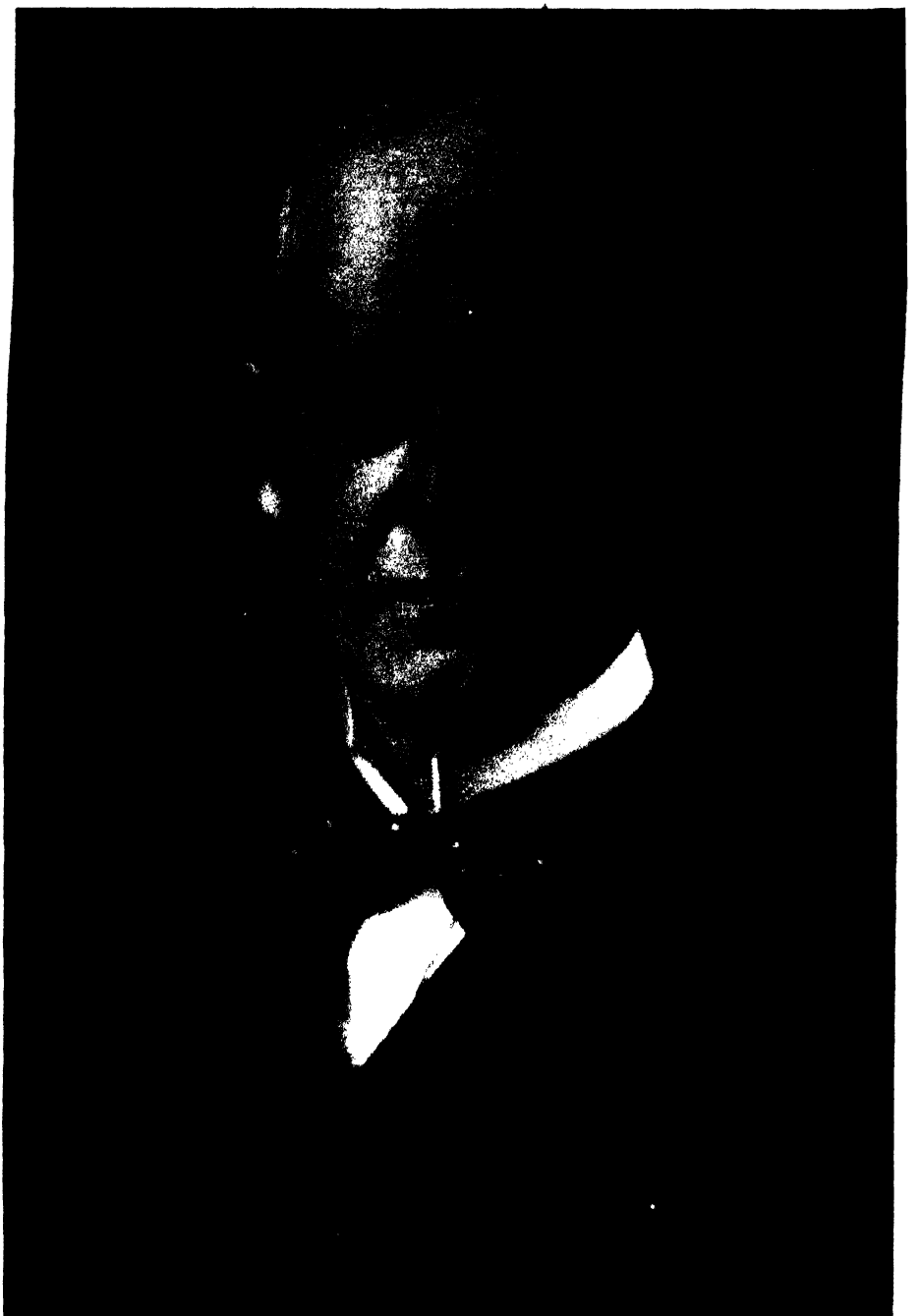
Also, there had been plays, most of them pronounced successes, such as The Silver Box (1906), Strife (1909), Justice (1910), The Pigeon two years later, The Fugitive (1913)—all marked by the incisive irony, the real knowledge of life, the broad humanity, 'the warm sympathy with the under-dog'—to use the happy expression of one critic—revealed in the novels. Could it be that, like Barrie, Galsworthy was going to devote himself to the theatre and give up writing books? So warmly had his dramatic efforts been greeted that it seemed quite possible.

But no; Mr. Galsworthy, while 'on with the new love,' was by no means 'off with the old.' That fine, live play, The Skin Game was produced in 1920, and in the same year came the long-awaited continuation of The Man of Property, under the style of In Chancery. Both created something like a sensation. The play was generally voted the strongest thing its author had so far produced, and most critics agreed that In Chancery was in no respect inferior to The Man of Property.

THE third part of the trilogy—To Let—made its appearance the very next year, and again there was almost universal approbation of Mr. Galsworthy's work. The times had changed. The Victorian era, whose spirit he had caught so masterfully in the first and second of the three books, had been succeeded by the rapid, slangy, slapdash, irreverent, post-war period. But the creator of Aunts Ann and Juley and Hester, of old Jolyon and Swithin and James and Timothy—the rich, solid greybeards of the sluggish eighties—showed himself quite at home with the Fleur, the Michael Mont, the young Jon and the Prosper Profond of forty years later. To the brougham, the victoria and the hansom had succeeded the 'Rollhard,' and the motor-bus. No matter; Mr. Galsworthy is right in the 'gold' all the time, be the target Victorian or Georgian.

In May 1922 the complete trilogy was issued by the firm of William Heinemann under the title of The Forsyte Saga, a study of which appears in the following pages. The public which had already extended so hearty and enthusiastic a welcome to each of the three novels in turn, received the entire Saga no less appreciatively. One may go further, and say with truth that the appetite of Mr. Galsworthy's readers seemed to 'come with eating.' The more he offered the more eagerly was it devoured. One is glad, indeed, to be able to record the striking success of a noble piece of literary craftsmanship, English through and through, in conception, in technique and in spirit.

EVEN with To Let Mr. Galsworthy had not quite exhausted his material. That book completed the Saga, but more remained to say about Fleur and her generation, and it is said in The White Monkey (1924). Sympathisers with Soames, perhaps more sinned against than sinning, here have the satisfaction of seeing him who was disappointed of a son, happy in possessing a grandson to inherit his property!



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JOHN GALSWORTHY

THE FORSYTE SAGA

A Study by Edgar Preston



BEFORE attempting the study of a work of such magnitude as this Forsyte Saga of Mr. John Galsworthy I think it safer to let the author himself, by way of prelude, tell us in his own words what his book is designed to be. This he does, briefly but with complete clarity, in his preface. 'This long tale,' he says, 'is no scientific study of a period; it is rather an intimate incarnation of the disturbance that Beauty effects in the lives of men. The figure of Irene, never present except through the sense of other characters, is a concretion of disturbing Beauty impinging on a possessive world.

'But,' adds Mr. Galsworthy, 'though the impingement of Beauty and the claims of Freedom in a possessive world are the main prepossessions of the Forsyte Saga, it cannot be absolved from the charge of embalming the upper middle-class. As the old Egyptians placed around their mummies the accessories of a future existence, so I have endeavoured to lay beside the figures of Aunts Ann and Juley and Hester, of Timothy and Swithin, of old Jolyon and James, and of their sons that which shall guarantee them a little life hereafter, a little balm in the hurried Gilead of a dissolving "Progress."'

Well, the author of the Saga—a term used, as he points out, 'with a suitable irony,' seeing that the pages contain so little that is heroic or poetical—has elected to work on an unpromising, because a prosaic, material, and for that reason alone, if there were no other, his triumph is all the more notable. One thinks of Théophile Gautier's familiar:

> Oui, l'œuvre sort plus belle
> D'une forme au travail
> Rebelle,
> Vers, marbre, onyx, émail.

But there is this difference: the Carrara, the Paros which Gautier had in mind is far from being the medium in which John Galsworthy has worked here. Instead of hard marble he has put his deft hands to the common clay, and has fashioned it into a form at once precise yet grand, clear-cut yet massive. Or, to vary the metaphor, he has brought the art of the miniaturist to bear on a canvas of huge dimensions without becoming petty or finicking.

In other words, the characters in the three books comprising the Saga are very ordinary people—with one or two exceptions, perhaps—viewed and portrayed minutely, intimately, and at the same time with a big, ironic *bonhomie* that takes away all sense of littleness. There is much of Thackeray in this treatment: that is one's first, even one's last, impression; yet the outlook, the point of view, is ever individual, ever Galsworthy, pure and undiluted.

It was objected by some critics of Flaubert, one remembers, that his theme in Madame Bovary was 'common,' even repulsive; that his characters were the same—just plain, unremarkable, provincial folk, scarce worthy of notice. Yet all are agreed the work is a master-work; and such, surely, must be the verdict on Mr. Galsworthy's elaborate, remarkable story.

Originally, as the preface tells us, The Forsyte Saga was the title destined for that part of it called The Man of Property, published in 1906. But when that opening volume was completed, it became evident to all that the story could not be ended there, with so much left to tell. So a second part, In Chancery, followed, but not until fourteen years had elapsed. Nor was the interest in the Forsytes gone or even abated in 1920;

when that book came to its conclusion another volume was inevitable. This appeared in the following year under the significant title of To Let, and everyone, I suppose, was more or less agreed that, with the marriage of Soames's daughter Fleur to honest Michael Mont the time had come to close the long narrative. All the older generation were gone, and most of the younger. Of these latter only Soames and his two wives—Annette the present, Irene the past—survived, apart from one or two having no very prominent part in the history.

So, obviously, this was the appropriate moment to write 'finis,' and when the three volumes bound in one were published in 1922 the big tome was recognized as the complete Saga, which it is. But Mr. Galsworthy's interest in his subject was evidently not exhausted. For lo! within two years appears The White Monkey, a sequel in which Soames and Fleur and young Mont and others with whom we are familiar take the stage once more. This, however, is no part of the Saga proper, which suffices of itself; so I do not propose in these pages to touch the sequel, although the temptation to do so is not easily resisted!

FIRST of all, who *are* these Forsytes? Once, when the family had definitely settled down as genuine 'upper middle-class,' all six sons of the founder of their fortunes—Jolyon, the builder, known as 'Superior Dosset,' it occurred to some one of them to make inquiry in Devonshire, whence came the first Jolyon of all, a farmer. The result was not particularly gratifying to those of the family who had hoped to discover that perchance they were 'somebody.' For the investigator's frank report was to the effect that the Forsytes appeared to have been nothing more than farmers from time immemorial. One or two of them might perhaps have been styled 'yeomen'—there being a grain of comfort in this—but generally, it would seem, they must have been 'very small beer.' The subject was not pursued further—indeed only the indiscreet like dear old Aunt Juley, 'who could always be relied on to say the wrong thing'—ever thought of alluding to it again.

'Superior Dosset' Forsyte, busy any time between 1800 and 1850—London's very worst architectural period, perhaps—building ugly houses, reached the age of fourscore years and left behind him a nice little fortune of £30,000 or so. Also he left ten children, not one of whom failed to 'make old bones.' At one period of the story it was calculated that the average age of this second generation of Forsytes was 87, and that the six sons were worth a good deal over a million between them. A tough, tenacious lot!

They had all done so well for themselves, these Forsytes, that (in 1886, when the tale opens) they were all what is called 'of a certain position.' They had shares in all sorts of things, not as yet—with the exception of Timothy—in consols, for they had no dread in life like that of 3 per cent. for their money. They collected pictures, too, and were supporters of such charitable institutions as might be beneficial to their sick domestics. From their father, the builder, they inherited a talent for bricks and mortar. Originally, perhaps, members of some primitive sect, they were now in the natural course of things members of the Church of England, and caused their wives and children to attend with some regularity the more fashionable churches of the Metropolis. . . .

Their residences, placed at stated intervals round the park, watched like sentinels, lest the fair heart of this London, where their desires were fixed, should slip from their clutches and leave them lower in their estimations.

There was old Jolyon in Stanhope Place; the Jameses in Park Lane; Swithin in the lonely glory of orange and blue chambers in Hyde Park Mansions—he had never married, not he!—the Soameses in their nest off Knightsbridge; the Rogers in Prince's Gardens; the Haymans—Mrs. Hayman was the one married Forsyte sister—in a house high up on Campden Hill, shaped like a giraffe, and so tall that it gave the observer a crick in the neck; the Nicholases in Ladbroke Grove, a spacious abode and a great bargain; and last, but not least, Timothy's on the Bayswater Road, where Ann and Juley and Hester lived under his protection.

Old Jolyon, it should be stated, was in the tea trade, and chairman of sundry companies; James, a solicitor, founder of the firm of Forsyte, Bustard and Forsyte—the last-named being his only son Soames, who combined the business of collecting pictures with that of the law; Swithin, an estate and land agent; Roger, who speculated in house property; Nicholas, ditto, with mines and railways thrown in; and Timothy, a publisher, 'in consols.'

We meet all these good people, and many others, for the first time at the At Home given by old Jolyon—long since a widower—at Stanhope Gate. The family is assembled on a June afternoon in 1886 to meet Philip Bosinney, who has just become engaged to June Forsyte, the host's grand-daughter. And let me confess that by the time Mr. Galsworthy had presented the entire company I felt dazed and bewildered, and perhaps slightly irritated that they should be so many. I feared I should be bored; but I was wrong, for the Forsytes proved, on better acquaintance, to be full of interest, quaint or otherwise.

PHILIP BOSINNEY is somewhat distrusted. In the first place, he has no money—a very bad sign; then, he is something of an artist, and a Forsyte, though respecting successful art, is instinctively suspicious of those who make it—'flighty, unsubstantial fellows, you never can depend on 'em'!' And, to crown it all, the news leaks out that June's intended has come 'in a soft, grey hat, not even a new one—a dusty, shapeless thing!' Big, bulky George (Roger's son), the accredited wit of the family, at once christened Bosinney 'the dashing buccaneer,' and the word 'buccaneer' stuck.

Never had there been so full an assembly, for, mysteriously united in spite of all their differences, they had taken arms against a common peril. Like cattle when a dog comes into the field, they stood head to head and shoulder to shoulder, prepared to run upon and trample the intruder to death. They had come, too, no doubt, to get some notion of what sort of presents they would ultimately be expected to give; for though the question of wedding gifts was usually graduated in this way: 'What are *you* givin'? Nicholas is givin' spoons!' so very much depended on the bridegroom. If he were sleek, well-brushed, prosperous-looking, it was more necessary to give him nice things; he would expect them.

In Bosinney's case, as it turned out, no presents at all were required—but that is to anticipate.

Like Vanity Fair, this is a novel without a hero—or a heroine. The figures that loom largest in the picture are Soames and his wife Irene, and they are rather tragic figures. 'The Man of Property' is the title, half chaffing, half malicious, by which James's son and partner is known in the family; for, although only thirty-five, he bids fair to pay more in death duties than any of the others, having something like a genius for business and a real *flair* for that which is destined to 'boom' in art.

Already Soames has many possessions, chiefest among them being his beautiful wife. She did not want to marry him, but, after a considerable period of waiting, he got her in the end, just as, by patient diplomacy, he had got many of his most treasured canvasses. Irene had no money, but her loveliness atoned for that defect. She did not love him. That was a pity, for in his crude, proprietorial way, Soames was very fond of her and, as he often said, gave her everything she asked for. Right to the end of the chapter he could never understand why he was disliked by her, and by others as well. In discussing the ill-matched pair I have found that women generally have more tolerance for Soames than for Irene; while most men disclose a marked partiality for that silent, elusive, rather unsatisfying woman.

IRENE, with her lovely 'figure'—strange word, in these days when women have no 'figures'! her caressing, brown eyes, her pale, straight features and her mass of burnt-umber hair, exercised, indeed, a curious fascination over men of all types and all ages. 'What is she like?' asked someone who had not seen her. 'She's like Venus in beautiful clothes,' was the answer. One thinks Helen of Troy, whose face wrought such wonders, might have been an apter comparison! The influence Soames's wife had over Philip Bosinney is not easy to define. That she inspired passion in him, and returned it, is certain. In the circumstances we must, I suppose, regard this influence as bad; yet she had the power to bring out the best rather than the worst in men, as witness the two Jolyons and her own son Jon.

Nothing in the book is quite so charming, to my mind, as the episode with old Jolyon Forsyte, told in the Interlude which follows The Man of Property and precedes In Chancery. The rupture with Soames is some years old. Since Bosin-

ney's tragic death and her flight from home Irene has been living in Chelsea very quietly, alone—'Yes, alone,' as she replies to a rather pointed inquiry—earning a bare livelihood by giving music lessons. One day she takes it into her head to pay a visit to Robin Hill, the beautiful house near town that had really been designed for herself but had been sold in disgust by Soames to his cousin Jolyon. There she renews acquaintance with the elder Jolyon, who finds her strolling in the grounds and makes her stay to dinner. The old man—he is 85—is practically alone in the big house, his son and his daughter-in-law and June being abroad.

BEFORE long Irene—who, of course, by all the rules of respectability, should be an outcast, seeing that she has deserted her husband—is a frequent visitor at Robin Hill, and once a week or so old Jolyon goes up to town and takes her out to dinner, with the Opera or a theatre to follow. Warmed by her gracious presence, the game old octogenarian enjoys a sort of Indian summer, all forgetful of the pain in his side, the scantness of breath, the occasional fainting fits. None would recognize in this kind, thoughtful, courtier-like host the stern, unbending, arbitrary Chairman of Companies, whose determination to have his own way has been proverbial in the City for nearly half-a-century. Unwittingly, the woman he had once described as 'dangerous' has restored for him the joy of life and made him loth to leave it.

But at length, hearing that June is returning to her grandfather—June, whom she robbed of her lover years before—Irene thinks it best to bring her visits to an end, and writes to old Jolyon, telling him so very gently. His reply is so pathetic that she sends him a wire to say she is coming, after all. Her message gives him the greatest delight, and he goes into the grounds to watch for her coming.

Coming down! After all! Then she did exist—and he was not deserted. A glow ran through his limbs; his cheeks and forehead felt hot. . . . He meant to go down and meet her in the coppice, but felt at once he could not manage that in this heat. He sat down instead under the oak tree by the swing, and the dog Balthasar, who also felt the heat, lay down beside him. . . .

The stable clock struck four; in half an hour she would be here. He would have just one tiny nap, because he had had so little sleep of late; and then he would be fresh for her, fresh for youth and beauty, coming towards him across the sunlit lawn—lady in grey! And settling back in his chair he closed his eyes. Some thistledown came on what little air there was, and pitched on his moustache, more white than itself. He did not know; but his breathing stirred it, caught there. A ray of sunlight struck through and lodged on his boot. A humble-bee alighted and strolled on the crown of his Panama hat. And the delicious surge of slumber reached the brain beneath that hat, and the head swayed forward and rested on his breast. Summer—summer! So went the hum.

The stable clock struck the quarter past. The dog Balthasar stretched and looked up at his master. The thistledown no longer moved. The dog placed his chin over the sunlit foot. It did not stir. The dog withdrew his chin quickly, rose, and leaped on old Jolyon's lap, looked in his face, whined; then, leaping down, sat on his haunches, gazing up. And suddenly he uttered a long, long howl.

But the thistledown was still as death, and the face of his old master.

Summer—summer—summer! The soundless footsteps on the grass!

THE arrival of Philip Bosinney in the Forsyte circle had the disturbing effect that the artistic temperament so often produces when it happens to clash—as here—with plain, prosperous Philistinism. June should no more have become engaged to this impecunious 'buccaneer' than Irene should have allowed herself to be persuaded to marry Soames. When the architect and the beauty meet they recognize one another as kindred souls, instinctive enemies of the moneyed mediocrities around them, and alliance between the pair is almost inevitable.

I find Bosinney the least satisfactory character in the trilogy. Certain traits but half revealed make one inclined to like him; and I, for one, feel a certain disappointment at not being allowed to know him better, for he was an artist and an 'original.' His mysterious death in the fog seems appropriate to one so nebulous himself; but I wish he could have been spared a little longer.

A character of extraordinary consistency and sustained interest is that of Soames, who never disappoints one, even for a moment. He is indeed superbly drawn. While the others die off one by one—even old Timothy, who 'reaches three figures,'

as the cricket reporters say, cannot last for ever—'The Man of Property' survives all his disappointments and troubles and seems almost as strong as ever at the end. One is really glad to find him staying the course, after a second unsatisfactory marriage experience. Having at length, after twelve years, got free by divorcing Irene—not on poor Bosinney's account, but with his cousin, young Jolyon, of all people, as co-respondent—Soames takes to wife Annette, daughter of Madame Lamotte, whose acquaintance he has made at their restaurant in Soho—the region which, as he remarks, 'always gave him a feeling of property improperly owned.'

He had a good deal of trouble in finding evidence sufficient to get him his divorce, and some of his efforts to procure it provide perhaps the finest of the numberless fine touches of comedy in which the book abounds. His experiences with the detective agency, for example. Seven months, at fifteen pounds a week! It's an expensive business, he finds, especially when the young woman who is 'shadowing' Irene in Paris can find nothing worth reporting in that time. So Soames goes across himself, not so much to get evidence as to make a last effort to induce his wife—for such she still is—to return to him, 'and no questions asked.' She refuses absolutely to have anything to do with him; so he writes her a letter the same day and, to save time, takes it to her hotel himself and leaves it in her room. When he comes down he is told that Irene has just left.

So he returns to London, utterly disgusted, but now fully resolved to marry Annette at the earliest possible moment. He is hardly back before Mr. Polteel, the detective agency man arrives, full of importance. At last he has got what they want, and he proceeds to read the latest information received from the 'shadow' in Paris. She has seen another 'party' with Irene—young Jolyon, her trustee under his father's will, was the first—and can swear to having seen him coming out of her bedroom at ten o'clock at night.

"Who is this new person?" asked Soames abruptly.

"That we don't know. She'll swear to the fact, and she's got his appearance pat."

Mr. Polteel took out a letter, and began reading:

"'Middle-aged, medium height, blue dittoes in afternoon, evening dress at night, pale, dark hair, small dark moustache, flat cheeks, good chin, grey eyes, small feet, guilty look——'"

Soames rose and went to the window. He stood there in sardonic fury. Congenital idiot—spidery, congenital idiot! Seven months at fifteen pounds a week—to be tracked down as his own wife's lover! 'Guilty look!' He threw the window open.

"It's hot," he said, and came back to his seat. Crossing his knees, he bent a supercilious glance on Mr. Polteel.

"I doubt if that's quite good enough," he said, drawling the words, "with no name or address. I think you may let that lady have a rest, and take it up at this end." Whether Polteel had spotted him, he could not tell, but he had a vision of him in the midst of his cronies dissolved in inextinguishable laughter. 'Guilty look——on!

Here's the true playwright touch. What a 'curtain'!

By now we have journeyed far into In Chancery, before the end of which Soames has got his decree and has married the placid business-like, very French young woman Annette. He had already bought the Soho restaurant, and put in a manager. Of course it was impossible for his wife's mother to live 'over the business,' in the changed conditions.

Young Jolyon and Irene also are wedded, and, both having had their fill of excitement this is Jolyon's third experience of marriage are perfectly happy. Soon they have a son—Jolyon, which quickly becomes Jon. A few months later Annette presents Soames with a child—the first and last. Of course, it is a girl, because Soames would have given half he possessed for a son! Irene has borne the male child to his rival—'that fellow Jolyon.' But there is some consolation for Soames. It's only a daughter—but at any rate, she is *his*. They call the dark-eyed, sweet thing Fleur.

In less than twenty years the Fates have willed that Jon and Fleur shall meet, and love. They are, of course, 'a pair of star-crossed lovers,' and I think someone should have made it his or her business to tell them sooner what Jon's father tells them later—the whole story of Irene's divorce, etc., of which the young people had been kept in ignorance. Fleur,

it will be remarked, is much less impressed by the old scandal than is Jon; but the boy so loves the girl that he would probably have married her, *coûte que coûte*, were it not for Irene, his mother. His devotion to her just turns the scale against Fleur, who has to console herself with Michael Mont, a future baronet, and altogether a shrewd, alert, decent fellow—a typical modern product.

SOAMES parts with his one child very reluctantly. Annette has not turned out to be an ideal wife by any means; but since she has served her purpose in giving him Fleur, 'The Man of Property' cares mighty little how his rather sulky, indifferent spouse flirts and gads about with the wealthy Belgian loafer, Prosper Profond. Fleur, who knows her mother, has no real home life; better, Soames regretfully concludes, that she should settle down in a place of her own.

So Fleur and Mont became man and wife, with the ceremony at St. George's, Hanover Square. At the ensuing reception nearly all the surviving members of the Forsyte family, with Michael Mont's parents and sundry friends and relatives, are gathered together, and soon 'the room was full of the bubble and squeak of conversation.' To the surprise of many, June appeared, weirdly dressed in a djibbah, an oldish woman now, with streaks of white in the red hair.

When 'going-away' time drew near, Fleur asked June to go upstairs with her while she changed her dress.

June sat down on the bed, thin and upright, like a little spirit in the sear and yellow. Fleur locked the door.

"I suppose you think me a fool," she said, with quivering lips, "when it was to have been Jon? But what does it matter? Michael wants me, and I don't care. It'll get me away from home." Diving her hand into the frills on her breast, she brought out a letter. "Jon wrote me this."

June read: "Lake Okanagen, British Columbia. —I'm not coming back to England. Bless you always.—Jon."

"She's made safe, you see," said Fleur.

June handed back the letter.

"That's not fair to Irene," she said; "she always told Jon he could do as he wished."

Fleur smiled bitterly.

"Tell me, didn't she spoil your life, too?"

June looked up.

"Nobody can spoil a life, my dear. That's nonsense. Things happen, but we bob up."

With a sort of terror she saw the girl sink on her knees and bury her face in the djibbah. A strangled sob mounted to June's ears.

"It's all right—all right," she murmured. "Don't! There, there!"

But the point of the girl's chin was pressed even closer into her thigh, and the sound of her sobbing was dreadful.

"Don't sit down under it, my dear," said June at last. "We can't control life, but we can fight it. Make the best of things; I've had to. I held on, like you; and I cried, as you're crying now. And look at me!"

Fleur raised her head; a sob merged suddenly into a little choked laugh.

"All right!" she said. "I'm sorry. I shall forget him, I suppose, if I fly fast and far enough."

And, scrambling to her feet, she went over to the wash-stand.

"Give me a kiss," said June, when Fleur was ready, and dug her chin into the girl's warm cheek

"I want a whiff," said Fleur; "don't wait."

In the hall Fleur turned her lips up to her father, and pressed them in the middle of his cheek.

"Daddy," she said, and was past and gone.

Daddy! She hadn't called him that for years!

Soames stood on the bottom step but three, whence he could see above the heads—the silly hats and heads. They were in the car now; and there was that stuff showering, and there went the shoe. A flood of something welled up in Soames, and—he didn't know—he couldn't see!

I CONFESS to a feeling akin to sadness at reaching the end of this long, long story, all redolent of the good old Victorian times, at which it is the fashion to laugh nowadays. And I regret that in this inadequate study of what I have not the slightest doubt is a great and an enduring work of art it has been impossible to convey more than a suggestion of its rich and abundant qualities. Here, one feels, is something really, essentially English—something those of us who have lived as long as Mr. Galsworthy, or perhaps a little longer, know to be true. Here, in these pages, is crystallised a phase of London life that deserved preservation. It needed a master hand to shape this matter, *au travail rebelle*, into the shapely, meaning thing which is this Forsyte Saga—surely one of the most notable achievements in letters that recent years have seen.

EPICTETUS
DISCOURSES AND ENCHEIRIDION

THE Stoic philosopher Epictetus, born at Hierapolis, in Phrygia, about A.D. 50, was at first a slave at Rome, and on being freed devoted himself to philosophy. The year of his death is unknown. He lived and taught at Nicopolis in Epirus from about A.D. 90 to A.D. 138. He left no works, but his utterances were collected in four books of Discourses or Dissertations by his pupil and friend Arrian. In the Encheiridion Epictete—a Handbook to Epictetus compiled and condensed from the chaos of the almost verbatim Discourses—Arrian gives the most authentic account of the philosophy of the Greek and Roman Stoics, the sect founded by Zeno about 300 years before the Christian era. Arrian himself was born about A.D. 90 at Nicomedia. He wrote in the style of Xenophon the Anabasis of Alexander, a book on Tactics, and several histories which have been lost. He died about A.D. 180. The Discourses and Encheiridion (chiefly), both of which have been drawn upon in the following selections, are published in the Temple Classics and in the Scott Library.

I—Of the Will and of God



THE reasoning faculty alone considers both itself and all other powers, and judges of the appearance of things. And, as was fit, this most excellent and superior faculty, the faculty of a right use of the appearances of things, is that alone which the gods have placed in our own power, while all the other matters they have placed not in our power. Was it because they would not? I rather think that if they could, they had granted us these, too; but they certainly could not. For, placed upon earth, and confined to such a body and such companions, how was it possible that we should not be hindered by things without us?

But what says Jupiter? 'O Epictetus, if it were possible, I had made this little body and possession of thine free, and not liable to hindrance. But now do not mistake: it is not thine own, but only a finer mixture of clay. Since, then, I could not give thee this, I have given thee a certain portion of myself—this faculty of exerting the powers of pursuit and avoidance, of desire and aversion and, in a word, the use of the appearances of things. Taking care of this point, and making what is thy own to consist in this, thou wilt never be restrained, never be hindered; thou wilt not groan, wilt not complain, wilt not flatter anyone. How then! Do all these advantages seem small to thee? Let them suffice, and thank the gods.'

But now, when it is in our power to take care of one thing, and apply ourselves to it, we choose rather to encumber ourselves with many—body, property, brother, friend, child, slave and thus we are burdened and weighed down. When the weather happens not to be fair for sailing, we sit screwing ourselves and perpetually looking out for the way of the wind.

What then is to be done?

To make the best of what is in our power, and take the rest as it naturally happens.

And how is that?

As it pleases God.

To a reasonable creature, that alone is unsupportable which is unreasonable; everything reasonable may be supported. When Vespasian had sent to forbid Priscus Helvidius going to the senate, he said, "It is in your power to prevent my continuing a senator, but while I am one I must go."

"Well, then, at least be silent there."

"Do not ask my opinion, and I will be silent."

"But I must ask it."

"And I must speak what appears to me to be right."

"But if you do I will put you to death."

"Did I ever tell you that I was immortal? You will do your part, and I mine; it is yours to kill, and mine to die intrepid; yours to banish me, mine to depart untroubled."

What good, then, did Priscus do, who was but a single person? Why, what good does the purple do to the garment? What

but the being a shining character in himself, and setting a good example to others? Another, perhaps, if in such circumstances Caesar had forbidden his going to the senate, would have said, 'I am obliged to you for excusing me.' But such a one Caesar would not have forbidden, well knowing that he would either sit like a statue, or, if he spoke, would say what he knew to be agreeable to Caesar.

Only consider at what price you sell your own will and choice, man—if for nothing else, that you may not sell it for a trifle.

If a person could be persuaded, as he ought, of this principle, that we are all originally descended from God, and that He is the Father of gods and men, I conceive he never would think meanly or degenerately concerning himself. Suppose Caesar were to adopt you, there would be no bearing your haughty looks. Will you not be elated on knowing yourself to be the son of Jupiter, of God Himself? Yet, in fact, we are not elated; but having two things in our composition, intimately united, a body in common with the brutes, and reason and sentiment in common with the gods, many of us incline to this unhappy and mortal kindred, and only some few to the divine and happy one.

By means of this animal kindred some of us, deviating towards it, become like wolves, faithless and insidious and mischievous; others like lions, wild and savage and untamed; but most of us like foxes, wretches even among brutes. For what else is a slanderous and ill-natured man than a fox, or something still more wretched and mean?

To Triptolemus all men have raised temples and altars, because he gave us a milder kind of food; but to Him who has discovered and communicated to all the truth, the means not of living but of living well, who ever raised an altar or built a statue?

If what philosophers say of the kindred between God and man be true, what has anyone to do but, like Socrates, when he is asked what countryman he is, never to say that he is a citizen of Athens, or of Corinth, but of the world? Why may not he who has learnt that from God the seeds of being are descended, not only to my father or grandfather, but to all things that are produced and born on the earth—and especially to rational natures, as they alone are qualified to partake of a communication with the Deity, being connected with Him by reason—why may not such a one call himself a citizen of the world? Why not a son of God? And why shall he fear anything that happens among men? Shall kindred to Caesar enable a man to live secure, above contempt and fear; and shall not the having God for our Maker and Father and Guardian free us from griefs and terrors?

II—The Citizen of the World and His High Calling

You are a distinct portion of the essence of God, and contain a certain part of Him in yourself. Why do not you consider whence you came? You carry a god about with you, wretch, and know nothing of it. Do you suppose I mean some god without you, of gold or silver? It is within yourself you carry Him, and profane Him, without being sensible of it, by impure thoughts and unclean actions. If even the image of God were present, you would not dare to act so; when God Himself is within you, and hears and sees all, are not you ashamed to think and act thus, insensible of your own nature and hateful to God?

You are a citizen of the world, and a part of it; not a subservient, but a principal part. You are capable of comprehending the divine economy and of considering the connexions of things. What, then, does the character of a citizen promise? To hold no private interest, to deliberate of nothing as a separate individual, but like the hand or the foot, which, if they had reason, and comprehended the constitution of nature, would never pursue, or desire, but with a reference to the whole.

'Ah, when shall I see Athens and the citadel again?'

Wretch, are not you contented with what you see every day? Can you see anything better than the sun, the moon, the stars, the whole earth, the sea? If, besides, you comprehend Him who administers the whole, and carry Him about in yourself,

do you still long after pebbles and a fine rock?

Boldly make a desperate push, man, for prosperity, for freedom, for magnanimity. Lift up your head at last as free from slavery. Dare to look up to God, and say, 'Make use of me for the future as Thou wilt. I am of the same mind; I am equal with Thee. I refuse nothing which seems good to Thee. Lead me whither Thou wilt. Clothe me in whatever dress Thou wilt. Is it Thy will that I should be in a public or a private condition, dwell here or be banished, be poor or rich? Under all these circumstances I will make Thy defence to men. I will show what the nature of everything is.' No, rather sit alone in a warm place, and wait till your nurse comes to feed you. If Hercules had sat loitering at home, what would he have been? You are not Hercules, to extirpate the evils of others. Extirpate your own, then. Expel grief, fear, desire, envy, malevolence, avarice, effeminacy, intemperance, from your mind.

But these can be no otherwise expelled than by looking up to God alone as your pattern and being consecrated to His commands. If you wish for anything else, you will, with sighs and groans, follow what is stronger than you, always seeking prosperity without, and never finding it. For you seek it where it is not, and neglect to seek it where it is.

III—Of Surrender to the Will of God

HAVE I ever been restrained from what I willed? Or compelled against my will? How is this possible? I have arranged my pursuits under the direction of God. Is it His will that I should have a fever? It is my will too. Is it His will that I should pursue anything? It is my will too. Is it His will that I should desire? It is my will too. Is it His will that I should obtain anything? It is mine too. Is it not His will? It is not mine. Is it His will that I should be tortured? Then it is my will to be tortured. Is it His will that I should die? Then it is my will to die.

He has given me whatever depends upon choice. The things in my power He has made incapable of hindrance or restraint. But how could He make a body of clay incapable of hindrance? Therefore He hath subjected my body, possessions, furniture, house, children, wife, to the revolution of the universe. He who gave takes away. For whence had I these things when I came into the world?

'But I would enjoy the feast still longer.'

So perhaps would the spectators at Olympia see more combatants. But the solemnity is over. Go away. Depart like a grateful and modest person; make room for others.

Do not you know that sickness and death must overtake us? At what employment? The husbandman at his plough; the sailor on his voyage. At what employment would you be taken? At what employment ought you to be taken? If there is any better employment at which you can be taken, follow that.

For my own part, I would be engaged in nothing but the care of my own faculty of choice, how to render it undisturbed, unrestrained, uncompelled, free. I would be found studying this, that I may be able to say to God, 'Have I transgressed Thy commands? Have I perverted the powers, the senses, the preconceptions which Thou hast given me? Have I ever accused Thee or censured Thy dispensations? I have been sick, because it was Thy pleasure. I have been poor, with joy. I have not been in power, because it was not Thy will, and power I have never desired. Have I not always approached Thee cheerfully, prepared to execute Thy commands? Is it Thy pleasure that I depart from this assembly? I depart. I give Thee thanks that Thou hast thought me worthy to have a share in it with Thee; to behold Thy works, and to join with Thee in comprehending Thy administration.'

Let death overtake me while I am thinking, writing, reading such things as these. Of things, some are in our power, others not. In our power are opinion, pursuit, desire, accession; in a word, whatever are our own actions. Not in our power are body, property, reputation, command; in a word, whatever are not our own actions.

Now, the things in our power are free, unrestrained, unhindered, while those not

in our power are weak, slavish, restrained, belonging to others. Remember, then, that if you suppose these latter things free, and what belongs to others your own, you will be hindered; you will lament; you will be disturbed; you will find fault with both gods and men. But if you regard that only as your own which is your own, and what is others' as theirs, no one will ever compel you; no one will restrain you; you will find fault with no one; you will accuse no one; you will do nothing against your will; you will have no enemy and will suffer no harm.

Aiming, therefore, at great things, remember that you must not allow yourself to be carried out of your course, however slightly.

Study to be able to say to every hostile appearance, 'You are but an appearance, and not the thing you appear to be.' Then examine it by your rules, and first and chiefly by this: whether it concerns the things in your own power or those which are not. And if it concerns anything not in your own power, be prepared to say it is nothing to you.

With regard to whatever objects either delight the mind, or contribute to use, or are loved with fondness, remember to tell yourself of what nature they are, beginning from the most trifling things. If you are fond of an earthen cup, remind yourself it is an earthen cup of which you are fond; thus, if it be broken, you will not be disturbed. If you kiss your child, or your wife, remember you kiss a being subject to the accidents of humanity; thus you will not be disturbed if either die.

MEN are disturbed, not by things, but by their own notions regarding them.

Be not elated over excellences not your own. If a horse should be elated and say, 'I am handsome,' it would be supportable. But when you are elated and say, 'I have a handsome horse,' you are elated on what is, in fact, only the good of the horse.

Require not things to happen as you wish, but wish them to happen as they do happen. Then all will go well.

In every happening, inquire of your mind how to turn it to proper account

Never say of anything 'I have lost it,' but 'I have restored it.' Is your child dead? It is restored. Is your wife dead? She is restored. Is your estate taken away from you? Well, and is not that likewise restored? 'But he who took it away is a bad man.' What is it to you by whose hands He who gave it hath demanded it again? While He gives you to possess it, take care of it, but as of something not your own, like a passenger in an inn.

IV—Of Tranquillity and the Means Thereto

IF you would improve, lay aside such reasonings as prevent tranquillity. It is better to die with hunger, exempt from grief and fear, than to live in affluence with perturbation. It is better your servant should be bad than you unhappy. Is a little oil spilt? A little wine stolen? Say to yourself, 'This is the purchase paid for peace, for tranquillity, and nothing is to be had for nothing.' When you call your servant, consider it possible he may not come at your call; or if he doth, that he may not do what you would have him do. He is not of such importance that it should be in his power to disturb you.

Be content to be thought foolish and stupid with regard to externals and unessentials. Do not wish to be thought to know. And though you appear to others to be somebody, distrust yourself. For be assured it is not easy at once to preserve your faculty of choice in a state conformable to nature and to secure externals, since while you are careful of the one you will neglect the other.

Behave in life as at an entertainment. Is anything brought round to you? Put out your hand and take your share, with moderation. Doth it pass by you? Do not stop it. Is it not yet come? Do not stretch forth your desire towards it, but wait till it reaches you. Thus do with regard to children, to a wife, to public posts, to riches, and you will be, some time or other, a worthy partner of the feasts of the gods. And if you do not so much as take the things set before you, but are able even to despise them, then you will not only be a partner of the gods' feasts, but of their empire.

Remember that you are an actor in a drama, of such a kind as the Author

pleases to make it. If short, of a short one; if long, of a long one. If it be His pleasure you should act a poor man, a cripple, a governor, or a private person, see that you act it naturally. For this is your business, to act well the character assigned you; to choose it is another's.

To me all the portents are lucky, if I will. For whatever happens, it is in my power to derive advantage from it.

Remember that not he who gives ill language or a blow affronts, but the principle which represents these things as affronting. When, therefore, anyone provokes you, be assured that it is your own opinion which provokes you. Try first not to be hurried away with the appearance. For if you once gain time and respite you will more easily command yourself.

BE assured that the essential property of piety towards the gods is to form right opinions concerning them as existing and as governing the universe with goodness and justice. Fix yourself in the resolution to obey them, and yield to them, and willingly follow them in all events, as produced by the most perfect understanding. Thus you will never find fault with the gods, nor accuse them of neglecting you.

And it is not possible for this to be effected any other way than by withdrawing yourself from things not in your own power and placing good or evil in those only which are. For if you suppose any of the things not in your own power to be either good or evil, when you are disappointed at what you wish, or incur what you would avoid, you must necessarily find fault with and blame the authors.

Be for the most part silent, or speak merely what is necessary. We may sparingly enter into discourse when occasion calls for it, but not on vulgar topics of gladiators, horse-races, feasts and so on; above all, not of men, so as either to blame, praise, or make comparisons.

If anyone tells you such a person speaks ill of you, make no excuses but answer, 'He does not know my other faults, or he would not have mentioned only these.'

When you do anything from a clear judgement that it ought to be done, never shun the being seen to do it, even though the world should make a wrong supposition about it. For if you do not act right, shun the action itself; and if you do, why be afraid of mistaken censure?

When any person does ill by you, or speaks ill of you, remember that he acts or speaks from a supposition of its being his duty. Now, it is not possible that he should follow what appears right to you, but what appears so to himself. Therefore, if he misjudges, he is the person hurt, for he is the one deceived. Meekly bear, then, a person who reviles you, for you will say upon every occasion, 'It seemed so to him.'

The condition and characteristic of a vulgar person is that he never expects either benefit or hurt from himself, but from externals. The condition and characteristic of a philosopher is that he expects all hurt and benefit from himself. The marks of a proficient are that he censures no one, praises no one, blames no one, accuses no one, says nothing concerning himself as being anybody or knowing anything; when he is hindered or restrained, he accuses himself; when praised, he secretly laughs; if censured, he makes no defence. He suppresses all desire; transfers his aversion to things only which thwart the proper use of his own will; is gentle in all exercise of his powers; and does not care if he appears stupid or ignorant, but watches himself as an enemy.

WHATEVER rules of life you have deliberately proposed to yourself, abide by them as laws; and let whatever appears to you to be the best be to you an inviolable law. Socrates became perfect, improving himself in everything by attending to reason only. And though you be not yet a Socrates, live as one who would become a Socrates.

Upon all occasions we ought to have ready at hand these three maxims:

> Conduct me, God, and thou, O Destiny,
> Wherever your decrees have fixed my station.
> I follow cheerfully. And did I not,
> Wicked and wretched, I must follow still.

> Whoe'er yields properly to Fate is deemed
> Wise among men and knows the law of heaven.

'O Crito, if it thus pleases the gods, thus let it be. Anytus and Melitus may kill me indeed, but hurt my soul they cannot.'

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

IT has been conjectured that A Midsummer Night's Dream was written to celebrate the marriage of some exalted personage at Elizabeth's Court, and the play belongs to the winter of 1594. Hints of its plots and characters have been traced to a number of sources, notably to Montemayor's Diana and Chaucer's Knight's Tale. There is some proof that it was played before Elizabeth, as the phrases extolling 'single blessedness,' and the 'fair vestal throned by the west' suggest. 'As You Like It,' says Taine, 'is half-dream. A Midsummer Night's Dream is a complete one. It does not brim over in slight conversations, in supple prose; it breaks forth in rhyming odes, dressed in magnificent metaphors sustained by impassioned accents such as a warm night, odorous and star-spangled, inspires in a poet who loves. Nothing causes us ever to fall from the ideal world in which Shakespeare conducts us.' A notable revival was that which took place at Drury Lane in the winter of 1924 when the play was given with Mendelssohn's music.

-PERSONS IN THE PLAY-

Theseus, Duke of Athens
Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus
Lysander } in love with Hermia
Demetrius }
Helena, in love with Demetrius
Oberon, King of the Fairies
Titania, Queen of the Fairies
Puck, or Robin Good-fellow
Athenian Workmen, Fairies
Hermia, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander

SCENE---Athens and a Wood near it.

First Act

A Room in the Palace of Theseus



THESEUS: Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes!

Hippolyta: Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The.: Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments.

[*Exit* **Philostrate.** *Enter* **Egeus, Hermia, Lysander** and **Demetrius. Hermia** loves **Lysander,** who returns her love. **Helena,** her friend, loves **Demetrius,** who loves **Hermia. Egeus,** who wishes his daughter to marry **Demetrius,** accuses **Lysander** of bewitching **Hermia.** He claims that if **Hermia** refuses to wed **Demetrius,** he may dispose of her according to the law of Athens. **Hermia** appeals to **Theseus** to tell her the worst that may befall her.]

The.: Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mewed,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessèd they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distilled
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

[**Theseus,** deaf to the appeals of **Hermia** and **Lysander,** who declares **Demetrius** made love to **Helena,** bids **Egeus** and **Demetrius** to go with him and **Hippolyta** to discuss their nuptial. *Exeunt* all but **Lysander** and **Hermia.**]

Lysander: How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her.: Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys.: Ay me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.
Hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night,
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn in May,
There will I stay for thee.

[**Hermia** swears to keep troth. **Helena** enters. They tell their plan to her, and wish her well with **Demetrius.** But **Helena** secretly decides to tell the plan to **Demetrius** and to follow him to the wood. The scene changes to the house of **Peter Quince** the carpenter. **Quince, Nick**

Bottom the weaver, **Francis Flute** the bellows-mender, **Robin Starveling** the tailor, **Tom Snout** the tinker, and **Snug** the joiner, resolve to produce the play of Pyramus and Thisbe to grace the wedding feast of **Theseus.**]

Quince : You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bottom : What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. : A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. : That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms. I will condole in some measure. Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant. I could play Ercles rarely.

[**Flute** is given the part of **Thisbe**; **Starveling** that of **Thisbe's** mother; **Snout** that of **Pyramus's** father. **Quince** chooses for himself the part of **Thisbe's** father and allots to **Snug** the lion's part. **Bottom** desires to play **Thisbe.**]

Snug : Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin : You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. : Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will make the duke say, 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

Quin. : An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All : That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. : I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. : You can play no part but Pyramus.—for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man—a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day;—a most lovely, gentleman-like man:—therefore, you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. : Well, I will undertake it.

[That they be not dogged with company and their devices known, Quince bids his companions con carefully their parts and meet him tomorrow night at the duke's oak in the palace wood, there to rehearse by moonlight.]



HELENA AND HERMIA IN EGEUS'S GARDEN

From the painting by Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A.

Second Act

A Wood near Athens

PUCK : How now, spirit, whither wander you?

Fairy : Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
And I serve the fairy queen.

Puck : The king doth keep his revels here tonight:
Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king.
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train.
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square, that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups and hide them there.

Fai. : Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Called Robin Good-fellow.

Puck : Fairy, thou speak'st aright ;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
But room now, Fairy ; here comes Oberon.
Fai. : And here my mistress.—Would that he were gone
[*Enter* **Oberon** *and* **Titania,** *with their trains.*
Oberon : Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.
Titania : What, jealous Oberon ! Fairies, skip hence :
I have forsworn his bed and company. [lord ?
Obe. : Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy
Tita. : Then I must be thy lady.

[**Titania** upraids **Oberon** with the ' forgeries of jealousy ' and its results.]

Tita. : The spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries ; and the mazèd world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which.
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension.
Obe. : Do you amend it, then ; it lies in you.
Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.
Tita. : Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order ;
And for her sake I do rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.
Obe. : How long within this wood intend you stay ? [day.
Tita. : Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us ;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.
Obe. : Give me that boy, and I will go with thee. [away !
Tita. : Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies,
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.
[*Exit* **Titania** *with her train.*
Obe. : Well, go thy way : thou shalt not from
Till I torment thee for this injury.— [this grove
My gentle Puck, come hither : thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music——
Puck : I remember.
Obe. : That very time I saw—but thou couldst not—
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed ; a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west ;
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it Love-in-idleness. [once :
Fetch me that flower ; the herb I showed thee
The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb ; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.
Puck : I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

[Demetrius enters the wood, followed by **Helena.** **Demetrius** reproaches **Helena** for following him. He runs away, saying he will leave her to the mercy of the wild beasts. **Oberon** listens, moved by sympathy for **Helena.** **Puck** re-enters.]

Obe. : Hast thou the flower there ? Welcome,
Puck : Ay, there it is. [wanderer.
Obe. : I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows ;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine :
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight ;
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove.
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth : anoint his eyes ;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on. [*Exeunt.*

[Elsewhere in the wood **Titania** is sung to sleep by the fairies. **Oberon** charms her eyes, saying,

What thou see'st when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true love take.]

[Weary with wandering, for they have lost their way, **Hermia** and **Lysander** sleep. Mistaking him for **Demetrius, Puck** charms **Lysander's** eyes. **Lysander** wakes and, seeing **Helena,** follows her.]

Hermia (*awaking alone*) : Lysander, look how I do quake with fear.
Methought a serpent ate my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.—
Lysander ! What, removed ? Lysander ! lord !—
What, out of hearing ? gone ? no sound, no word ?
Alack ! Where are you ? speak, an if you hear ;
Speak, of all loves ! I swoon almost with fear.
No ?—then I well perceive you are not nigh ;
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

Third Act

[**Peter Quince** and his companions meet in the wood to rehearse their play. **Bottom** leads in criticism and suggestion. Enter **Puck.**]

Puck : What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen ?
What, a play toward ? I'll be an auditor ;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

[**Puck** furnishes **Bottom** with an ass's head.]

Quince : Bless thee, Bottom ! bless thee ! thou art translated. [*Exit*

Bottom : I see their knavery. This is to make an ass of me ; to fright me. But I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings*

Titania (*awaking*) : What angel wakes me from my flowery bed ?

I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again :
Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note ;
So is mine eye enthrallèd to thy shape ; [me,
And thy fair virtue's force, perforce, doth move
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee

Bot : Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that : and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days.

Tita. : Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. : Not so, neither ; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. : Out of the wood do not desire to go :
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go [seed ' Pease-Blossom ' Cobweb ' Moth ' and Mustard
[*Enter* Four Fairies.

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman :
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes.
Come, wait upon him ; lead him to my bower
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye ;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower.
[*Exeunt*

Another part of the Wood.

[*Enter* Oberon

Oberon : I wonder, if Titania be awaked ;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye.
[*Enter* Puck

How now, mad spirit ?

Puck : My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour.
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene, and entered in a brake.
When I did him at this advantage take :
An ass's nowl I fixèd on his head :
When in that moment—so it came to pass—
Titania waked, and straightway loved an ass.

Obe. : This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latched the Athenian's eyes ?

Puck : I took him sleeping—that is finished too. [*Enter* Demetrius *and* Hermia.

Obe. : Stand close ; this is the same Athenian.

Puck : This is the woman ; but not this the man

[**Demetrius** declares his love for **Hermia.**]

Hermia : What's this to my Lysander ? where is he ?
Hast thou slain him then ?
And hast thou killed him sleeping ? O brave
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much ? [touch !
An adder did it ; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

[**Demetrius** protests his innocence, but **Hermia** flies from his 'hated presence.' **Demetrius,** concluding 'There is no following her in this fierce vein,' lies down to sleep. **Oberon,** upbraiding **Puck** for his misprision, bids him find **Helena** and bring her here.]

Puck : I go, I go ; look how I go :
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*

[**Oberon** squeezes the love-flower on **Demetrius's** eyelids. **Puck** re-enters to announce that **Helena** is near at hand, with the youth he had mistaken. 'Lord, what fools these mortals be !' he exclaims. **Lysander** and **Helena** enter. **Helena** thinks **Lysander** woos her in scorn. **Demetrius,** awaking under the influence of the love-flower, greets **Helena** as his love.]

Helena : O spite ! O hell ! I see, you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment
You both are rivals, and love Hermia ;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena :
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
[While **Demetrius** and **Lysander** dispute, Hermia enters.]

Her. : Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found ;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so ?

Lysander : Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go ? [my side ?

Her. : What love could press Lysander from

Lys. : Lysander's love, fair Helena [be.

Her. : You speak not as you think : it cannot

Helena : Lo, she is one of this confederacy !
Now I perceive they have conjoined all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me
Injurious Hermia ! most ungrateful maid !
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us—O, and is all forgot ?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence ?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needls created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition ;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem ;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?

Her. : I am amazed at your passionate words.
I scorn you not : it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. : Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face ?
And made your other love, Demetrius
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot—
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial ?

[Words grow more heated. **Hermia,** in turn, accuses **Helena** of stealing **Lysander's** heart. **Lysander** and **Demetrius** leave them to fight for love of **Helena.** When **Hermia** and **Helena**

have gone their several ways **Oberon** bids **Puck** cover the starry welkin with drooping fog; by counterfeiting their voices to lead the two testy rivals apart till they are overcome by sleep; and then to press the love-flower into **Lysander's** eyes, so that

When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision.

The Third Act closes with **Hermia** and **Helena, Lysander** and **Demetrius,** asleep in the wood.]

Fourth Act

[**Oberon** seeing **Bottom** asleep in **Titania's** arms, takes the charm from her eyes and the two are reconciled. The ass's head is taken from **Bottom.** To the sound of fairy music **Oberon** and **Titania** dance. The morning lark is heard. Exeunt fairies, leaving the five mortals in deep sleep. Horns sound. **Theseus** and **Hippolyta,** with **Egeus** and train, hunting in the wood, come upon the sleeping lovers. **Theseus** bids the huntsmen wake them with their horns. **Lysander** and the rest kneel to **Theseus.**]

Theseus: I pray you all, stand up.
I know, you two are rival enemies: [world?
How comes this gentle concord in the

[**Lysander** replies, half-sleeping, half-waking; then collects his thoughts.]

Lysander: I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

[**Egeus** appeals to the duke for the law upon **Lysander's** head.]

Demetrius: My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither followed them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power—
But by some power it is—my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betrothed ere I saw Hermia.

The.: Fair lovers, you are fortunately met.
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will,
For in the temple, by and by, with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us, to Athens. [*Exeunt.*

Bottom (*waking*): When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer—my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus'—— Hey, ho! Peter Quince! Flute! Snout! Starveling! God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep. I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream—past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke. [*Exit.*

[At Quince's house **Quince, Flute, Snout** and **Starveling** discuss **Bottom's** absence. *Enter* **Snug.**]

Snug: Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men. [*Enter* **Bottom.**

Bot.: Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what. The duke hath dined. Get your apparel together. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath, and I do not doubt, but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. [*Exeunt.*

Fifth Act

An Apartment in the Palace of **Theseus.**

[*Enter* **Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate,** Lords, and Attendants.

Hippolyta: 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

Theseus: More strange than true. I never may believe
These antick fables nor these fairy toys.
The lunatic, the lover and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt;
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, [heaven.
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

[*Enter* **Lysander, Hermia, Demetrius, Helena.**
Joy, gentle friends! Joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

Lysander: More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The.: Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
Call Philostrate.

Philostrate: Here, mighty Theseus.
There is a brief how many sports are ripe;
Make choice of which your highness will see first.
[*Giving a paper.*

The. (*reads*): 'The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death
Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary.'
That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.'
Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief!



TITANIA'S 'SWEET LOVE': NICK BOTTOM WITH THE ASS'S HEAD

From the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Phil. : A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.

The. : What are they that do play it? [here,

Phil. : Hard-handed men, that work in Athens
Which never laboured in their minds till now,

The. : I will hear that play:
For never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in; and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit* **Philostrate.**

Hip. : I love not to see wretchedness o'er-
And duty in his service perishing. [charged,

The. : Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Where I have come, great clerks have purposèd
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practised accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I picked a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

[Philostrate re-enters to announce the Prologue, represented by Quince, who describes the parts taken by the actors, and the play proceeds. At its close Bottom again assumes the part of spokesman.]

Bottom : Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

The. : No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse.
But come, your Bergomask. [*A dance.*
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time. [*Exeunt.*

[*Enter* **Puck,** *with a broom.*

Puck : Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide;
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

[*Enter* **Oberon** *and* **Titania,** *with their train.*

Oberon : Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier:
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Titania : First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note;
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

[*Song and dance.*

Obe. : Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait,
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace.

[*Exeunt.*

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

VANITY FAIR

A Novel Without a Hero

ALREADY known to a wide circle of readers by his contributions to Fraser's Magazine and to Punch—in which respectively Barry Lyndon and The Snobs of England appeared—Thackeray established his position alongside of Dickens in the front rank of English novelists with the publication of Vanity Fair, a Novel Without a Hero. It appeared in monthly instalments from January 1847 to July 1848 and captured the world by its truth to life, its grace and humour, and its warm and human moralising. It remains its author's supreme achievement in the class of fiction that reflects contemporary manners, providing him with material for measuring truths and values of human conduct and for declaring his faith that goodness, however it may be scorned, is its own sufficient reward. Outlines of Thackeray's later novels Pendennis, Esmond, The Virginians, and The Newcomes appear in later pages of *The World's Great Books*.

I—Miss Sharp Opens Her Campaign



ONE sunshiny morning in June there drove up to the great iron gate of Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies on Chiswick Mall a large family coach, with two fat horses in blazing harness.

"It is Mrs. Sedley's coach, sister," said Miss Jemima.

The day of departure had come, and Miss Amelia Sedley, an amiable young lady, was glad to go home, and yet woefully sad at leaving school. Miss Rebecca Sharp, whose father had been an artist, accompanied Amelia, to pass a week with her friend in Russell Square before she entered upon her duties as governess in Sir Pitt Crawley's family.

Thus the world began for these two young ladies. For Amelia it was quite a new, fresh, brilliant world, with all the bloom upon it. It was not quite a new one for Rebecca, who, before she came to the Mall as a governess-pupil, had turned many a dun away from her father's door. She had never been a girl, she said; she had been a woman since she was eight years old.

At Russell Square Rebecca saw the two magnificent Cashmere shawls which Joseph Sedley, of the East India Company's Civil Service, had brought home to his sister, and said, with perfect truth, that 'it must be delightful to have a brother,' and easily got the pity of the tender-hearted Amelia for being alone in the world.

A series of queries addressed to her friend brought Rebecca, who was but nineteen, to the following conclusion, 'As Mr. Joseph Sedley is rich and unmarried, why should I not marry him? I have only a fortnight, to be sure, but there is no harm in trying.' I don't think we have any right to blame her if Rebecca did set her heart upon the conquest of this beau, for she had no kind parent to arrange these delicate matters for her.

But Mr. Joseph Sedley—greedy, vain and cowardly—would not be brought up to the sticking-point. Young George Osborne, captain of the —th, old Sedley's godson, and the accepted lover of Amelia, thought Jos a milksop. He turned over in his mind, as the Sedleys did, the possibility of marriage between Jos and Rebecca and was not over well pleased that a member of a family into which he, George Osborne, was going to marry, should make a *mésalliance* with a little nobody—a little upstart governess.

Jos Sedley fled to Cheltenham, and Rebecca said in her heart, 'It was George Osborne who prevented my marriage.' And she loved George Osborne accordingly.

Miss Amelia would have been delighted that Joseph should carry back a wife to India. Old Mr. Sedley was neutral.

"Let Jos marry whom he likes," he said to his wife; "it's no affair of mine. This girl has no fortune; no more had Mrs. Sedley. She seems good-humoured and clever, and will keep him in order, perhaps.

Better she, my dear, than a black Mrs. Sedley and a dozen of mahogany grandchildren. As I am perfectly sure that if you and I and his sister were to die tomorrow, he would say, 'Good gad!' and eat his dinner just as well as usual, I am not going to make myself anxious about him. Let him marry whom he likes. It's no affair of mine."

If he had had the courage, Joseph Sedley's bachelorhood would have been at an end. He did not lie awake all night thinking whether or not he was in love with Miss Sharp—the passion of love never interfered with the appetite or the slumber of Mr. Joseph Sedley—but he thought to himself how delightful it would be to hear such songs as Miss Sharp could sing in India—what a *distinguée* girl she was—how she could speak French better than the Governor-General's lady herself—and what a sensation she would make at the Calcutta balls.

Then came an evening at Vauxhall, on which occasion Dobbin, George Osborne and Jos Sedley escorted Amelia and Rebecca, and the Indian civilian got hopelessly tipsy on a bowl of sack punch. The next morning, which Rebecca thought was to dawn upon her fortune, found Sedley groaning in agonies, soothing the fever of the night's potations with small beer—for soda-water was not invented yet.

George Osborne, calling upon him, so frightened the unhappy Jos with stories of his over-night performance that, instead of proposing marriage Jos Sedley hastened away to Cheltenham that day, sending a note to Amelia praying her to excuse him to Miss Sharp for his conduct.

It was now clear to every soul in the house, except poor Amelia, that Rebecca should take her departure, and accordingly she set out for the residence of Sir Pitt Crawley, Baronet, of Queen's Crawley, Hants. Sir Pitt had two sons by his first wife, Pitt and Rawdon; and by his second wife two daughters, for whose benefit Miss Rebecca Sharp was now engaged as governess. It will be seen that the young lady was come into a family of very genteel connexions, and was about to move in a much more distinguished circle than the one she had just quitted in Russell Square.

II—Two Marriages

BEFORE Rebecca had been a year at Queen's Crawley she had quite won the baronet's confidence. She was almost mistress of the house when Mr. Crawley, the precise elder son, was absent, but conducted herself in her new and exalted situation with such circumspection and modesty as not to offend the authorities of the kitchen and stable.

The elder and younger sons of the house of Crawley hated each other cordially, and Rawdon Crawley, who was in the heavy dragoons, seldom came to the place except when Miss Crawley paid her annual visit. The great good quality of this old lady was that she possessed seventy thousand pounds, and had almost adopted Rawdon.

Both Miss Crawley and Rawdon were charmed with Rebecca, and, on Lady Crawley's death, Sir Pitt said to his children's governess, "I can't get on without you. Come and be my wife. You're as good a lady as ever I see. Say yes, Becky. I'm good for twenty years. I'll make you happy, see if I don't."

Rebecca started back in consternation.

"Oh, Sir Pitt!" she said. "Oh, sir, I—I'm *married already!*"

. . . . . .

"Suppose the old lady doesn't come round, eh, Becky?" Rawdon said to his little wife, as they sat together in their snug Brompton lodgings a few weeks later.

"*I'll* make your fortune," she said.

But old Miss Crawley did not come round, and Captain Rawdon Crawley and Rebecca went to Brussels in June 1815 with the flower of the British army.

Another young married couple also went to Brussels at that time Captain George Osborne and Amelia his wife.

The landing of Napoleon at Cannes, on March 15, brought, amongst other things, ruin to the worthy old stockbroker, John Sedley, and the most determined and obstinate of his creditors was his old friend and neighbour, John Osborne, whom he had set up in life, and whose son was to marry his daughter, and who, consequently, had the intolerable sense of former benefits to goad and irritate him.

Amelia took the news very palely and calmly. A brutal letter from John Osborne told her in a few curt lines that all engagements between the families were at an end, and old John Sedley spoke with almost equal bitterness. No power on earth, he swore, would induce him to marry his daughter to the son of such a villain, and he ordered Emmy to banish George from her mind.

It was Captain William Dobbin who, having made up his mind that Miss Sedley would die of the disappointment, found himself the great promoter of the match between George Osborne and Amelia.

George Osborne parted in anger from his father.

"I ain't going to have any of this sentimental nonsense here, sir," old Osborne cried out at the end of the interview. "There shall be no beggar marriages in my family."

George told Dobbin what had passed between his father and himself.

"I'll marry her to-morrow," he said, with an oath. "I love her more every day, Dobbin."

So, on a gusty, raw day at the end of April, Captain Osborne and Captain Dobbin drove down to a certain chapel near the Fulham Road.

There was nobody in the church besides the officiating persons and the small marriage party and their attendants. Old Sedley would not be present. Jos Sedley acted for his father, giving away the bride, whilst Captain Dobbin stepped up as groomsman to his friend George.

"God bless you, old Dobbin,' George said, grasping him by the hand when they went into the vestry and signed the register. William only nodded his head; his heart was too full to say much.

Ten days later Dobbin came down to Brighton, where Captain Osborne and Amelia and the Rawdon Crawleys were enjoying themselves, with news. He had seen old Osborne, and tried to reconcile him to his son's marriage, with the result that he left the implacable old man in a fit. He had also learnt from his old colonel that in a day or two the army would get its marching orders for Belgium.

LITTLE AMELIA, it must be owned, had rather a mean opinion of her husband's friend, Captain Dobbin. He was very plain and homely-looking, and exceedingly awkward and ungainly. Not knowing him intimately as yet, she made light of honest William; and he knew her opinions of him quite well, and acquiesced in them very humbly. A time came when she knew him better and changed her notions regarding him; but that was distant as yet.

As for Rebecca, Captain Dobbin had not been two hours in the ladies' company before she understood his secret perfectly. She did not like him, and feared him privately. He was so honest that her arts did not affect him, and he shrank from her with instinctive repulsion.

On May 8 George Osborne received a letter from his father's lawyer, informing him that, 'in consequence of the marriage which he had been pleased to contract, Mr. Osborne ceases to consider him henceforth as a member of his family. This determination is final and irrevocable.'

Within a week of this epistle George Osborne and his wife, Dobbin, Jos Sedley and the Rawdon Crawleys were on their way to Brussels.

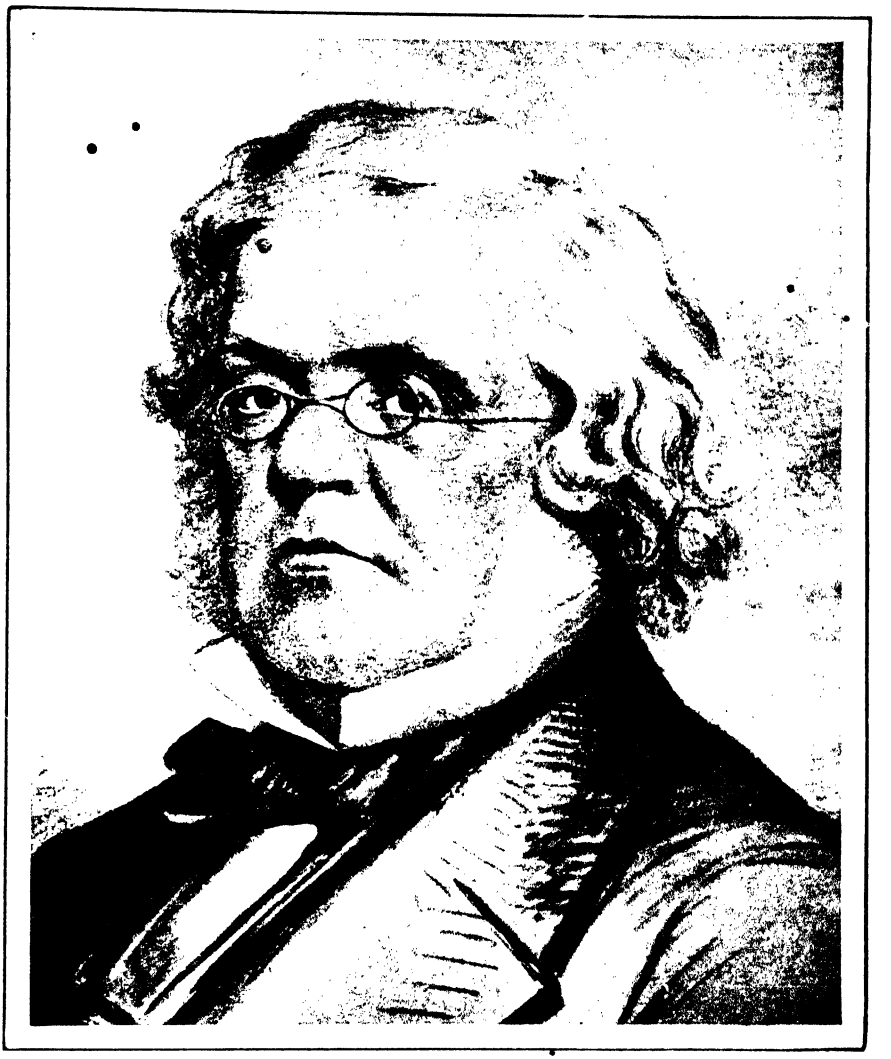
III—After Waterloo

ABOUT three weeks after June 18, Alderman Sir William Dobbin called at Mr. Osborne's house in Russell Square and insisted upon seeing him.

"My son," the alderman said, with some hesitation, "dispatched me a letter by an officer of the — th, who arrived in town to-day. My son's letter contains one for you, Osborne."

The letter was in George's well-known bold handwriting. He had written it before daybreak on June 16, just before he took leave of Amelia. The very seal that sealed it had been robbed from George's dead body on the field of battle. The father knew nothing of this, but sat and looked at the letter in terrified vacancy.

The poor boy's letter did not say much. He had been too proud to acknowledge the tenderness which his heart felt. He only said that on the eve of a great battle he wished to bid his father farewell, and



William Makepeace Thackeray was born at Calcutta July 18, 1811, only child of Richmond Thackeray, an Indian Civil Servant. He was educated at the Charterhouse and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar in 1831, but abandoned law for journalism, becoming a member of the staff of Fraser's Magazine, and a contributor to Punch, where his versatile genius found full play. His ultimate fame rests on his novels and especially on Vanity Vair, a masterpiece of fiction dealing with contemporary manners, and on Esmond, an incomparable picture of social life in the age of Queen Anne and the finest historical novel in English literature. One of the giants of English letters and the greatest of English satirists, Thackeray has to be considered in two aspects—as a great novelist in the direct succession to Fielding, whose detestation of falsity in character and sentiment he shared, and also as a great moral influence. He was the first novelist to introduce real philosophy into English fiction, and his novels are assured of permanence by the wisdom, kindliness and humanity of the philosophy, and the absolute fidelity of their presentation of life. Thackeray died December 24, 1863.



RAWDON CRAWLEY SURPRISES BECKY AND LORD STEYNE

From the drawing by Fred Pegram

solemnly to implore his good offices for the wife — it might be for the child — whom he left behind him. His English habit, pride, awkwardness perhaps, had prevented him from saying more. Mr. Osborne dropped it with the bitterest, deadliest pang of balked affection and revenge. His son was still beloved and unforgiven.

Two months afterwards an elaborate funeral monument to the memory of Captain George Osborne appeared on the wall of the church which Mr. Osborne attended, and in the autumn the old man went to Belgium.

Mr. Osborne made the journey of Waterloo and Quatre Bras soon after his arrival, and his carriage, nearing the gates of the city at sunset, met another open barouche, by the side of which an officer was riding. Osborne gave a start back; but Amelia, for it was she, though she stared blank in his face, did not know him. Her face was white and thin; her eyes were fixed, and looked nowhere. Osborne saw who it was, and hated her. He did not know how much until he saw her there. Her carriage passed on, and a minute afterwards a horse came clattering over the pavement behind Osborne's carriage, and Major Dobbin rode up.

"Mr. Osborne, Mr. Osborne!" cried Dobbin, while the other shouted to his servant to drive on. "I will see you. I have a message for you."

"From that woman?" asked Osborne.

"No, from your son." At which Osborne fell back into his carriage; and Dobbin followed him to his hotel and up to his apartments.

"I am here as your son's closest friend," said the major, "and the executor of his will. Are you aware how small his means were and of the straitened circumstances of his widow? Do you know, sir, Mrs. Osborne's condition? Her life and her reason have almost been shaken by the blow which has fallen on her. She will be a mother soon. Will you visit the parent's offence upon the child's head, or will you forgive the child for poor George's sake?"

Osborne broke out into a rhapsody of self-praise and imprecations. No father in all England could have behaved more generously to his son who had rebelled against him, and had died without even confessing he was wrong. As for himself, he had sworn never to speak to that woman or to recognize her as his son's wife.

There was no hope from that quarter, then. The widow must live on her slender pittance, or on such aid as Jos could give her. For six years Amelia did live on this pittance in shabby-genteel poverty, with her boy and her parents in Fulham. Dobbin and Jos Sedley were in India now, and old Sedley, always speculating in bootless schemes, once more brought ruin on his family.

Mr. Osborne had seen his grandson, and had formally offered to take the boy and make him heir to the fortune intended for his father. He would make Mrs. George Osborne an allowance such as to assure her a decent competency. But it must be understood that the child would live entirely with his grandfather in Russell Square, and that he would be occasionally permitted to see Mrs. George Osborne at her own residence.

At first Amelia rejected the offer with indignation. It was only on the knowledge that her father in his speculations had made away with the annuity from Jos that poverty made her capitulate. Her own pittance would barely enable her to support her parents and not suffice for her son.

"What! Mrs. Pride has come down, has she?" old Osborne said when, with a tremulous, eager voice Miss Osborne, the only unmarried daughter, read him Amelia's letter. "Reg'lar starved out, hey? Ha, ha! I knew she would."

A few days are past, and the great event of Amelia's life is consummated. The child is sacrificed and offered up to fate, and the widow is quite alone.

It was about this time when the Rawdon Crawleys, after contriving to live well on nothing a year for a considerable period, came to smash. Rawdon retired to the governorship of Coventry Island, a post procured for him by the influence of that great nobleman, the Marquis of Steyne, and who cared what became of Becky? It was said she went to Naples. Rawdon declined to be reconciled to her, having discovered that she had accepted money surreptitiously from Lord Steyne.

"If she's not guilty, she's as bad as guilty, and I'll never see her again - never!" he said.

IV—Colonel Dobbin Leaves the Army

GOOD fortune began to smile upon Amelia when Jos Sedley once more came back to England, a rich man, and with him Major Dobbin. But the round of decorous pleasures in which the Sedley family now indulged was soon broken by Mrs. Sedley's death, and old Sedley was not long in following his wife.

A change was coming over old Osborne's mind. He found that Major Dobbin was a distinguished officer, and one day, looking into his grandson's accounts, he learnt that it was out of William Dobbin's own pocket the fund had been supplied upon which the poor widow and the child had subsisted during the years of her poverty.

Then the pair shook hands, and after that the major would often come and dine at the gloomy old house in Russell Square. He tried to soften the old man and reconcile him towards his son's memory, and more than once Mr. Osborne asked him about Mrs. George Osborne. A reconciliation was announced as speedy and inevitable, when one morning old Osborne was found lying at the foot of his dressing-table in a fit. He never could speak again, and in four days he died.

When the will was opened, it was seen that half the property was left to his grandson George, and the remainder to two married daughters. An annuity of £500 was left to 'the widow of my beloved son, George Osborne,' who was to resume the guardianship of the boy, and Major William Dobbin was appointed executor.

That summer Major Dobbin and Jos Sedley escorted the widow and her boy to the Continent, and at Pumpernickel, in a happy valley in Germany, Jos renewed the acquaintance with Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, and, after a long and confidential talk, was convinced that Becky was the most virtuous, as she was one of the most fascinating, of women. Amelia was won over at the tale of Becky's sufferings, but Major Dobbin was obdurate. Amelia declined to give up Becky, and Major Dobbin said 'good-bye.'

Amelia didn't wish to marry him, but she wished to keep him, and his departure left her broken and cast down.

From Pumpernickel, Jos and Amelia were persuaded to go to Ostend, and here two ruffians, Major Loder and Captain Rook, easily got an introduction to Mr. Joseph Sedley's hospitable board.

Rebecca, to do her justice, never would let either of these men remain alone with Amelia. "She mustn't stop here," Becky reasoned with herself. "She must go away, the silly little fool. She is still whimpering after that gaby of a husband —'dead these fifteen years."

"Listen to me, Amelia," said Becky that same night; "you must go away from here. You are no more fit to live in the world than a baby in arms. You must marry, or you and your precious boy will go to ruin. You must have a husband, you fool; and one of the best gentlemen I ever saw has offered you a hundred times, and you have rejected him, you silly, heartless, ungrateful little creature."

"I—I wrote to him this morning," Emmy said, blushing exceedingly.

Two days later the English steamer came alongside the quay, and Dobbin stepped on to the shore.

"It was time you sent for me, dear Amelia," he said.

"You will never go again, William?"

"No, never!" he answered, and pressed the dear little soul to his heart.

Colonel Dobbin quitted the service immediately after his marriage and rented a pretty little place in Hampshire, not far from Queen's Crawley.

His Excellency Colonel Rawdon Crawley died of yellow fever at Coventry Island six weeks before the death of his brother, Sir Pitt, who had succeeded to the title.

Rebecca, Lady Crawley—so she called herself, though she never was *Lady* Crawley—has a liberal allowance, and chiefly hangs about Bath and Cheltenham, where a very strong party of excellent people consider her a most injured woman.

Ah—*Vanitas vanitatum!*—which of us is happy in this world?



AN EVENT SUNG BY OVID: APOLLO'S WOOING OF DAPHNE

From the painting by Henrietta Ray, by permission of the artist

OVID

THE METAMORPHOSES

Translated by Professor J. Wight Duff

BY the year A.D 8 Ovid was an established favourite as the popular poet of the smart set in Rome, but in the production of his The Art of Love the Emperor Augustus imagined that he detected influences that might have a pernicious effect on the life of his city. Accordingly, when the poet became involved in a court intrigue the Emperor found in this sufficient cause for his banishment to a town on the Euxine shore. Before exile he had shown wonderful gifts in the Metamorphoses which he completed during his banishment. This work is a rich treasury of stories which has had an incalculable influence on art, particularly during the Renaissance. The translations here given include three passages from Professor Wight Duff's Literary History of Rome, with the permission of T. Fisher Unwin.

The Theme

OF shapes that suffered transformation strange
My Muse will sing. Ye gods, that miracles
Like these have wrought, inspire my great emprise,
Guiding my verse unbroken, from the birth
Of things primeval till Augustan times!

I—The Ages of the World



FIRST sprang the Golden Age, which of its will,
Without revenge or law, kept faith and right.
There was as yet no penalty, nor dread,
Nor threat of law on brazen tablet graved;
No helmet, neither sword; in peace secure,
Tribes spent their happy years, nor knew a foe.
By plough uncleft, earth yielded everything;
Content with food that grew without constraint,
Men picked hill-strawberries, or arbutus,
Cornels, or berries dark from bramble-bush,
Or acorns dropped from Jove's wide-spreading tree.
Spring reigned eternal: soft with genial breeze
The zephyrs fanned the flowers of seedless birth.
Soon, too, unploughed, the earth bore crops; and land,
Unfallowed, yet grew white with heavy corn.

With Saturn hurled to dark-some Tartarus.



PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO was born near Rome 43 B.C., and died at Tomi on the Black Sea, A.D. 18. Designed by his father for the study of law, he abandoned jurisprudence to cultivate his poetical talents. His popularity was enormous until his banishment from Rome, and his influence has proved to be immortal.

When Jove was lord, there came the Silver Age,
Worse than the Golden, yet outshining Brass
Jove shortened the unbroken spring of old
And with four seasons made the year complete.
Then first air glowed with droughty fervour parched;
Then first hung icicles by wind congealed;
And then man took to homes of caverns made,
Or fenced with shrubs, or twined with wattled reeds.
Then first the seed of crops in furrows long
Was laid, and oxen lowed beneath the yoke.

Third in succession was the Brazen Age,
Fiercer of soul, keener for rugged war,
But not guilt-stained. And last hard Iron came.
Straight burst upon an age of meaner vein
All wickedness. Shame fled with Truth and Faith;
Fraud took their place, and Guile and Stratagem,
And Violence and guilty Lust of Gain.
Men set their sails to winds which mariner
Knew not erewhile; trees, long on mountain-tops,
Now danced as keels on waters strange to them.

The teeming soil was asked for more than crops;
The very bowels of the earth were searched,
And riches hidden near the shades of hell
Dug out to lure man to iniquity.
Now baneful steel, and gold, more baneful still,
Came forth: and armed with both these weapons, War,
Who wields his clashing arms in bloody hand.
Spoil made a livelihood: nor guest from host,
Nor kin from kin was safe, when brothers strove.
Dread step-dames mix the lurid poison-draught:
Sons ask betimes how long their sires may live.
Kind duty lies o'erthrown, and, last of gods,
Doth Virgin Justice quit the blood-stained earth.

II—The Flood and the Re-peopling of Earth

THE wickedness of the Iron Age troubled not only earth but heaven. The giants rebelliously conspired to storm the high citadel of the gods, and the cruel treacheries of mankind determined Jupiter to destroy the human race under water. The sole survivors of the Deluge were Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha, who were oracularly instructed to renew the people of the world by 'casting their parents' bones behind them.' The 'bones of a parent' were interpreted to mean 'stones of the earth,' and the prophesied miracle was accomplished.]

Then with head veiled and raiment all ungirt
They cast the stones behind, as they were bid.
The stones—who shall believe, save that grey eld
Bears witness?—laid aside solidity
And as they softened, drew a new shape on.
Then bigger grown, with milder nature graced,
They seemed to shadow forth the form of man—
Not clearly yet, but as a statue might,
Of marble incomplete, or image rude.
Howbeit, what in them was filled with juice,
What earthly, was transformed to use of flesh;
What solid and unbendable, to bone.
Stones from the man's hands took the shape of males,
And what the woman cast renewed her kind.
Thence springs our race, hardened, inured to toil,
Bearing the proofs of stony origin.

III—Daphne Turned into a Bay Tree

PENEUS' daughter, Daphne, was the first Apollo loved, not with a passion blind, Chance-kindled, but by Cupid's anger wrought.
The Delian god, proud of his archery,
Saw Cupid bend his well strung bow, and said,
"Thou wanton boy, what mean those gallant arms,
Such harness as my shoulders well might wear?
For I can wound a quarry or a foe.
Content thee with thy torch to fare in quest
Of amours: lay no claim to my renown!"

Then Venus' son: "O Phoebus, let thy bow
Shoot all things, but 'tis mine to shoot at thee!"
He spake, and from his quiver drew a pair
Of diverse shafts: one makes, one frightens love.
The dart of love is golden, burnished sharp;
The other, blunt, with lead beneath the reed. [one
With one the Love-god shot the nymph; with
Transfixed Apollo's inmost heart; and straight
He is in love; *she* loathes a lover's name.
Full many suitors wooed her; whom she scorned,
And coy to man the pathless woodland ranged,
Unheeding what love is, what wedlock means.
Her sire said oft, "O daughter, thou must wed."
But hating, like a crime, the marriage-torch,
With fair face mantled in red modesty,
She threw fond arms around her father's neck,
And pleaded, "Father dear, grant me for aye
To live a maid. Such boon Diana won."

He doth comply; but thy sweet comeliness
Forbids thy hopes: it harms thee to be fair.
For Phoebus loves, and he would Daphne wed;
And what he would, he hopes: his oracles
For once do cheat the god of prophecy.
He sees her locks float careless o'er her neck,
And sighs, "What would they be, with care adorned?"
Sees eyes flash star-like, sees her pretty lips,
Which he is ill-contented but to see.
Swifter than wind, she flees from his appeal.
"O stay, Penean nymph: I am no foe.
Stay, nymph! So might a lamb flee from a wolf;
But love it is that prompteth my pursuit. [thorns
Ah, me! lest stumbling thou shouldst prick on
Feet that deserve no pain—and I the cause!
I am no shepherd boor; I have no flocks
To tend. Thou knowest not, rash maid,
Whom thou dost shun; and so thou shunnest me
Whom Delphi, Claros, Tenedos do own
For lord; and one whose sire is Jupiter."

More had he spoken, but in panic she
Fled from him with his pleading incomplete.
How lovely in her flight! The breezes tossed
Her flying raiment as they met her limbs.
But her pursuer, on love's wings sustained,
Gains on her, granting never a respite,
Till on her floating tresses he doth breathe.
Outworn she blenched, and prayed the River-god,
"O father, aid me, by thy stream divine!
O change my beauty that hath been too great!"

Scarce had she prayed when numbness seized her limbs;
A filmy bark her bosom soft enfolds;
Her hair to leaves, her arms to branches turn,
And feet so swift of late cling fast to roots.
Still Phoebus loves the tree; and, hand on stem,
Still feels a heart throb 'neath the new-grown bark,
Prints kisses on the wood, which seems to shrink.
"Since thou canst never be my bride," he cries,
"Thou shalt, O laurel, be my tree: my locks
Shall wear thee, and my harp and quiver, too.
Thou shalt attend the Roman generals
When gleeful shouts shall triumph celebrate,
And long processions throng the Capitol.
E'en as my head is young with locks unshorn,
So keep, my bay, thy leafage evergreen!"

IV—The Charioting of Phaethon

YOUNG Phaethon was one day taunted with his birth by one who asserted that his mother Clymene lied when she declared his father to be the Sun-god Apollo. The lad, being of too high spirit tamely to brook insult, determined to learn the truth. Into the glorious palace of the Sun he made his way, and entered Apollo's presence.]

In purple raiment clad, the Sun-god sat
On throne alit with brilliant emeralds.
To right and left were Day and Month and Year,
The Ages, and, at equal spaces, Hours. [blooms,
Fresh Spring stood wreathed in diadem of
And light-clad Summer chaplet-decked with grain;
There Autumn stood, with trodden grapes besmeared,
And icy Winter, white and rough of hair.
Midmost himself, the Sun did turn those eyes
Wherewith he seeth all upon the youth
Affrighted at the marvels of the scene,
And asks, "What brings thee here, my Phaethon,
My son, whom ne'er thy sire shall disavow."
The youth replied, "O universal light
Of this wide world O Phoebus, father mine,
Such pledges grant me as shall prove that I
Am thine own son, and clear my mind of doubt."
Then did his sire take flashing from his head
The sun-beam halo, called the youth to him,
And so, embracing, "Thou dost ill deserve,"
He cried, "that any should deny thee mine.
My Clymene hath truly told thy birth. [wilt
That thou mayst doubt no more, ask what thou
For boon. As witness of my words I name
That unseen lake by which a god doth swear!"
The oath scarce sworn, he begged his father's car—
For one day's full control and governance
Of those wing-footed chargers of the Sun!

[The father is appalled at the daring request. He argues with his boy. It is a wish beyond what is conceded to mortal nature. Apollo dwells on the frightful hazards of the dizzy course. His fatherhood should be evident from his affection for Phaethon:]

"True pledge thou seek'st: true pledge is in my [fear!"

[But the youth insists, and the resplendent equipage is harnessed for him. His father can but offer directions and admonitions:]

"Swerve upwards: thou wilt set all heaven afire,
Downwards: all earth! 'Tis safest in the midst."

[The imposing start is made. Then follows the frantic rush of the steeds, and the unaccustomed driver now blenches in dismay. He loses control of the sun chariot, which brings disastrous scorching and devastation upon many lands, till the agonised Earth-mother is impelled to implore Jove's intervention, and the supreme god, with a thunderbolt, hurls the offending charioteer to destruction.]

Then headlong down, his auburn hair ablaze
With flame, crashed Phaethon, and trailed in air
A track of light, as mayhap seems a star
From heaven to fall, e'en if it falleth not.
His body, reeking from the three-forked flash,
Found from the Naiads of Hesperia
Fit sepulture, and on his tomb was graved:
'Here lieth Phaethon, the charioteer
Of his sire's car, which though he failed to steer,
Yet failed he nobly from the lack of fear.'

V—Echo and Narcissus

NARCISSUS was a handsome but unimpressionable youth. One day the prattling nymph, Echo, saw him hunting deer and fell in love with him.]

She follows her Narcissus stealthily
And, as she follows, grows the more aflame,
Like the live sulphur smeared on torches' ends
That kindleth at the touch of fire. How oft
She longed with winning word to greet him, or
To utter prayer of love; but nature warred
The thought down, nor would let a maid begin.
Yet—what she may do—she will wait his call,
Ready with her responsive words. By chance
The youth one day was parted from his troop,
And shouted, "Ho! is no one near?" "One near,"
Fair Echo answered. In surprise he gazed
All round; then cried, "Come here!" "Come here!" she called.
Again he looks, and none appearing, shouts,
"Why do you hide from me?" The self-same words
Come back. Yet he persists—"O let us meet!"
Echo repeated sounds than which she could
Hear none more sweet, and suiting deed to word,
Ran from the wood to clasp him in her arms.
He fled, and as he fled, "Keep off!" he cried,
"Death take me e'er thou mayest have my love!"
"Thou mayest have my love!" was her reply.

[Scorned by him, Echo pines away for unrequited love, wasting into thin air, till only voice and bones are left.]

The voice remaineth; legend saith the bones
Took on themselves the texture of the rocks.

[But retribution awaited Narcissus. The prayer had been uttered that he also might be possessed by love hopelessly beyond all chance of return. It so happened that one day, wearied with the chase, the youth lay down beside a spring of sparkling water, silvery clear in the midst of the green forest. Here he was destined to fall in love with his own reflection.]

He yearned to quench his thirst; thirst grew afresh.
He drank, love-smitten with the image seen,
Enamoured of a bodiless hope. It looked

As if the water were alive. Himself,
In love with his own self, lay there unmoved
Of gaze, like Parian marble statuesque;
And saw, as in a mirror, two sweet eyes,
His own reflected, as it might be stars,
Saw locks for Bacchus or Apollo fit,
Saw his smooth cheeks and ivory neck and
charm
Of face where snowy whiteness mixed with red.
Unwitting, he desires himself, and is
His own admirer, wooed and wooing too!

[It is now his turn to waste away, slowly consumed by a passion for an unattainable beauty, which the waters always seem to sever from him. He becomes a mere shadow of his former self and moves even the pity of Echo, whom he spurned. She responds to his melancholy sighs and his melting words of farewell. At last the end comes.]

On the green sward he laid a weary head;
Death closed the eyes that loved their owner's
charm.

[But when the Naiads and Dryads came to pay due funeral rites to the beautiful Narcissus,]

No corse was anywhere: they found a flower
Yellow at heart with snow-white petals round.

VI—Ceyx and Halcyone

Once in time of trouble the prince Ceyx resolved to visit the oracle of the Clarian Apollo in quest of advice and consolation. It was with deep sorrow that his loving wife Halcyone heard of his resolve; for she felt ominous forebodings about the dangers of a voyage. She entreated her husband to allow her to accompany him.]

But he will neither drop his purposed plan
To sail, nor let his consort share the risk.

[A ship is got ready; and there are tearful leave-takings between this devoted pair.]

Seeing the ship, as 'twere in prescience,
She shuddered, and 'mid rain of starting tears
Folded her husband to her, and at last
When her sad lips had faltered out "Farewell!"
She fainted in her utter agony.

[The ship soon met with a terrific storm. It battled gallantly against the sea; but at length destruction came.]

Skill fails and courage sinks: as many deaths
Menace the mariners as there are waves.
One cannot check his tears; and one is mazed;
Another envies those whom burial
Awaits; another lifts his hands in prayer,
Or thinks of brother, or of parent, or
Of home and children—all that he hath left.

[But Ceyx thinks only of Halcyone, and her name is upon his lips as he fights for life amidst the wreckage. In the black night the waters at last overwhelm him, and he goes down. Meanwhile, his faithful wife was offering to Juno fervent prayers for his safety; and the goddess therefore determined to despatch Iris to the Sleep-god instructing him to send a vision that shall intimate to Halcyone the drowning of Ceyx.]

Hard by the Mirk-folk is a hollow cave—
Deep hollow home and lair of lazy Sleep
No beam of morn or noon or sundown e'er
Can enter it
No sentry chanticleer with crested head
Crows for the dawn; no restless dog, nor goose
Yet shrewder, breaks the silence with a sound;
Wild beasts, nor cattle, nor the wind-tost bough
Nor tongue of men a-quarrelling is heard.
Dumb Quiet houseth here. Below the crag
Wells Lethe's water in a murmuring rill,
Whose slumb'rous pebble-music woos to rest.
Before the cave-mouth plenteous poppies bloom
And countless herbs whose juice dank Night
extracts—
A draught to sprinkle dusky earth withal.
In the whole house there is no door to creak
On turning hinge; the threshold hath no guard.
Towers in the midst a couch of ebony,
Downy, self-coloured, draped with sable quilt.
There lies the god, his limbs in languor lapped;
And round him, aping divers shapes, recline
Vain Dreams as many as the harvest-ears,
Or forest-leaves, or sands upon the shore.

[Hither came Iris with Juno's behest. The Sleep-god then selected Morpheus to assume the appearance of the drowned Ceyx and appear in a dream to Halcyone.]

Before the sad wife's couch he stood, his beard
Adrip, and hair still wet with briny ooze.

[Then he tells the story of the shipwreck; and Halcyone's distracted cries bring her servants on the scene. Certain now of his death, and refusing all comfort, she makes her way to the sea-shore at daybreak and encounters the harrowing experience of having her husband's body washed ashore beside her.]

"'Tis he!" she cries, and therewithal she rends
Face, hair and raiment; then with hands out-
stretched
She says, "Is it thus thou dost return to me?"

[Then a strange thing happens; she is miraculously changed into a bird.]

Smiting thin air with pinions newly grown,
She skimmed the waves, a bird of misery.

[And as she reached Ceyx's body, the gods took pity on them; for both were transformed into the halcyon birds with whom are associated the period of calm amidst the storms of winter.]

In wintertide through seven peaceful days
Halcyone upon her nest doth brood,
Upheld above the surface of the deep:
And all that time the sea-waves are at rest.

EDWARD GIBBON

HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE—I

IT has frequently been suggested that those histories most deeply engage the reader's interest which have been written in support of a thesis of the author's, and as instances of this Grote, the vindicator of democracy, and Mommsen, the advocate of Cæsarism, are proffered as examples. Gibbon wrote without *arrière pensée*; his great work has no trace of bias, is coloured only by his own temperament, and compares with that of Thucydides in its freedom from all ulterior motives. The vastness of its scope considered, the accuracy of the author is truly amazing. The epitome of The Decline and Fall which appears in *The World's Great Books* is divided into six sections, and this, the first, covers 150 years from Commodus to the great Constantine. Many editions of Gibbon's work are obtainable, and undoubtedly the finest is that edited by Professor J. B. Bury and published by Methuen.

I—Rome, Mistress of the World



IN the second century of the Christian era, the Empire of Rome comprehended the fairest part of the earth, and the most civilized portion of mankind. On the death of Augustus, that emperor bequeathed, as a valuable legacy to his successors, the advice of confining the empire within those limits which nature seemed to have placed as its permanent bulwarks and boundaries—on the west, the Atlantic Ocean, the Rhine and Danube; on the north, the Euphrates; on the east and towards the south, the sandy deserts of Arabia and Africa. The subsequent settlement of Great Britain and Dacia supplied the two exceptions to the precepts of Augustus, if we omit the transient conquests of Trajan in the east, which were renounced by Hadrian.

By maintaining the dignity of the empire, without attempting to enlarge its limits, the early emperors caused the Roman name to be revered among the most remote nations of the earth. The terror of their arms added weight and dignity to their moderation. They preserved peace by a constant preparation for war.

The soldiers, though drawn from the meanest, and very frequently from the most profligate, of mankind, and no longer, as in the days of the ancient republic, recruited from Rome herself, were preserved in their allegiance to the emperor and their invincible by before the enemy by the influences of superstition, inflexible discipline and hope of reward.

The peace establishment of the Roman army numbered some 375,000 men, divided into thirty legions, who were confined, not within the walls of fortified cities, which the Romans considered as the refuge of pusillanimity, but upon the confines of the empire; while 20,000 chosen soldiers, distinguished by the titles of City Cohorts and Praetorian Guards, watched over the safety of the monarch and the capitol.

As the authors of almost every revolution that distracted the empire, the Praetorians will demand attention; but, in their arms and institutions, we cannot find any circumstance that discriminated them from the legions, save a more splendid appearance and a less rigid discipline.

The navy maintained by the emperors might seem inadequate to their greatness, but it was fully sufficient for every useful purpose of the government. The ambition of the Romans was confined to the land; nor was that warlike people ever actuated by the enterprising spirit which had prompted the navigators of Tyre, of Carthage, and even of Marseilles, to enlarge the bounds of the world and to explore the most remote coasts of the ocean. To the Romans the ocean remained an object of terror rather than of curiosity; the whole extent of the Mediterranean, after the destruction of Carthage and the extirpation of the pirates, was included within

their provinces. The policy of the emperors was directed only to preserve the peaceful dominion of that sea and to protect the commerce of their subjects. With these moderate views, Augustus stationed two permanent fleets in the most convenient ports of Italy, the one at Ravenna, on the Adriatic, the other at Misenum, in the Bay of Naples.

'Wheresoever the Roman conquers he inhabits,' was a very just observation of Seneca. Colonies, composed for the most part of veteran soldiers, were settled throughout the empire. Rich and prosperous cities, adorned with magnificent temples and baths and other public buildings, demonstrated at once the magnificence and majesty of the Roman system. In Britain, York was the seat of government. London was already enriched by commerce and Bath was celebrated for the salutary effects of its medicinal waters.

All the great cities were connected with each other, and with the capital, by the public highway, which, issuing from the Forum of Rome, traversed Italy, pervaded the provinces and was terminated only by the frontiers of the empire. This great chain of communications ran in a direct line from city to city, and in its construction the Roman engineers showed little respect for the obstacles either of nature or of private property. Mountains were perforated and bold arches thrown over the broadest streams.

The middle part of the road, raised into a terrace which commanded the adjacent country, consisted of several strata of sand, gravel and cement, and was paved with granite or large stones. Distances were accurately computed by milestones, and the establishment of post-houses, at a distance of five or six miles, enabled a citizen to travel with ease a hundred miles a day along the Roman roads.

These roads united the subjects of the most distant provinces by an easy and familiar intercourse; but their primary object had been to facilitate the marches of the legions, nor was any country considered as subdued till it was pervious to the arms and authority of the conqueror.

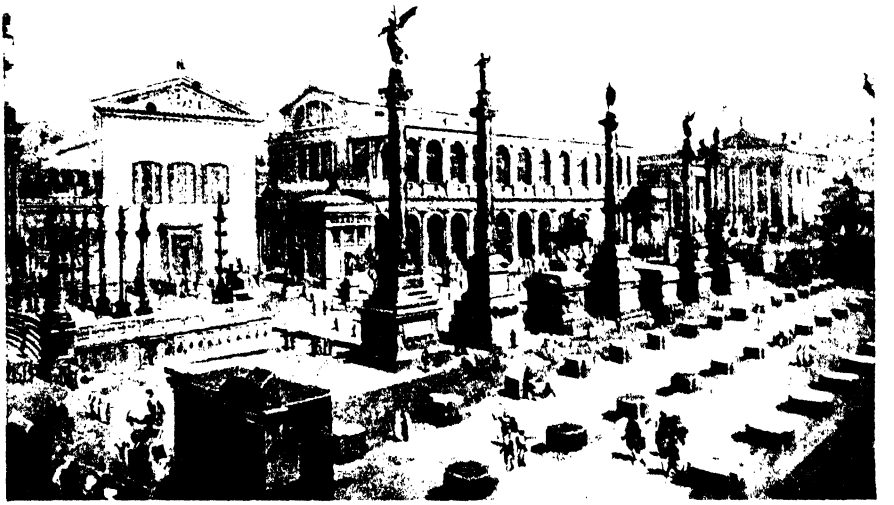
This freedom of intercourse, which was established throughout the Roman world, while it extended the vices, diffused likewise the improvements of social life. Rude barbarians of Gaul laid aside their arms for the more peaceful pursuits of agriculture. The cultivation of the earth produced abundance in every portion of the empire, and accidental scarcity in any single province was immediately relieved by the plentifulness of its more fortunate neighbours.

Since the productions of nature are the materials of art, this flourishing condition of agriculture laid the foundation of manufactures, which provided the luxurious Roman with those refinements of conveniency, of elegance and of splendour which his tastes demanded. Commerce flourished, and the products of Egypt and the East were lavishly poured out into the lap of Rome.

THOUGH there still existed within the body of the Roman Empire an unhappy condition of men who endured the weight, without sharing the benefits, of society, the position of a slave was greatly improved in the progress of Roman development. The power of life and death was taken from his master's hands and vested in the magistrate, to whom he had a right to appeal against intolerable treatment. These magistrates exercised the authority of the emperor and the senate in every quarter of the empire, inflexibly maintaining in their administration, as in the case of military government, the use of the Latin tongue. Greek was the natural idiom of science, Latin that of government.

II—The Seeds of Dissolution

BUT while Roman society persisted in a state of peaceful security, it already contained within itself the seeds of dissolution. The long peace and uniform government of the Romans introduced a slow and secret poison into the vitals of the empire. The minds of men were gradually reduced to the same level, the fire of genius was extinguished and even the military spirit evaporated. The citizens received laws and covenants from the will of the sovereign, and trusted for defence to mercenaries. Of their ancient freedom nothing remained except the name, and



HE FORUM AT ROME AS IT WAS IN T OF DAYS OF THE CAESARS

Standing betwe n the Senate H se, on the left, and the te ple of Julius Caesar, on the right, is the great Basilica Aem a. The basilica Julia is left unrestored in the background to give an unbroken spectacle

that Augustus, sensible that mankind is governed by names, was careful to preserve.

It was by the will of the senate the emperor ruled. It was from the senate that he received the ancient titles of the republic: of consul, tribune, pontiff and censor. Even his title of *imperator* was decreed him, according to the custom of the republic, only for a period of ten years. But this specious pretence, which was preserved until the last days of the empire, did not mask the real autocratic authority of the emperor. The fact that he nominated citizens to the senate was proof that the independence of that body was destroyed; for the principles of a free constitution are irrecoverably lost when the legislative power is nominated by the executive.

Moreover, the dependence of the emperor on the legions completely subverted the civil authority. To keep the military power, which had given him his position, from undermining it, Augustus had summoned to his aid whatever remained in the fierce minds of his soldiers of Roman prejudices, and in interposing the majesty of the senate between the emperor and the army, boldly claimed their allegiance as the first magistrate of the republic. During a period of 220 years, the dangers inherent in a military government were in a great measure suspended by this artful system. The soldiers were seldom roused to that fatal sense of their own strength and of the weakness of the civil authority which afterwards was productive of such terrible calamities.

The emperors Caligula and Domitian were assassinated in their palace by their own domestics. The Roman world, it is true, was shaken by the events that followed the death of Nero, when, in the space of eighteen months, four princes perished by the sword. But, excepting this violent eruption of military licence, the two centuries from Augustus to Commodus passed away unstained with civil blood and undisturbed by revolution.

The Roman citizens might groan under the tyranny, from which they could not hope to escape, of the unrelenting Tiberius, the furious Caligula, the profligate and cruel Nero, the beastly Vitellius and the timid, inhuman Domitian; but order was maintained, and it was not until Commodus, the son of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, the philosopher, succeeded to the authority that his father had exercised for the benefit of the Roman Empire that the army fully realized and exercised the power it had always possessed.

During the first three years of his reign the vices of Commodus affected the emperor rather than the state. While the

young prince revelled in licentious pleasures, the management of affairs remained in the hands of his father's faithful councillors; but, in the year 183, the attempt of his sister Lucilla to assassinate him produced fatal results. The assassin, in attempting the deed, exclaimed, 'The senate sends you this!' and though the blow never reached the body of the emperor, the words of his sister sank deep into his heart.

He turned upon the senate with relentless cruelty. The possession of either wealth or virtue excited the tyrant's fury. Suspicion was equivalent to proof, trial to condemnation, and the noblest blood of the senate was poured out like water. His ministers, Perennis and Cleander, were sacrificed in turn, the first to assuage the anger of the legions of Britain, who sent a deputation of 1,500 select men to lodge formally their complaint; the second to appease a sedition of the people, during a corn famine, which threatened the throne.

Every sentiment of virtue and humanity was extinct in the mind of Commodus. He degraded himself not only by his immoralities, which exceed the decency of modern language, but by performing in public as a gladiator, a profession which the laws and manners of the Romans had branded with a just note of infamy. Seven hundred and thirty-five times the master of the world appeared in the amphitheatre to show his skill as a secutor, while the indignant senate and people watched and applauded. His cruelty proved at last fatal to himself.

He had shed with impunity the noblest blood of Rome; he perished as soon as he was dreaded by his own domestics. A cup of drugged wine, delivered by his favourite concubine, plunged him in a deep sleep. At the instigation of Lætus, his Praetorian prefect, a robust youth was admitted into his chamber, and strangled him without resistance. With secrecy and celerity the conspirators sought out Pertinax, the prefect of the city, an ancient senator of consular rank, and persuaded him to accept the purple. A large donative secured them the support of the Praetorian guard, and the joyous senate bestowed upon the new Augustus the titles of imperial power.

For eighty-six days Pertinax ruled the empire with firmness and moderation, but the strictness of the ancient discipline that he attempted to restore in the army excited the hatred of the Praetorian guards, and the new emperor was struck down on March 28, 193.

III—An Empire at Auction

The Praetorians had violated the sanctity of the throne by the atrocious murder of Pertinax; they dishonoured the majesty of it with their subsequent conduct. They ran out upon the ramparts of the city, and with a loud voice proclaimed that the Roman world was to be disposed of to the best bidder by public auction. Sulpicianus, father-in-law of Pertinax, and Didius Julianus bid against each other for the prize. It fell to Julian, who offered upwards of £200 sterling to each of the soldiers, and the author of this ignominious bargain received the insignia of the empire and the acknowledgments of a trembling senate.

The news of this disgraceful auction was received by the legions of the frontiers with surprise, with indignation and, perhaps, with envy. Albinus, governor of Britain, Niger, governor of Syria, and Septimius Severus, a native of Africa, commander of the Pannonian army, prepared to avenge the death of Pertinax and to establish their own claims to the vacant throne. Marching night and day, Severus crossed the Julian Alps, swept aside the feeble defences of Julian and put an end to a reign of power which had lasted but sixty-six days, and had been purchased with such immense treasure. Having secured the supreme authority, Severus turned his arms against his two competitors, and within three years, and in the course of two or three battles, established his position and brought about the death of both Albinus and Niger.

Though he regarded the Roman Empire as his own private property, though he showed no little animosity towards the senate, Severus ruled with strictness, discernment and impartiality, favouring, perhaps, the cause of the poor and oppressed, not so much from motives of humanity, as to humble the pride of

greatness and to sink all his subjects to the same common level of absolute dependence. The prosperity of Rome revived, and a profound peace reigned throughout the world.

At the same time, Severus was guilty of two acts which were detrimental to the future interests of the republic. He relaxed the discipline of the army, increased their pay beyond the example of former times, re-established the Praetorian guards, who had been abolished for their transaction with Julian, and welded more firmly the chains of tyranny by filling the senate with his creatures, who echoed his views of passive obedience and descanted on the inevitable mischiefs of freedom. At the age of sixty-five in the year 211, he expired at York of a disorder which was aggravated by the labours of a campaign against the Caledonians and the irritation caused by the quarrels of his sons, Caracalla and Geta.

In his last moments Severus recommended concord to his sons, and his sons to the army. The two youths were proclaimed jointly emperors of Rome, and the government of the civilized world was entrusted to the hands of brothers who were implacable enemies. A latent civil war brooded in the city, and hardly more than a year passed before the assassins of Caracalla put an end to an impossible situation by murdering Geta in the arms of the Empress Julia, his mother.

The crime went not unpunished. Consciousness of his guilt prompted Caracalla to remove from the world whatever would remind him of his murdered brother. Twenty thousand persons of both sexes suffered death under the vague appellation of the friends of Geta. Leaving Rome a year after the commission of this crime, he spent the remainder of his reign in the several provinces of the empire, each of which in turn became the scene of his rapine and cruelty. The fears of Macrinus, the controller of the civil affairs of the Praetorian prefecture, brought about his death in the neighbourhood of Carrhae in Syria on April 8, 217.

For a little more than a year his successor governed the empire, but the necessary step of reforming the army brought about his ruin. On June 7, 218, he succumbed to the superior fortune of Elagabalus, the grandson of Severus, a youth trained in all the superstitions and vices of the East.

UNDER this sovereign Rome was prostituted to the vilest vices of which human nature is capable. Corrupted by his youth and his fortune, Elagabalus abandoned himself to the grossest pleasures with ungoverned fury. To confound the order of seasons and climates, to sport with the passions and prejudices of his subjects, and to subvert every law of nature and decency, were in the number of his most delicious amusements. The sum of his infamy was reached when the master of the Roman world affected to copy the dress and manners of the female sex. The shame and disgust of the soldiers resulted in his murder on March 10, 222, and the proclamation of his cousin Alexander Severus.

Again the necessity of restoring discipline within the army led to the ruin of the emperor, and, despite thirteen years of just and moderate government, Alexander was murdered in his tent on March 19, 235, on the banks of the Rhine, and Maximin, his chief lieutenant, a Thracian, reigned in his stead.

IV—Tyranny and Disaster

FEAR of contempt, for his origin was mean and barbarian, made Maximin one of the cruellest tyrants that ever oppressed the Roman world. Those who had spurned, and those who had protected the Thracian, were guilty of the same crime, the knowledge of his original obscurity; and for this knowledge thousands were put to death. During the three years of his reign he disdained to visit either Rome or Italy, but from the banks of the Rhine and the Danube oppressed the whole state and trampled on every principle of law and justice. The tyrant's avarice ruined not only private citizens, but seized the municipal funds of the cities and stripped the very temples of their gold and silver offerings.

Groaning under this oppression, the people of Africa rose in rebellion, and

compelled Gordianus, their pro-consul, and his son to accept the purple and seek the confirmation of their election by the senate. The defeat and death of the two Gordians compelled the senate either to submit to the cruel anger of Maximin or to elect a new sovereign. In their despair they chose the latter course. Maximus and Balbinus, on July 9, 237, were declared emperors, and to appease the people the grandson of Gordian, a boy of thirteen, was invested with the ornaments and title of Caesar. The Emperor Maximus advanced to meet the furious tyrant, but the stroke of domestic conspiracy prevented the further eruption of civil war. Maximin and his son were murdered by their disappointed troops in front of Aquileia.

Three months later, Maximus and Balbinus, on July 15, 238, fell victims to their own virtues at the hands of the Praetorian guard and the younger Gordian remained sole emperor. At the end of six years, he, too, after an innocent and virtuous reign, succumbed to the ambition of the prefect Philip, while engaged in a war with Persia, and in March 244, the Roman world was compelled to recognize the sovereignty of an Arabian robber.

Returning to Rome, Philip celebrated the secular games, on the accomplishment of the full period of a thousand years from the foundation of Rome. From that date, which marked the fifth time that these rites had been performed in the history of the city, for the next twenty years the Roman world was afflicted by barbarous invaders and military tyrants, and the ruined empire seemed to approach the last and fatal moment of its dissolution.

SIX emperors in turn succeeded to the sceptre of Philip and ended their lives, either as the victims of military licence, or in the vain attempt to stay the triumphal eruption of the Goths and the Franks and the Suevi. In three expeditions the Goths seized the Bosporus, plundered Bithynia, ravaged Greece and threatened Italy, while the Franks invaded Gaul and overran Spain and the provinces of Africa.

Some sparks of their ancient virtue enabled the senate to repulse the Suevi, who threatened Rome herself, but the miseries of the empire were not assuaged by this one triumph, and the successes of Sapor, king of Persia, in the East, seemed to foreshadow the immediate downfall of Rome. Six emperors and thirty tyrants attempted in vain to stay the course of disaster. Famine and pestilence, tumults and disorders, and a great diminution of the population marked this period, which ended with the death of the Emperor Gallienus on March 20, 268.

V. *Restorers of the Roman World*

THE empire, which had been oppressed and almost destroyed by the soldiers, the tyrants and the barbarians, was saved by a series of great princes, who derived their obscure origin from the martial provinces of Illyricum. Within a period of about thirty years, Claudius, Aurelian, Probus, Diocletian and his colleagues triumphed over the foreign and domestic enemies of the state, reestablished, with a strongly enforced military discipline, the strength of the frontier, and deserved the glorious title of Restorers of the Roman World.

Claudius gained a crushing victory over the Goths, whose discomfiture was completed by disease in the year 269. And his successor, Aurelian, in a reign of less than five years, put an end to the Gothic war, chastised the Germans who invaded Italy, recovered Gaul, Spain and Britain from the Roman usurpers, and destroyed the proud monarchy which Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, had erected in the East on the ruins of the afflicted empire.

The murder of Aurelian in the East (January 275) led to a curious revival of the authority of the senate. During an interregnum of eight months the ancient assembly at Rome governed, with the consent of the army, the destinies of the empire, and appeared to regain with the election of Tacitus, one of their members, all their ancient prerogatives. Their authority expired, however, with the death of his successor, Probus, who delivered the empire once more from the invasions of the barbarians and succumbed to the too common fate of assassination in August 282.



AN AUDIENCE GRANTED BY AUGUSTUS'S MINISTER AGRIPPA BEFORE HIS HOUSE

This painting, by Sir L. Alma Tadema, R.A., nobly expresses the simple majesty of a Roman state occasion

Reproduced from a photograph by Berlin Photographic Co.

Caius's death, by delivering the sceptre into the hands of his sons Carinus and Numerian (December 25, 283), once more placed the Roman world at the mercy of profligacy and licentiousness. A year later Diocletian was elected emperor. It was the artful policy of Diocletian to destroy the last vestiges of the ancient constitution. Dividing his unwieldy power among three other associates—

Maximian, a rough, brutal soldier, who ranked as Augustus; and Galerius and Constantius, who bore the inferior titles of Caesar—the emperor removed the centre of government by gradual steps from Rome. Diocletian and Maximian held their courts in the provinces, and the authority of the senators was destroyed by spoliation and death.

As Augustus had aimed to disguise his power in a pretence of modesty and simplicity, so Diocletian sought to display his unbounded authority by his magnificence. Ostentation was the first, division was the second, principle of the new system. He multiplied the wheels of the machine of government in every department. In the exercise of supreme power the two Augusti were to associate with themselves two Caesars, who, rising in their turn to the first rank, should supply an uninterrupted succession of emperors. The great increase of civil officers of the state resulted in an increase of taxes and, to quote the words of a contemporary, 'when the proportion of those who received exceeded the proportion of those who contributed, the provinces were oppressed by the tribute.'

VI—Reign of the Six Emperors

For twenty-one years Diocletian held sway, establishing, with the assistance of his associates, the might of the Roman arms in Britain, Africa, Egypt and Persia; and then, on May 1, 305, in a spacious plain in the neighbourhood of Nicomedia, divested himself of the purple and abdicated the throne. On the same day at Milan, Maximian reluctantly made his resignation of the imperial dignity.

According to the rules of the new constitution, Constantius and Galerius assumed the title of Augustus and nominated Maximin and Severus as Caesars. The elaborate machinery devised by Diocletian at once broke down. Galerius, who was supported by Severus, intrigued for the possession of the whole Roman world. Constantine, the son of Constantius, on account of his popularity with the army and the people, excited his suspicion, and only the flight of Constantine saved him from death. He made his way to Gaul and, after taking part in a campaign against the Caledonians, received the title of Augustus in the imperial palace at York on the death of Constantius.

Civil war once more raged. Maxentius, the son of Maximian, was declared Emperor of Rome and, with the assistance of his father, who broke from his retirement, defended his title against Severus, who was taken prisoner at Ravenna and executed at Rome in February 307. Galerius, who had raised Licinius to fill the post vacated by the death of Severus, invaded Italy to re-establish his authority, but was compelled to retire.

There were now six emperors: Maximian and his son Maxentius and Constantine in the West; in the East, Galerius, Maximin and Licinius. The second resignation of Maximian, and his renewed attempt to seize the imperial power by seducing the soldiers of Constantine, and his subsequent execution at Marseilles in February 310, reduced the number to five. Galerius died of a lingering disorder in the following year, and the civil war that broke out between Maxentius and Constantine, culminating in a battle near Rome in 312, placed the sceptre of the West in the hands of the son of Constantius.

The empire was now divided between Constantine and Licinius, and the ambition of the two princes rendered peace impossible. In the years 315 and 323 civil conflict broke out, ending, after the battle of Adrianople and the siege of Byzantium, in a culminating victory for Constantine in the field of Chrysopolis, in September. Licinius, taken prisoner, laid himself and his purple at the feet of his lord and master, and was duly executed.

By successive steps, from his first assuming the purple at York to the resignation of Licinius, Constantine had reached the undivided sovereignty of the Roman world. His success contributed to the decline of the empire by the expense of blood and treasure and by the perpetual increase as well of the taxes as of the military establishments. The foundation of Constantinople at Byzantium and the establishment of the Christian religion in the Empire were the immediate and memorable consequences of this revolution.

SOPHOCLES

OEDIPUS AT COLONOS

AFTER the events stated in the tragedy of Oedipus the King (see pages 203 to 208) Oedipus was refused the boon of death which he desired; but, after the passing of some years, he was expelled from Thebes by Creon, his two sons acquiescing. The blind Oedipus wandered about in misery, tended always by his daughter Antigone and sometimes by her sister Ismene. In the course of time, Eteocles, the younger of the two sons, seized the throne, driving out Polynices, who fled to Argos, and thence with six allies — the 'seven against Thebes' — marched to overthrow his brother. In the meantime Oedipus himself, with Antigone, found sanctuary at Colonos (Sophocles himself was a native of this deme, or township), near Athens. The second Oedipus play opens with the arrival of the wanderers at this spot.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Oedipus	Ismene	Antigone
Theseus, king of Athens	Athenian Stranger	
Creon	Messenger	
Polynices, son of Oedipus	Chorus of Elders of Colonos	

The scene is laid in a grove near Athens

First Act

Enter Oedipus *and* Antigone



Oedipus: Child of a blind old man, Antigone,
What country reach we? Whose the city near?
Antigone: Afar I see the towers that shield the town.
This spot is holy, one may clearly tell,
Full as it is of olive, laurel, vine;
And many a nightingale within sings sweetly.
Athens, indeed, I know, but not this spot.
[*Enter* **Stranger.**
Oed.: Say, friend, what place is this?
Stranger: Nay, speak not here.
Man comes not here, nor dwells. The goddesses,
Dread daughters of the earth and darkness,
Eumenides, the gentle ones, all seeing, [claim it.
They call them here.
Oed.: 'Tis the omen of my fate.
Have ye a prince, or do the people rule?
Str.: Our prince is Theseus, child of Aegeus old.
Oed.: Entreat him hither that, by little helping, [blind.
He much may gain, though from a man that's

[*Exit the* **Stranger.** *Enter* **Chorus** *of Old Men, to whom* **Oedipus** *shows himself.* At their bidding, **Antigone** leads him out of the sacred precinct.]

Chorus: Tell us, O stranger, of what race thou comest?
Oed.: Woe, woe! What sorrow comes on me, my child?
Yet I will speak. No hiding-place is left.
Know ye of Laius' son?
Chor.: Ah, woe! Ah, woe!
Oed.: The wretched Oedipus?
Chor.: And art thou he?
Go from this spot. Forth from my land depart,
Lest on my city some fresh ill thou bring.
Ant.: Oh, strangers, kind and pitiful of heart,
Since ye could not endure
To hear my aged father speak of crimes
Done most unwillingly,
Have pity, I implore you, friends, on me,
Who for my lonely father supplicate
That at your hands this old man, woe-begone,
May find the pity that is born of awe.
By all that is most dear I do entreat —
Thy child, thy wife, thy treasure, or thy God!
Chor.: No, child of Oedipus. We pity thee,
Yet, fearing God, nought else we dare to speak.
Oed.: What profit is there, then, of noble fame
Since men can speak of Athens most devout,
The one deliverer of the stranger guest [port —
When wronged or injured yea, his one sup-
If me ye expel by force, in fear of nought
But my name only? Not with outward show
Honouring the gods, thus count the gods as nought!
For I am come as sacred, fearing God,
Bringing this people profit.
Ant.: What is this?
Ismene comes. 'Tis she, thy child, my sister.
[*Enter* **Ismene.**
Ismene: Oh, dearest ones, my father and my sister,
Of all names sweetest, hard it was to find,
And now for sorrow it is hard to see
Oed.: Where are thy brothers, young and strong to work?
Of you, my children, those who ought to toil
Keep house at home like maidens in their prime;
And ye, in their stead, wear yourselves to death
For me and for my sorrows. She, since first
Her childhood's nurture ceased, and she grew strong,
Still wandering with me sadly evermore,
Leads the old man through many a wild wood path,
Hungry and footsore, threading on her way.

And thou, my child, what tidings bring'st thou now?

Ism.: I come to tell the ills that now befall
Thy wretched sons. For he, the younger born,
Has driven out Polynices from the land,
Seizing the throne. That elder hastes to Argos,
Gathers there a host of warriors, and the oracles
Bid them of Thebes to bring thee back in haste,
Or dead or living, if they wish for safety;
And to this end will Creon soon be here. [power.

Oed.: Nay, never shall they have me in their
Lo, these my evil sons would none of me,
But throve me forth an outlawed fugitive;
But you, my girls, give me my daily food,
Rest without fear, and every kindly help,
While those two brothers chose instead of me,
Their father, kingly thrones and sceptred sway.

[By the advice of the **Chorus, Ismene** withdraws to make atonement to the Eumenides. On this condition the **Chorus** promise to stand by **Oedipus.**]

[*Enter* **Theseus.**

Theseus: I know thee, son of Laius, who thou art;
And from no stranger, coming as thou comest,
Would I draw back, or fail to help and save.
I know that I am man, and I can count
No more than thou on what the morrow brings.

Oed.: Theseus, what gain I bring thee thou shalt know;
Not at this present hour, but when I die.
Not small the conflict. I was driven from home
By mine own sons; and never may I tread
My country's soil, my father's murderer.

Th.: Why should they fetch thee, then, apart to dwell? [to fall.

Oed.: Shunning their doom in this thy land

Th.: And how should strife spring up 'twixt them and me?

Oed.: O son of Aegeus, unto gods alone
Nor age can come, nor destined hour of death;
All else the almighty ruler sweeps along. [limb;
Earth's strength shall wither, wither strength of
And trust decays and mistrust grows apace;
And the same spirit lasts not among them
That once were friends, nor joineth state with state.
But it thou keep thine own pledge carefully,
No guest unprofitable shalt thou find me, watch.

Th.: He is our guest. I charge ye, o'er him
Yet it to go with me shall please thee, Oedipus,
I leave it to thy choice to go or stay. [this,

Oed.: O Zeus, give blessings to such men as
Yet, leaving me, beware.

Th. Nay, tell me not
What to beware, since my heart knows no fear
No man shall drag thee hence against my will.
My very name will guard thee from all harm.

Exit **Theseus.**

Second Act

Chorus, Oedipus, Antigone

CHORUS: Of all the land fat tamed for goodliest deeds [spot,
Thou com'st, O stranger, to the noblest
Colonos glistening bright:
Where ever more in thickets freshly green
The clear-voiced nightingale
Still haunts and pours her song,
By purpling ivy hid,
And the thick leafage sacred to the god,
With all its myriad fruits
By mortal's foot untouched,
By sun's hot ray unscathed,
Sheltered from every blast:
And in it grows a marvel such as ne'er
On Asia's soil I heard,
Nor the great Dorian Isle from Pelops named;
A plant, self-sown, that knows
No touch of withering age,
Terror of hostile swords,
The grey-green foliage of the olive tree.
And yet another praise is mine to sing,
Gift of the mighty god
To this our city, mother of us all,
Her greatest, noblest boast,
Famed for her goodly steeds,
Famed for her bounding colts,
Famed for her sparkling sea.
Poseidon, son of Cronus, lord and king,
To thee this boast we owe;
For first, in these our streets,
Thou to the untamed horse
Didst use the conquering bit;
And here the well-shaped oar,
By skilled hands deftly plied,
Still leapeth through the sea,
Following in wondrous guise
The fair Nereids with their hundred feet.

[*Enter* **Creon** *with guards.*

Creon: I mourn, old man, for all thy many woes,
And come to pray thee now return with me
To thine own city and thy father's house,
To this state here a kindly farewell giving.

Oedipus: Oh, shameless one, all daring, weaving still
Some crafty scheme from every righteous word.
Fain wouldst thou drag me off, with glozing words,
Hard purpose masking. Not to take me home
Thou comest, but to make me prisoner,
That so thy state from troubles may be freed,
Untouched by any evil from this land.
Nay, but my sons shall gain of that my land
Enough to die in, that and nothing more.
Depart, and leave us where we are in peace.

Creon: Of thy two daughters one but now I seized,
And sent her off; the other follows soon.

[Despite the efforts of the **Chorus, Creon's** guards seize **Antigone** and carry her off. The **Chorus** would then detain **Creon,** who, in turn, endeavours to seize **Oedipus.** The **Chorus** raise an outcry.]

[*Enter* **Theseus** *with* **Athenians.**

Theseus: What means this cry? What fear ye?

Oed: O my friend,
At this man's hand I suffer fearful wrong.
This Creon, whom thou seest, has torn from me
The only pair that I as children claim.



ANTIGONE COMFORTS THE BLIND OEDIPUS EXILED AT COLONOS

From the sculpture by Jean Hugues in the Luxembourg, Paris

Th.: Haste, summon all the people, horse and foot.
To meet, nor tarry, where the two paths join;
Lest those two maidens slip from out our hands.
For thee *(to* **Creon***)*, thou shalt not stir from out this land
Until before mine eyes thou place those maidens
What, didst thou deem my city void of men,
Slave-like, submissive, and myself as nought?
And yet it was not Thebes that made thee base;
'Tis not her wont to rear unrighteous men.

Creon: Not that I count this city void of men
Nor void of counsel have I done this deed
I knew thou ne'er wouldst shield a parricide,
Nor one whose marriage was an incest foul.
Therefore I ventured on this seizure; yet
E'en thus I had not; but he heaped his curse
On me and on my house; and, suffering thus,
I claimed the right of rendering ill for ill.

Oed.: O shameless soul, on which think'st thou the scorn
Will fall most heavily, thine age or mine,
For these thy deeds? These goddess powers I call,
And supplicate, and weary with my prayers,
To come as helpers and allies, that thou
Mayest learn then mettle who this land defend.

Th.: Enough of words; for they who snatched their prey
Haste on, while we who suffer wrong stand still.
Go thou *(to* **Creon***)* with me, and thou, O Oedipus,
Stay here in peace and comfort, trusting me
That I, unless I die, will never rest
Before I give thy children to thy hand.

[Exeunt **Theseus** *and* **Athenians** *with* **Creon** *guarded.]*

Third Act

Chorus, Oedipus

CHORUS: O Zeus, thou Lord omnipotent
Who all on earth beholdest, [of gods,
Grant that our country's chiefs,
With strength for victory,
May lay their ambush and may seize their prey!
And thou, O child of Zeus,
Pallas Athene, thou, too, huntsman god,
Apollo, in thy strength,
And she thy sister, following evermore
Swift-footed antelopes with dappled skin,
I pray you come and help
Doubly this land and its inhabitants

Enter **Theseus** *with* **Antigone** *and* **Ismene.**

Lo! they return

Antigone: My father, O my father!
Oh, that some god would grant thee but to see
This best of men, who brings us back to thee

Oedipus: Hapless supports of my most hapless age,
I have you, then, ye dear ones, nor would death
Be wholly dreary ye twain standing near.

Theseus: These girls I have won back alive unscathed,
And how the fight was won what need to boast?
But one is come claiming near kin to thee,
Who, suppliant, sits close by Poseidon's altar,
Coming from Argos, he would speak with thee.

Oed.: I know, I know. This is my son, O
Whose voice is hateful to a father's ear. [prince,
I pray thee, prince, constrain me not to yield.

Th.: But if his rights as suppliant should constrain us,
Take heed that thou show reverence for our god.

Ant: My father, be persuaded, though I speak
But a girl's counsel. Suffer that he come,
He shall not draw thee on against thy judgement
With words which are not fitting; he is thy child,
And, therefore, O my father, 'tis not right,
Although his deeds to thee be basest, vilest,
To render ill for ill. It is not good to meet
With stiff denials those who ask for right,
Nor having met with good at others' hands,
To fail in rendering good for good received.

Oed.: Your words prevail, my child, and though your joy
To me is grievous, be it as you will.

[Exit **Theseus**; *enter* **Polynices.**

Polynices: What shall I do? Ah, me! Mine ills bewail,
My sisters? Or shed tears for what I see
My father suffer? Speak, my father, speak!
Turn not away! Oh, wilt thou answer nought?

Ant.: Say thou thyself, poor sufferer, what thou need'st.

Pol.: Behold me exiled from my fatherland,
Whom Eteocles thrust forth, though younger
Now for myself and my allies I come [born.
Since Oracles declare the side will win
Thou cleavest to. Poor and in exile we,
The same ill-fortune sharing, thou and I;
Thus may I bring thee to thy home once more,
But have no strength to save myself without thee.

Oed.: Wast thou not he who plunged me in this woe?
Thou drovest me into exile; by thy deed,
A wanderer through the world, I beg my bread;
And had I not these girls to care for me, [do.
That, too, would fail, for aught that thou wouldst
But ye are not my son; I own ye not.
The gods shall smite thee if thine armies move
Against the towers of Thebes; thyself shalt fall,
And so shall fall thy brother. Take my curse,
Die, slain and slaying, by a brother's hand.

[Exit **Polynices.** *Thunder begins to peal.*

Chor: Hark! the loud thunder crashes,
Hurled forth from Zeus with dread unspeakable,
And fear creeps up to every topmost hair.
I tremble in my soul
For, lo! the fire from heaven has blazed again.
What will the end be? But I fear in vain;
It never comes, nor without issue dread.
O mighty heaven! O Zeus!

Oed.: My children, now the destined end of life
Is come to him who stands here flight is none.
Quick, let one bring the ruler of the land;
Fain would I bring the good I promised him,
Some poor return for all that I received.

[Enter **Theseus.**

Thou comest, O prince, to one that longs for thee.
I would fain in death be true to thee and thine,
The gods themselves being heralds of my doom.
Now I myself, with none to guide my steps,

Will show the spot where I am doomed to die;
Which tell to none. And for the mystic words,
Thyself shall learn them, going there alone
For I to none of these may utter them,
Nor even to my children though I love them.
And thou, I charge thee, hide them ever more;
But when thy death hour comes, to one alone,
Thine eldest born, reveal them. Let us hence
Nor linger on in fear; my children, follow

[*Exeunt* Oedipus *followed by* Theseus, Antigone, *and* Ismene. *The* Chorus *chant a hymn to the infernal powers; then enters a* Messenger.]

Messenger: Few words are needed. Oedipus is dead. [girls

Zeus from the dark depths thundered, and the Heard it, and, falling at their father's knees Close clasped, they wept. Then came a silence; A terrible voice that cried aloud to him [then Making each several hair to stand on end: 'Oedipus, Oedipus, why tarry ye? Long time thy footsteps linger on the way. Then he: 'My children, get ye hence, nor listen, Nor look; but Theseus, who may claim the right, Let him remain to learn the things that come.' We saw the man no more, nor any knows, Save Theseus only, by what death he died For neither was it thunderbolt from Zeus, Nor blast of whirlwind sweeping o'er the sea; Only we know his end was wonderful.

[*Exeunt.*

Living Pictures of the Latin Quarter

HENRI MURGER

SCENES OF BOHEMIAN LIFE

Abridged from the French by Edgar Preston

SON of a German concierge, Henri Murger was born in Paris, March 24, 1822. In turn he had been notary's clerk, secretary to Count Alexei Tolstoy, and journalist before, in 1848, he produced the delightful Scènes de la Vie de Bohème on which his fame securely rests. As well as his first, it was his best book, because every page of it was 'lived.' Murger merely described faithfully, vividly and brilliantly the up-and-down existence of himself the Rodolphe of the story and his irresponsible literary and artistic friends. Of his other novels Adeline Protat (1853) is the most graceful and Les Buveurs d'Eau (1855) the most powerful; there are some lovely lyrics in his volume of poems Nuits d'Hiver. Murger died January 28, 1861. A dramatic version of La Vie de Bohème was produced with success in 1849, and in 1898 Puccini used the story for his immensely popular opera La Boheme.

I—M. Schaunard's Moving Day



ONE morning in April 184- Alexandre Schaunard, cultivator of the two liberal arts of painting and music, was suddenly aroused by the crowing of a cock somewhere in the neighbourhood.

"Begad!" he exclaimed, jumping out of bed, "my feathered time-piece must be fast. Surely it can't be to-day already!"

But not only was it to-day; it was the day on which he had to find the seventy-five francs due to M. Bernard for the quarter's rent; the day on which he had also to find new lodgings, for had not M. Bernard given him notice to quit on the stroke of noon, to make room for a fresh tenant?

One thing was certain: he did not possess these infernal seventy-five francs; nor would all his worldly goods have realized that sum, even if he could have found a purchaser. Nothing for it then but to go out and try his luck. Perhaps he might find another room? Perhaps some friend might lend him enough to pay off M. Bernard and redeem his belongings? Perhaps. . . . So off into the streets of Paris went Schaunard, after stuffing his capacious pockets with such portables as they might hold, and making up a little parcel of shirts and other necessaries.

The porter was not disposed at first to let him out, unless he left his parcel behind, since M. Bernard's strict injunction was that his late lodger was not to remove so much as a pin from his room until the arrears had been paid. However, he allowed him to pass, with the reminder that if Schaunard was going to remove his furniture he had better be quick about it, as the new tenant was coming in at noon, that is to say, in half-an-hour!

A moment later there entered the courtyard a tall young man, wearing a

wide-brimmed white hat, and followed by a commissionaire who carried on his back a number of objects looking like screens and rolls of canvas. These he was instructed to stand along the wall and then to go back and collect the other articles of furniture and works of art belonging to his employer. Presently he returned with an easel and a few more light objects, which were placed with the rest.

The young man in the white hat was the new tenant, and on announcing that fact to the porter, was requested to wait a little, as the former occupant of the room was expected at any moment to return and remove his property therefrom.

As time went on the newcomer began to grow impatient; and at last he sent for M. Bernard, who, while apologising for the delay, remarked that, after all, his new tenant's furniture had not arrived.

"Excuse me"; said M. Marcel (for such was the young artist's name) "there it is," pointing to the things the commissionaire had been carrying. And, unrolling one of the canvasses he displayed a palatial 'interior,' with jasper columns, sculptures, and walls hung with paintings by the great masters. Ordinary furniture, he explained, was too heavy for his taste, and too common. He couldn't tolerate it.

"But," objected the landlord, "you haven't even a bed. Where are you going to repose?"

"On Providence," replied M. Marcel.

No; M. Bernard could not take him as a lodger on so flimsy a guarantee. But suddenly remembering that M. Schaunard had not removed his belongings nor was in the least likely to be able to do so, the landlord agreed to let the artist have the room *furnished*, if he wished, at twenty-five francs a month, payable in advance. So a bargain was struck on the spot. When M. Marcel produced a 500-franc note to be changed, M. Bernard's attitude changed also, and the new tenant was obsequiously escorted to the apartment lately occupied by fugitive M. Schaunard.

II—The Characters Come Together

Meantime that gentleman, who had elevated the practice of borrowing to the height of an art, had been scouring Paris in the attempt to raise the seventy-five francs needed to redeem his furniture from the hands of M. Bernard. But he had not been lucky. By six o'clock, when the pangs of hunger rang the dinner-bell within his stomach, he had extracted from friends and acquaintances no more than five francs, or one solitary *écu*. So, weary, but by no means downhearted, he turned into a humble little restaurant known as 'La Mère Cadet,' and ordered sauerkraut, *gibelotte* of rabbit and a certain wine smelling just like gunpowder. At the same table sat a mild-looking young man, with large, curious, blue eyes, and a mass of fair hair, wearing an abnormally wide brimmed felt hat and a much-worn, hazel-green overcoat. He was reading a book, making notes the while, and his pockets bulged with other volumes.

"What about my *gibelotte*?" cried Schaunard at last, after rapping his wine-glass with his knife.

It was explained to him by the waitress that, unfortunately, none was left. Monsieur pointing to Schaunard's studious neighbour had the last portion. *Sacre-bleu!* he exclaimed.

Seeing Schaunard's disappointment, the man with the books removed the rampart of tomes beside his plate and, pushing it towards him, suggested, in the friendliest way, that they should share the food. After a half-hearted protest the hungry man accepted the generous offer and, by way of compensation, ordered another litre of wine. Soon the pair were on the best of terms, each striving to outdo the other in the modest generosities their pockets permitted, and when they left 'Mère Cadet' two or three hours later, having looked earnestly on the wine when it was red, they had become fast friends.

Gustave Colline was the name of Schaunard's obliging neighbour. By inclination a philosopher, he earned a bare existence by giving lessons in mathematics and sundry other things ending in *ics* or *y*. His hobby was collecting books, and every stallkeeper from the Pont de la Concorde to the Pont Saint-Michel knew him.

Presently they found themselves in the 'Momus' *café*, Rue Saint-Germain-

l'Auxerrois, where a lively discussion was in progress between two of its frequenters. One of them was a young man with a big beard of many colours, and rather bald on top, by way of compensation. Colline, to whom he nodded, as the pair came in, informed Schaunard that he was what he looked to be (from his tonsured elbows and general shabbiness), a 'literary man.' Soon Rodolphe—for such was his name—was conversing with the newcomers, to whom he had offered the tobacco they lacked and he chanced to have. They talked literature; so other rounds of drinks were inevitable. When it became absolutely necessary for them to turn out, they found it was raining cats and dogs. Now Colline lived at one extremity of Paris, in the Ile Saint-Louis, and Rodolphe at the other, Montmartre, a long journey for either, on such a night.

"Come home with me," said Schaunard, quite forgetting he had no home. "I live quite close, and I can put you both up!"

So away they all went together. When they reached Schaunard's late domicile, the porter, who also had forgotten the incidents of the day, let them in without demur and presently, after a rather slow and difficult ascent, the trio stood outside the room that had but a few hours earlier been let to M. Marcel.

To Schaunard's intense amazement his key—the key he supposed was in his pocket—was in the door, and from within came sounds of his piano being played. His friends, not unnaturally, shared his surprise, and the matter was being loudly discussed when suddenly the door was opened by the new tenant, who, examining the others by the light of a three-branched candlestick, inquired what they wanted.

Something like an explanation was commenced; Marcel invited the strangers inside; and it was not long before Schaunard made it clear that he was actually 'at home,' though—as he now remembered—not entitled to be there.

Marcel, on the other hand, was forced to admit that, while he was certainly the tenant, the furniture did not belong to him!

On Marcel's invitation, they all sat down to talk it over. Colline and Rodolphe, who had taken the precaution to bring with them a piece of cold veal and two or three bottles of wine, produced these luxuries, which were found highly acceptable by all concerned. An hour later all four Bohemians were asleep in their seats.

Next morning Rodolphe had to leave the party, in order to correct the proofs of a certain fashion paper of which he was editor; and Colline went with him, remembering he had to give a lesson to an Indian prince, who had come to Paris to study Arabic. Both promised to return shortly, to share the lunch to which Marcel had invited them.

Left alone, Marcel and Schaunard soon came to an agreement, which was neither more nor less than that they should *both* occupy the lodgings; the painter having money, would pay the first rent due, the poet's turn coming next, and so on.

When the others returned they were delighted to hear of the arrangement. Rodolphe, on the spot, invited them all to dinner to celebrate the event. The cashier, he explained, had advanced him thirty francs, on his plea that he had to get vaccinated.

Colline, too, wanted to entertain his friends, since his prince had given him a gold piece to purchase a Hindu-Arabic grammar, which he had just picked up for six sous.

By a happy inspiration, Schaunard solved the difficulty by suggesting that Colline should stand supper, after Rodolphe's dinner; and so it was agreed. They duly dined and supped—the 'Four Musketeers,' as they came to be styled—and spent the rest of the night at the 'Momus,' which was destined to be their *cénacle* for several years to come.

III—The 'Musketeers' Ladies

It was, in truth, a singular existence that the friends led for the next few years.

A most loyal spirit of brotherhood reigned among them, good fortune and bad being shared alike. Some days in the month were days of splendour, when they wore gloves and feasted morning, noon and night. Others saw them with scarce a sole to their boots; fast days with neither lunch nor dinner, days when, as

Mademoiselle Mimi remarked, the plates and dishes 'rested.'

For their sweethearts were often with them now! Rodolphe had his Mimi, Marcel his Musette, Schaunard his Phémie. As for the philosopher Colline, his *amie* remained invisible, for reasons best known to themselves; and the companions were not in the least inquisitive. The marvel was that, with three young and pretty women in their midst, there should not have been so much as a suspicion of discord among the men. True, each of them was more or less under his mistress's thumb, but not one of the four would have hesitated an instant if compelled to choose between woman and friend. Love is essentially born of spontaneity: it is an improvisation. Friendship, on the other hand, grows up, so to speak; moving circumspectly, it is the egoism of the mind, whereas love is the egoism of the heart.

On Christmas Eve, or *réveillon*, the four friends, with the three girls, Mimi, Musette and Phémie, arrived at the 'Momus' to dine in style. After the coffee and the *petits verres*, punch was called for, and it was necessary to repeat the order twice, so unaccustomed was the waiter to such luxury.

While the little party laughed and joked and grew merry a stranger sat by himself at the end of the room, watching and listening with evident interest. He was almost the only customer who had not been driven away by the Bohemians' din. For some little time past he had come night after night and tranquilly smoked his pipe while the others amused themselves in their noisy way. One night he was observed to be paying for his drinks with a *louis*: at once they dubbed him 'the capitalist.'

Presently, the punch disposed of, Schaunard, whose sight was remarkable, observed that the glasses were empty. It was for the ladies to say what they would like now.

"Champagne for me!" said Musette at once, smacking her lips. "*I'm* not afraid of it!"

"Bah!" exclaimed Marcel. "Don't be silly! In the first place, Champagne's not a wine."

"I can't help that," replied Musette. "I like it, and it makes a noise!"

"I should like Beaune," said Mimi, looking languorously at Rodolphe. "Beaune in a little basket."

"Have you lost your head?" asked Rodolphe.

"No, I want to lose it!" was the reply.

"If you ask *me*," remarked Phémie, bouncing on the sofa springs, "I should prefer some *parfait amour*: it's good for the stomach."

"Well, go ahead!" cried the men. "Hang the expense! Besides," added Rodolphe, "haven't they been complaining here that we don't spend enough money? Let's give 'em a surprise!"

Amazement but mildly describes the waiter's state of mind on hearing the order; and when the ladies being hungry again already supper was ordered as well his face turned all colours in succession.

The proprietor, who at first supposed it was all a joke, took some time before he could make up his mind to trust his rowdy customers. At last he let them have what they wanted. "Perhaps," he reflected, "they've got a little money for once?"

As time went on and the 'bad quarter of an hour' drew nearer, Marcel and Rodolphe, the soberest of the party, grew anxious. At a quarter to twelve the *dame du comptoir* sent up the bill—25 francs 75 centimes.

The men drew lots, to decide which of the four should go downstairs and parley with the proprietor. This uninviting duty fell to Schaunard. Now the accommodating creditor was at the moment in the worst of moods, having just lost three games of piquet to an old customer; and when the musician coolly suggested that the little account might stand over for a day or two, he fell into a furious rage, which was speedily equalled by that of the representative debtor, whose temper was not nearly so good as his music. In short, a proper quarrel ensued.

While the dispute was at its height the stranger rose, and, drawing the irate proprietor aside, whispered something in his ear.

Suddenly appeased, the *patron* was heard to say: "Certainly, Monsieur

Barbemuche, I've no objection at all. Arrange it as you please with them!" And at once he went behind the scenes.

Thereupon the stranger, approaching the festive party, timidly asked if they would allow him to be responsible for the trifle due. He had, he said, often enjoyed their conversation, and, this unexpected occasion having arisen, he hoped he might be permitted to introduce himself as one who would like to be their friend, having the same tastes as themselves, and being only too delighted to be of service to them.

Thus it was that M. Barbemuche, who described himself as 'a disciple of the fine arts,' became the friend, or, at least, the acquaintance of our Bohemians. After the men, each in turn, had taken the trouble to study him more closely, it was resolved by unanimous vote that Barbemuche be admitted, *ex officio*, as it were, to their circle. He was a good fellow; but, alas! his mania for reading aloud long winded plays of his own composition brought their association to a speedier termination than might otherwise have been the case.

IV—Another Réveillon

It was Christmas Eve again, two or three years after we first met our 'Four Musketeers,' and all Paris was celebrating the *réveillon*. Rodolphe and Marcel, who lived in separate rooms in a hotel, now that their *amies*, Mimi and Musette, had left them, were walking along the Rue Dauphine, admiring the profusion of eatables and drinkables in the shop windows.

"Why shouldn't we join in the festivities?" suggested Rodolphe.

"With whom, and how?" inquired the painter.

"With me, of course."

"What about money?"

"Wait a minute," replied Rodolphe. "I know some of the people who go to this *café*, and it will be bad luck if I can't take up enough for a few sardines, a knuckle of pork, and something to wash them down."

He came out with a couple of francs, just enough for their modest requirements. They decided to hold the feast in Marcel's room, because it was the larger. But when the food was on the table and the fire lit, the two friends found they had no appetite. Both sat dull and silent, thinking as presently they confessed to one another of the *réveillon* of a year since, when their girl friends were with them, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

It was no use trying to disguise it. Marcel longed for his Musette, as did Rodolphe for his Mimi, while pretending to believe themselves entirely cured of their infatuation. To make assurance doubly sure, the two young men resolved on the spot to be rid of the keepsakes they had preserved. After all, their only use was to keep alive the flame both desired to see extinguished; let them, instead, revive the fire in the grate, which was getting low!

Marcel rose, went to a drawer, and took from it some faded flowers, a waistbelt, a bit of ribbon and sundry letters. Rodolphe brought from his room a few souvenirs of the same kind, and for the next few minutes they were engaged in throwing into the flames, one by one, the poor relics of happy hours gone by.

When it came to the withered bouquet, Marcel, watching lest his friend should see him, thrust it inside his waistcoat. Almost at the same moment he perceived Rodolphe hiding a little powder puff that had been Mimi's in his pocket!

The last of the keepsakes had scarce turned to ashes when there was heard a timid tapping at Marcel's door. Opening it, he gave an exclamation of astonishment. It was Mimi or her ghost.

"I hope I'm not disturbing you," she said, shivering. "I'm very cold, and, seeing a light in your room as I was passing, I came on although it's very late. I wanted to know if you could get me a room here. I've been turned out of mine, and I don't know where to go."

"So you're no longer with the vicomte?" inquired Marcel.

"Goodness! No," she replied, glancing at Rodolphe, who had not said a word. "I left him two months ago. I was sick of him and his mean, messy ways and ideas. He's an absolute fool. You've no idea how

he bored me. I'd rather die of hunger than take another ha'penny from him. Since I left him I've been at my old work at a florist's; but trade was bad, so I had to be a model. Oh! only for the face and hands. I'm much too thin now for anything else," she added, with a pathetic little shrug of the shoulders.

And, indeed, her old lover and his friend were shocked to see how she had wasted.

"But I'm keeping you from your supper," said Mimi, looking at the table. "Why don't you start?"

"We're not hungry," replied Marcel.

"You're lucky!" remarked Mimi.

There was something about the way she said it that went straight to Rodolphe's heart.

"Well, since you're here," said Marcel gaily, "you must join us; and I daresay we shall have more appetite now."

They all sat down, Rodolphe at first refusing, but yielding to Mimi's entreaties. She was starving, as she whispered to Marcel, unheard by her lover; and the meal, poor as it was, revived her spirits surprisingly.

After supper the two friends explained to Mimi that it was impossible for them to get her accommodation in the hotel, but it was arranged that she should spend the night in Marcel's room and that Rodolphe and he should sleep together.

When morning came Marcel found his friend gone. Rodolphe, as he discovered later, was in Mimi's room, asleep, seated in an armchair, which he had drawn up by the bed, his head resting on her pillow.

Rodolphe went out early, to get some money to buy lunch withal. Then Mimi unburdened herself to Marcel. She was still in love with Rodolphe, and he with her, and the poor girl blamed herself bitterly for the trouble she had caused him.

"I shall soon be far away," she said, bursting into tears—"soon be gone for ever. I'm dying, Marcel!" Then she told him of the hard life she'd had since last they met; how she had not cared much what became of her; how once she had swallowed poison which had not killed her.

"Bah!" said Marcel. "You mustn't despair. We shall pull you round. All you need is rest and care."

RODOLPHE returned an hour later, with Schaunard and Gustave Colline. The musician was wearing his summer suit; he had sold his winter clothes to get money to lend Rodolphe, when he heard Mimi was ill. Colline had, with the same object, to sell some of his beloved books, than which he would rather have sacrificed an arm or a leg. But, as Schaunard remarked, you can't raise money on a limb!

So they all had lunch together, as in the old days, and Mimi, weak and ill as she was, did her utmost to be jolly, for the sake of her friends. They, too, hid their grief as best they could, and they all stayed to supper and laughed and joked as though there was nothing wrong.

V—La Pitié

RODOLPHE had asked one of his friends, a young doctor, to come and see Mimi. After the examination he said: "Only a miracle can save her. You can't keep her here. She must go to hospital at once. That's her only chance. I know one of the house-surgeons, and he'll look after her. If we can get her past the winter she may pull through; but here she can't live a week."

So the next day Rodolphe took her in a cab to La Pitié. She was so feeble he had to carry her. When they said good-bye, after he had promised to come to see her on visiting day, which was the next Sunday, and bring her some violets, she begged him to take her away. "I can't stay here," she sobbed. "I know I shall die!"

On the Sunday morning Rodolphe, remembering the violets, went into the Aulnay and Fontenay woods, where they had so often been together in happier times, and, after long searching in the snow, contrived to gather a handful of the scarce blossoms. Schaunard and Colline went with him to the hospital. "You are true friends!" she exclaimed, on seeing them. "How I love you all!" Kissing Rodolphe passionately, she pressed the flowers to her poor, wasted bosom.

He promised to see her again on Tuesday, the next visiting day.

On the following night Rodolphe had a short note from the house-surgeon, saying

he was sorry to tell him Mimi was dead. Without shedding a tear, Rodolphe went out, and for several days wandered aimlessly hither and thither, passing the nights with friends, now here, now there.

A week after hearing of Mimi's death the poet met the house-surgeon near the hospital. The young man ran to shake hands, and to ask Rodolphe to forgive him for the mistake he had made. After being away from La Pitié for a couple of days he found, on his return, that the bed Mimi had occupied was empty; and the nurse told him the woman lately in it was dead. Mimi, in his absence, had, without his knowledge, been taken to another ward. Hence the misunderstanding. He had sent a letter to Rodolphe at once, explaining the matter, with his apologies.

Rodolphe begged that he might be taken to see Mimi, who, he was told by the young doctor, was neither better nor worse when he had seen her last. She was worrying, however, over Rodolphe's absence and feared he must be ill.

At the hospital gates the house-surgeon asked Rodolphe to wait a minute while he went in to get him a card of admittance.

A quarter of an hour later the doctor returned and, taking him by the hand, said:

"Suppose the letter I wrote you a week ago had been true——"

"What!" cried the poet, clutching the gate-post, and turning pale as death. "Mimi——"

"This morning, at four o'clock."

"Take me in—I want to see her."

"She's not there now," said the doctor.

And, pointing to a big van standing in the courtyard, he added:

"She's in there."

It was the vehicle in which they take the bodies from the hospital to the common grave in the cemetery, when there is no one to claim them.

"Good bye," said Rodolphe.

"Would you like me to go with you?" suggested the house-surgeon.

"No," replied Rodolphe, as he turned to go. "I want to be alone."

VI—Settling Down

A YEAR after Mimi's death Rodolphe and Marcel, who still lived together, decided to have a little festivity in celebration of their entrance into official circles. Marcel had at last forced his way into the Salon, where two of his pictures were displayed, one being bought by a wealthy Englishman who had once been a friend of Musette's. The money thus acquired, combined with the proceeds of a commission from the Government, enabled Marcel to settle some of his old debts. He took a set of comfortable rooms, and became possessor of a *real* studio!

About the same time Schaunard and Rodolphe both won recognition from the public, and so got within reach of fame and fortune. Schaunard's reputation was made by a book of songs which were soon being sung in all the concert-halls: while Rodolphe produced a book which kept the critics busy for a whole month.

Barbemuche, generous 'donor of the feast' on a celebrated occasion, had long since given up all idea of being a Bohemian. Gustave Colline, after 'coming into money,' and making a rich marriage into the bargain, was by now a prosperous person who gave musical 'evenings' with 'cakes and ale,' if you please!

One night, as Rodolphe sat in his arm-chair—his very own—with his feet on his very own hearth-rug, Marcel came in, quite excited.

"I've just left somebody you know," he exclaimed. "Who was it, do you think?"

Rodolphe had no idea, and 'gave it up.'

It was Musette, celebrating her last days of freedom. In a week she was getting married! "We both felt rather sentimental when we said 'good bye,'" continued Marcel, "but it was not like the old days—more like a poor copy of a masterpiece!"

"Well, well, we're getting past all that," remarked Rodolphe philosophically, "there's only one Youth! By the way, when shall we have dinner? What about the little place where we used to be so hungry when we had finished?"

"Not likely!" replied Marcel. "I don't mind looking on the Past, so long as it's through a bottle of real wine. I suppose I'm demoralised, but I've no fancy for anything but the best—and *that*'s only just good enough for me!"



THE TERROR OF THE NOMAD: A SANDSTORM IN THE SINISTER IMMENSITIES OF THE ARABIAN DESERT

From the painting by F. Peluso

PIERRE LOTI

THE DESERT

Abridged from the French by Edward Wright

PUBLISHED in 1894, The Desert is a masterpiece of travel literature of a peculiarly modern kind. Loti leaves to other writers the task of depicting the life and habits of the Bedouin. The spectacle of nature in her wildest and severest mood was what he went out to see; and he employs all the resources of his unusually great genius for description in painting the vacant immensity of the Arabian wilderness. Tired, distracted and unsatisfied by the whirl and fever of life in Paris, Loti set out, like Tancred in Lord Beaconsfield's famous romance, on a pilgrimage from Sinai to Calvary, to recover the faith that he had lost in civilization. This epitome of Loti's famous work has been prepared from the French, for *The World's Great Books*, by permission of Calmann Lévy of Paris, the publishers of the book. A version of Loti's The Iceland Fisherman appears in subsequent pages of this work.

I—Arabia the Deserted



FEBRUARY 22, 1894. All about us was the empty infinitude; the twilight desert swept by a great cold wind; the desert that rolled, in dull, dead colours, under a still more sombre sky which, on the circular horizon, seemed to fall on it and crush it.

Sitting under the palm-trees of the Oasis of Moses, half an hour's march from the Red Sea, surrounded by our camels and camel-men, we stared at the desert, and the emotion and the ecstasy of solitude came over us. We longed to plunge headlong into the dim, luring immensity, to run with the wind blowing over the desolate dunes. So we ran and, reaching the heights, we looked down on a larger wilderness, over which trailed a dying gleam of daylight, fallen from the yellow sky through a rent made by the wind in the cloudy veil.

But so sinister was the desert in the winter wind that from some remote, ancestral source of feeling a strange melancholy welled up and mingled with our desire for the solitude. In it was the instinctive fear which makes the sheep and cattle of the green lands retrace their steps at the sight of regions over which hangs the shadow of death.

But under our tent, lighted and sheltered from the wind, we recovered our gaiety of mood. There was the novelty of our first meal in the desert to excite us, and the pleasure of packing up our ridiculous European costumes and dressing ourselves in the more useful and far more decorative burnous and veils of the sheiks of Arabia.

All the next three days we travelled through a waterless waste, following a vague trace which, in the course of ages, men and beasts have made in the dry sand. Far in front the sky-line danced in the heat. The sand around was strewn with greyish stones; everything was grey, grey red or grey yellow. Here and there was a plant of a pale green, with an imperceptible flower, and the long necks of the camels bent and stretched, trying to crop it.

Little by little one's mind grows drowsy, lulled by the monotony of the slow, swinging movement of the tall, indefatigable camel. In the foreground of the grey scene, one's sleepy, lowered eyes see at last nothing but the continual undulation of its neck, of the same grey yellow as the sand, and the back of its shaggy head, similar to the head of a lion, encircled with a barbaric ornament of white shells and blue pearls, with hangings of black wool.

As we go on, the last signs of life disappear. There is not a bird, not an insect; even the flies which exist in all the land of the earth are not found. While the desert of the sea contain vital wealth in profusion, here are sterility and death. Yet one is intoxicated with the stillness and lifelessness of it all, and the air is pure and virginal, blowing from the world before the creation.

The wind drops, and in an atmosphere of an absolute purity the sun mounts and burns with a white fire. Under the dazzling light, one shuts one's eyes in spite of oneself for long periods. When one opens them, the horizon seems a black circle breaking on the brightness of the heavens, while the precise spot in which one is remains astonishingly white. Nothing sings, nothing flies, nothing stirs. The immense silence is dully broken only by the incessant, monotonous tread of our slow, swinging camels.

On the fourth day we leave the plain and strike into the mountainous solitudes of the Sinai peninsula. . . . As we ascend, vast new tracts are unrolled on all sides beneath our eyes, and the impression of the desert becomes more distressing by this visible affirmation of its illimitableness.

It is terrifying in its magnificence! The limpidity of the air gives an extraordinary depth to the perspectives, and in the clear and far receding distances the chains of mountains are interlaced and overlaid in regular forms which, from the beginning of the world, have been untouched by the hand of man, and with hard, dry contours which no vegetation has ever softened or changed. In the foreground they are of a reddish brown; then in their flight to the sky line they pass into a wonderful tone of violet, which grows bluer and bluer until it melts into the pure indigo of the distance.

And all this is empty, silent and dead. It is the splendour of an invariable region, from which is absent the ephemeral beauty of forest, verdure, or herbage; the splendour of eternal matter, affranchised from all the instability of life; the geological splendour of the world before the creation.

Oh, the sunset this evening! Never have we seen so much gold poured out for us alone around our lonely camp. Our camels, wandering beyond our tents, and strangely enlarged against the vacant horizon, have gold on their heads, on their legs, on their long necks; they are all edged with gold.

And then night comes, the limpid night with its stillness. If at this moment one goes away from the camp and loses sight of it, or even separates oneself from the little handful of living creatures strayed in the midst of dead space, in order to feel more absolutely alone in the nocturnal vacancy, one has an impression of terror in which there is something religious. Less distant, less inaccessible than elsewhere, the stars blaze in the depths of the cosmic abysses; and in this desert, unchangeable and untouched by time, from which one looks at them, one feels oneself nearer to conceiving their inconceivable infinity; one has almost the illusion of sharing in their starry duration, their starry impassibility.

II—The Habitations of Solitude

MARCH 1. After climbing two days in snow, thunder and tempest, we see at last, amid the dim, cloudy peaks of granite, the tall ramparts and the cypress trees of the convent of Sinai. Alas! how silent, sinister and chill appears the holy mountain, which rises in the distance. It is as empty now as the soul of the modern man, as empty as the sky above us.

Trembling with cold in our thin, wet burnous, we alight from our camels, that suffer and complain, disquietened by the white obscurity, the lashing wind, the strange, wild altitude. For twenty minutes we clamber by lantern light among blocks and falls of granite, with bare feet that slip at every step on the snow.

Then we reach a gigantic wall, the summit of which is lost in darkness, and a little low door, covered with iron, opens. We pass in. Two more doors of a similar kind lead through a vaulted tunnel in the rampart. They close behind us with the clang of armour, and we creep up some flights of rough, broken stairs, hewed out of the rock, to a hostel for pilgrims at the top of the great fortress.

Some hospitable monks in black robes, and with long hair like women, hasten to cheer us with a little hot coffee and a little lighted charcoal, carried in a copper vase. Everything has an air of nonchalant wretchedness and Oriental dilapidation in this convent built by the Emperor Justinian fourteen centuries ago. Our bare, whitewashed bedrooms are like the humblest of Turkish dwellings, save for the modest icon above the divan, with a

night-light burning before it. The little chamber is covered with the names of pilgrims gathered from the ends of the earth; Russian, Arabic and Greek inscriptions predominate.

Aroused by a jet of clear sunlight, and surprised by the strangeness of the place, I ran to the balcony; there I still marvelled to find the fantastic things seen by glimpses last night, standing real and curiously distinct in the implacable white light, but arranged in an unreal way, as if inset into each other without perspective, so pure is the atmosphere—and all silent, silent as if they were dead of their extreme old age.

A BYZANTINE church, a mosque, cots, cloisters, an entanglement of stairways, galleries and arches falling to the precipices below: all this in miniature, built up in a tiny space; all this encompassed with formidable ramparts and hooked on to the flanks of gigantic Sinai! From the sharpness and thinness of the air, we know that in reality we are at an excessive height, and yet we feel as if we were at the bottom of a well.

On every side the extreme peaks of Sinai enclose us in, as they mount and scale the sky; their titanic walls, all of a blood-red granite without stain or shadow, are so vertical and so high that they dizzy and appal. Only a fragment of the sky is visible, but its blueness is of a profound transparency, and the sun is magnificent.

And still the same eerie silence envelops the phantom-like monastery, whose antiquity is accentuated under the cold, dazzling sunlight and the sparkling snow. One feels that there are verily 'the habitations of solitude,' encompassed by the great wildernesses.

Its situation has preserved it from the revolutions, the wars and the changing fashions of the world. Almost everything remains just as it was built in 550 by Justinian. And when one of the long-haired monks shows us the marvellous treasures of the basilica—a dim, richly barbaric structure, filled with priceless offerings from the ancient kings of the earth—we no longer wonder at the enormous ramparts which protect the convent from the Bedouins.

Behind the tabernacle of the basilica is the holy place of Sinai—the Crypt of the Burning Bush. It is a sombre cavern lined with antique tiles of a dim blue-green, which are hidden under the icons of gold and precious stone attached to the walls, and under the profusion of gold and silver lamps hanging from the low roof. Rigid saints in vermilion robes looked at us as we entered.



LOUIS MARIE JULIEN VIAUD, who under the pen-name was Pierre Loti, was born at Rochefort, France, January 14, 1850. Entering the navy, France's future most distinguished author, but it is as a man of letters that he is known to the world. His first book, *Aziyadé*, appeared in 1879 and gave ample promise of the genius and style so peculiarly his own. Others of his famous works are: *The Marriage of Loti*, *The Iceland Fishermen*, and *Madame Chrysanthème*. [Photo by Pirou, Paris.]

Peoples and empires have passed away, while these precious things slowly tarnished in this dim crypt. Even the monk who accompanies us resembles, with the pale beauty of his ascetic face, the mystics of the early ages; and his thoughts are infinitely removed from ours. And the vague reflection of sunlight which arrives, through a single little window in the thick wall, and falls in a circle of ghostly radiance on the icons and mosaics, seems to be some gleam from a far off, ancient day, a gleam from an age wholly different from the sordid, impious century in which we live.

A kind of lodge, paved with chiselled silver and hung with lighted lamps, rises in the depth of the crypt; it is there that, according to the venerated tradition, the *Angel of the Eternal* appeared to Moses in the midst of the burning bush.

III—Where Nothing Changes

MARCH 16. We have now left the blue, lonely waters and the red granite cliffs of the Gulf of Akaba, and entered the great desert of Tih, the solitudes of which, our camel-men say, are as immense and as flat as the sea and the scene of incessant mirages. It is peopled by a few tribes of savage Bedouins, descended from the Amalekites.

This is the land in which nothing changes the true Orient, immutable in its dust and its dreams. Behind the barren hill on which we have camped, Arabia Deserta unrolls the infinite tract of its red desolation. On our right is the wide wilderness of Petra and the sinister mountains of the land of Edom. In front stretches the gloomier waste of the plateau of Tih.

From the spot on which we stand, light tracks, made by the secular movement of caravans, run out into the distance, innumerable as the threads in a weaver's loom. They form two rays; one dies away into the west, the other into the north. The first is the route of the believers coming from Egypt and Morocco; the second, which we are about to follow, is the path of the pilgrims from Syria and Palestine.

This wild crossway of the desert, along which pass every year crowds of twenty or thirty thousand men marching to the holy city of Mecca, is now empty, infinitely empty, and the mournful, vacant grandeur which it wears under the sombre sky is terrible. The habitual halting place of multitudes, it is strewn with tombstones, little rough, unhewn blocks, one at the head, the other at the feet—places in which the pious pilgrims who passed by have lain down to rest for eternity.

Our dromedaries, excited by the wide, open space in front of them, raise their heads and scent the wind, and then change their languid gait into something that becomes almost a race. It is of a mud-grey colour, this desert that calls to them, and as even as a lawn. As far as the eye can reach, no change is seen in it, and it is gloomy under a still gloomier sky. It has almost the shimmer of something humid, but its immense surface is made of dry mud, marked like crackled porcelain.

The next day the colour of the wilderness changed from muddy grey to deep black, and the sun soared up, white-hot, in a clear blue sky. The empty, level distances trembled in the heat and seemed to be preparing for all sorts of visions and mirages.

'Gazal! Gazal!' (gazelles) cried the sheik. They were passing in an opposite course to ours, like a whirl of sand, little creatures slenderly fine, little creatures timid and quick in flight. But the moving, troubled air altered their images and juggled them from our defeated eyes.

Then the first phantom lake appeared, and deceived even the Bedouin chief—the water was so blue, and the shadows of a border of palm-trees seemed to be reflected in it. And very soon the tempting waters show on all sides, retreating before us, changing their shapes, spreading out, going away, coming back; large lakes or winding rivers or little ponds edged with imaginary reeds. Every minute they increase, and it seems like a sea which little by little gains on us—a disquieting sea that trembles. But at noon all this blue phantasmagoria vanishes abruptly, as if it were blown away at a breath. There is nothing but dried sands. Clear, real, implacable, reappear the wastes of the land of thirst and death.

EASTER SUNDAY, March 25, 1894. We were awakened this morning by the singing of the larks. After travelling for three hours, look, here are some trees—the first we have seen—a long valley full of trees; and there, on the far sky-line, is the blue edge of the sea. And at last Gaza, with its white minarets and grey houses; Gaza, in the midst of its gardens and its woods; Gaza, that seems a sumptuous city to us poor wanderers of the desert!

The moon is high! It is the hour that our Bedouins depart. Seated on their tall, swinging beasts, the sheiks go by, and wave to us a friendly farewell. They are returning to the terrible land where they were born and where they love to live, and their departure brings to an end our dream of the desert. To-morrow, at break of day, we shall ascend towards Jerusalem.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

ROB ROY

SIXTH in chronological order of the Waverley Novels, Rob Roy was published December 31, 1817, and although not the greatest of Scott's novels it certainly figures among his best. It is crowded with incident and adventure, and the character of Rob Roy himself will last as long as English literature. Diana Vernon, too, is perhaps the most attractive and surely drawn in all Scott's portrait gallery of distinguished women. Rob Roy was dramatised, not very successfully, shortly after its appearance in book form; Scott himself first witnessed a performance of it at Edinburgh on February 15, 1819, the same company appearing in it later at Glasgow before George IV. It was Constable, the publisher, who suggested that the name of the hero would be the best possible name for the book, and although Scott demurred at first to "writing up to a name" and protested that he preferred "a title that told nothing," he ultimately accepted the suggestion and in the introduction to a later edition gently acknowledged "the sagacity and experience that foresaw the germ of popularity which it included."

I—My First Meeting with Diana Vernon



EARLY in the eighteenth century, when I, Frank Osbaldistone, was a youth of twenty, I was hastily summoned from Bordeaux, where, in a mercantile house, I was, as my father trusted, being initiated into the mysteries of commerce. As a matter of fact, my principal attention had been dedicated to literature and manly exercises.

In an evil hour my father had received my letter, containing my eloquent and detailed apology for declining a place in the firm, and I was summoned home in all haste; his chief ambition being that I should succeed, not merely to his fortune, but to the views and plans by which he imagined he could extend and perpetuate that wealthy inheritance.

I did not understand how deeply my father's happiness was involved and, with something of his own pertinacity, had formed a determination precisely contrary, not conceiving that I should increase my own happiness by augmenting a fortune which I believed already sufficient.

My father cut the matter short. When he was my age his father had turned him out and settled his legal inheritance on his younger brother, and one of that brother's sons should take my place if I crossed him any further.

At the end of the month he gave me to think the matter over I found myself on the road to York, on a reasonably good horse, with fifty guineas in my pocket, travelling, as it would seem, for the purpose of assisting in the adoption of a successor to myself in my father's house and favour; he having decided that I should pay a visit to my uncle and stay at Osbaldistone Hall till I should receive further instructions.

There had been an unexpected ease in the way my father had slipped the knot usually esteemed the strongest that binds society together, and let me depart as a sort of outcast from his family, that strangely lessened my self confidence. The muse, too—the very coquette who had led me into this wilderness—deserted me, and I should have been reduced to an uncomfortable state of dullness had it not been for the conversation of strangers who chanced to pass the same way.

One poor man with whom I travelled a day and a half, and whose name was Morris, afforded me much amusement. He had upon his pillion a very small but apparently a very weighty portmanteau, which he would never trust out of his immediate care; and all his conversation was of unfortunate travellers who had fallen among thieves. He wrought himself into a fever of apprehension by the progress of his own narratives, and occasionally eyed me with doubt and suspicion too ludicrous to be offensive. I found amusement in alternately exciting and lulling to sleep the causeless fears of my timorous companion, who tried in vain to induce a

Scotchman with whom we dined in Darlington to ride with him, because the landlord informed us "that for as peaceable a gentleman as Mr. Campbell was, he was, moreover, as bold as a lion; seven highwaymen had he defeated with his single arm as he came from Whitson-Tryste."

"Thou art deceived, friend Jonathan," said Campbell, interrupting him; "there were but barely two, and two cowardly loons as man could wish to meet withal."

My companion made up to him and, taking him aside, seemed to press his company upon him.

Next day I parted company with my timid companion, turning more westerly in the direction of my uncle's seat. I had already had a distant view of Osbaldistone Hall, when my horse, tired as he was, pricked up his ears at the notes of a pack of hounds in full cry. The headmost hounds soon burst out of the coppice, followed by three or four riders with reckless haste, regardless of the broken and difficult nature of the ground. "My cousins," thought I, as they swept past.

But a vision interrupted my reflections. It was a young lady, the loveliness of whose striking features was enhanced by the animation of the chase, whose horse made an irregular movement as she passed me, which served as an apology for me to ride close up to her, as if to her assistance. There was no cause for alarm, for she guided her horse with the most admirable address and presence of mind. One of the young men soon reappeared, waving the brush of the fox in triumph, and, after a few words, the lady rode back to me and inquired, as she could not persuade "this cultivated young gentleman" to do so, if I had heard anything of a friend of theirs, one Mr. Francis Osbaldistone.

I was only too happy to acknowledge myself to be the party inquired after; she then presented to me, "as his politeness seemed still to be slumbering," my cousin, young Squire Thorncliff Osbaldistone, and "Die Vernon, who has also the honour to be your accomplished cousin's poor kinswoman."

After shaking hands with me, he left to help couple up the hounds, and Miss Vernon rode with me to Osbaldistone Hall, giving me on the way a description of its inmates, of whom, she said, the only conversible beings beside herself, were the old priest and Rashleigh—Sir Hildebrand's youngest son.

II—Rashleigh's Villainy is Exposed

RASHLEIGH OSBALDISTONE was a striking contrast to his five brothers, all tall, stout and comely, without pretence to accomplishment except dexterity in field sports. He welcomed me with the air of a man of the world, and, though his appearance was far from prepossessing, he was possessed of a voice the most soft, mellow and rich I ever heard. He had been intended for a priest, but when my father's desire to have one of Sir Hildebrand's sons in his counting house was known, he had been selected as indeed the only one who could be considered at all suitable.

The day after my arrival Miss Vernon, as we were following the hounds, showed me in the distance the hills of Scotland, and told me I could be there in safety in two hours. To my dismay she explained that my amorous fellow traveller had been robbed of money and dispatches from Government, and accused me. The magistrate had let my uncle know, and both he and Miss Vernon, considering it a merit to distress a Hanoverian Government in every way, never doubted my guilt and only showed the way of escape. On my indignant denial, Miss Vernon rode with me to the magistrate's, where we met Rashleigh.

Immediately after, we heard his horse's hoofs in rapid motion, and very shortly afterwards, Mr. Campbell, the very Scotchman we had met at Darlington, entered the justice's room and, giving him a billet from the Duke of Argyll to certify that he, Mr. Robert Campbell, was a person of good character, prevailed on the magistrate to discharge me; for he had been with my late fellow-traveller at the time of the robbery and could swear that the robber was a very different person.

Miss Vernon made me promise to ask no questions, and I only entreated her, if at any time my services could be useful to her, she would command them without hesitation.

Before Rashleigh's departure, I had realized his real character, and wrote to Owen, my father's old clerk, to hint that he should keep a strict guard over my father's interests. Notwithstanding that Miss Vernon had charged Rashleigh with perfidious conduct towards herself, they had several private interviews together, though their bearing did not seem cordial.

I began to think it strange I had received no letter from either my father or Owen, though I had now been several weeks at Osbaldistone Hall. Where the mode of life was too uniform to admit of description. Diana Vernon and I enjoyed much of our time in mutual studies; but although my vanity early discovered that I had given her an additional reason for disliking the cloister, to which she was destined if she would not marry one of Sir Hildebrand's sons, I could not confide in an affection which seemed completely subordinate to the mysteries of her singular situation. She would not permit her love to overpower her sense of duty or prudence, and one day proved this by advising me at once to return to London. My father was in Holland, she said, and if Rashleigh was allowed to manage his affairs long he would be ruined. He would use my father's revenues as a means of putting in motion his own ambitious schemes. I seized her hand, and pressed it to my lips—the world could never compensate for what I must leave behind me, if I left the Hall.

"This is folly! This is madness!" he cried, and my eyes following the direction of hers, I saw the tapestry shake which covered the door of the secret passage to Rashleigh's apartment. Prudence, and the necessity of suppressing my passion and obeying Diana's reiterated command of "Leave me! Leave me!" came in time to prevent any rash action.

I left the apartment in a chaos of thoughts. Above all, I was perplexed by the manner in which Miss Vernon had received my tender of affection, and the glance of fear rather than surprise with which she had watched the motion of the tapestry. I resolved to clear up the mystery, and that evening, at a time when I did not usually visit the library, I, hesitating a moment with my hand on the latch, heard a footstep within, opened the door, and found Miss Vernon alone.

I had determined to seek a complete explanation, but found she refused it with indignant defiance and avowed to my face the preference of a rival. And yet when I was about to leave her for ever, it cost her but a change of look and tone to lead me back, her willing subject, on her own hard terms, agreeing that henceforward we could be nothing to each other but friends.

She then gave me a letter which she said might never have reached my hands if it had not fallen into hers. It was from my father's partner, Mr. Tresham, to tell me that Rashleigh had gone to Scotland some time since to take up bills granted by my father and had not since been heard of, that Owen had been despatched in search of him, and I was entreated to go after him and assist to save my father's mercantile honour. Having read this, Diana left me for a moment, and returned with a sheet of paper folded like a letter.

"If I understand you rightly," she said, "the funds in Rashleigh's possession must be recovered by a certain day? Take this packet; do not open it till other means have failed. Within ten days of the fated day you may break the seal, and you will find directions that may be useful to you. Adieu, Frank, we never meet more, but sometimes think of your friend Die Vernon."

She extended her hand, but I clasped her to my bosom. She sighed, and escaped to her own room, and I saw her no more.

III—Rob Roy in Glasgow

I had not been a day in Glasgow before, in obedience to a mysterious summons, I met Mr. Campbell, and was by him guided to the prison, where my poor old friend Owen was confined. On his arrival, two days before, he had gone to my father's correspondents, trusting that they who heretofore could not do too much to deserve the patronage of their good friends in Crane Alley, would now give their counsel and assistance. They met this with a counter-demand of instant security

against ultimate loss, and when this was refused as unjust to the other creditors of Osbaldistone and Tresham, they had thrown him into prison, as he had a small share in the firm.

In the midst of our sorrowful explanations we were disturbed by a loud knocking at the outer door of the prison. The Highland turnkey, with as much delay as possible, undid the fastenings. My guide sprang up the stair and into Owen's apartment. He cast his eyes around, and then said to me, "Lend me your pistols; yet, no, I can do without them."

But, instead of a guard with bayonets fixed, there entered a good-looking young woman, ushering in a short, stout, important person a magistrate.

"A bonny thing it is, and a beseeming, that I should be kept at the door half-an-hour, Captain Stanchells," said he, addressing the principal jailor, who now showed himself. "How's this? How's this? Strangers in the jail after lock up hours? I must see into this! But, first, I must have a crack with an auld acquaintance here. Mr. Owen, Mr. Owen, how's a' wi' you, man?"

"Pretty well in body, I thank you," Mr. Jarvie," drawled out poor Owen, "but sore afflicted in spirit."

Mr. Jarvie was another correspondent of my father's. He showed himself kindly and sensible, and asked Owen to let him see some papers he mentioned.

Mr. Jarvie soon showed himself master of what he had been considering and, saying he could not see how Mr. Owen could arrange his affairs if he were kept lying there, undertook to be his surety and to have him free by breakfast-time. He then took the light and advanced to my guide, who awaited his scrutiny with great calmness, seated on the table.

"Eh! Oh! Ah!" exclaimed the bailie. "My conscience! It's impossible! And yet, no! Ye robber! Ye cateran! Born deevil that ye are can this be you?"

"E'en as ye see, bailie," said he.

"Ye are a dauring villain, Rob," answered the bailie, "an' ye will be hanged. But bluid's thicker than water. Whar's



BAILIE NICOL JARVIE VISITS ROB ROY IN HIS STRONGHOLD

From the painting by J. Watson Nicol in the Sheffield Picture Gallery

the gude thousand pund Scots that I lent ye, man, and when am I to see it again?"

"As to when you'll see it why, just 'when the king enjoys his ain again,' as the auld sang says."

"Worst of a', Robin," retorted the bailie, "I mean, ye disloyal traitor! worst of a, ye had better stick to your auld trade o' theft-boot and blackmail than ruining nations. And wha the deevil's this?" he continued, turning to me.

Owen explained that I was young Mr. Frank Osbaldistone, the only child of the head of the house, and the Bailie Nicol Jarvie, having undertaken Owen's release, took me home to sleep at his house.

I was astonished that Mr. Campbell should appear to Mr. Jarvie as the head of a freebooting Highland clan, and dismayed to think that Diana's fate should be involved in that of desperadoes of this man's description. The packet which Diana Vernon had given me I had opened in the presence of the Highlander, for the ten days had elapsed, and a sealed letter had dropped out. This had at once been claimed by Mr. Campbell, or Rob MacGregor, as Mr. Jarvie called him, and the address showed it was meant for him.

Before we parted, MacGregor bade me visit him in the Highlands, and I kept this appointment in company with the bailie. Strange to say, in the Highlands I met Diana Vernon, escorted by a single horseman, and from her received papers which had been in Rashleigh's possession. There was fighting, and the bailie and I were both more than once in peril of our lives.

IV—Rob Roy to the Rescue

No sooner had we returned from our dangerous expedition than I sought out Owen. He was not alone—my father was with him.

His first impulse was to preserve the dignity of his usual equanimity. "Francis, I am glad to see you." The next was to embrace me tenderly.

When the tumult of our joy was over I learnt that my father had arrived from Holland shortly after Owen had set off for Scotland. By his extensive resources, with funds enlarged and credit fortified, he easily put right what had befallen only, perhaps, through his absence, and set out for Scotland to exact justice from Rashleigh.

The full extent of my cousin's villainy I had yet to learn. In the rebellion of 1715, when in an ill-omened hour the standard of the Stewart was set up, to the ruin of many honourable families, Rashleigh, with more than one other Jacobite agent, revealed the plot to the Government. My poor uncle, Sir Hildebrand, was easily persuaded to join the unfortunate standard of the Stewarts, and was soon taken and lodged in Newgate. He died in prison, but before he died he spoke with great bitterness against Rashleigh, now his only surviving child, and declared that neither he nor his sons who had perished would have plunged into political intrigue but for that very member of his family who had been the first to desert them. By his will, Sir Hildebrand devised his estates at Osbaldistone Hall to me, as his next heir, cutting off Rashleigh with a shilling.

Rashleigh had yet one more card to play. The villain was aware that Diana's father, Sir Frederick Vernon, whose life had been forfeited for earlier Jacobite plots, lived in hiding at Osbaldistone Hall, and this had given him power over Miss Vernon.

For some time I had returned to my father's office, when I decided to visit Osbaldistone Hall and take possession. On my arrival Diana met me in the dining hall with her father.

"We are your supplicants, Mr. Osbaldistone," said the old knight; "we claim the refuge and protection of your roof till we can pursue a journey where dungeons and death gape for me at every step."

"Surely," I articulated, "Miss Vernon cannot suppose me capable of betraying anyone, much less you?"

But scarcely had they retired to rest that night, when Rashleigh arrived with officers of the law and exhibited his warrant, not only against Frederick Vernon, an attainted traitor, but also against Diana Vernon, spinster, and Francis Osbaldistone, accused of connivance at treason. He provided a coach for his prisoners, but in the park a number of Highlanders had gathered.

"Claymore!" cried the leader of the Highlanders as the coach appeared, and a scuffle instantly commenced. The officers of the law, surprised at so sudden an attack, conceived themselves surrounded, and galloped off in different directions.

Rashleigh fell mortally wounded by the leader of the band, who the next instant was at the carriage door. It was Rob Roy, who handed out Miss Vernon and assisted her father and me to alight.

"Mr. Osbaldistone," he said, in a whisper, "you have nothing to fear; I must look after those who have. Your friends will soon be in safety. Farewell, and forget not the MacGregor."

He whistled; his band gathered round him, and hurrying Diana and her father along with him, they were almost instantly lost in the glades of the forest.

The death of Rashleigh, who had threatened to challenge at law my right to Osbaldistone Hall left me access to my inheritance without interference.

I learnt subsequently that the opportune appearance of MacGregor and his party was not fortuitous. The Scottish nobles and gentry engaged in the insurrection of 1715 were particularly anxious to further the escape of Sir Frederick Vernon, who, as an old and trusted agent of the house of Stewart, was possessed of matter enough to have ruined half Scotland, and Rob Roy was the person whom they pitched upon to assist his escape. Once at large they found horses prepared for them, and were conducted to the western sea-coast and safely embarked for France. I also learnt that Sir Frederick could not long survive a lingering disease, and that his daughter was placed in a convent.

WHEN the news reached me I frankly told the state of my affections to my father, who said: "I little thought my son should have been lord of Osbaldistone Manor, and far less that he should go to a French convent for a spouse. But so dutiful a daughter cannot but prove a good wife. You have worked at the desk to please me, Frank; it is but fair you should wive to please yourself."

Long and happily I lived with Diana, and heavily I lamented her death.

Rob Roy died in old age, and by a peaceful death some time about 1733, and is still remembered in his country as the Robin Hood of Scotland.



ROB ROY INTERVENES IN THE DUEL BETWEEN FRANK AND RASHLEIGH

From the painting by J. B. MacDonald, A.R.S.A.

WILLIAM COWPER

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM COWPER

REMEMBERED in his poetical capacity to-day chiefly as the author of John Gilpin, his touching poem On Receipt of My Mother's Picture, and his fine ballad On the Loss of the Royal George, William Cowper stood in his own day, in the very front rank of poets, competent critics declaring The Task to be the greatest poem of the period. The main characteristics of his style are its simplicity, tenderness and playfulness, its sympathy with nature and with ordinary life and its unaffected devotional accent. But Cowper is now appreciated more for his incomparably delightful epistles to his friends than for his poetry. In their incisive but kindly and gentle irony, their innocent but genuine fun, their keen and striking comment and their tender melancholy they are quite the best we have in our language. A complete edition of the Letters is published by the Oxford University Press, and a volume of Selections is published by Macmillan.

To the Rev. John Newton



OLNEY, January 13, 1782. I am rather pleased that you have adopted other sentiments respecting our intended present to Dr. Johnson. I allow him to be a man of gigantic talents and most profound learning, nor have I any doubts about the universality of his knowledge; but, by what I have seen of his animadversions on the poets, I feel myself much disposed to question, in many instances, either his candour or his taste.

He finds fault too often, like a man that, having sought it very industriously, is at last obliged to stick it on a pin's point and look at it through a microscope; and I could easily convict him of having denied many beauties, and overlooked more. Whether his judgement be in itself defective, or whether it be warped by collateral considerations, a writer upon such subjects as I have chosen would probably find but little mercy at his hands.

To the Rev. William Unwin

I say amen, with all my heart, to your observations on religious characters. Men who profess themselves adepts in mathematical knowledge, in astronomy, or jurisprudence, are generally as well qualified as they would appear. The reason may be that they are always liable to detection should they attempt to impose upon mankind, and therefore take care to be what they pretend. In religion alone a profession is often taken up and slovenly carried on, because, forsooth, candour and charity require us to hope the best, and to judge favourably of our neighbour, and because it is easy to deceive the ignorant, who are a great majority, upon this subject.

Let a man attach himself to a particular party, contend furiously for what are properly called evangelical doctrines, and enlist himself under the banner of some popular preacher, and the business is done. Behold a Christian! a saint! In the meantime, perhaps, his heart and his temper, and even his conduct, are unsanctified; possibly less exemplary than those of some avowed infidels. No matter: he can talk: he has the shibboleth of the true Church: the Bible in his pocket, and a head well stored with notions.

But the quiet, humble, modest and peaceable person, who is in his practice what the other is only in his profession, who hates a noise, and therefore makes none; who, knowing the snares that are in the world, keeps himself as much out of it as he can, is the Christian that will always stand highest in the estimation of those who bring all characters to the test of true wisdom and judge of the tree by its fruit.

To the Same

OLNEY, August 3, 1782. It is a sort of paradox, but it is true; we are never more in danger than when we think ourselves most secure, nor in reality more secure than when we seem to be most in

danger. Both sides of this apparent contradiction were lately verified in my experience. Passing from the greenhouse to the barn, I saw three kittens—for we have so many in our retinue looking with fixed attention on something which lay on the threshold of a door nailed up. I took but little notice of them at first, but a loud hiss engaged me to attend more closely, when behold! a viper! the largest that I remember to have seen, rearing itself, darting its forked tongue, and ejaculating the aforesaid hiss at the nose of a kitten, almost in contact with his lips. I ran into the hall for a hoe with a long handle, with which I intended to assail him, and, returning in a few minutes, missed him; he was gone, and I feared had escaped me. Still, however, the kitten sat, watching immovably on the same spot. I concluded, therefore, that, sliding between the door and the threshold, he had found his way out of the garden into the yard.

I went round, and there found him in close conversation with the old cat, whose curiosity, being excited by so novel an appearance, inclined her to pat his head repeatedly with her fore foot, with her claws, however, sheathed, and not in anger, but in the way of philosophic inquiry and examination. To prevent her falling a victim to so laudable an exercise of her talents, I interposed in a moment with the hoe, and performed on him an act of decapitation which, though not immediately mortal, proved so in the end.

Had he slid into the passages, where it is dark, or had he indeed, when in the yard, met with no interruption from the cat, and secreted himself in any of the outhouses, it is hardly possible but that some member of the family must have been bitten.

To the Same

OLNEY, November 4, 1782. You tell me that John Gilpin made you laugh to tears, and that the ladies at court are delighted with my poems. Much good may they do them! May they become as wise as the writer wished them and they will be much happier than he. I know there is in the book that wisdom that cometh from above, because it was from above that I received it. May they receive it too! For whether they drink it out of the cistern, or whether it falls upon them immediately from the clouds—as it did on me—is all one. It is the water of life, which whosoever shall drink it shall thirst no more. As to the famous horseman above-mentioned, he and his feats are an inexhaustible source of merriment. At least we find him so, and seldom meet without refreshing ourselves with the recollection of them. You are at liberty to deal with them as you please.

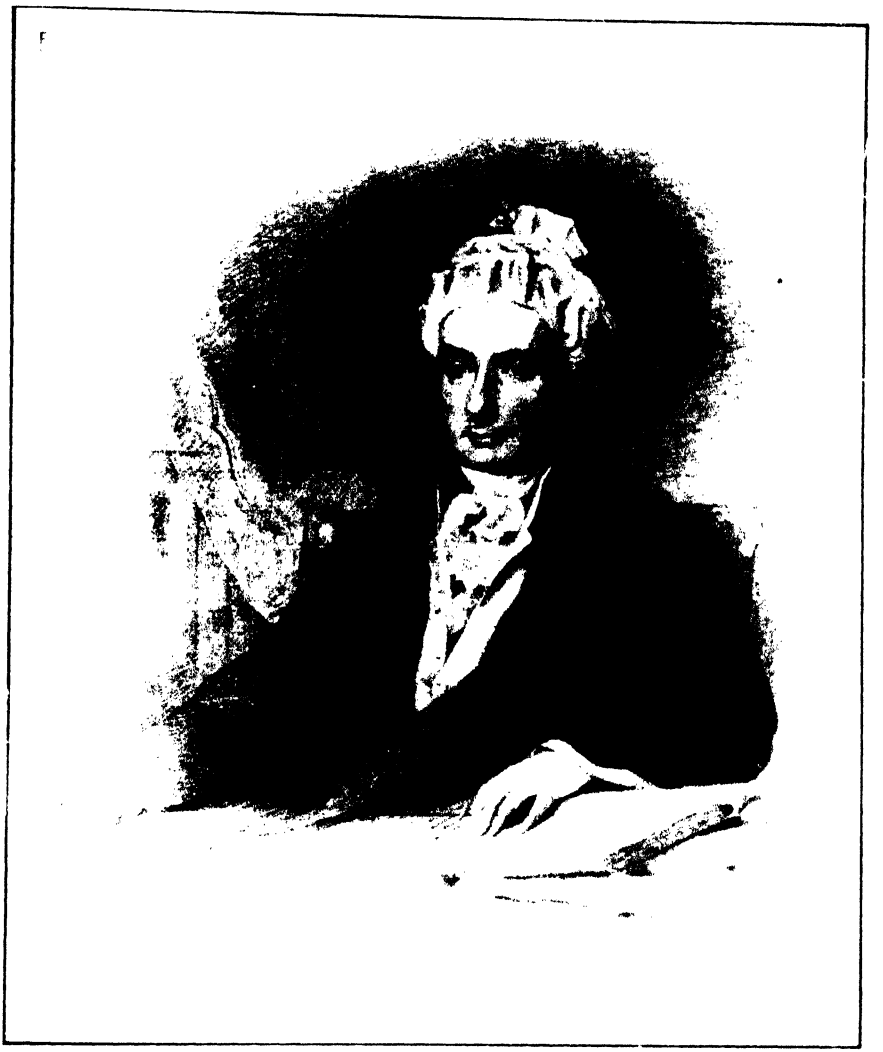
To Mrs. Newton

OLNEY, November 23, 1782. Accept my thanks for the trouble you take in vending my poems, and still more for the interest you take in their success. To be approved by the great, as Horace observed many years ago, is fame indeed.

THE winter set in with great severity. The rigour of the season and the advanced price of grain are very threatening to the poor. It is well with those that can feed upon a promise, and wrap themselves up warm in the robe of salvation. A good fireside and a well spread table are but very indifferent substitutes for those better accommodations; so very indifferent that I would gladly exchange them both for the rags and the unsatisfied hunger of the poorest creature that looks forward with hope to a better world, and weeps tears of joy in the midst of penury and distress.

What a world is this! How mysteriously governed, and in appearance left to itself! One man, having squandered thousands at a gaming table, finds it convenient to travel; gives his estate to somebody to manage for him, amuses himself a few years in France and Italy; returns, perhaps, wiser than he went, having acquired knowledge which, but for his follies, he would never have acquired; again makes a splendid figure at home, shines in the senate, governs his country as its minister, is admired for his abilities, and, if successful, adored at least by a party. When he dies, he is praised as a demi-god and his monument records everything but his vices.

The exact contrary of such a picture is to be found in many cottages at Olney. I have no need to describe them; you know the



William Cowper was born at Great Berkhampstead Rectory, November 15, 1731. After leaving Westminster School he entered the Middle Temple and was called to the Bar in 1754 without, however, any intention of practising. A native tendency to melancholia developed into actual insanity in 1763, and after a period of treatment in a private asylum he entered the family of the Unwins at Huntingdon, settling after Mr. Unwin's death with the widowed Mary Unwin, at Olney, where he came under the influence of John Newton, with whom he wrote the Olney Hymns. After his recovery from a second mental breakdown he was encouraged by his cousin, Lady Hesketh, to occupy himself with writing poetry, and with the publication of *The Task*, of which an epitome appears elsewhere in *The World's Great Best*, in 1785, his great and original genius was immediately recognized. His other most important work was a translation of Homer published in 1787. Cowper's later years were clouded by insanity, and he died at East Dereham, April 25, 1800.

This portrait is engraved from the painting by Lemuel Abbott.

characters I mean. They love God, they trust Him, and, though He means to reward them openly, the day of recompense is delayed. In the meantime, they suffer everything that poverty can inflict upon them. Who would suspect, that has not a spiritual eye to discern it, that the fine gentleman was one whom his Maker had in abhorrence and the poor wretch dear to Him as the apple of His eye?

It is no wonder that the world, who are not in the secret, find themselves obliged, some of them, to doubt a Providence, and others absolutely to deny it, when almost all the real virtue in it is to be found living and dying in a state of neglected obscurity and all the vices of others cannot exclude them from worship. But behind the curtain the matter is explained, little to the satisfaction of the great.

To the Rev. John Newton

Olney, January 26, 1783. It is reported among persons of the best intelligence at Olney the barber, the schoolmaster and the drummer of a corps quartered at this place that the belligerent powers are at last reconciled, the articles of the treaty adjusted, and that peace is at the door.

The powers of Europe have clashed with each other to a fine purpose. Your opinions and mine, I mean our political ones, are not exactly of a piece, yet I cannot think otherwise on the subject than I have always done. England, more perhaps through the fault of her generals than her councils, has in some instances acted with a spirit of cruel animosity she was never chargeable with till now. But this is the worst that can be said.

On the other hand, the Americans, who, if they had contented themselves with a struggle for lawful liberty, would have deserved applause, seem to me to have incurred the guilt of patricide, by renouncing their parent, by making her ruin their favourite object and by associating themselves with her worst enemy for the accomplishment of their purpose.

France and, of course, Spain have acted a treacherous, a thievish part. They have stolen America from England, and whether they are able to possess themselves of that jewel or not hereafter, it was doubtless what they intended. Holland appears to me in a meaner light than any of them. They quarrelled with a friend for an enemy's sake. The French led them by the nose, and the English have thrashed them for suffering it.

My views of the contest being as they have always been, I have consequently brighter hopes for England than her situation some time since seemed to justify. She is the only injured party.

America may perhaps call her the aggressor; but, if she were so, America has not only repelled the injury, but done a greater. As to the rest, if perfidy, treachery, avarice and ambition can prove their cause to have been a rotten one, those proofs are found on them. I think, therefore, that, whatever scourge may be prepared for England on some future day, her ruin is not yet to be expected.

To the Same

Olney, November 17, 1783. Swift observes, when he is giving his reasons why the preacher is elevated always above his hearers, that, let the crowd be as great as it will below, there is always room enough overhead.

If the French philosophers can carry their art of flying to the perfection they desire, the observation may be reversed, the crowd will be overhead, and they will have most room who stay below. I can assure you, however, upon my own experience, that this way of travelling is very delightful.

I dreamt a night or two since that I drove myself through the upper regions in a balloon and pair, with the greatest ease and security. Having finished the tour I intended, I made a short turn and, with one flourish of my whip, descended; my horses prancing and curvetting with an infinite share of spirit, but without the least danger either to me or my vehicle.

The time, we may suppose, is at hand, and seems to be prognosticated by my dream, when these airy excursions will be universal, when judges will fly the circuit and bishops their visitations, and when the tour of Europe will be performed with much greater speed and with equal

advantage by all who travel merely for the sake of saying that they have made it.

To his Cousin, Lady Hesketh

OLNEY, November 9, 1785. I am happy that my poems have pleased you. My volume has afforded me no such pleasure at any time, either while I was writing it or since its publication, as I have derived from yours and my uncle's opinion of it. But, above all, I honour John Gilpin, since it was he who first encouraged you to write. I made him on purpose to laugh at, and he served his purpose well.

To the Same

OLNEY, February 9, 1786. Let me tell you that your kindness in promising to visit us has charmed us both. I shall see you again. I shall hear your voice. We shall take walks together. I will show you my prospects, the hovel, the alcove, the banks of the Ouse, everything I have described. My dear, I will not let you come till the end of May, or the beginning of June, because, before that time, my greenhouse will not be ready to receive us and it is the only pleasant room belonging to us. When the plants go out, we go in.

I will tell you what you shall find at your first entrance. *Imprimis*, as soon as you have entered the vestibule, if you cast a look on either side of you, you shall see on the right hand a box of my making. It is the box in which have been lodged all my hares, and in which lodges Puss at present. But he, poor fellow, is worn out with age, and promises to die before you can see him.

My dear, I have told Homer what you say about casks and urns, and have asked him whether he is sure that it is a cask in which Jupiter keeps his wine. He swears that it is a cask, and that it will never be anything better than a cask to all eternity. So if the god is content with it, we must even wonder at his taste and be so too.

To the Same

OLNEY, March 6, 1786. Your opinion has more weight with me than that of all the critics in the world. To give you a proof of it, I make you a concession that I would hardly have made to them all united. I do not indeed absolutely covenant that I will discard all my elisions, but I hereby bind myself to discard as many of them as, without sacrificing energy to sound I can.

It is incumbent on me, in the meantime to say something in justification of the few I shall retain, that I may not seem a poet mounted on a mule rather than on Parnassus. In the first place, 'the' is a barbarism. We are indebted for it to the Celts, or the Goths, or the Saxons, or perhaps to them all. In the two best languages that ever were spoken, the Greek and the Latin, there is no similar encumbrance of expression to be found. Secondly, the perpetual use of it in our language is, to us miserable poets, attended with two great inconveniences.

Our verse consisting of only ten syllables, it not infrequently happens that the fifth part of a line is to be engrossed, and necessarily too, unless elision prevents it, by this abominable intruder; and, which is worse in my account, open vowels are continually the consequence. *Thi* element *the* air, etc.

Thirdly, the French, who are equally chargeable with the English with barbarism in this particular, dispose of them *le* and then *eat* without ceremony, and always take care that they shall be absorbed, both in verse and in prose, in the vowel that immediately follows them.

Fourthly, and I believe lastly, the practice of cutting short 'the' is warranted by Milton, who of all English poets that ever lived, had certainly the finest ear.

Your only critic of my verse that is to be found in all the earth, whom I love, what shall I say in answer to your own objection to that passage

> Softly he placed his hand
> On the old man's head, and parted it gently away.

I can say neither more nor less than this, that when our dear friend the general sent me his opinion on the specimen, quoting those very words from it, he added, 'With this part I was particularly pleased; there is nothing in poetry more descriptive.'

Taste, my dear, is various; there is nothing so various, and even between persons of the best taste there are

diversities of opinion on the same subject, for which it is by no means possible to account.

To John Johnson, Esq.

WESTON, June 7, 1790. You never pleased me more than when you told me you had abandoned your mathematical pursuits. It grieved me to think that you were wasting your time merely to gain a little Cambridge fame, not worth having. I cannot be contented that your renown should thrive nowhere but on the banks of the Cam. Conceive a nobler ambition, and never let your honour be circumscribed by the paltry dimensions of a university! It is well that you have already, as you observe, acquired sufficient information in that science to enable you to pass creditably such examinations as, I suppose, you must hereafter undergo. Keep what you have gotten, and be content.

You could not apply to a worse than I am to advise you concerning your studies. I was never a regular student myself, but lost the most valuable years of my life in an attorney's office and in the Temple. It seems to me that your chief concern is with history, natural philosophy, logic and divinity. As to metaphysics, I know little about them. Life is too short to afford time even for serious trifles. Pursue what you know to be attainable, make truth your object, and your studies will make you a wise man. Let your divinity, if I may advise, be the divinity of the glorious Reformation. I mean in contradiction to Arminianism, and all the *isms* that were ever broached in this world of ignorance.

Obiter Dicta

MEN of lively imagination are not often remarkable for solidity of judgement. They have strong passions to bias it, and are led far away from their proper road, in pursuit of petty phantoms of their own creating.

Excellence is providentially placed beyond the reach of indolence, that success may be the reward of industry and that idleness may be punished with obscurity and disgrace.

I do not think that in these costermonger days, as I have a notion Falstaff calls them, an antediluvian age is at all a desirable thing, but to live comfortably while we do live is a great matter, and comprehends in it everything that can be wished for on this side the curtain that hangs between time and eternity.

Wherever there is war, there is misery and outrage; notwithstanding which, it is not only lawful to wish, but even a duty to pray for the success of one's country. And as to the neutralities, I really think the Russian virago an impertinent puss for meddling with us, and engaging half a score kittens of her acquaintance to scratch the poor old lion, who, if he has been insolent in his day, has probably acted no otherwise than they themselves would have acted in his circumstances and with his power to embolden them.

THOUGH a Christian is not to be quarrelsome, he is not to be crushed. Though he is but a worm before God, he is not such a worm as every selfish and unprincipled wretch may tread on at his pleasure.

St. Paul seems to condemn the practice of going to law. 'Why do ye not suffer wrong, etc.' But if we look again we shall find that a litigious temper prevailed among the professors of that day. Surely he did not mean, any more than his Master, that the most harmless members of society should receive no advantage of its laws, or should be the only persons who should derive no benefit from those institutions without which society cannot subsist.

Tobacco was not known in the Golden Age. So much the worse for the Golden Age. This age of iron and lead would be insupportable without it; and therefore we may reasonably suppose that the happiness of those better days would have been much improved by the use of it.

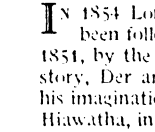
Simplicity is becoming a very rare quality in a writer. In the decline of great kingdoms, and where refinement in all the arts is carried to an excess, I suppose it is always so. The later Roman writers are remarkable for false ornament; they were without doubt greatly admired by the readers of their own day; and with respect to authors of the present era, the popular among them appear to me to be equally censurable on the same account. Swift and Addison were simple.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

IN 1854 Longfellow resigned his professorship at the University of Harvard. Evangeline had been followed by Kavanagh, a novel of no particular merit, a cluster of minor poems, and, in 1851, by the Golden Legend, a singularly beautiful lyrical drama based on Hartmann von Aue's story, Der arme Heinrichs. Leaving the dim twilight of mediæval Germany, the poet brought his imagination to bear upon the Red Indian and his stone of legend. The result was the Song of Hiawatha, in 1855. Both in subject and in metre the poem is a conscious imitation of the Finnish Kalevala. It was immensely popular on its appearance, and Emerson declared it was 'sweet and wholesome as maize.' If the poem lacks veracity as an account of Red Indian life, it nevertheless overflows with the legion beauties of the author's imagination, and is typical of those elements in his work which have endeared him to the English-speaking world. With the exception of Evangeline, of which an epitome appears later in *The Book's Great Books*, it is Longfellow's most popular work.

I—Of Hiawatha and His Battle with Mudjekeewis



HIAWATHA was sent by Gitche Manito, the Master of Life, as a prophet to teach and teach the folk of men and to toil and to suffer with them. If they listened to his counsels they would flourish and prosper, but if they paid no heed they would fade away and perish. His father was Mudjekeewis, the West Wind, his mother was Wenonah, the first born daughter of Nokomis, who was the daughter of the Moon. Wenonah died in her anguish deserted by the West Wind, and Hiawatha was brought up and taught by the old Nokomis. He soon learnt the language of every bird and every beast, and became a great boaster and story teller, made bows and arrows with which he shot the red deer. When he grew into manhood he put many questions concerning his mother to the old Nokomis, and having learnt her story, resolved, despite all warnings, to take vengeance on Mudjekeewis.

But the fearless Hiawatha
Heeded not her warning wishes,
Forth he strode into the forest,
Crossed the rushing Eagle River,
Crossed the mighty Mississippi,
Passed the Mountains of the Prairie,
Passed the land of Crows and Foxes,
Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet,
Came unto the Rocky Mountains,
To the kingdom of the West Wind,
Where upon the gusty summits
Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,
Ruler of the winds of Heaven.

Filled with awe was Hiawatha
At the aspect of his father.
On the air about him wildly
Tossed and streamed his golden tresses,
Gleamed like drifting snow his tresses,
Glared like Iskoodah, the comet,
Like the star with fiery tresses.

Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis
When he looked on Hiawatha,
Saw his youth rise up before him
In the face of Hiawatha,
Saw the beauty of Wenonah
From the grave rise up before him.

'Welcome!' said he, 'Hiawatha,
To the kingdom of the West Wind!
Long have I been waiting for you!
Youth is lovely, age is lonely,
Youth is fair, age is fleeting;
You bring back the days departed,
You bring back my youth of passion,
And the memory of Wenonah!'

Many days they talked together,
One in heart, in mind one person;
Much the mighty Mudjekeewis
Boasted of his many conquests,
Of his battles with the serpents,
Of his flight through heaven with Kabibonokka,
Of his lovely days with Wabun,
Of his perilous fights with Pearl Feathers;
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbed and trembled not nor wavered,
Neither wood nor lake betrayed him;
But his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.
Then he said to Mudjekeewis,
'Tell me now the truth, O father,
All the secrets of the Muskwas,
Grant and grievous to be conquered,
All the perils and the dangers
Shunned or met by the fearless,
Those that thou hast met and conquered,
Those that still remain before me.'
Mudjekeewis looked at Hiawatha
With a strong and mighty meaning,
Saying, 'O my Hiawatha!
Is your heart quite set upon it?'
Hiawatha said in answer,
'Quite set on it is my heart!'
Then his father said, 'My son!
Many perils will encounter
Those who meddle with the unknown,
Those who attempt new things and untried.
Let the wary Hiawatha
Have forbidden rash endeavors
Lest his heart be overburdened,
Lest his manhood and his courage
Fail before the trials terrible,
Fail before the powers of magic.'
But the heart of Hiawatha
Only throbbed the more for longing,
Like a living coal it throbbed
And would not be at rest nor quiet.
Then his father said, 'My son!
Since your heart is so persistent,
See that you are well prepared in all things
For the journey that you undertake,
For the dangers you encounter.'
Straightway then did Hiawatha
Call the birds of all the forest,
All the beasts that roam the meadow,
All the fishes in the water,
All the reptiles of the marshes,
Summoned them to his presence,
Spake to them these words of wisdom,
Told them of his strife intended,
Told them of his plan to meet it,
Asked their counsel in the matter.
From the south came Shingebis the diver,
Wagemin the loon came from the northland,
Came the gulls and all the wild fowl
Of the coasts and of the islands,
Of the rivers and the inland seas.
Only Kagh the hateful raven
Sent no answer to the council.
Shingebis the diver answered,
'All my life is passed in diving,
Deep among the sunken forests,
Deep among the coral branches;
Multitudes of fishes know me,
All the secrets of the water,
All the arts of the Kenabeek,
All their strength and all their cunning,
Let me teach them to Hiawatha,
Teach him how to dive and conquer.'
Wagemin the loon made answer,
'Lo! the deer with hoofs of iron,
Lo! the deer with antlers sharp as javelins,
He will rush upon you fiercely,
Gore you with his antlers deadly,
Stamp you with his hoofs of iron.
But my heart is good toward you,
I will teach you all my magic,
All my power in war and hunting!'
Thus to Hiawatha spake they,
Thus the birds of all the forest,
All the beasts that roam the meadow,
All the fishes in the water,
All the reptiles of the marshes.
Only Kagh the hateful raven
Laughed with scorn and said, 'Impossible!
How can any one encounter
All the perils of existence?'
Hiawatha said in answer,
'Nothing is impossible, nothing!
If my heart is firm and fearless,
If my mind is calm and steadfast,
All things can be overcome and conquered!'
Then said Hiawatha to them,
'Bring me now the bows and arrows,
Bring me now the war-paint quickly,
Make me ready for my journey,
Make me ready for my conflict!'
Then they brought him bows and arrows,
Painted him for war and hunting,
Painted him in red and yellow,
Painted him with streaks of azure,
Painted him with spots of sable,
And with wampum belts embellished.
Homeward then went Hiawatha
To the lodge of Nokomis, saying,
'Farewell, O my mother Nokomis!
Farewell, O my childhood's nurse!
I am going to the northland,
I am going to seek Mudjekeewis,
To confront my father fearless,
To avenge the death of Wenonah,
To avenge the wrongs of Nokomis,
Of the suffering and the sorrow
Of the long dark days of winter,
Of the days when food was scanty
In the lodge of old Nokomis.'
Thus departed Hiawatha,
Thus went forth into the forest,
Trod the pathless wild with confidence,
Scorned the counsels of the timid,
Heeded not the voice of warning,
Reckless of the danger near him,
Thinking of the distant battle,
Of the fight with Mudjekeewis,
Of the vengeance for Wenonah,
Of his weird unknown adventures,
Of the terrible encounters
Waiting for him in the northland.

And as Mudjekeewis, rising,
Stretched his hand to pluck the bulrush,
Hiawatha cried in terror,
'Kago! kago! do not touch it!'
'Ah, kaween!' said Mudjekeewis,
'No, indeed, I will not touch it!'
Then they talked of other matters;
First of Hiawatha's brothers,
First of Wabun, of the East Wind,
Of the South Wind, Shawondasee,
Of the North, Kabibonokka;
Then of Hiawatha's mother,
Of the beautiful Wenonah,
Of her birth upon the meadow,
Of her death, as told Nokomis
Had remembered and related.
And he cried: 'O Mudjekeewis,
It was you who killed Wenonah,
Took her young life and her beauty,
Broke the Lily of the Prairie,
Trampled it beneath your footsteps;
You confess it! you confess it!'
And the mighty Mudjekeewis
Forward upon the wind this tresses,
Bowed his hoary head in anguish,
With a silent nod assented.

Then up started Hiawatha,
Laid his hand upon the black rock,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Rent the puttin; crag asunder,
Smote and crushed it into fragments,
Hurled them madly at his father,
The remorseful Mudjekeewis;
For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.
But the ruler of the West Wind
Blew the fragments backward from him,
Blew them back at Hiawatha;
Seized the bulrush, the Apukwa,
Dragged it with its roots and fibres
From the margin of the meadow.
Long and loud laughed Hiawatha!
Like a tall tree in the tempest
Bent and lashed the giant bulrush;
And in masses huge and heavy
Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek;
Till the earth shook with the tumult
And confusion of the battle.
Back retreated Mudjekeewis,
Rushing westward o'er the mountains,
Stumbling westward down the mountains,
Three whole days retreated fighting,
Still pursued by Hiawatha
To the doorways of the West Wind,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the earth's remotest border,
Where into the empty spaces
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo
Drops into her nest at nightfall,
In the melancholy marshes.

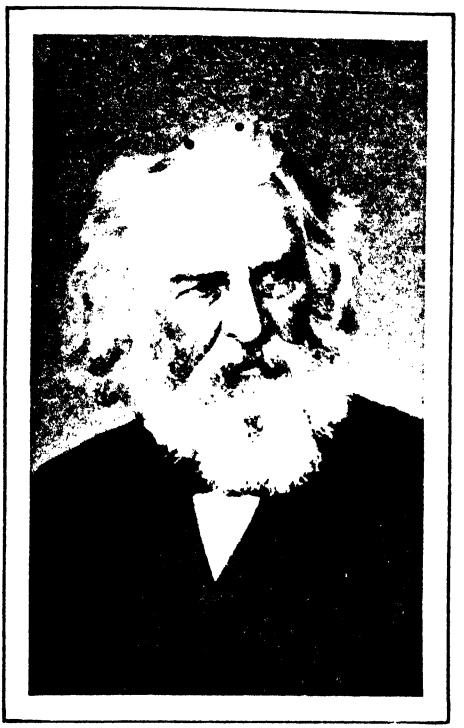
'Hold!' at length cried Mudjekeewis,
'Tis impossible to kill me,
For you cannot kill the immortal.
I have put you to this trial
But to know and prove your courage.
Now receive the prize of valour!
Go back to your home and people,
Live among them, toil among them,
Cleanse the earth from all that harms it.
And at last when Death draws near you,
When the awful eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon you in the darkness,
I will shine my kingdom with you;
Ruler shall you be thenceforward
Of the North-west Wind, Keewaydin,
Of the home wind, the Keewaydin.'

II—Of Hiawatha's Friends and His Fight with Pearl-Feather

The first exertion which Hiawatha made for the profit of his people was to fast for seven days in order to procure for them the blessing of Mondamin, the friend of man. At sunset of the fourth fifth, and sixth days Hiawatha wrestled with the youth Mondamin, and on the evening of the seventh day Mondamin, having fallen lifeless in the combat, was stripped of his green and yellow garments and laid in the earth. From his grave shot up the maize in all its beauty, the new gift of the Great Spirit; and for a time Hiawatha rested from his labours, taking counsel for furthering the prosperity of his people with his two good friends, Chibiabos, the great singer and musician, and Kwasind, the very strong man.

But he was not long inactive. He built the best birch canoe, and, with the help of Kwasind, cleared the river of its sunken logs and sandbars; and when he and his canoe were swallowed by the monstrous sturgeon Mishe-Nahma, he killed it by smiting fiercely on its heart. Not long afterwards his grandmother, Nokomis, incited him to kill the great Pearl Feather, Megissogwon, the magician who had slain her father. Pearl-Feather was the sender of white fog, of pestilential vapours, of fever and of poisonous exhalations, and, although he was guarded by the Kenabeek, the great fiery serpents, Hiawatha sailed readily in his birch canoe to encounter him.]

Soon he reached the fiery serpents,
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Lying huge upon the water,
Sparkling, rippling in the water,
Lying coiled across the passage,
With their blazing crests uplifted,
Breathing fiery fogs and vapours,
So that none could pass beyond them.
Then the angry Hiawatha
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,
Shot them fast among the serpents;
Every twanging of the bow-string
Was a war-cry and a death-cry,
Every whizzing of an arrow
Was a death-song of Kenabeek.
Weltering in the bloody water,
Dead lay all the fiery serpents.
Then he took the oil of Nahma,
Mishe-Nahma, the great sturgeon,
And the bows and sides anointed,
Smeared them well with oil, that swiftly



THE AUTHOR

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. After studying at Bowdoin College he was appointed professor of modern languages there, and in order to qualify himself for the duties of the position, he went abroad for study. On his return he was appointed professor of belles-lettres at Harvard College, which position he held for eighteen years. He published his first book, Outre-Mer, A Pilgrim of the Night, in 1835. This was followed by Hyperion, Voices of the Night, Ballads and Other Poems, Poems on Slavery, The Spanish Student, The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems, Evangeline, Kavanagh, The Seaside and the Fireside, The Golden Legend, The Song of Hiawatha, Miles Standish, Tales of a Wayside Inn, Flower-de-Luce, The New England Tragedies, The Divine Tragedy, Three Books of Song, Aftermath, The Hanging of the Crane, The Masque of Pandora, and Keramos. He died at Cambridge, March 24, 1882.

He might pass the black pitch-water,
All night long he sailed upon it,
Sailed upon that sluggish water,
Covered with its mould of ages,
Black with rotting water rushes,
Rank with flags and leaves of lilies,
Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,
Lighted by the shimmering moonlight,
And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined
Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled
In their weary night encampments.

Westward thus fared Hiawatha,
Toward the realm of Megissogwon,
Toward the land of the Pearl Feather,
Till the level moon stared at him,
In his face stared pale and haggard,
Till the sun was hot behind him,
Till it burned upon his shoulders
And before him on the upland
He could see the Shining Wigwam
Of the Manito of Wampum,
Of the mighty Megissogwon.

Straightway from the Shining Wigwam
Came the mighty Megissogwon,
Tall of stature, broad of shoulder,
Dark and terrible in aspect,
Clad from head to foot in wampum,
Armed with all his warlike weapons,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Streaked with crimson, blue and yellow,
Crested with great eagle feathers,
Streaming upward, streaming outward.

Then began the greatest battle
That the sun had ever looked on,
All a summer's day it lasted,
For the warlike Hiawatha
Harder than the shirt of wampum,
Harder were his arms and stronger,
Harmless fell the heavy war-club;
It could dash the rocks asunder,
But it could not break the meshes
Of that magic shirt of wampum.

Till at sunset, Hiawatha,
Leaning on his bow of ash-tree,
Wounded, weary and despairing
With his useless war-club broken,
With his quiver full of arrows,
Made a cast with all his forces,
One long cast and one last effort,
Sent an arrow singing upward,
Sent it forward with a shout, that
Reached the middle of the sunset,
Struck the great Megissogwon
Full between the eyes, that dazzled,
Blinded him with sight of fire,
Filled his heart with heat and anger,
Turned him backward with his blindness,
Sent him backward with his madness,
Sent him backward with his folly,
Made him stagger like a dancer,
Till he reached the western doorway,
Till he fell with force against it,
Till the doorposts gave and splintered,
Till the doors fell outward open,
Till the doors flew back and thundered,
Till the echoes shook the heavens,
Till the trembling earth resounded,
Till the mountains quaked and rocked,
Till the very Shining Wigwam
Reeled and shook to its foundation,
Till the peak of eagle feathers
Crashed down on the outer doorsill.
Thus the mighty Megissogwon,
Thus the Manito of Wampum
Fell backward with such force
His head remained within the doorway,
Fell backward with such force
His feet remained outside the doorway.

Wounded with that fatal arrow,
Scarred with many a hideous gash,
Still the fierce Hiawatha stabbed not
Him who lay there breathless, helpless,
Him who could not rise to battle,
But he scalped him with his left hand,
Shouting his exulting war-cry,
Waving in the air the scalp-lock,
Reeking red with recent slaughter.
Then he stooped down and severed
From the body of his victim
The great head of Megissogwon,
From the shoulders of the victim
Megissogwon's mighty shoulders,
From the back the arms and fingers,
From the legs the thighs and limbs,
Down into the deep abysses,
Into caverns dark and dismal,
Hurled he all the mighty members;
Last of all the severed body
Rolled he downward into darkness.
Thus did perish Megissogwon,
Perish by the hand of Hiawatha,
Perish by his wild ambition,
Perish by his thirst for power,
Perish by the love of wampum.

Then the victor Hiawatha
Called the Master of Ceremonies,
Called the Herald Puk-Keewis,
Bade him bring forth the wampum,
Bade him take the belt of wampum,
Take the belt of Megissogwon,
Take the belt with seven colors,
Belt of many hues and colors,
Belt of peace and war and wisdom,
Belt of life and death and wampum,
Belt of Hiawatha's making,
Belt of his unrivalled workmanship,
Belt of his own proud achievements,
Belt of his invention and his fancy,
Belt of his sagacity and cunning,
Belt of his own life and spirit,
Belt of his own strength and power,
Belt of his love and hate,
Belt of wisdom and of warfare,
Belt of prowess and endurance,
Belt of arts and love and friendship,
Belt of all his gifts and virtues,
Belt of Hiawatha's wampum,
Belt of Hiawatha's people,
Belt of Hiawatha's nation,
Belt of peace and war and wisdom,
Belt of life and death and wampum,
Belt of seven colors,
Belt of many hues and colors

III—Hiawatha's Life with His People and His Departure

WHEN Hiawatha was returning from his battle with Mudjekeewis he had stopped at the wigwam of the ancient Arrow-maker to purchase heads of arrows, and there and then he had noticed the beauty of the Arrow-maker's daughter, Minnehaha, Laughing Water. Her he now took to wife, and celebrated his nuptials by a wedding-feast at which Chibiabos sang, and the handsome mischief-maker, Pau-Puk-Keewis, danced. Minnehaha proved another blessing to the people. In the darkness of the night, covered by her long hair only, she walked all round the fields of maize, making them fruitful, and drawing a magic circle round them which neither blight nor mildew, neither worm nor insect, could invade.

About this same time, too, to prevent the memory of men and things fading, Hiawatha invented picture-writing, and taught it to his people. But soon misfortunes came upon him. The evil spirits, the Manitos of mischief, broke the ice beneath his friend Chibiabos and drowned him; Pau-Puk Keewis put insult upon him and had to be hunted down; and the envious Little People, the mischievous Puk-Wudjies, conspired against Kwasind and murdered him. After this ghosts paid a visit to Hiawatha's wigwam, and famine came upon the land.]

Oh, the long and dreary winter!
Oh, the cold and cruel winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river;
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.
All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!
Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.
And the foremost said, 'Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!'
And the other said, "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!'
And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered;
Lay down on her bed in silence.
Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.
'Gitche Manito, the Mighty!'
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
'Give your children food, O father!
Give me food for Minnehaha—
For my dying Minnehaha!'
All day long roved Hiawatha



HIAWATHA RETURNS TO HIS PEOPLE WITH HIS BRIDE MINNEHAHA

From the painting by A. B. Houghton



HIAWATHA SAW MINNEHAHA LYING DEAD AND UTTERED A CRY OF ANGUISH

From the painting by W. L. Taylor

In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of summer,
Of that ne'er-forgotten summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dacotahs.
In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watched her,
She was lying, the beloved,
She, the dying Minnehaha.
'Hark!' she said; 'I hear a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!'
'No, my child!' said old Nokomis,
'Tis the night-wind in the pine trees'
'Look!' she said; 'I see my father
Beckoning, lonely, from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!'
'No, my child!' said old Nokomis,
'Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!'
'Ah!' said she, 'the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness;
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!'
And the desolate Hiawatha,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness.
Over snowfields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy hearted;
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing
'Would that I had perished for you
Would that I were dead as you are!'

And he rushed into the wigwam
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him;
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.
Then he sat down, still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there
Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her
In the forest deep and darksome
'Farewell!' said he, 'Minnehaha
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you
Come not back again to labour,
Come not back again to suffer
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah
To the Land of the Hereafter!'

Hiawatha indeed remained not much longer with his people, for after welcoming the Black-Robe chief, who told the elders of the nations of the Virgin Mary and her blessed Son and Saviour, he launched his birch canoe from the shores of Big-Sea-Water, and, departed westward;

Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapours,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL

CRANFORD

With Mary Barton, published in 1848, Mrs. Gaskell achieved an immediate, a great and an enduring success. One of its first results was an invitation from Charles Dickens to contribute to Household Words, and in that periodical appeared, between December 1851 and May 1853 the pictures of village life published together under the title of Cranford in 1853, and long since definitely established as classics of their kind. The sketches preserve the author's charming recollections of Knutsford, which was the home of her childhood and her resting place after death. Ruth, North and South, Sylvia's Lovers, Wives and Daughters, and many short stories were also the work of this accomplished, kindly and most gracious woman, who, further, in the Life of her friend Charlotte Brontë produced one of the best biographies in the English language. Epitomes of Mary Barton and of the Life of Charlotte Brontë appear elsewhere in this work. Many editions of Cranford are available.

I—Our Society Life in Cranford



On the first visit I paid to Cranford, after I had left it as a residence, I was astonished to find a man had settled there a Captain Brown. In my time Cranford was in possession of the Amazons. If a married couple came to settle there, somehow the man always disappeared. Either he was fairly frightened to death by being the only man at the evening parties, or he was accounted for by being with his regiment, his ship, or closely connected in business all the week in the great neighbouring commercial town of Drumble, distant only twenty miles on the railroad.

I was naturally interested to learn what opinions Captain Brown had managed to win for himself in Cranford. So, with all the delicacy which the subject demanded, I made inquiries of my hostess, Miss Jenkyns. I was surprised to learn that Captain Brown not only was respected, but had even gained an extraordinary place of authority among the Cranford ladies. Of course, he had been forced to overcome great difficulties.

In the first place, the ladies of Cranford had moaned over the invasion of their territories by a man and a gentleman. Then Captain Brown had started badly, very badly, by openly referring to his poverty. If he had whispered it to an intimate friend, the doors and windows being previously closed, his vulgarity—a tremendous word in Cranford—might have been forgiven. But he had published his poverty in the public street, in a loud military voice, alleging it as a reason for not taking a particular house.

In Cranford, too, where it was tacitly agreed to ignore that anyone with whom we associated on terms of equality could ever be prevented by poverty from doing anything they wished. Where, if we walked to and from a party, it was because the night was *so* fine or the air *so* refreshing, not because sedan-chairs were so expensive.

So the poor captain had been sent to Coventry. The ladies of Cranford had frozen him out, until the day when the cow, an Alderney cow, had broken the ice.

It happened like this. Miss Betsy Barker had an Alderney cow, which she looked upon as a daughter. You could not pay the regulation short quarter of an hour's call to stay longer was a breach of manners without being told of the wonderful milk or wonderful intelligence of this animal. The whole town knew and kindly regarded Miss Betsy Barker's Alderney.

One day the cow fell into a lime-pit, and Cranford grieved over the spectacle of the poor beast being drawn out, having lost most of her hair, and looking naked, cold and miserable, in a bare skin. Miss Betsy Barker absolutely cried with sorrow and dismay, and was about to prepare a bath of oil for the sufferer, when Captain Brown called out: "Get her a flannel waistcoat and flannel drawers, ma'am, if you wish to keep her alive. But my advice is, 'kill the poor creature at once.'" Miss Betsy Barker dried her eyes, and in a few hours

the whole town turned out to see the Alderney meekly going to her pasture, clad in dark grey flannel.

On that day was born the respect of the Cranford ladies for Captain Brown.

Soon after my arrival in Cranford, Miss Jenkyns gave a party in my honour, and recalling old days when we almost persuaded ourselves that to be a man was to be 'vulgar,' I was curious to see what the ladies would do with Captain Brown.

The preparations were much as usual. Card-tables, with green baize tops, were set out by daylight, and towards four, when the evening closed in, we all stood dressed in our best, each with a candle-lighter in our hand, ready to dart at the candles as soon as the first knock came. The china was delicate egg-shell; the old-fashioned silver glittered with polishing; but the eatables were of the slightest description. While the trays were yet on the table, Captain Brown arrived with his two daughters, Miss Brown and Miss Jessie, the former with a sickly, pained and careworn expression; the latter with a pretty, round, dimpled face, and the look of a child, which will remain with her should she live to be a hundred.

I COULD see that the captain was a favourite with all the ladies present. Ruffled brows were smoothed and sharp voices hushed at his approach. He immediately and quietly assumed the man's place in the room; attended to everyone's wants, lessened the pretty maid-servant's labour by waiting on empty cups and bread-and-butterless ladies; and yet did it all in so easy and dignified a manner, and so much as if it were a matter of course for the strong to attend to the weak, that he was a true man throughout.

The party passed off very well in spite of one or two little hitches. One was Miss Jessie Brown's unguarded admission — *à propos* of Shetland wool — that she had an uncle, her mother's brother, who was a shopkeeper in Edinburgh. Miss Jenkyns tried to drown this confession by a terrible cough, for the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson was sitting at the card-table nearest Miss Jessie, and what would she say or think if she found out she was in the same room with a shopkeeper's niece!



ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL was born at Chelsea, September 29, 1810, daughter of William Stevenson, keeper of the records in the Treasury. When only a month old she lost her mother, and she was brought up by an aunt at Knutsford in Cheshire, also spending two years at school at Stratford-on-Avon. In 1832 she married William Gaskell, a Unitarian minister in Manchester, and a man of considerable literary attainment. Her first novel, Mary Barton, brought her the friendship of the foremost literary personages of her time, including that of Charlotte Brontë, whose biographer she became. Mrs. Gaskell died November 12, 1865, and was buried at Knutsford.

Then there was a slight breeze between Miss Jenkyns and Captain Brown over the relative merits of Dr. Johnson and the author of Pickwick Papers — then being published in parts — as writers of light and agreeable fiction. Captain Brown read an account of the 'Swarry' which Sam Weller gave at Bath. Some of us laughed very heartily. *I* did not dare because I was staying in the house. At the conclusion Miss Jenkyns said to me, with mild dignity, "Fetch me Rasselas, my dear, out of the book-room."

After delivering one of the conversations between Rasselas and Imlac in a majestic, high-pitched voice, Miss Jenkyns said, "I imagine I am now justified in my preference for Dr. Johnson over your Mr. Boz as a writer of fiction."

The captain said nothing, merely screwed his lips up and drummed on the

table; but when Miss Jenkyns returned later to the charge and recommended the doctor's style to Captain Brown's favourite, the captain replied, "I should be very sorry for him to exchange his style for any such pompous writing."

Miss Jenkyns felt this as a personal affront in a way of which the captain had not dreamt. How could he know that she and her friends looked upon epistolary writing as their forte, and that when in a letter they 'seized the half-hour just previous to post time to assure' their friends of this and that, they were using the doctor as a model?

As it was, Miss Jenkyns refused to be mollified by Captain Brown's efforts later to beguile her into conversation on some more pleasing subject. She was inexorable. Captain Brown tried to make peace after this memorable dispute by a present to Miss Jenkyns of a wooden fire-shovel (his own making), having heard her say how much the grating of an iron one annoyed her. She received the present with cool gratitude and thanked him formally. When he was gone she bade me put it in the lumber-room, feeling probably that no present from a man who preferred Mr. Boz to Dr. Johnson could be less jarring than an iron fire-shovel.

Such was the state of affairs at the time when I left Cranford and went to Drumble. I had, however, several correspondents who kept me *au fait* as to the proceedings of the inhabitants of the dear little town.

II—The Heroism of the Captain

My next visit to Cranford was in the summer. There had been neither births, deaths nor marriages since I was there last. Everybody lived in the same house, and wore pretty near the same well preserved, old-fashioned clothes. The greatest event was that the Misses Jenkyns had purchased a new carpet for the drawing-room. Oh, the busy work Miss Matty and I had in chasing the sunbeams as they fell in an afternoon right down on this carpet through the blindless windows! We spread our newspapers over the places and sat down to our book or our work; and, lo! in a quarter of an hour the sun had moved and was blazing away in a fresh spot; and down again we went on our knees to alter the position of the newspapers. One whole morning, too, we spent in cutting out and stitching together pieces of newspapers so as to form little paths to every chair, lest the shoes of visitors should defile the purity of the carpet. Do you make paper paths for every guest to walk upon in London?

The literary dispute between Captain Brown and Miss Jenkyns continued. She had formed a habit of talking *at* him. And he retaliated by drumming his fingers, which action Miss Jenkyns felt and resented as disparaging to Dr. Johnson.

The poor captain! I noticed on this visit that he looked older and more worn, and his clothes were very threadbare. But he seemed as bright and cheerful as ever, unless he was asked about his daughter's health.

One afternoon we perceived little groups in the street, all listening with faces aghast to some tale or other. It was some time before Miss Jenkyns took the undignified step of sending Jenny out to inquire.

Jenny came back with a white face of terror.

"Oh, ma'am! Oh, Miss Jenkyns! Captain Brown is killed by them nasty cruel railroads." And she burst into tears.

"How, where where? Good God! Jenny, don't waste time in crying, but tell us something."

Miss Matty rushed out into the street, and presently an affrighted carter appeared in the drawing room and told the story.

"'Tis true, mum, I seed it myself. The captain was a-readin' some book, waitin' for the down train, when a lass as gave its sister the slip came toddling across the line. He looked up sudden, seed the child, darted on the line, cotched it up, and his foot slipped and the train came over him in no time. The child's safe. Poor captain would be glad of that, mum, wouldn't he? God bless him!"

The great rough carter turned away to hide his tears. I turned to Miss Jenkyns. She looked very ill, as though she were going to faint, and signed to me to open a window.

"Matilda, bring me my bonnet. I must go to those girls. God pardon me if ever

I have spoken contemptuously to the captain."

Miss Brown did not long survive her father. Her last words were a prayer for forgiveness for her selfishness in allowing her sister Jessie to sacrifice herself for her all her life.

But Miss Jessie was not long left alone. Miss Jenkyns insisted she should come and stay with her, and would not hear of her going out into the world to earn her living as a saleswoman. "Some people have no idea of their rank as a captain's daughter," she related indignantly, and stumped out of the room. Presently she came back with a strange look on her face.

"I have been much startled — no, I've not been startled — don't mind me, my dear Miss Jessie, only surprised — in fact, I've had a caller whom you once knew, my dear Miss Jessie."

Miss Jessie went very white, then scarlet. "Is it?—it is not ——" stammered out Miss Jessie, and got no farther.

"This is his card," said Miss Jenkyns, and went through a series of winks and odd faces at me, and formed a long sentence with her lips, of which I could not understand a word.

Major Gordon was shown upstairs.

While downstairs Miss Jenkyns told me what the major had told her. How he had served in the same regiment as Captain Brown and had fallen in love with Miss Jessie, then a sweet looking, blooming girl of eighteen; how she had refused him, though obviously not indifferent to him; how he had discovered the obstacle to be the fell disease which had stricken her sister, whom there was no one to nurse and comfort but herself; how he had believed her cold and had left in anger; and finally how he had read in a foreign newspaper of the death of Captain Brown.

Just then Miss Matty burst in.

"Oh, Deborah," she said, "there's a gentleman sitting in the drawing-room with his arm round Miss Jessie's waist!"

"The most proper place for his arm to be in. Go, Matilda, and mind your own business."

Poor Miss Matty! This was a shock, coming from her decorous sister.

Thus happiness, and with it some of her early bloom, returned to Miss Jessie; and, as Mrs. Gordon, her dimples were not out of place.

III—Miss Matty's Confidences

My visits to Cranford continued for many years, and did not cease even after the death of Miss Jenkyns.

Miss Matty became my new hostess. At first I rather dreaded the changed aspect of things. Miss Matty, too, began to cry as soon as she saw me. She was evidently nervous from having anticipated my visit. I comforted her as well as I could, and I found the best consolation I could give was the honest praise that came from my heart as I spoke of the deceased.

Miss Matty made me her confidante in many matters, and one evening she sent Martha to go for eggs at a farm at the other end of the town and told me the story of her brother.

"Poor Peter! The sole honour he brought from Shrewsbury was the reputation of being captain of the school in the art of practical joking. He even thought that the people of Cranford might be hoaxed. 'Hoaxing' is not a pretty word, my dear, and I hope you won't tell your father I used it, for I should not like him to think I was not choice in my language, after living with such a woman as Deborah. I don't know how it slipped out of my mouth, except it was that I was thinking of poor Peter, and it was always his expression.

"One day my father had gone to see some sick people in the village. Deborah, too, was away from home for a fortnight or so. I don't know what possessed poor Peter, but he went to her room and dressed himself in her old gown and shawl and bonnet. And he made the pillow into a little — you are sure you locked the door, my dear? into — into a little baby with white long clothes. And he went and walked up and down in the Filbert Walk — just half hidden by the rails and half seen; and he cuddled the pillow just like a baby and talked to it all the nonsense people do. Oh, dear, and my father came stepping stately up the street, as he always

did, and pushing past the crowd saw—I don't know what he saw but old Clare said his face went grey-white with anger. He seized hold of poor Peter, tore the clothes off his back bonnet, shawl, gown, and all, and before all the people lifted up his cane and flogged Peter.

"My dear, that boy's trick, on that sunny day, when all promised so well, broke my mother's heart and changed my father for life. Old Clare said Peter looked as white as my father and stood still as a statue to be flogged.

"'Have you done enough, sir?' he asked hoarsely, when my father stopped. Then Peter bowed grandly to the people outside the railing and walked slowly home. He went straight to his mother, looking as haughty as any man, and not like a boy.

"'Mother,' he said, 'I am come to say God bless you for ever.'"

"He would say no more, and by the time my mother had found out what had happened from my father, and had gone to her boy's room to comfort him, he had gone, and did not come back. That spring day was the last time he ever saw his mother's face. He wrote a passionate entreaty to her to come and see him before his ship left the Mersey for the war, but the letter was delayed, and when she arrived it was too late. It killed my mother. And think, my dear, the day after her death for she did not live a twelvemonth after Peter left came a parcel from India from her poor boy. It was a large, soft white India shawl. Just what my mother would have liked.

"We took it to my father in the hopes it would rouse him, for he had sat with her hand in his all night long. At first he took no notice of it. Then suddenly he got up and spoke. 'She shall be buried in it,' he said. 'Peter shall have that comfort; and she would have liked it.'"

"DID Mr. Peter ever come home?"

"Yes, once. He came home a lieutenant. And he and my father were such friends. My father was so proud to show him to all the neighbours. He never walked out without Peter's arm to lean on. And then Peter went to sea again, and by-and-by my father died, blessing us both and thanking Deborah for all she had been to him. And our circumstances were changed, and from a big rectory with three servants we had to come down to a small house with a servant-of-all-work. But, as Deborah used to say, we have always lived genteelly, even if circumstances have compelled us to simplicity."

"And Mr. Peter?" I asked.

"Oh, there was some great war in India, and we have never heard of Peter since then. I believe he is dead myself. Sometimes when I sit by myself and the house is quiet, I think I hear his step coming up the street, and my heart begins to flutter and beat; but the sound goes, and Peter never comes back."

IV—Friends in Need

THE years rolled on. I spent my time between Drumble and Cranford. I was thankful that I happened to be staying with Miss Matty when the Town and County Bank failed, which had such a disastrous effect on her little fortune.

It was an example to me, and I fancy it might be to many others, to see how immediately Miss Matty set about the retrenchment which she knew to be right under her altered circumstances. I did the little I could. Some months back a conjurer had given a performance in the Cranford Assembly Rooms. By a strange set of circumstances the identity of Signor Brunoni was revealed. He was plain Samuel Brown, who had fallen out of his cart and had to be attended by our doctor. I went to visit the patient and his wife, and learnt that she had been in India. She told me a long story about being befriended, after a perilous journey, by a kind Englishman who lived right in the midst of the natives. It was his name which astonished me. Agra Jenkyns!

Could Agra Jenkyns be the long-lost Peter? I resolved to say nothing to Miss Matty, but got the address from the signor (as we still called him from habit), spelt by sound, and very queer it looked, and posted a letter to him

All sorts of plans were discussed for Miss Matty's future. I thought of all the things by which a woman, past middle

age, and with the education common to ladies fifty years ago, could earn or add to a living without materially losing caste; but at length I put even this last clause on one side, and wondered what in the world Miss Matty could do. Even teaching was out of the question, for, reckoning over her accomplishments, I had to come down to reading, writing and arithmetic—and in reading the chapter every morning she always coughed before the long words.

I WAS still in a quandary the next morning, when I received a letter from Miss Pole, so mysteriously wrapped up and with so many seals on it to secure secrecy that I had to tear the paper before I could unfold it.

It summoned me to go to Miss Pole at 11 a.m., the a.m. twice dashed under as if I were likely to come at eleven at night, when all Cranford was usually abed and asleep by ten. I went round and found Miss Pole dressed in solemn array, though there were only Mrs. Forrester, crying quietly and sadly, and Mrs. FitzAdam present. Miss Pole was armed with a card, on which she had written some notes.

"Miss Smith," she began, when I entered (I was familiarly known to all Cranford as Mary, but this was a state occasion), "I have conversed in private with these ladies on the misfortune which has happened to our friend, and one and all have agreed that while we have a superfluity, it is not only a duty but a pleasure—a true pleasure, Mary!"—her voice was rather choked just here, and she had to wipe her spectacles before she could go on—"to give what we can to assist her—Miss Matilda Jenkyns. Only, in consideration of the feelings of delicate independence existing in the minds of every refined female"—I was sure she had got back to the card—"we wish to contribute our mites in a secret and concealed manner, so as not to hurt the feelings I have referred to."

Well, the upshot of this solemn meeting was that each of these dear old ladies wrote down the sum she could afford annually, signed the paper and sealed it mysteriously, and I was commissioned to get my father to administer the fund so that Miss Jenkyns should imagine the money came from her own improved investments.

As I was going, Mrs. Forrester took me aside, and in the manner of one confessing a great crime the poor old lady told me how very, very little she had to live on—a confession she was brought to make from a dread lest we should think that the small contribution named in the paper bore any proportion to her love and regard for Miss Mary. And yet that sum which she so eagerly relinquished was, in truth, more than a twentieth part of what she had to live on. And when the whole income does not nearly amount to a hundred pounds, to give up a twentieth of it will necessitate many careful economies and many pieces of self-denial.

The upshot of it all was that dear Miss Matty was comfortably installed in her own house, and added to her slender income by selling tea! This was my idea, and it was a proud moment for me when it was realized. The small dining room was converted into a shop, without any of its degrading characteristics, a table formed the counter, one window was retained unaltered and the other changed into a glass door, and there she was. Tea was certainly a happy commodity, as it was neither greasy nor sticky, grease and stickiness being two of the qualities which Miss Matty could not endure. Moreover, as Miss Matty said, one good thing about it was that men did not buy it, and it was of men particularly she was afraid. They had such sharp, loud ways with them, and did up accounts and counted their change so quickly.

VERY little remains to be told. One afternoon I was sitting in the shop parlour with Miss Matty, when we saw a gentleman go slowly past the window and then stand opposite to the door as if looking out for the name which we had so carefully hidden. His clothes had an out-of-the-way, foreign cut, and it flashed across me it was the Agra himself! He entered.

Miss Matty looked at him, and something of tender relaxation in his face struck home to her heart. She said: "It is—oh, sir, can you be Peter?" and trembled from head to foot. In a moment he had her in his arms, sobbing the tearless cries of old age.



Buddha the 'Enlightened One' whence Buddhism, is not a proper name, but a title given in ancient India to one who had reached perfect enlightenment, and therefore the goal of being—the cessation of conscious being, and therefore of misery. The proper name of the best known Buddha was Sakyamuni (from his family of the Sakyas) Gotama (from his clan). He came also to be known as Siddhartha (the successful one), but this was only an epithet and not his proper name. He was born near the Ganges about 557 B.C., dying some eighty years later in the same district. His father was king of a Rajput clan, occupying territory corresponding to Oudh and the adjoining districts of Nepal. He was but thirty-five when he attained to Buddha-hood, and from then onwards led an ascetic benevolent life near Benares. Around the man there have gathered many legends obscuring the historical person, and his teaching has been so much modified and rehandled that it is difficult to get at the exact doctrines he taught. This great bronze symbol of the Buddhist religion is at Kamakura, Japan.

The BUDDHIST SCRIPTURES

Abridgement by Professor T. Witton Davies

THE need for special treatment in the effort to present a summary of so varied and important a body of religious writings as the holy books of Buddhism will be apparent, and we believe that the method here followed makes for clarity and ease of comprehension. Our abridgement is the work of T. Witton Davies, formerly professor of Semitic languages at the University of Wales, and an acknowledged authority on Pali and Sanscrit.

General Introduction



IN the oldest and purest form of the Buddhist Bible, the only one to be here summarised, Gotama (Sanscrit Gautama) appears as a great teacher, who at length reached Buddha-hood as other teachers could do; but he is nothing more. In the Buddhism of Maha-yana (the Great Way) of China and Tibet, Gotama came to be deified, his relics as well as himself being worshipped, polytheistic as well as theistic conceptions coming in.

Though this religion had its rise along the Ganges in the neighbourhood of Benares, yet, in the course of some fifteen centuries after its establishment, it was driven out of India by a revival of that Brahmanism which for centuries it seemed likely to supplant, finding a new home in Burma and Ceylon, where it still flourishes in its purest form.

Buddhism has, from the outset, displayed an extraordinary capacity of adapting itself to every country into which it has been introduced, so that the exact import of the term varies according to the locality concerned. This religion has, however, taken four principal forms: (1) That prevailing in Burma and Ceylon, which is the nearest approach to what Gotama taught. The Buddhism of those parts is called Hinayana, or the Little Way, since it has confined itself and its sacred literature within comparatively narrow limits. (2) That of Tibet, called Lamaism, from the Lamas, the priests, who have an organization closely resembling that of Roman Catholicism and probably derived from the latter. (3) That of China, called Foism (from Fo, the Chinese form of Buddha), which is mixed with magic and other superstitions. (4) That of Japan, which has been largely influenced by Shintoism, the native religion of the country.

It is customary to speak of all forms of Buddhism, except the first, as Maha-yana, or the Great Way, as they have large accretions in addition to what the Hina-yana contains. In all the countries where these divergent forms of Buddhism exist the sacred literature differs in a corresponding way. All scholars, however, agree in regarding the Pali Canon, that recognized in Southern Buddhism—Burma and Ceylon—as the oldest, and as most correctly reflecting the genuine teaching of the founder. The Pali language, in which it is written, is closely akin to Sanscrit, and it was probably the language of Gotama himself and of his earliest followers. In its own language this bible is called Tipitaka, or the Three Baskets. In Sanscrit its name is Tripitaka. The present writer thinks it better to adhere to the Pali nomenclature, though Max Müller advocated an adherence to the Sanscrit terminology.

The three baskets of the Pali Bible are:

(1) Vinaya-Pitaka, or the Basket of Discipline, containing rules for moral conduct and religious usage.

(2) Sutta-Pitaka, or the Basket of Doctrine, which, in five treatises called Nikayas, deals with questions of doctrine (the Triratna, or so-called Buddhist Trinity, the Buddha, the Doctrine, the Sangha, or Church).

(3) Abhidhamma-Pitaka, or the Basket of Metaphysics, which treats of ethical and philosophical questions.

It must not be thought that the three Pitakas are logically exclusive, for each one

contains a good deal of the kind of matter that forms the chief substance of the other two. There are Jatakas, or Buddha birth stories, outside the collection with that title (selections from which are given in page 689); there are rules of discipline (Vinaya) among the Suttas, and statements of doctrine in Vinaya, or the Discipline Basket. The third basket, called Abhidhamma, is much later, and less interesting than the other two.

The Pali Buddhist scriptures make no claim to supernatural origin or authority, and thus form a contrast to the Vedas, Upanishads and Puranas, which the Brahmans claim to be 'the very breath of God.' But in the Maha-yana scriptures (Tibet, etc.) the Tipitaka are held to possess superhuman inspiration and claims.

The summaries of sacred books of the great religions of the world which *The World's Great Books* contains owe much to that magnificent series of religious classics edited by the late Professor Max Müller, and published by the Oxford University Press, under the title The Sacred Books of the East. Other books are also helpful; translations, manuals of comparative religion and other works. The following may be mentioned in particular. Translations of the Jataka, edited by Professor E. B. Cowell and published by the Cambridge Press; Buddhism in Translation, by H. C. Warren, Harvard University Press, U.S.A.; manuals on Buddhism and Brahmanism by Sir Monier Williams, Oldenberg, E. W. Hopkins, etc., published by Kegan Paul and by Williams & Norgate.

I—Vinaya-Pitaka or the Basket of Discipline

THIS is the Code, or Law Book, according to which the members of the Samga, or Buddhist Church, made up exclusively of monks, are to regulate their lives. It consists of four books. The first, Sutta Vibhanga, deals with offences against the monastic order. The second and third books, Patimokkha, or Mahavagga, and Kullavagga (great and small sections), contain regulations for the conduct of monks and nuns. In his time Gotama refused to tolerate the institution of nuns, though he was often pressed by sympathetic followers to allow it. The fourth book, Parivara Patha, is much later than the rest and consists of little more than compends of what the earlier books include. In some Pali MSS. and in English manuals this last book is subdivided into two, thus making the Vinaya have five books in all. It is not sufficiently important or novel to be dealt with in these pages.

Patimokkha, or Mahavagga

PATIMOKKHA (the Release or Deliverance; a protective charm) is made up wholly of rules guiding monks and nuns in their daily life and religious acts. It contains probably the oldest collection of liturgical forms in existence. It had to be recited at the fortnightly meeting of the Samga. There is in it a list of offences, and after this had been repeated the monks were asked if they were free from them, much as Methodist ministers are asked at the annual conference if they abide by the confession and practice of the Church.

Rules for the Recitation of Patimokkha

AT that time the monks (bhikkhus) believed that the custom of reciting Patimokkha had been established by the Exalted One, and used to recite it daily. When the Exalted One heard of this he said, "Patimokkha is not, O monks, to be recited daily, and whoever says it every day is guilty of a grave offence. I ordain that Patimokkha be recited during the fast (Uposatha) day." It was then customary for the monks to recite Patimokkha thrice each fortnight—that is, on the eighth, fourteenth, and fifteenth day of each half-month, believing that the command of the Exalted One to recite it on the fortnightly fast-day involved this. But the Exalted One, hearing of this, remonstrated with the monks, informing them that whoever recites Patimokkha thrice each half-month is guilty of a grave offence. "I command, O monks," he said, "that you recite it once each half-month—that is, on the fourteenth or on the fifteenth day."

The monks of Khabbaggiya used to recite Patimokkha each one in the presence of the rest. Hearing of this, the Exalted One prescribed that the festive service should be held by the united brotherhood, and that Patimokkha should be said by all at one time, adding that it was a grave offence

for anyone to recite it apart from the rest of the assembly.

Leader in the Samga: May the Samga [monastic church] listen to me. To-day is the sacred day [full moon or new moon day]. Patimokkha must be recited on this solemn day.

Monks: We will gladly listen and attend.

Leader: If anyone has been guilty of breaking any of the rules of Patimokkha, let him speak out. Those not so guilty are to keep silence. Each question will be put three times. Anyone who has been at fault and yet keeps silence is guilty of deliberate falsehood. When the rules are read I will ask three times over: Are you innocent in this matter? If all keep silence I shall interpret this as meaning that all are innocent.

ACTS which involve defeat by Mâra [the devil], and are followed by excommunication from the Samga.

1. Whatever monk has been guilty of theft, of murder, or has pretended to have a higher knowledge which he is without, that monk has been overcome by Mâra, and must be excluded from the Samga.

2. Whatever monk may have a dwelling built on a dangerous site, or approve of having a dwelling built on such a site, or shall injure in any way a brother monk, or sow discord in the Samga, or refuse to be spoken to about his faults, or shall by word or deed cause injury to his fellow-monks, these things shall be considered by the assembled monks and proper treatment of the guilty decided by them.

3. Whatever monk sits with a woman in a solitary place, or in any place speaks unbecomingly to her.

4. Whatever monk travels without his robes (naked), unless sickness requires it, or has his robes washed by a strange woman or any woman who is no relation.

For the offences mentioned below there must be expiation and forgiveness.

1. Telling falsehoods; using indecent language; destroying a plant or tree; harassing a brother monk or visiting him to molest him; travelling with a nun, or making a present to one, or sitting alone with one, or eating food prepared by one; staying too long with a host who gives a meal; picking and choosing of the food set before the guest, instead of eating right away what food lies nearest to him.

2. Feeding or entertaining teachers of other religions than the true one; using intoxicating drinks of any kind; bathing less often than every fortnight, hiding from a brother monk his begging bowl, robe, or sitting mat (which are always needed); deliberately killing any living thing, or knowingly drinking water containing any living thing.

3. Striking a brother monk, or displaying hostile feelings; adding to a brother monk's doubts instead of removing them; standing by and listening when two monks are quarrelling.

4. Picking up a jewel or pearl, except in a grove or house, and even in these places without giving it up to its rightful owner.

5. Entering a village having a monk without that monk's permission, unless the need is urgent; making chairs, beds and the like, except with the materials and in the shapes prescribed.

A monk must make confession if he has been guilty of the following faults.

Allowing a nun to enter his house, even to get ready a meal; refraining from administering a rebuke to a layman who has invited him to his house, and finds nuns directing the affairs of the house; entering a poor man's house and partaking of food there; entering any home uninvited.

Regulations for the Monk's Everyday Life

A MONK must be properly clad, should not laugh inordinately, or shout aloud. Nor may he sway his body this way and that, or cross his arms, or cover his head, or walk on his heels or toes. He should accept gifts in his bowl with thanks and suitable demeanour. What food is put into his bowl he ought to eat readily and uncomplainingly, not desiring better. He must eat a little at a time, and that gently, not tossing it into his mouth, or thrusting his whole hand into his mouth. He must eat without swelling out his cheeks or protruding his tongue, nor licking his fingers or the bowl.

No monk is allowed to preach in slippers or in sandals, or sitting in a coat, or lying on a couch (unless ill), or wearing a head-covering (unless ill). Nor ought a monk to preach to a person walking in front of him.

Conditions for Entering the Order of Monks

FOR seven days the Exalted One sat cross-legged at the foot of a Bodhi [knowledge: Sanscrit Bo] tree, at Urivelu, on the banks of the Phalgus river. At the end of these days he fixed his thoughts on the chain of causation the link between existence, desire, suffering, the way of escape from suffering by extinction of being - and he saw that whoso meditates long and intensely enough on the chain will lose all doubts and desires.

The true vision of things dispels the army of Mâra [the devil]. Another seven days sat the Exalted One cross-legged at the foot of the goat-herd banyan-tree.

There came to him a certain Brahman, and asked, "How may one become a perfect Brahman?"

He was answered, "By abstaining from sin, pride and impurity and by understanding the Vedas."

Then the Exalted One went and sat at the foot of the Markalinda tree for seven days, where, during a storm, the king of the district came and did him honour.

Thence he proceeded to the Ragayatana-tree, when two merchants, Tapussa and Bhallika, did him obeisance, offering him rice and honey. The Exalted One said, "No Tathagata [the Perfect One, a common name for the Buddha used by himself] dare take food with his hands." Thereupon four gods gave him four bowls, which he accepted, and with which he took the rice and honey of the merchants. Seven days later the Exalted One returned to the goat-herd banyan-tree.

Three times did Brahma Sahampati entreat him to preach the true doctrine about suffering, its cause and its cure. "Arise, O Valiant and Exalted One! Preach them the doctrine, for that in our country is false."

The Sermon at Benares

THEN came the Exalted One to Benares, where five monks dwelt. When these saw him, they said to one another, "Yonder is the monk Gotama, the self-indulgent one, who has abandoned his quest." But as he came near they saw at once their mistake and made him presents.

He told them of two extremes to be avoided—a sensuous, pleasure-seeking life, which is base and unreal; and a life of utter self-denial, which is gloomy and useless. The middle way between them leads to rest, to knowledge, to Nirvâna. What is that happy way? The eightfold path—right belief, right aspiration, right speech, right conduct, right living, right effort, right mindfulness, right meditation.

These five monks accepted the doctrine and themselves became Arahats [candidates on the way to Budda-hood].

These, with the Exalted One, formed the first Buddhist church, but the cause prospered. His parents—great ones in Benares—his wife and many friends soon joined the Samga, which spread and spread. When the number of Arahats reached sixty-one, he commanded them to go, out of compassion for men, proclaiming the new doctrine, proceeding alone, never together [this was a temporary regulation].

Then came Mâra tempting him, saying, "Thou art bound in my fetters, and canst not be delivered."

The Exalted One replied, "I am free, because I have trodden down all desires and passions." At which the wicked one hasted away.

The Ordination of Monks

ABOUT that time many living at a distance desired admission into the Samga [Buddhist church], and were brought to the Exalted One to receive the preliminary (Pravrajya) and full (Upasampada) rite of ordination, the monks saying, "O Exalted One, let them have full ordination to our ranks!"

Then the Exalted One reflected in solitude. "It is tiresome for these monks to bring the candidates so far, and for the candidates to come. I will confer on my disciples the right of ordination."

He accordingly summoned his disciples, and said to them, "O monks, I confer on you this right of ordination in your several regions. But ye must insist on these things being first done—the hair and beard to be cut off; yellow clothes to be worn alike by all (rich and poor), the upper garment to cover one shoulder; bowing at the feet of the monks, sitting down and uttering these words: 'I take refuge in Buddha, in the Doctrine (Dhamma) and in the Samga.'" [the Buddhist Triad, or Creed].

The full ordination by monks can be performed only in the presence of at least ten full monks.

The Monks to Dress and Comport Themselves Decently

HEARING that some of the disciples wandered about with their bowls begging food, and that they were improperly dressed, and made unbecoming noises in the chambers of the rich, the Exalted One summoned an assembly, rebuked the offenders, and uttered many precepts as to the life the monks were to live. Young monks should be taught by older ones, and the relation between them should be that of a father and son. The pupil is in every way possible to minister to his teacher. He is to rise early and offer his elder master water and a tooth cleaner, and then rice and milk. He must keep the place clean and go on errands, prepare the bath, set up the bed at night and remove it in the morning, dust the carpet, shut the windows opening towards the east when an east wind blows, and do the same with the west windows when a west wind blows. A pupil monk is to be turned away who is not affectionately attached to his master, or who is without modesty, reverence and devotion towards his teacher.

The Serpent Who Desired to be a Monk

THERE was a serpent ashamed that it had been born a serpent, which conceived a strong desire to be ordained a monk. He accordingly took on the form of a boy and asked the monks to let him have the preliminary ordination. In answer, the double (full) ordination was conferred on him, and he became a monk and went to live with an elder monk as his pupil.

One night the elder monk left the house, and the snake-monk seized the opportunity of taking a nap in his own shape. The snake filled the whole cell, and passed out of the window as well. The old monk, returning, was greatly alarmed, and asked the snake — once more a monk — what it all meant. He answered, "I am a serpent."

The matter became noised about, and so the Exalted One summoned an assembly of monks before which he addressed the serpent. "Thou art a serpent, and incapable of our doctrine and discipline. But if thou wilt keep the fasts on the 8th, 14th, and 15th days of the half-month, thou shalt become human." The serpent went tearfully away.

Irregular Ordination

FULL ordination having been given, some candidates who received alms with their hands, and not with bowls, or with borrowed bowls, or naked, or with borrowed robes, or whose hands, feet, ears, nose, fingers, or thumbs were cut off, the Exalted One enjoined that no one should be fully ordained who had not bowls, or robes, or who was maimed as described above.

Kullavagga, or the Small Way

THE Exalted One was living in the bamboo grove at Rajagaha. Up to that time the monks spent their lives in the open air, in forests or trees, caves or cemeteries, in groves, or hayricks. The treasurer at Rajagaha asked the monks if they would live in monastic cells, provided he built them. They answered, "The Exalted One has not given us permission to do so." "Why, then, do ye not consult the Exalted One?" he asked. They then approached Buddha, saying, "The treasurer wishes to build us some monastic cells, how shall we act?" The Exalted One answered, "I permit you dwellings of five kinds—monastic cells, Bengal houses, storied dwellings, attics and caves."

Then the treasurer built sixty monastic cells, and dedicated them for the use of the Samga.

The Exalted One on receiving them expressed his thanks to the devoted treasurer in stanzas beginning thus

'The cold and heat the cells ward off.'

Nuns

GOTAMA and his early disciples showed great repugnance to the admission of women into the Buddhist Church, and when, after Buddha's death, they were accorded a religious standing as nuns (bhikkunis) they were formed into an order of their own, so that there came to be a monk (bhikku) Samga, and a nun

(bhikkuni) Samga. Yet in so early a Buddhist literary monument as Patimokkha, it will be seen from the epitome given above, nuns are constantly mentioned. Nuns do not, however, appear among Buddha's disciples in the narratives of Buddha's first appearance.]

"Master," asked Ananda of the Exalted One, "how should we conduct ourselves in the presence of women?"

"You should avoid looking at them, Ananda."

"But if we do see them, Master, what is then our duty?"

"Then be on your guard, Ananda. As in a field of rice, Ananda, which thrives right well, when the disease called mildew breaks out, the rice plant begins to decay and die; so, Ananda, if women are admitted into the Samga, holy living will not endure long. If, however, Ananda, women were allowed to leave their homes to become nuns, holy living would not thrive for a long time. But, Ananda, since women are at length permitted to renounce the world, and live the homeless life, holy living and the doctrine of truth cannot live more than 500 years."

About Nuns Who Are Ordained

A NUN who has been ordained a hundred years must bow respectfully and humbly before a monk, even though the latter has been ordained earlier in the same day. No nun is allowed to pass the rainy season in a district where there are no monks.

For two purposes nuns must visit monks during the half month—to ask for the Patimokkha confession, and to request the monks to preach to them.

A nun guilty of a serious offence must expiate it before monks and nuns.

No nun may rebuke or reproach a monk.

II—Sutta-Pitaka or the Basket of Doctrine

THE word 'sutta' (Sanscrit, sutra) means literally threads, and is used to denote the sentences in which the doctrines of Buddhism are expressed. This second part of the Buddhist Bible deals mainly, though not exclusively, with dogmas which Buddhist writers arrange under three main heads called Triratna, or the Three Jewels, often by Western writers designated the Buddhist Trinity. These are Buddha, the Doctrine, the Samga. But the word 'sutta' is never confined to Sutta-Pitaka, nor is it ever, in the Buddhist Bible, used in contrast to Vinaya. On the contrary, it is applied to the rules of Patimokkha. It is to be observed that the beliefs of Buddhism are not, as a rule, systematically laid out by the founder, but, as in the case of Jesus, they are to be gathered from casual sayings and answers to questions. This second basket is made up of five sections, called Nikayas, Collections, the last of them, Khuddaka-Nikaya, being subdivided into fifteen treatises, the most important of which are called Dhammapada, the Path of Virtue, or Footsteps of Religion, a book of proverbial ethics in poetical form; and Jataka, or 550 birth-tales of the Buddha.

Digha, or the First Nikaya

BUDDHA died about 480 B.C. at the age of 80, about half of these being years of Buddha-hood. The Digha Nikaya gives a detailed account of his last days and of his final instructions, especially those given to his favourite disciple Ananda. It contains thirty-four long suttas, or sentences of doctrine.

The Book of the Great Decease

WHEN the Exalted One was dwelling at Rajagaha, on the hill Vulture Peak, he addressed the Samga assembled by Ananda, and said, "There are, O begging monks, seven conditions for the prosperity of the Samga. The brethren must: (1) meet often in full numbers and in perfect accord; (2) they must not establish anything new or abrogate anything old; (3) they are to act according to the rules of the order now imposed; (4) they must keep down all craving; (5) must revere their elders and give heed to what these say; (6) must train themselves to a life of solitude; and (7) so regulate their minds that good men may desire to visit them."

He then added, "There are yet other seven conditions on which the prosperity of the Samga depends. The brethren may not be engaged in business, or like it, or have any connexion with it; nor may they indulge in idle talk, or like it, or in any way be a party to it; nor may they be indolent, or love indolence, or be in any way given to it; nor may they spend their time in society, or love it, or be drawn by it.

"Another seven things are needful: perfect faith; modesty; fear of evil; fullness of knowledge; energy; mental alertness; and wisdom."

The Exalted One spoke to them of other necessary qualities of heart and of life; kindness of action, speech and thought, in public and in private.

To the Pataligama disciples he said, "The wicked man is the loser, and in five ways: his lack of rectitude leads to poverty, to ill repute, to shame and confusion of face, he is troubled at death, and is reborn into a lower kind of being. On the contrary, the good gains in five ways: he acquires wealth by industry, stands well in the esteem of others, has no shame or fear, dies without anxiety, and is reborn into a higher kind of life." He added, "The night is far gone, O disciples, it is time to get to your rest."

Then the Exalted One addressed the revered Ananda, his favourite disciple and friend, and said, "Let us hence to the sal-tree grove, near the city Kusinara" [Casia, north of the Middle Ganges]. So, accompanied by a crowd of the brethren, the Exalted One made his way to the above grove and said to Ananda, "Spread me a couch, O Ananda, with its head to the north between two sal-trees."

This being done, the two trees burst forth with a mass of bloom, though it was not the season, and the blossoms scattered themselves over the body of Tathagata [the Perfect One, a common name for the Buddha, especially when used by him of himself]. Then came from above heavenly flowers, covering Tathagata, and all the sky was full of the most enchanting music.

Tathagata broke forth into speech and said, "O Ananda, it is not by these flowers and blossoms, or by this music that Tathagata is most honoured, but by the life of the brother or sister whose life is pure and who keeps my precepts."

"These four spots," said the Exalted One to Ananda, "are to be honoured: where Tathagata was born, where he attained supreme enlightenment, where the Samga was first established, and where Tathagata passed away to Nirvâna." "How," said Ananda, "are we to conduct ourselves towards women?" "Anent women, do not see them; if you do, do not speak. If they speak to you, be on your guard."

The Exalted One continued, "Perhaps some of you may say, when I am gone, 'We have no teacher.' But it will not be so. The truths which I have taught and the rules which I have laid down for the Samga will continue to be your teachers."

His last words to the brethren were, "Behold, O brethren, all existing things are transitory. Work out your deliverance diligently."

At the moment of his passing away the earth quaked in terrible and awe-inspiring fashion and the heaven thundered with a vast crash. Those who were still dominated by passion exclaimed, in dismay, "Too soon has the Exalted One died, too soon has he passed away, too soon has the Light gone out of the world." But the Arahats (freed from passion) spoke in composed spirit, "All component things are transitory and must be dissolved."

From Mugghima Nikaya

What it is that Matters

"THE religious life does not depend," said the Exalted One, "on any of these dogmas that the world is eternal or the converse, or that the holy survive death, or the converse.

"These questions and the like profit not, and stand apart from true religion, which consists in finding out the secret of suffering and the way of escape."

From Samyutta Nikaya

The Cause of Misery

ON ignorance depends Karma [the result of acts in a former existence upon the life now lived]; on Karma consciousness; on consciousness name and form; on these depends the six organs of sense; and on these depends touch; on touch sensation; on sensation desire; on desire attachment; on attachment existence; on existence birth; and on birth old age, death, grief, mourning, misery.

The Way of Escape from Misery

MISERY ceases with the cessation of ignorance, Karma, consciousness, name and form, the six organs of sense, touch, sensation, desire, attachment, existence, birth, old age, death, grief,

mourning—these all depending on each other. Therefore, escape from misery is possible only by escaping from desire and, subsequently, from life.

The Buddhist Confession of Faith

To the *Buddha* I look in faith. He, the Exalted One, is the holy supreme Buddha, who takes men as they are, the Teacher of gods and men, the Exalted Enlightened One. To the *Doctrine* I look in faith; well proclaimed by the Exalted One is the Doctrine. To the *Order* I look in faith; in right conduct lives the order of disciples of the Exalted One; in proper, honest and just conduct lives the order of disciples of the Exalted One.

The Existence of the Ego

MARA the tempter once appeared before a nun, and said, "Thou art a person that shall pass away."

"What meanest thou, Mâra, in saying I am a person? Thy teaching is false; I am but a heap of sensations (*Sankharas*), and no person. Just as we use the word chariot for the collection of parts of which it is made, so the mere coming together of sensations make the person, and the sundering of these means the destruction of what thou callest person."

Then a wandering monk came to the Exalted One, and said to him, "How stands the matter, Gotama? Is there any ego?"

To this the Exalted One answered not a word, though the question was many times repeated.

Then stepped forward Ananda, Gotama's bosom friend, and asked, "Why hast thou not answered the oft-repeated question of the wandering monk?"

To which the Exalted One replied, "If I had answered that the ego exists, that would but have confirmed the teaching of the Samanas [Indian ascetics] and Brahmanas [priests], who believe in the permanence of the self. Had I answered that the ego exists not, that would have confirmed the other teaching of the Samanas and Brahmanas that the ego is annihilated. So that either answer would have been alone incorrect, and bewildered more than guided."

From Anguttara Nikaya

The Middle Path: The Noble Truth of Suffering

THE Exalted One said, "There is, O monks, a middle path for you to pursue, and it stands between the two extremes, sensuality on the one hand and asceticism on the other.

"The noble truth concerning suffering is that it springs from thought, or desire, which causes existence to be renewed.

"And this is the noble eightfold path for getting rid of misery: belief, aspiration, speech, conduct, living, effort, mindfulness, contemplation."

Khuddaka Nikaya

THE second treatise in Khuddaka Nikaya is Dhammapada, the Footsteps of Religion, or Path of Virtue. It consists of 423 stanzas full of ethical truths, often very pithily and beautifully expressed.

Dhammapada (The Footsteps of Religion)

HATRED is not overcome by hatred, but by love.

He who would don the yellow dress [be a monk] without doffing his evil ways is unworthy of that dress.

As rain breaks through an ill-thatched house, passion breaks through an unreflecting mind.

The man who can recite the moral law, but does not keep it, is like a cowherd who counts the cows of others.

Have not for friends evil-doers or low-living men; but choose for your friends men of virtuous life and lofty spirit.

To conquer oneself is a greater feat than conquering others. Not even a god or Mâra [the devil] could change into defeat a man's victory over himself.

As a lily will grow on a dunghill, and thence send forth perfume, so will the genuine disciple of the Buddha emit light among people walking in darkness.

Even the gods envy the man whose senses and passions have been subdued like broken steeds.

Better one word with sense than a thousand senseless words.

Thou wilt find no escape from death in the aerial region, in the depths of the sea, or in the mountain clefts.

Whoever looks down on the world as though it were a bubble is not scared by the ruler of death.

A man is not learned because he talks much.

A man does not become a Brahman (priest) by his plaited hair, his birth, or his family. He is a Brahman in whom are truth and righteousness.

A Brahman calls nothing his own, and is freed from the love of the world.

He who strikes him who strikes not, and harms him who harms not, will incur punishment of many kinds.

Let every man direct himself to what is proper; then may he teach others.

Those men are the envy of the gods who are awakened, given to meditation, are wise, and delight in the repose of retirement from the world.

Not to do any wrong, but to do good and to pacify one's own mind—that is the teaching of the awakened.

Lust is insatiable. He who perceives that it is short-lived, and brings on pain and misery, is wise.

He who takes refuge with Buddha, the Doctrine, and the Samga (church), has chosen a safe refuge.

He who eats much and becomes fat, who is given to sleep, and lies about like a well-fed hog, will be born again and again [that is, will not reach Nirvâna].

The thirst of a thoughtless man grows like a creeper. He passes from life to life as a monkey in the forest seeks fruit from tree to tree.

This fierce, consuming thirst is difficult to overcome in this world, but from him who conquers it, sufferings fall away as water drops from a lotus leaf. He who has reached this consummation is without thirst or sin, and has torn off the thorns of life; this will be his last body, and when he passes away from it he will enter directly into Nirvâna.

The monk who controls his speech and utters wise things calmly, his word is sweet. If he dwell in the law and delight in it, that monk will never lapse from it.

O monk, empty thy boat and it will move quickly. Having thrown overboard passion and hatred, thou wilt go straight away to Nirvâna.

No one should strike a Brahman (priest); but, if struck, a Brahman should not strike in return. Woe to the man who strikes a Brahman; but greater woe to the Brahman who strikes back.

Him I call a Brahman who finds no fault with other beings, and neither kills nor causes to kill.

He is a free Brahman who is tolerant with the intolerant, mild with fault-finders, and among passionate people is free from passion.

Jataka, or the Buddha Birth Stories

THIS forms section 15 of Khuddaka Nikaya, the last Nikaya in Sutta-Pitaka, or the Basket of Doctrine. The stories are, to a large extent, folk-lore tales applied to Gotama in his previous existence.

The Wise and the Foolish Merchant

TWO merchants planned to go on a journey that lay through a wilderness, each taking 500 waggons. Said one to the other, "The roads are too narrow to hold our waggons at one time, nor will the grass suffice to feed our animals. Let us make our journeys at different times."

His friend agreed, but asked to be allowed to go first, as he thought he would have the best of the fodder. This being granted, he proceeded on his journey, and soon reached the edge of the wilderness, when there met him a goblin all dripping with water, who, persuading him that in the wild forest ahead there was much more than enough of water, induced him to empty his water-jars, and thus reduce the weight to be carried by the horses.

This being done, the merchant with his men and animals passed into the forest without finding so much as a drop of water. The heat grew in intensity, and the men and animals, fainting from thirst and exhaustion, lay down and died. The goblin and his troop were soon on the scene, and gobbled up the flesh of the horses and the human beings.

The next merchant was wiser, and meeting the same goblin, refused to listen to his solicitations. He and his party soon reached the part of the waterless forest where lay the fleshless skeletons of the first party, and

found all their solid provisions in the waggons uninjured. The merchant appropriated the valuables left by his dead predecessor, and passed on in safety to his journey's end. This wise merchant was the Buddha (Gotama) himself in one of his former existences.

What a Future Buddha Must Be

WHAT must a Buddha, such as Gotama, be? He must be a man who has been taught, and who has reached sainthood. He must live a hermit life, love virtue, have strength of purpose and zeal of execution. He must be of Indian birth and belong to the Brahman class. No one of any lower class can hope to attain to perfect enlightenment.

The Birth of Gotama

THE mother of the future Buddha must be chaste and sober, and have been perfect through a hundred thousand cycles. She must also from her birth have kept the five precepts. Such a woman was Mahâ Mayâ, mother of Gotama.

When at the time of the midsummer festival she was with child, the Brahmans (priests) told the king (her husband) that the child to be born would be a male child, and that he was destined to become a universal monarch who would roll back the clouds of folly and sin. Then ten thousand worlds danced and quaked; the blind received their sight that they might gaze upon this great phenomenon; the deaf heard, the dumb spake, the lame walked.

Until the child was born, angels watched over the mother, and at the birth there were four pure angels in attendance, with a golden net, into which they received the child, addressing the mother in these words, "Rejoice, O Queen! A mighty son has been born to thee!"

The Wise Hare

"I WAS," Gotama once said, "in a previous life, a hare, living in a forest, eating grass, vegetables, leaves and fruit, and doing no living creature harm. I companied much with an ape, a jackal and a young otter. Early and late we were together. But I acted as their teacher, making them see the difference between good and evil, and urging them to choose the first and avoid the second, as well as to give alms on the full moon festival. When this day came round, the animals offered of their best, but I, the hare, said, 'What can I give? for grass, on which I live, is a poor gift. I know,' I said; 'if a poor person comes along, I will give myself—that is the best gift.'

"No sooner said than Sakki, the king of the gods, came in the shape of a poor Brahman, seeking alms from the hare. The latter said, 'Go, gather wood, and make thee a fire, and I will jump into the fire, and thou mayest eat me roasted.' This was accordingly done.

"The fire, however," said Gotama, "quenched my torments instead of augmenting them." Then he gave himself to the Brahman, though in reality to the god Sakki.

III—Abhidhamma-Pitaka or the Basket of Metaphysics

ABHIDHAMMA-PITAKA may be translated the Basket of Metaphysics, but Abhidhamma refers to method rather than to matter. It is the third part of the Buddhist Bible, and is inferior to the first two baskets in interest and value. It should be remembered that Buddha kept clear of metaphysical discussion, viewing everything from the point of view of practice. The date of this third Pitaka is about the third part of the fourth century B.C.

Dhamma-Sangani

THIS IS the first book of the third Pitaka. The name of the book denotes a manual, or compend, of mental state. It is really an ethical treatise from the psychological point of view.

The great Buddhist commentator, Buddhaghosa, who wrote in the early part of the fifth century A.D., expressed the orthodox doctrine of the time, that this manual of ethics contains not only the genuine teaching, but the very words, of Gotama. The book is written in the form of a cate-

chism, and was designed, no doubt, as a practical handbook for Buddhist students. It is impossible to apprehend fully what is meant without having a knowledge of Buddhist psychology and philosophy.

Virtuous Mental States

WHAT are virtuous states of consciousness?

A virtuous thought about the sensuous universe, attended by happiness and knowledge, relating to sight, sound, etc., has these qualities: touch, feeling, perception, thought, conception, discursive thought, joy, comfort, self-possession; the powers of faith, of energy, of mindfulness, of concentration, of wisdom, of happiness; right opinion; right motive; absence of lust and of malice; possession of conscientiousness, of intelligence, of insight, and of fair-mindedness. By feeling is meant the pleasurable sense arising from contact with thought.

Blameworthy Mental States

WHAT are the mental states which are blameworthy?

They are these: touch, feeling, perception, thought, conception, discursive thought, joy, comfort, self-possession, wrong views, wrong motives, wrong aims, wrong achievement, insincerity, indifference to blame, lust, covetousness. Wrong views consist in living in mere opinions, being entangled in opinions, being bound by what others think and say, etc.

Causes

WHAT mental states are causes? The three causes of good Karma; the three causes of bad Karma; the three neutral causes.

What are the three causes of good Karma?

They are freedom from lust, hate and stupidity.

But what is the absence of lust?

It is being free from infatuation, passion, covetousness.

What is the absence of hate?

It is being free from ill-will and being filled with love.

What is the absence of stupidity?

It is having a knowledge of misery, its cause and the manner of bringing it to an end.

What are the causes of bad Karma?

Lust, hatred and stupidity.

Intoxication

WHAT are the three mental states that lead to sin (failure, infatuation, intoxication)?

They are these; sensuality, renewed existence, speculative opinion, ignorance. These are the roots of moral evil.

What is sensuality?

It consists of sensual craving, sensual striving, such as the senses excite.

What is the sin of renewed existence?

It is the inordinate longing for coming into being, the strong longing and the hungering after re-birth.

What is the sin of speculative opinion?

Holding that the world is eternal or not eternal; that it is infinite or that it is finite.

What mental states are those which act as bonds; There are ten such: sensuality, hate, pride, speculative opinion, scepticism as to Buddha, the Doctrine and the Sangha, the belief that salvation is by works, the lust for re-birth, envy, incapacity and ignorance. These imprison the man who yields to them.

Nirvana (Extinction)

OWING to the important place held by Nirvâna in Buddhist ethics and theology, it is advisable to add a special note dealing with the question.

Two leading opinions have been defended by leading scholars.

1. That the word describes a state of eternal felicity, one in which the spirit enters into its everlasting and perfect rest; an endless beatitude, exalted equally above the joy and the sorrows of the transitory world. This is the view upheld by Max Müller.

2. That it means extinction of conscious individual being, the annihilation of the self as a separate unity; so Oldenberg, Professor of Sanscrit at Kiel.

A Note on George Meredith

GEORGE MEREDITH (1828–1909) had the good fortune to become the most eminent figure, in his later days, in the English world of letters, sharing with Hardy the sunset glories of the last of the great Victorians. Though his first book, Poems, was published in 1851, Meredith did not begin to be appreciated by the public until quite thirty years later. We may reasonably doubt if he will ever be read as widely as, say, Thackeray, if he will ever become a classic. But to the student of contemporary English fiction Meredith is something greater than a popular writer. He is, and has been for many years, a great and potent influence.



Meredith in 1893
From the Watt a portrait

In his glorification of nature Meredith has something in common with Hardy. Walter Pater said of Wordsworth that by subduing man to the level of nature, he raised nature to the level of human thought; and it is a dictum that sums up the work of the author of The Ordeal of Richard Feverel. His is not the old 'return to nature' extolled by Jean Jacques Rousseau. Nor is it that fine vein of the purely descriptive which Sir Walter Scott worked so admirably. It is neither a decoration to the theme, nor an incidental variation: it is the essential spirit of Meredith's genius, an integral part of the human element in his work. He probes deeply into the very marrow of life, and he would have man stand or fall by his own individual faith.

THE life which Meredith depicts may not be the life with which we are all familiar. His people are, as he has described them, 'actual, yet uncommon.' Meredith is a social satirist. Full often he smites and spares not. Dickens, Thackeray and Lytton in their reforming zeal condemned or satirised evils which laws might cause or remove. Meredith tried to base the liberty of thought on deeper foundations than parliaments. He struck through the shibboleths of half-truths and sentimental traditions to the reality, and based his structure of the ideal upon it.

Meredith was a poet before he was a novelist, a philosopher before he was a poet, and his novels are poetry and philosophy combined. His place is with Browning and Carlyle. They and he have the defects of their qualities. But what splendid qualities these are!

AS to his style, this is undoubtedly difficult; it is like a river with many tortuous windings and many noble reaches. He is to be studied, not to be imitated; and the study should result in a disregard for the iteration of toil-worn phrases. 'A writer,' he says, 'who is not servile must coin from his own mint.' It has been very happily said of Meredith that he thinks in metaphor. The impression one has in reading his books is not of writing but of thought. One metaphor leads in his mind to another, and the second superimposes itself on the first. It is not surprising that to the average reader the works of this great novelist should present grave difficulties. But, with practice, it will be found that his brilliance will quietly cultivate the mind without overstraining the faculties of the intellect. Curiously enough, his poetry presents a clearness and grace of diction, a simple beauty of words, often absent from his prose.

As a poet Meredith will probably be famous after his longer works have ceased to be read. It has been said that he possessed the poetic vision, and poetry may be said to be his more natural voice; there is a forthright vigour of expression in some of his verse that transcends even the power of his prose. A poet-philosopher at heart, and a novelist because novels were the common traffic of the literary world of his day, he was, like Swinburne, one of the splendid pagans that have found in the 'reading of Earth' a solace from the battle of life.

FOR the student of his manner the best of his novels to begin with is The Ordeal of Richard Feverel (1859). In this book two attributes of our human nature are set forth with a freshness, a vigour, a sympathy, a feeling for external nature—with knowledge, in short—unrivalled by any contemporary.

If we seek an example of the analysis of motive we cannot do better than study the dissection of the mind of Sir Willoughby Patterne in The Egoist (1879), which, as the most characteristic of all his novels, is studied in these pages. In modern fiction this is the most finished portrayal of any character I can think of—an 'uncommon' character in which every reader will find some phase of his own personality revealed to him. Beauchamp's Career (1876), Diana of the Crossways (1885) and Harry Richmond (1871) are the best of his other novels; The Shaving of Shagpat (1856) the most richly imaginative.

All George Meredith's works are now published by Constable & Co.



Goldsmith

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GEORGE MEREDITH

THE EGOIST

A Study by Lewis Melville

I—Splendid Individuality of Meredith's Style



THE admirers of George Meredith are by no means unanimous as to which of his novels is his masterpiece, or, perhaps it would be more correct to say, as to which is the best among his masterpieces. Some pronounce for The Ordeal of Richard Feverel; others for The Adventures of Harry Richmond, or Rhoda Fleming; and some for The Egoist, or Diana of the Crossways. The Egoist has been preferred above the author's other books to represent him in this collection, because it is so particularly and definitely characteristic. It is impossible to think of any other writer who could have conceived it. To provide the author of The Egoist, as Robert Louis Stevenson put it happily, 'God had first to create a gentleman, and then give him genius.'

To write of Meredith without making special reference to his style is unthinkable. As a conversationalist he was brilliant; as a novelist he was, anyhow, at a first reading, not infrequently obscure, and there was some point in Sir Francis Burnand's protest, 'Damn you, George, why don't you write as you talk?' Oscar Wilde, than whom no one awarded higher rank to Meredith, set down his impressions in The Decay of Lying: 'His style is illumined by flashes of lightning. . . . Even if the man's fine spirit did not revolt against the noisy assertions of realism, his style would be quite sufficient to keep life at a respectable distance.'

Not even the most ardent worshipper would contend that persons in real life talk like the characters in The Egoist: if they did, they would have no listeners; everyone would flee, vanquished. It is all too witty, too brilliant, too involved. If any other novelist had essayed this style of writing, he would indubitably have failed: yet Meredith has succeeded magnificently.

It has been said that Meredith succeeded in spite of his style; it is far more true to say that he succeeded because of it. It is so splendidly individual. His dialogue—once the art of reading it is mastered—rings wonderfully true: the characters simply could not talk in any other way.

For instance, when the Rev. Dr. Middleton speaks of wine, it is not conceivable that he could do so except in the very words he employs, grouped together as he groups them. It conjures up the man; you know him at once for a gentleman, a scholar, a little pompous but kindly, with something of selfishness—as the delightful *grande dame*, Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson said, 'You see Dr. Middleton's pulpit scampering after him with legs.' It is, of course, not dialogue in the ordinary sense of the word; it is the author's mind working, and working at such lightning speed that the reader is often hard put to it to keep up with the pace that is set him.

The story of The Egoist is simple in the extreme, yet it is as exciting as the best of mystery stories. To the very last chapter you do not know how it is going to end—who will be the victor in the long-contested struggle, for mastery on the one side, or for escape from imminent marriage on the other. The rapier play is superb, the fortunes of battle going swiftly here, there. If an elopement is to your taste, there is one provided in chapter three; if you like a constant woman, here is presented this pleasing spectacle; do you like a picture of two people desperately in love, yet until the last pages of the book

prevented by honour and loyalty from declaring their passion, you will find it here.

The Egoist, it must be understood, is not written for the reader, but for the author. The author lays down his own rules for his sport, and you may play with him or not as you please. In the 'Prelude' to this book it is very clearly indicated what you are to expect.

COMEDY is a game played to throw reflections upon social life, and it deals with human nature in the drawing-room of civilized men and women, where we have no dust of the struggling outer world, no mire, no violent crashes to make the correctness of the representation convincing. Credulity is not wooed through the impressionable senses; nor have we recourse to the small circular glow of the watchmaker's eye to raise in bright relief minutest grains of evidence for the routing of incredulity. The Comic Spirit conceives a definite situation for a number of characters, and rejects all accessories in the exclusive pursuit of them and their speech. For, being a spirit, he hunts the spirit in men; vision and ardour constitute his merit: he has not a thought of persuading you to believe in him. Follow, and you will see. But there is a question of the value of a run at his heels.

You are further told that the world is possessed of a certain big book, the biggest book on earth, which might indeed be called the Book of Earth; whose title is the Book of Egoism, and it is a book full of the world's wisdom. "So full of it," says the author, "and of such dimensions is this book, in which the generations have written ever since they took to writing, that to be profitable to us the Book needs a powerful compression." These are some of the aphorisms contained therein:

'Possession without obligation to the object possessed approaches felicity.'

'There is pain in the surrendering of that we are fain to relinquish.'

'An injured pride that strikes not out strikes home.'

II—Sir Willoughby Patterne's Kindred and Affinity

THE hero, if he may be so miscalled, is one Sir Willoughby Patterne, fifth in descent from Simon Patterne, of Patterne Hall, premier of the family. He has everything in the world that man desires, lineage, wealth, good health, popularity, a way with women, wit and good looks "You see he has a leg," Mrs. Mountstuart says. It might well be expected that everything should go well with one whose path has been so smoothed by nature; but Fate, which hates to have its favour taken for granted, provides reverses in plenty for him, by making him an egoist. "If this line of verse be not yet in our literature," says Meredith,

'Through very love of self himself he slew,'

let it be admitted for his epitaph."

Sir Willoughby as a young man makes love to Laetitia Dale, who adores him, a very charming, clever, good-looking girl; he accepts the adoration greedily, but does not aspire for her hand, because she is not of such high social standing as would reflect glory on him. Instead, he joins in the pursuit of the much admired, the beautiful, dashing, and wealthy Constantia Durham, and carries her off from the rest as his fiancée. There is a cousin, Crossjay Patterne, a lieutenant of marines, poor, indeed, in all things but reputation for an act of heroism of the cool, unpretending sort which kindles British blood. Sir Willoughby, believing him to be a young man, sends him a cheque and invites him to present himself at the ancestral hall. Crossjay does so present himself, "a thickset, stumpy man, decidedly *not* bearing the stamp of the gentleman 'on his hat, his coat, his feet, or anything that was his,'" as Sir Willoughby put it. Sir Willoughby's subsequent sketch of the creature was repulsive: 'The visitor carried a bag and his coat-collar was up, his hat was melancholy; he had the appearance of a bankrupt tradesman absconding; no gloves, no umbrella.'

THE card of Lieutenant Patterne was handed to Sir Willoughby, who laid it on the salver, saying to the footman:

"Not at home."

He had been disappointed in the age, grossly deceived in the appearance of the man claiming to be his relative in this unseasonable fashion; and his acute instinct advised him swiftly of the absurdity of introducing to his friends a heavy unpresentable senior as the celebrated gallant Lieutenant of Marines, and the same as a member of his family! He had talked of the man too much, too enthusiastically, to be able to do so. A young subaltern, even if passably vulgar in figure, can be shuffled through by the aid of the heroical story humorously exaggerated in apology for his aspect. Nothing can be done

with a mature and stumpy Marine of that rank. Considerateness dismisses him on the spot, without parley. It was performed by a gentleman supremely advanced at a very early age in the art of cutting.

Young Sir Willoughby spoke a word of the rejected visitor to Miss Durham, in response to her startled look: "I shall drop him a cheque," he said, for she seemed personally wounded, and had a face of crimson.

The young lady did not reply.

Dating from the humble departure of Lieutenant Crossjay Patterne up the limes-avenue under a gathering rain-cloud, the ring of imps in attendance on Sir Willoughby maintained their station with strict observation of his movements at all hours; and were comparisons in quest, the sympathetic eagerness of the eyes of caged monkeys for the hand about to feed them, would supply one. They perceived in him a fresh development and very subtle manifestation of the very old thing from which he had sprung.

Apparently Miss Durham was already in two minds about proceeding with Sir Willoughby to marriage: this episode decided her. A few days later Laetitia Dale asked Sir Willoughby: 'Miss Durham is well, I trust?' and received the amazing reply: 'Durham? There is no Miss Durham to my knowledge.' In fact, that lady had eloped with a Captain Oxford—let it be hoped, to her lasting happiness.

Sir Willoughby shortly after left his native land to circumnavigate the globe. On his return, at the age of thirty-two, he still suffered gladly the devotion of Miss Dale, but his vows remained unspoken. He met Clara Middleton, elegant, lively, well endowed with means, 'carrying her youth like a flag'—'a dainty rogue in porcelain,' to quote Mrs. Mountstuart, or as Vernon Whitford said, 'She gives you an idea of the Mountain Echo.' He in his haste outstripped all comers, the engagement was announced and, though he did not know it, his punishment had begun.

III—The Comic Spirit versus the Feudal Mind

SIR WILLOUGHBY unfortunately had the patriarchal, the feudal mind, already out of date in mid-Victorian days. He would have everyone moulded as he wished. Be moulded, and you could do anything you liked with him. Refuse, and you pass out of his life for ever.

One Flitch, workman on the estate, sought independence by setting up as a shopkeeper in the neighbourhood; failed; begged to be allowed to return to his former employment. 'No,' said the great man, 'leave me once and you leave for ever, even if you have a wife and nine children.'

He took the same stand with his secretary, a learned cousin, Vernon Whitford, who announced his intention to go to London and there write his books. 'Go, and you never return.' But him he pressed to stay—he could have a higher salary, longer holidays, even, as a last inducement, 'I shall have to hand Letty Dale to him at last.'

VERNON, who was poor, took under his wing the elderly marine's son, also Crossjay, the most delightful of boys; but Sir Willoughby would not give financial assistance for education except on terms. 'If I take him, I claim undisputed sway over him. I cannot make a gentleman of the fellow if I am to compete with this person and that. In fine, he must look up to me, he must have one model.' This not being conceded, he stood aside.

He endeavoured absolutely to dominate his affianced bride. To this end he exerted all his charm, all his eloquence—only to meet with, 'I must be myself to be of any value to you, Willoughby.' He even tried to get from her a promise that if he died before her, she would for ever remain a widow—'be true to me dead as well as living.'

"Clara! to dedicate your life to our love! Never one touch! not one whisper! not a thought, not a dream! Could you?—it agonizes me to imagine . . . . . be inviolate? mine above?—mine before all men, though I am gone—true to my dust? Tell me. Give me that assurance. True to my name!—Oh! I hear them. 'His relict.' Buzzings about Lady Patterne. 'The widow.' If you knew their talk of widows! Shut your ears, my angel! But if she holds them off and keeps her path, they are forced to respect her. The dead husband is not the dishonoured wretch they fancied him, because he was out of their way. He lives in the heart of his wife. Clara! my Clara! as I live in yours, whether here or away; whether you are a wife or widow, there is no distinction for love—I am your husband—say it—eternally. I must have peace; I cannot endure the pain. Depressed, yes; I have cause to be."

The more Sir Willoughby revealed himself, the more Clara withdrew herself from him.

Miss Middleton owed it to Sir Willoughby Patterne that she ceased to think like a girl. When had the great change begun? Glancing back she could imagine that it was near the period we call, in love, the first—almost from the first. And she was led to imagine it through having become barred from imagining her own emotions of that season. They were so dead as not to arise even under the forms of shadows in fancy. Without imputing blame to him, for she was reasonable so far, she deemed herself a person entrapped. In a dream somehow she had committed herself to a life-long imprisonment; and, oh terror! not in a quiet dungeon; the barren walls closed round her, talked, called for ardour, expected admiration. She was unable to say why she could not give it; why she retreated more and more inwardly; why she invoked the frost to kill her tenderest feelings. She was in revolt, until a whisper of the day of bells reduced her to blank submission; out of which a breath of peace drew her to revolt again in gradual rapid stages, and once more the aspect of that singular day of merry blackness felled her to earth.

THE Comic Spirit in its merry antics continued to make Sir Willoughby ridiculous. If Clara had not been so wretched, she must have laughed aloud when he gave her this advice: 'Beware of marrying an Egoist, my dear.' But the girl at this time was far too troubled even for a smile, except with young Crossjay. Her thoughts were concentrated on escape from this hateful marriage. She gave indications of her wish—he did not, he really did not, understand them. She expressed herself more clearly—he was still obtuse.

Courage was coming to enable her to speak more plainly, when his discontinuing to insist on her wearing the [family] jewels, under an appearance of deference to her wishes, disarmed her by touching her sympathies.

She said, however: "I fear we do not often agree, Willoughby."

"When you are a little older!" was the irritating answer.

It would then be too late to make the discovery."

"The discovery, I apprehend, is not imperative, my love."

"It seems to me that our minds are opposed."

"I should," said he, "have been awake to it at a single indication, be sure."

"But I know," she pursued, "I have learnt, that the ideal conduct for women, is to subject their minds to the part of an accompaniment."

"For women, my love? my wife will be in natural harmony with me."

"Ah!" She compressed her lips. The yawn would come. "I am sleepier here than anywhere."

"Ours, my Clara, is the finest air of the kingdom. It has the effect of sea air."

"But if I am always asleep here?"

"We shall have to make a public exhibition of the Beauty."

This dash of his liveliness defeated her.

And then, suddenly, Clara realized that she was in love with Vernon.

"Oh! to be caught up out of this prison of thorns and brambles. I cannot tear my own way out. I am a coward. My cry for help confesses that. A beckoning of a finger would change me, I believe. I could fly bleeding and through hootings to a comrade. Oh! a comrade. I do not want a lover. I should find another Egoist, not so bad, but enough to make me take a breath like death. I could follow a soldier, like poor Sally or Molly. He stakes his life for his country, and a woman may be proud of the worst of men who do that. Constantia met a soldier. Perhaps she prayed and her prayer was altered. She did ill. But, oh, how I love her for it! His name was Harry Oxford. Papa would call him Ler Perseus. She must have felt that there was no explaining what she suffered. She had only to act, to plunge. First she fixed her mind on Harry Oxford. To be able to speak his name and see him awaiting her, must have been relief, a reprieve. She did not waver: she cut the links, she signed herself over. O brave girl! what do you think of me? But I have no Harry Whitford, I am alone. Let anything be said against women; we must be very bad to have such bad things written of us; only, say this, that to ask them to sign themselves over by oath and ceremony, because of an ignorant promise, to the man they have been mistaken in, is . . . it is"—the sudden consciousness that she had put another name for Oxford, struck her a buffet, drowning her in crimson.

NOW, the marriage with Sir Willoughby being impossible, she came out into the open—he definitely refused to release her. Clara was no weakling. Her efforts became more and more vigorous. She begged her father to leave Patterne Hall with her at once, on a visit to other friends. He agreed; but was seduced from his undertaking by honied words and a wonderful port produced by his host. She even essayed to run away to those friends, got so far as the station—and returned, for the moment.

Sir Willoughby at one time thought that Clara was jealous of his friendship with

Miss Dale, and he maddened her with assurances of his fidelity.

"Come, let me allay these . . . ." he soothed her with hand and voice while seeking for his phrase; "these magnified pin-points. Now, my Clara! on my honour! and when I put it forward in attestation, my honour has the most serious meaning speech can have; ordinarily my word has to suffice for bonds, promises or asseverations; on my honour! not merely is there, my poor child! no ground of suspicion, I assure you, I declare to you, the fact of the case is the reverse. Now, mark me; of her sentiments I cannot pretend to speak; I did not, to my knowledge, originate, I am not responsible for them, and I am, before the law, as we will say, ignorant of them: that is, I have never heard a declaration of them, and I am, therefore, under pain of the stigma of excessive fatuity, bound to be non-cognizant. But as to myself, I can speak for myself, and on my honour! Clara—to be as direct as possible, even to baldness, and you know I loathe it—I could not, I repeat, *I could not marry Laetitia Dale!* Let me impress it on you. No flatteries—we are all susceptible more or less—no conceivable condition could bring it about; no amount of admiration She and I are excellent friends; we cannot be more. When you see us together, the natural concord of our minds is, of course, misleading. She is a woman of genius. I do not conceal, I profess my admiration of her There are times when, I confess, I require a Laetitia Dale to bring me out, give and take. I am indebted to her for the enjoyment of the duet few know, few can accord with, fewer still are allowed the privilege of playing with a human being. I am indebted, I own, and I feel deep gratitude; I own to a lively friendship for Miss Dale, but if she is displeasing, in the sight of my bride by . . . . by the breadth of an eyelash, then . . . . ."

Sir Willoughby's arm waved Miss Dale off away into outer darkness in the wilderness.

Clara shut her eyes and rolled her eyeballs in a frenzy of unuttered revolt from the Egoist.

IV—The Maze and the Way Out

THE struggle between the affianced couple became more and more bitter. It told upon the temper of both combatants. The retorts exchanged became a little more biting at each encounter. Clara despised Sir Willoughby for holding her to his word; Sir Willoughby countered each of her efforts for freedom with all his skill: he was fighting to the death to save his pride.

The shadow of a dimple in Clara's cheek awakened him to the idea that she had struck him somewhere: and certainly he would never again be able to put up the fiction of her jealousy of Laetitia. What, then, could be this girl's motive for praying to be released? The interrogation humbled him: he fled from the answer.

Sir Willoughby was alarmed beyond all ordinary measure. Constantine Durham, as he saw her action, had taught him to believe women capable of explosions of treason at half a minute's notice. What might, or might not, Clara Middleton do? He did not dare to confide in Miss Dale, though assured of sympathy, since 'for him to be pitied by Laetitia seemed an upsetting of the scheme of Providence.' And yet he did confide in her, though unaware of so doing.

"FOR when I love, I love," said Sir Willoughby; "my friends and my servants know that. There can be no medium: not with me I give all, I claim all. As I am absorbed, so must I absorb. We both cancel and create, we extinguish and we illumine one another. The error may be in the choice of an object: it is not in the passion Perfect confidence, perfect abandonment. I repeat, I claim it because I give it. The selfishness of love may be denounced: it is a part of us! My answer would be, it is an element only of the noblest of us! Love, Laetitia! I speak of love. But one who breaks faith to drag us through the mire, who betrays, betrays and hands us over to the world, whose prey we become identically because of virtues we were educated to think it a blessing to possess: tell me the name for that! Again: it has ever been a principle with me to respect the sex. But if we see women false, treacherous. . . . Why indulge in these abstract views, you would ask! The world presses them on us, full as it is of the vilest specimens. They seek to pluck up every rooted principle: they sneer at our worship: they rob us of our religion. This bitter experience of the world drives us back to the antidote of what we knew before we plunged into it: of one . . . . of something we esteemed and still esteem. Is that antidote strong enough to expel the poison? I hope so! I believe so! To lose faith in womankind is terrible."

Soon, everyone was guessing at the position. Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson tells Sir Willoughby that Clara's behaviour produces false impressions on those that do not know her or him.

"'I shall have that porcelain back!' says Lady Busshe to me, when we were shaking hands last night: 'I think,' says she, 'it should have been the Willow Pattern.' And she really said: 'he's in for being jilted a second time!'"

Jilted a second time! The effect of these words upon him was electrical: Sir Willoughby restrained a bound of his body that would have sent him up some feet in the air. He felt his skull thundered at within.

At last Sir Willoughby sees a way out, and he concentrates on it. He projected a scene, following expressions of anxiety on account of old Vernon and his future settlement: and then—Clara maintaining her doggedness, to which he was now so accustomed that he could not conceive a change in it—says he: "If you determine on breaking, I give you back your word *on one condition*." Whereupon she starts; he insists on her promise: she declines: affairs resume their former footing; she frets, she begs for the disclosure: he flatters her by telling her his desire to keep her in the family: she is unilluminated, but strongly moved by curiosity. Then flatly out comes the one condition. That and no other. "Take Vernon and I release you."

She refuses. Now ensues the debate, all the oratory being with him. She declares the proposal revolting. He can distinguish nothing that should offend her in a proposal to make his cousin happy if she will not him. Irony and sarcasm relieve his emotions, but he convinces her he is dealing plainly and intends generosity. She is confused; she speaks in maiden fashion. He touches again on Vernon's early escapade. She does not enjoy it. The scene closes with him bidding her reflect on it, and remember the one condition of her release.

SIR WILLOUGHBY is now lost to all sense of proportion; worse, to all the recognized ideas of decency. He runs amok. He arranges to meet Miss Dale in the drawing-room at midnight, and offers her his hand, assuring her that he is free to do so. She declines; she has lost her admiration of him. He used his utmost powers of persuasion, until she says, 'You tempt me to imagine that you want a wife at any cost.' It is true, and, humbled and angry, he retreats before that.

But young Crossjay, who had been playing truant, sleeping on an ottoman, rolled in something sleek and warm, awakes to hear the integral part of the conversation. The murder is out. Sir Willoughby declares that he was pleading for Vernon with Laetitia—he is not believed, though ever so hard he strives to impress. The fact that he was rejected by her becomes known. He now pleads with Clara for Vernon.

"Would you accept him—marry him? He is poor!"

"I am not ambitious of wealth."

"*Would* you marry him?"

"Marriage is not in my thoughts."

"But could you marry him?"

Willoughby expected no. In his expectation of it he hung inflated.

She said these words: "I could engage to marry no one else."

His amazement breathed without a syllable.

He flapped his arms, resembling for the moment those birds of enormous body which attempt a rise upon their wings and achieve a hop.

The blow to his pride is horrible; it nearly lays him low; but by a mighty effort he seeks once more to win Laetitia.

"And love me or not—marry me, and my love will bring it back to you. You have taught me I am not so strong. I must have you by my side. You have powers I did not credit you with."

"You are mistaken in me, Sir Willoughby," Laetitia said feebly, outworn as she was.

"A woman who can resist me by declining to be my wife through a whole night of entreaty, has the quality I need for my house, and I batter at her ears for months, with as little rest as I had last night before I surrender my chance of her. But I told you last night I want you within the twelve hours. I have staked my pride on it. By noon, you are mine: you are introduced to Mrs. Mountstuart as mine, as the lady of my life and house. And to the world! I shall not let you go."

Laetitia said: "You do not ask me for love?"

"I pay you the higher compliment of asking for *you*, love or no love."

In the end he has his way, though it is—and bitterly he realizes it—a barren victory.

"Ladies" [Laetitia says to Sir Willoughby's aunts in his presence], "you are witnesses that there is no concealment, there has been no reserve, on my part. May heaven grant me kinder eyes than I have now. I would not have you change your opinion of him; only that you should see how I read him. For the rest, I vow to do my duty by him. Whatever is of worth in me is at his service. I am very tired. I feel I must yield or break. This is his wish, and I submit."

Such is the brief outline of the story of The Egoist—the characters, the scenes, and the dialogue, no pen other than that of George Meredith could recreate.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE

LIKE The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, The Professor at the Breakfast Table appeared in serial form in The Atlantic Monthly. In it a new set of characters is introduced, but several favourites—'the young man whose name is John,' 'the old gentleman opposite' and 'the divinity student'—remain. 'The deformed gentleman,' who regards Boston as the 'hub of the universe,' takes upon himself a considerable share of the talking, and holds the most spicy opinions—it was Holmes who gave Boston its most popular name, the Hub. Indeed the 'Professor' himself dominates the table to much less extent than did the 'Autocrat,' and this process of conversational devolution is carried still farther by the 'Poet' in the third book of the series. The 'Professor's' talk is comparatively diffuse, and lacks something of the aptness of similitude which so brightened the earlier book. The 'Autocrat' appears in page 593 of *The World's Great Books*.

Breakfast-Table Characters



I INTENDED to have signalised my first appearance at the breakfast table by a certain large statement, which I flatter myself is the nearest approach to a universal formula of life yet promulgated at this breakfast table. It would have had a grand effect. For this purpose I fixed my eyes on a certain divinity student, with the intention of forcing my court card, namely, *The great end of being.*

"I will thank you for the sugar," I said. "Man is a dependent creature."

"It is a small favour to ask," said the divinity student—and passed the sugar.

"Life is a great bundle of little things," I said.

The student smiled, as if that was the concluding epigram of the sugar question.

"You smile," I said. "Perhaps life seems to you a little bundle of great things?"

The divinity student started a laugh, but suddenly reined it back with a pull. "Life is a great bundle of great things," he said.

(*Now then!*) "The great end of being, after all, is——"

"Hold on!" said my neighbour, a young fellow whose name seems to be John, and nothing else—for that is what they call him—"hold on! The Sculpin is go'n' to say somethin'."

Now the sculpin is a little water-beast which pretends to consider itself a fish and, under that pretext, hangs about the piles upon which West Boston bridge is built, swallowing the bait intended for flounders. Drawn from the water it exposes an immense head, and diminutive bony carcase.

I looked round the table, therefore, with great curiosity to see what it meant. At the further end of it I saw a head, and a small portion of the little deformed body, mounted on a high chair which brought the occupant to a fair level enough for him to get at his food.

"Born in Boston; went to school in Boston as long as the boys would let me," said the little man, "and I tell you Boston has opened, and kept open, more turnpikes that lead straight to free thought and free speech and free deeds than any other city. I don't care how broad their streets are nor how high their steeples!"

"The great end of being," I now managed to say, "is to harmonise man with the order of things; and the Church has been a good pitch-pipe and may be so still. But who shall tune the pitch-pipe? If every soul is to look for truth with its own eyes, the first thing is to depolarise every fixed religious idea in the mind by changing the word which stands for it."

"I don't know what you mean by 'depolarising' an idea," said the student.

"I will tell you," I said. "When a given symbol which represents a thought has lain for a certain length of time in the mind, it undergoes a change like that which rest in a certain position gives to iron. It becomes magnetic in its relations, it is traversed by strange forces which did not belong to it. The word, and consequently the idea it represents, is *polarised.*

"The religious currency of mankind, in thought, in speech, and in print, consists entirely of polarised words. Take that famous word, O'm, of the Hindu mythology. Even a priest cannot pronounce it without sin. What do you care for O'm? If you wanted to get the pundit to look at his religion fairly, you must first depolarise this and all similar words for him. I think, myself, if every idea our Book contains could be shelled out of its old symbol, and put into a new, clean, unmagnetic word, we should have some chance of reading it as philosophers ought to read it."

"I didn't know you was a settled minister over this parish," said the young fellow near me.

"A sermon by a lay preacher may be worth listening to," I replied calmly. "To get the parallax of heavenly truths you must take an observation from the position of the laity as well as of the clergy."

Resuming the conversation, I remarked, "I am, as a professor, a conservative, for I don't know any fruit that clings to its tree so faithfully as a professor to the bough of which his chair is made. You can't shake him off. But if to be a conservative is to let all the drains of thought choke up, and keep all the soul's windows down, to shut out the sun from the east and the wind from the west, to let the rats run free in the cellar, and the moths feed their fill in the chambers, and the spiders weave their lace before the mirrors, till the soul's typhus is bred out of our neglect—I, sir, am a redcap of the barricades, rather than a conservative."

"Were you born in Boston, sir?" said the little deformed man, looking excited.

"I was not," I replied.

"It's a pity, it's a pity," said the little man; "it's the place to be born in. But if you can't be born here you can come and live here. It is the great macadamising place, always cracking up something."

On Talk

One who means to talk with entire sincerity always feels himself in danger of an affectation of bluntness. What a man wants to do, in talking with a stranger, is to get and to give as much of the most real life that belongs to the two talkers as time will let him.

My thoughts flow in layers or strata, at least three deep. I follow a slow person's talk, and keep a perfectly clear undercurrent of my own beneath it. Under both runs obscurely a consciousness belonging to a third train of reflections, independent of the two others. I will try to write out a mental movement in three parts.

A. First voice, or mental soprano—thought follows a woman talking.

B. Second voice, or mental baritone—my running accompaniment.

C. Third voice, or mental basso, low grumble of an importunate, repeating idea.

A. 'White lace, three skirts, looped with flowers, wreath of apple-blossoms, gold bracelets, diamond pin and ear-rings, the most delicious berthe you ever saw, white satin slippers.'

B. 'Deuce take her! What a fool she is! Hear her chatter!' (Look out of window just here. Two pages and a half of description, if it were all written out, in one-tenth of a second). 'Go ahead, old lady!' (Eye catches picture over fireplace.) 'There's that infernal family nose! Came over in the Mayflower, on the first old fool's face. Why don't they wear a ring in it?'

C. 'You'll be late at lecture—late at lecture—late—late—late.'

Freedom, in England and America

"It is here, sir! Right here!" said the little deformed gentleman, "in this old new city of Boston, that the Battle of the Standard is fighting. Here is the broad white flag flying which proclaims, first of all, peace and goodwill to men and, next to that, the absolute, unconditional spiritual liberty of each individual immortal soul!"

"Steam's up!" said the young man John. "Three hundred and sixty-five tons to the square inch. Let him blow her off, or he'll bu'st his b'iler."

"America, sir," said the little man, "is the only place where man is full-grown!"

I thought it was time to put in a word; for I have lived in foreign parts and am more or less cosmopolitan.

"I doubt if we have more practical freedom in America than they have in England," I said.

"Sir," said he, "the free Englishman is born under protest; he lives and dies under protest, a tolerated, but not a welcome fact. Is not *freethinker* a term of reproach in England? The same idea in the soul of an Englishman, who struggled up to it, and still holds it *antagonistically*, and in the soul of an American, to whom it is congenial and spontaneous, is a very different thing. You may teach a quadruped to walk on his hind legs, but he is always wanting to be on all-fours. We have a new race, and a whole new world for the new-born human soul to work in! And Boston is the brain of it, and has been any time these hundred years!"

"And the grand emporium of modesty," said the divinity student, mischievously.

"Oh, don't talk to me of modesty!" answered the little gentleman. "I'm past that!"

"It dwarfs the mind, I think," said I, "to feed it on any localism. The full stature of manhood is shrivelled."

The colour burst up into my cheeks. What was I saying—I, who would not for the world give pain to any man, least of all to our unfortunate little boarder by an allusion?

"I will go," he said, and made a movement with his arms to let himself down from his chair.

"No, no; he doesn't mean it, you must not go," said a kind voice next him; a soft white hand was laid upon his arm, and the young girl, Iris, in the glory of half-blown womanhood, and the dwarf, misshapen little creature covered with Nature's insults, looked straight for a moment into each other's eyes.

"A lady's wish," he said, with a certain gallantry of manner, "makes slaves of us all." And Nature, who is kind to all her children, suggested to him that he had turned his sentence well.

Persons and Opinions

THERE is not a boarder at our table, I firmly believe, excepting the young girl, who has not a story of the heart if one could get the secret drawer open.

As for the young girl! I am sure that she can hide nothing from me. Her skin is so transparent that one can almost count her heart beats by the flushes in her cheeks.

I think Iris loves to hear the little gentleman talk. She smiles sometimes at his vehement statements, but never laughs at him. I love this young creature's rapt attention to her diminutive neighbour.

He is evidently pleased with it, and is obviously conscious that he has at least one interested listener. That young girl wants a tender nature to cherish her.

The divinity student came down one morning looking more serious than usual.

"I am afraid," he said, "there is a danger in introducing discussions of religion into common discourse."

"Danger to what?" I asked.

"Danger to truth," he replied.

"I didn't know truth was such an invalid," I said. "How long is it since she could only take the air in a close carriage, with a man in a black coat on the box? Truth is tough; like a football, it will be full at evening. The very aim of our institutions is just this, that we may think what we like, and say what we think."

"Think what we like!" said the divinity student.

"Against all human versions of its own or any other authority," I replied. "Mark this. When the common people of New England stop talking politics and theology, it will be because they have got an emperor to teach them the one, and a Pope to teach them the other!"

That was the end of my conference with the divinity student. The next morning we got talking a little on the subject, good-naturedly, as people return to a matter they have talked out.

The Romance Begins

THE young girl Iris is the unconscious centre of attraction to the whole solar system of our breakfast-table. The little gentleman leans towards her, and she again seems to be swayed as by some invisible gentle force towards him. There is a tendency in all the men's eyes to converge on her.

The bland, quiet old gentleman, who sits opposite to me, is no exception to the rule. She brought down some mignonette one morning which she had grown in her chamber. She gave a sprig to her little neighbour, and one to the landlady, and sent another by the hand of Bridget to this old gentleman.

The young Marylander sometimes looks across the long diagonal of the table as much as to say, "I wish you were up here by me, or I were down there by you."

I do believe that the deformed gentleman and the young girl have some kind of understanding together, that they meet elsewhere than at our table. From the very first they have taken to each other. The one thing they have in common is the heroic will. In him it shows itself in thinking his way straightforward, in doing battle for 'free trade and no right of search' on the high seas of controversy, and especially in fighting the battles of his crooked old city. In her, it is standing up for her little friend.

The young Marylander has introduced Iris to the chapel, for which he does the honours for such of our boarders as are not otherwise provided for. I saw them looking over the same prayer-book one Sunday, and I thought that two such young and handsome persons could hardly worship together in safety for a great while.

"What's the matter with Little Boston?" said the young man John to me one day. "There a'n't much of him, anyhow; but 't seems to me he looks peakeder than ever. The old woman says he's in a bad way."

I believe the young fellow would take it as a personal insult if the Little Gentleman should show any symptoms of quitting our table for a better world.

In the meantime, what with going to church in company with our young lady, and taking every chance I could get to talk with her, I have found myself becoming well acquainted with Miss Iris.

On the balcony one evening I walked with her, and I had coaxed her arm under mine. The young Marylander came to the door, looked out, and saw us walking together, gave his hat a pull over his forehead, and stalked off. I felt a slight spasm in the arm I held. What a kind creature this is! She does not like to see a young fellow going off because he feels as if he were not wanted.

The Little Gentleman's Exit

Day by day, as the little gentleman comes to the table, it seems to me that the shadow of some approaching change falls darker and darker over his countenance. Nature is struggling with something, and I am afraid she is under in the wrestling match.

. . . . . .

The little gentleman has suddenly become my patient.

"Sit down, sir," he said, as I came into the room. "I have come to the hill Difficulty, sir, and I am fighting my way up."

I sat an hour or two by the side of his bed, after giving him some henbane to quiet his brain, and some foxglove, the 'opium of the heart.' Under their influence he gradually fell into a half-waking slumber, the body fighting for every breath and the mind wandering off in strange fancies and recollections, which escaped from his lips in broken sentences.

"The last of 'em," he said, "the last of 'em all, thank God! And the grave he lies in will look just as well as if he had been straight. Dig it deep, old Martin, dig it deep; and let it be as long as other folks' graves. And mind you get the sods flat, old man — flat as ever a straight-backed young fellow was laid under. And then, with a good tall slab at the head, and a footstone six foot away it'll look just as if there was a man underneath."

The high chair at the side of Iris is unoccupied. "You might jest as well take away that chair," said old landlady, "he'll never want it again."

"If there was anything a fellah could do," said the young man John, "a fellah 'd like the chance o' helpin' a little cripple like that."

At the table we were graver than common. The high chair was set back against the wall, and a gap left between that of the young girl and her nearest neighbour's on the right. But the next morning, to our great surprise, that good-

looking young Marylander had quietly moved his own chair to the vacant place.

I think there is a kindly feeling growing between Iris and our Marylander.

The divinity student was exercised in his mind about the little gentleman, and, in the kindness of his heart—for he was a good young man—he determined to bring the little gentleman round to his faith before he died, if he could.

The divinity student made him a visit, therefore. He found him weak, but calm. Iris sat silent by his pillow.

After the usual preliminaries the divinity student said, in a kind way, that he was sorry to find him in failing health, that he felt concerned for his soul, and was anxious to assist him in making preparations for the great change awaiting him.

"I thank you, sir," said the little gentleman. "Permit me to ask you, what makes you think I am not ready for it, sir, and that you can do anything to help me, sir?"

"I address you only as a fellow-man," said the divinity student, "and therefore a fellow-sinner."

"I am *not* a man, sir!" said the little gentleman. "I was born into this world the wreck of a man. I was a broken-hearted as well as a broken-bodied boy. I will not die with a lie rattling in my throat. I have learnt to accept meekly what has been allotted to me, but I cannot honestly say that I think my sin has been greater than my suffering. My cage has been a narrow one, and I have paced it alone. I have looked through the bars and seen the great world of men busy and happy, but I had no part in their doings. I have known what it was to dream of the great passions; but since my mother kissed me before she died, no woman's lips have pressed my cheeks – nor ever will."

The young girl's eyes glittered with a sudden film, and she bent over and kissed him. It was the sacrament that washed out the memory of long years of bitterness.

The little gentleman repaid her with the only tear any of us ever saw him shed

The divinity student rose from his place, bowed his head, and was still. All the questions he had meant to ask had faded from his memory. The kiss of the fair-haired girl had been like a sign from heaven that angels watched over him whom he was presuming but a moment before to summon before the tribunal of his private judgement.

"Shall I pray with you?" he said, after a pause. A little before he would have said, "Shall I pray *for* you?"

"Pray!" said the Little Gentleman. And in the fast darkening shadow of the Destroyer, the divinity student forgot all but his Christian humanity. This was the last prayer to which the little gentleman ever listened. He now lies where he longed to lie, among the old names and bones of the old Boston people.

The Romance Culminates

It was a good while after the little gentleman was gone before our boarding-house recovered its wonted cheerfulness.

Some of the boarders were of opinion that Iris did not return the undisguised attentions of the handsome young Marylander. They often went to church together, it is true. They said but little going, however—'collecting their thoughts' for the service, I devoutly hope. But one day my kind, good friend, the pastor, preached one of his sermons that make us all feel like brothers and sisters, and his text was that affectionate one from John, 'My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth.' When Iris and her friend came out of church they were both pale, and walked a space without speaking.

At last the young man said, "You and I are not little children, Iris!"

She smiled faintly, but spoke never a word.

"In deed and in truth, Iris ——"

What shall a poor girl say or do when a strong man falters in his speech, and can do nothing better than hold out his hand to finish his broken sentence?

The poor girl said nothing, but quietly laid her ungloved hand in his.

The blood came back to the young man's cheeks as he lifted it to his lips even as they walked there in the street, touched it gently with them, and said, "It is mine!"

And Iris did not contradict him.



Girolamo Savonarola was born at Ferrara, September 21, 1452, the son of a spendthrift gallant at the Este court. His early youth was marked by precocity of temperament and an ever growing revulsion from the festive life of the city and time in which he was born; and this tendency led him to enter the monastery of St. Domenico at Bologna in 1474. In 1482 he was sent to St. Mark's in Florence, a city where all sense of religion and morality had been annihilated by the pleasure-mad court of Lorenzo the Magnificent. His preaching drew thousands to hear him and deeply offended both Rome and the Medici. The denunciatory eloquence of this prince of reformers finally drove the Medici family from Florence, and Savonarola, without holding any official post, became the political head of the state and reigned autocratically until the citizens were observing the ascetic régime of the cloister. Excommunicated in 1497, he was condemned to death by the pope, 'even were he a second John the Baptist,' and burned at the stake in Florence, May 23, 1498. This portrait is by Fra Bartolommeo.

PASQUALE VILLARI

THE LIFE & TIMES OF GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA

AT the age of twenty Pasquale Villari published his first literary work, a liberal manifesto against Neapolitan Bourbonism, and the opinions therein set forth were viewed with such disfavour by the authorities that he was compelled to leave his native city. He sought refuge in Florence, and it was here that he became interested in the life of Savonarola, the martyr-monk of Renaissance Florence, who also had suffered for his views. The first volume of Villari's Storia di Girolamo Savonarola e de' Suoi Tempi appeared in 1859, and the second two years later. The work, which represents an exhaustive research in the archives of the Laurentian and Magliabechi libraries, was at once successful and has long been regarded as an Italian classic. It was followed closely by Villari's great critical study of Machiavelli. The Life and Times of Savonarola has been translated into English by Linda Villari and is published by T. Fisher Unwin.

I—A Youth of Penance and Zeal



THE house of Savonarola derived its ancient origin from the city of Padua. In the beginning of the fifteenth century the family removed to Ferrara, where, on September 21, 1452, the subject of this biography, Girolamo Savonarola, first saw the light. He was the third of seven children of his parents. The lad became the favourite of his grandfather, Michele, who wished to see him become a great physician, and devoted most assiduous care to the task of training his intellect. But, unfortunately, the grandfather soon passed away, and Girolamo's studies were then directed by his father, who began to instruct him in philosophy.

The natural sciences were then only branches of philosophy, and the latter, though employed as preliminary to the study of medicine, was purely scholastic. The books which came into the hands of the young Savonarola were the works of St. Thomas Aquinas and the Arabic commentaries on Aristotle. He was specially fascinated with the works of St. Thomas, but besides literature, he studied music. He also composed verses.

All particulars, however, of Savonarola's boyhood are, unfortunately, lacking. But we can form a vivid idea of the surroundings which must have influenced him. Ferrara was then the splendid capital of the house of Este, with 100,000 inhabitants, and a court which was one of the first in Italy and was continually visited by princes, emperors and popes. The lad must have witnessed gorgeous pageants, like the two which occurred on the visits of Pope Pius II in 1459 and 1460.

But during all this period Savonarola was entirely absorbed in studying the Scriptures and St. Thomas Aquinas, allowing himself no recreation save playing sad music on his lute, or writing verses expressing, not without force and simplicity, the griefs of his heart. To him worldly life, as he saw all Ferrara absorbed in its gaieties, became utterly repellent, and a sermon to which he listened from an Augustinian friar determined him to adopt the monastic life.

On April 24, 1475, when his parents were absent from home attending the festival of St. George, he ran away to Bologna and presented himself at the Monastery of St. Dominic, begging that he might be admitted for the most menial service. He was received, and began to prepare for his noviciate. In this retreat he submitted himself to the severest penances and discipline, and displayed such excessive zeal and devotion as to win the admiration of the monks, who, at times, believed him to be wrapt in a holy trance.

Savonarola's sojourn at Bologna in the Dominican monastery lasted for seven years, during which his spirit was occupied

not only with faith and prayer, but with deep meditation on the miserable condition of the Church. His soul was stirred to wrathful indignation. The shocking corruption of the papacy, dating from the death of Pius II in 1464, was to reach its climax under Alexander VI. The avarice of Paul II was soon noted by all the world, and so boundless was the profligacy of his successor, Sixtus IV, that no deed was too scandalous for him to commit.

The state of Italy, as well as of the Church, was miserable, and the soul of the young monk was filled with horror-stricken grief, relieved only by study and prayer. He had been much occupied in instructing the novices, but now he was promoted to the function of preacher. In 1481 he was sent by his superiors to preach in Ferrara. He was driven from Ferrara by an outbreak of war with the Venetians and repaired to Florence, where, in the monastery of St. Mark, his brightest, as well as his saddest, years were to be spent.

Savonarola was half intoxicated with joy during his first days in Florence. He was charmed by the soft lines of the Tuscan hills and the beauty of the Tuscan speech. Lorenzo the Magnificent had been ruling Florence for many years, and was then at the climacteric of his fame. Under his sway everything appeared to prosper. Enemies had been imprisoned or banished and factions had ceased to distract the city. Lorenzo's licentiousness was condoned by reason of his brilliancy, his patronage of art and literature and his lavish public entertainments.

II—The Call to Repentance

After the first few days in Florence, Savonarola again began to experience the feeling of isolation. For he speedily detected the unbelief and frivolity under the surface of the intellectual culture of the people. Even in St. Mark's monastery there was no real religion. Savonarola was soon invited to preach the Lenten sermons at St. Lorenzo. His discourses produced no special effect, for the Florentines preferred preachers who indulged in pagan quotations and rhetorical elegancies rather than in expatiating on the precepts of Christianity. But a stirring even then was at hand.

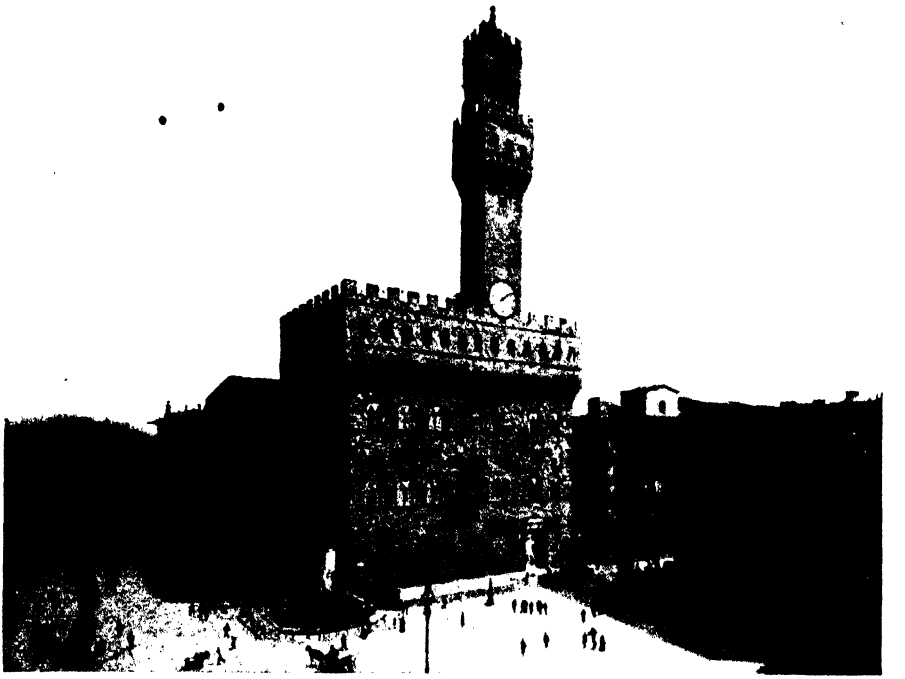
Savonarola was sent by his superiors to Reggio to attend a chapter of the Dominicans. During the discussion he was suddenly impelled to rise to his feet and to plunge into a powerful declamation against the corruptions of the Church and the clergy, which transfixed his hearers with astonishment. This outburst was a revelation of his extraordinary powers. It instantly secured his fame and from that moment many sought his acquaintance.

Savonarola's mind became strangely excited, and it is not surprising that he should have seen many visions. He on one occasion saw the heavens open. A panorama of the calamities of the Church passed before him and he heard a voice charging him to proclaim them to the people. In that year, 1484, Pope Sixtus died. The election of his successor, Innocent VIII, destroyed the hopes of honest men. For the new pope no longer disguised his children under the appellation of nephews, but openly acknowledged them as his sons, conferring on them the title of princes.

We may imagine the strong emotion excited in the soul of Savonarola. Fortunately, he was sent to preach Lenten sermons at San Gimignano, the 'City of the Grey Towers,' in the Sienese hills. Here he found his true vocation. His words flowed freely and were eloquent and effective. Next he was sent to Brescia, where his predictions of coming terrors and his exhortations to repentance produced a profound impression.

Through the wonderful success of these Lenten sermons the name of Savonarola became known throughout Italy, and he no longer felt uncertain as to his proper mission. Yet the more popular he became the greater was his humility, and the more ardent his devotion to prayer. He seemed when engaged in prayer frequently to lapse into a trance, and tradition even alleges that at such times a bright halo was seen to encircle his head.

Returning to Florence, Savonarola by his Lenten sermons in 1491 drew immense crowds to the Duomo. He became the paramount power in the pulpit. His vivid



WHERE SAVONAROLA WAS MARTYRED: PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA, FLORENCE

imagery and his predictions of coming troubles seemed to produce a magical effect on the minds of the people. But this growing influence was a source of considerable vexation to Lorenzo dei Medici and his friends.

Savonarola vehemently denounced the greed of the clergy and their neglect of spiritual life for the sake of mere external ceremonialism, and with equal insistence inveighed against the corruption of public manners. As Lorenzo was already considered a tyrant by many of the citizens, and as he was universally charged with having corrupted the magistrates and appropriated public and private funds, it was generally inferred that Savonarola had had the audacity to allude to him.

This only enhanced the friar's reputation and in July 1491 he was elected prior of St. Mark's. The office made him both more prominent than before and also more independent. He showed this to be the case by at once refusing to go, according to custom, to do homage to the Magnificent, declaring that he owed his election to God alone, and to God only would he vow obedience. Lorenzo was deeply offended, yet he judged it discreet rather to win the new prior over by kindness than to wage war with him.

The seignor only deepened Savonarola's contempt by sending rich gifts to the convent, and by sending five of the chief citizens to him in order to induce him to modify the strain of his preaching. The gifts were immediately distributed among the poor, and Savonarola in a pulpit allusion observed that a faithful dog does not cease barking in his master's defence because a bone is flung to him. To the five citizens, who hinted that he might be exiled, he replied that they should bid Lorenzo do penance for his sins, for God was no respecter of persons, and did not spare the princes of the earth.

Wonderful was the effect of Savonarola's preaching on the corrupt and pagan society of Florence. His natural, spontaneous, heart-stirring eloquence, with its exalted imagery and outbursts of righteous indignation, was entirely unprecedented in that era of pedantry and simulation of the classic oratory.

The common scholastic jargon was unintelligible to the common people. Savonarola's voice was the only one that addressed the multitude in familiar and fascinating tones, and in an accent that evinced true affection for the people. They knew that he alone fought for truth and was fervently devoted to goodness. Thus he was the only truly eloquent preacher of this time, who restored pulpit preaching to its pristine honour, and he well deserves to be styled the first orator of modern times.

III—Ruler of Florence

A WASTING disease from which Lorenzo suffered had by the beginning of April 1492 made such inroads as to end all hopes of his recovery. The Magnificent turned his thoughts to religion and suddenly asked Savonarola to confess him. Though astonished at the request, the prior acceded to it, and found Lorenzo in great agitation, which he sought to calm by reminding the sick man of the goodness and mercy of God.

A painful scene ensued. Savonarola added that three things were needful. First, a living faith in God's mercy. Secondly, Lorenzo must restore all his ill-gotten wealth, or at least command his sons to do so in his name. Lastly, he must restore liberty to the people of Florence. The sick man, collecting all his remaining strength, angrily turned his back to his confessor, who at once left his presence. On April 8, 1492, the Magnificent, in an agony of remorse, breathed his last. On July 25 of the same year Pope Innocent VIII expired.

The next pope, Alexander VI, was notorious for his avarice and his profligacy. The announcement of his elevation to the papal chair was received throughout Italy with dismay. The worst apprehensions were soon fulfilled, for the pope proved to be guilty of shocking extortion, the object of which was to provide more lavishly for his dissolute children.

This deplorable state of things caused men to look wistfully to Savonarola. The times he had foretold seemed to be at hand, and the excitement was intensified by two visions which he declared had been manifested to him as celestial revelations. He had seen a sword in the sky, and had heard voices proclaiming mercy to the righteous and retribution to the wicked. In the other vision a black cross hung over the city of Rome, stretching its arms over the whole earth. On it was written, 'The Cross of God's wrath.' But from Jerusalem rose a golden cross, inscribed 'The Cross of God's compassion.'

Discontent was growing in Florence. The insolence and the rapacity of Piero dei Medici increased. In the autumn of that year Savonarola delivered a famous course of sermons on Noah's Ark, warning all to take refuge from the coming flood in the mystical ark of mercy. The flood came indeed, for suddenly all Florence was startled as if by a thunderclap by the news that a foreign army was pouring over the Alps for the conquest of Italy. The terror was overwhelming. Italy was unprepared, for the princes had no efficient armies for resistance.

The invader was the new king of France, the young and adventurous Charles VIII. His army was a model to all Europe in the art of war. It possessed weapons of the latest invention, and its main strength lay in its splendid infantry. Florence was entered without a blow, and King Charles demanded as a ransom a far larger sum than the republic could pay. He remained day after day in the city, showing no inclination to depart. Then was manifested a proof of the wonderful influence of Savonarola's personality.

THE prior being earnestly entreated by the citizens to ask the French king to depart, he readily undertook the mission, and presented himself to Charles, who, surrounded by his barons, received him cordially and listened graciously to his proposal. Savonarola admonished him not to bring ruin on the city and the anger of the Lord on himself.

The prior's overtures were completely successful, for on November 28 the king departed with his army. And now all was changed in Florence. The partisans of the Medici had vanished magically and Savonarola ruled the city at the head of the popular party. He speedily proposed a new form of government, suggesting as the

best model a grand council like that of Venice. The new government was formed of a grand council, a council of eighty answering to the people, and a senate. The proposals of the prior were adopted and laws were framed almost in his own words.

IV—Faction, Plague and War

GERMS of civil discord were not lacking, and these soon developed so as to divide Florence into factions, the two chief of these being the Whites, who were favourable to popular liberty, and the Greys, who were adherents of the Medici. The latter were dangerous and treacherous enemies of Savonarola and of the republic. For a time the prior's preaching confounded his foes, for it completely changed the aspect of the city. The women cast off their jewels and dressed simply; young profligates were transformed into sober, religious men, the churches were filled with people at prayer and the Bible was diligently read.

Now came danger from without. The departure of the French had endangered the security of Florence. The pope and Venice desired the reinstatement of the fallen tyrant Piero dei Medici, and he prepared to attack the city. But he was foiled by the energy to which the prior roused the Florentines for measures of defence. Meantime, Savonarola once more displayed his noble independence by spurning the offer, on the part of the pope, of a cardinal's hat. And terrible in their vehemence and audacity were his denunciations against the vices of Rome delivered in his Lenten sermons of 1496.

In his usual strain, but with increasing power, Savonarola graphically and vividly described the woes of Italy as though he were gifted with prophetic vision. One of his sermons was interdicted by the pope, but the preacher modified nothing, and defied the Vatican. While the enthusiasm of his followers was developing into fanaticism, the hatred of his enemies was approaching a climax and was waxing furious.

The fame of this marvellous preacher was now extending throughout the world by means of his printed sermons. Even the Sultan of Turkey commanded them to be translated into Turkish for his own study. Of course, the individual aim of Savonarola was simply to be the regenerator of religion. The Florentines, however, adulated him as the real founder of the free republic. Hence they displayed immense ardour in defending him against the pope, seeing that thus they were upholding their own freedom, because the pope was aiming at reinstating the Medici in Florence.

The pope had hoped that the prior would moderate his tone; but this was only more aggressive than ever, and threatening messages arrived from the Vatican. Attempts by his friends, some of them of high and influential position, to defend him only the more enraged Pope Alexander Borgia. He summoned a consistory of fourteen Dominican theologians, who were ordered to investigate Savonarola's conduct and doctrine. The strange issue was that he was charged with having been the cause of all the misfortunes that had befallen Piero dei Medici.

COMMERCE and industry had been paralysed in Florence by the incessant commotions of past years. The immense sums paid to the French king, together with sums spent on war, had drained the public resources and lowered the credit of the republic. And now famine was threatened, for the people in the rural districts were pinched with hunger. The starving peasantry began to flock in great numbers into the city, so that the misery increased. Terror was occasioned by a few cases of death from plague. Florence was at war with Pisa, but without success, for many of her mercenary soldiers were deserting and the forces besieging Pisa were dwindling for lack of supplies.

Fresh adversities were in store for the Florentines. Though the rumours of a second invasion of Italy by King Charles proved unfounded, for he renounced all idea of returning, new enemies arose. The Emperor Maximilian was marching towards the frontier and the pope felt encouraged to enter into open war with the Florentines. His forces, and the troops from Siena, actually attempted an incursion into the territories of the republic; but they suffered repeated repulses and at length were put to flight. But this conflict



IN THE CLOISTER OF ST. MARK'S CONVENT WHERE SAVONAROLA LIVED

weakened still more the forces before Pisa, at which city Maximilian arrived with 1,000 foot soldiers, receiving a cordial welcome from the Pisans.

The Florentines' courage never failed. They collected fresh stores and sent abundant provisions to the camp. But the hatred of the pope grew more intense, especially against Savonarola, who, however, had not returned to the pulpit, being actuated by a wish not to accentuate the situation. For the general misery in Florence daily increased. The plague was extending its ravages. And the faction against Savonarola, the Arrabbiati, seemed positively to regard the distress with glee.

But the signory entreated Savonarola to come forth again from his retirement. He entered the pulpit on October 28, but only to look on people whose faces were marked by distress and terror. Yet his sermons administered much comfort to the citizens, who, in the majority, still adhered to him. Temporary relief was at hand, for suddenly, almost as if by miraculous intervention, ships arrived from Marseilles bringing long-expected reinforcements and supplies of corn.

The pope was now designing measures to entrap the prior. A new vicar-general was appointed with power which would invest him with such authority over Savonarola that the latter would lose his independence. But he displayed no disposition to yield to Rome. On the contrary, he delivered in the Duomo those eight magnificent, fearless sermons which intensified the bitter struggle with Rome; while, for the time being, they made the great reformer's name and authority again ascendant, and rendered the popular party once more master of the situation, notwithstanding the strategy of the pope and the machinations of the factions.

V—Excommunicated and Condemned

DURING Lent 1497 Savonarola continued his course of sermons on Ezekiel, and in these discourses he said much that bore on the conflict with Rome, now daily growing more virulent. He inveighed against the temporal wealth of the Church and launched many accusations against Rome. The impression produced was the deeper because of the presentiment in men's minds of the coming uprising of Christendom against the abominations of Rome.

Savonarola now daily expected to be excommunicated, and he was determined to defy the pope. The plague increased in Florence, and the signory prohibited preaching in the churches for a time, but Savonarola persisted in preaching on Ascension Day. The factions were infuriated. His friends implored him not to preach at the risk of his life. He refused to yield, and a fearful riot took place in the church.

The storm was gathering. The fury of the factions increased, as also did the wrath of the pope. At length, on May 13, the excommunicatory brief was dispatched from Rome, directed against a 'certain Fra Girolamo Savonarola, who had disseminated pernicious doctrines to the scandal and grief of simple souls.'

The event threw all Florence into confusion. The Arrabbiati were triumphant, but the city was filled with lamentation and disorder. The rabble rejoiced. The churches were quickly deserted, the taverns were filled, immorality returned as if magically, and again women attired in dazzling finery paraded the streets. In less than a month, so rapid was the transformation, Florence seemed to have relapsed into the days of the Magnificent, and piety and patriotism were alike forgotten.

Meantime, the prior was calm and composed, and took measures for his defence. He wrote an epistle against surreptitious excommunication, addressed to all Christians beloved of God. He followed it by a second letter, also breathing courage and defiance. A conflict ensued. The Arrabbiati sent accusations against the prior to Rome, while the signory sought to vindicate him, most of the members, newly elected, being his friends. The plague grew so terribly that on some days there were a hundred deaths. In the autumn it abated, and gradually disappeared.

The prior soon commenced to preach again. On Christmas Day he put an end to all suspense as to his policy by thrice performing high mass, afterwards leading his monks in solemn procession through St. Mark's Square. He continued to issue new tracts and to preach regularly. But on February 26 the pope announced that Savonarola's preaching should be tolerated no longer. The prior knew the end was near. His last sermon was delivered, after he had preached in Florence for eight years, on March 18, 1498. His adherents were terrified, and seemed to vanish.

On April 8, Palm Sunday, the Arrabbiati attacked St. Mark's Convent. Savonarola was seized and bound by a brutal rabble, and he and two of his monks were lodged in prison. Cruel proceedings followed. For a whole month he was brought day after day to examination and he was repeatedly subjected to torture. The



PASQUALE VILLARI was born at Naples, October 3, 1827, and studied there under De Sanctis. In 1848 his political views compelled him to leave Naples and he took up a literary career in Florence. His work on Savonarola brought him international fame. He was appointed professor of history at Pisa in 1859, and at Florence in 1867. His great Life and Times of Machiavelli was published between 1877 and 1882, and his The First Two Centuries of Florentine History in 1894. He was minister of education to the Italian government for two years beginning in 1891. Villari died at Florence, December 7, 1917.

pope's commissioners were never able to extract from him any confession of guilt. From first to last he was unflinchingly consistent with himself.

On May 22 sentence of death was passed on Savonarola, on Fra Silvestro and on Fra Domenico. They prepared to face death firmly and well. The tragedy was enacted next morning. Three platforms had been erected on the steps of the Ringhiera, on which sat the Bishop of Vasona, the apostolic commissioners, and the gonfaliero with the council of eight. On a gibbet in the form of a cross hung three chains, and combustibles were piled beneath. Sad and solemn was the silence of the vast throng assembled in the Piazza, excepting where members of the factions were raging like wild beasts and venting indecent blasphemies.

The three friars were publicly stripped of their monkish robes and degraded. Tranquilly they mounted the scaffold, the dregs of the populace assailing them with vile words. But silence reigned at the moment of the execution. The moment that life was extinct the flames were kindled beneath the bodies of the three victims.

The pile was already in flames before the executioner could descend the ladder to light it, for a man who had been impatiently waiting with a torch hastened to fire it, exclaiming: "At last I can burn the Friar who would have liked to burn me!" But then a sudden wind arose and blew the flames away from the three corpses for some little time; whereupon many shrank back alarmed, crying aloud: "A miracle, a miracle!" But soon the wind dropped, the flames again rose round the bodies, and the crowd pressed forward once more. Meanwhile, the cords binding Savonarola's arms being consumed, the blast of the fire caused his hands to move, so that to the eyes of the faithful, their master seemed to raise his hand on high from the midst of the flames, as though blessing the people who had doomed him to the stake.

The Whites pointed out this vision to one another, and many of them were so strongly moved by it that, without thinking where they were and in what company, they fell sobbing on their knees in adoration before him whom they already secretly worshipped as a saint. Their women wept aloud; their young men shuddered at the miserable state to which the city was reduced. But while there was bitter grief on one side, there was wild exultation on the other. The Arrabbiati congregated about the scaffold employed a mob of boys to shout and dance and throw stones at the half-consumed victims, so that from time to time fragments of their corpses fell down into the fire. 'It rained blood and entrails,' says a writer who witnessed the horrible sight, which evoked cries of joy from Savonarola's foes, and redoubled the fruitless sobs and lamentations of his friends.

The tragic and awful spectacle elicited bitter grief amongst the people, on the one side, while cries of wild exultation were raised on the other.

A few days after the execution some women were found at dawn in the Piazza kneeling in prayer on the stones where the three martyrs had been burnt. And every year, for several hundred years, on the night of May 23, flowers were found strewn on the same spot.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

UNCLE REMUS

THE kindly, humorous old negro who tells the stories of Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox, Miss Cow and Brer Tarrypin in Harris's classic Uncle Remus is drawn from the life. The tall, white-haired man was one of the slaves who worked on a plantation owned by a friend of Harris's and the latter, by using him as the chief character in some sketches of negro life written with the object of depicting the 'old-time' slave in a truer light than Mrs. Stowe had done in Uncle Tom's Cabin, made Uncle Remus one of the best-known characters in modern literature. A strange pathos associates itself with the stories of Brer Rabbit in which the negro selects as his hero the weakest and most harmless of animals and brings him out victorious in every contest with his adversaries, the fox, the wolf and the bear. Numerous good and moderately priced editions of this work have been published in this country.

I—Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox and the Tar-Baby



ONE evening recently the lady whom Uncle Remus calls 'Miss Sally' missed her seven-year-old. Hearing the sound of voices in the cabin, she looked through the window and saw her little boy sitting by the old negro and gazing with intense interest into his weather-beaten, kindly black face.

"Bimeby," Uncle Remus was saying, "atter Brer Fox bin doin' all he could fer ter ketch Brer Rabbit, en Brer Rabbit bin doin' all he could fer ter keep 'im fum it, Brer Fox say to hisse'f dat he'd put up a game on Brer Rabbit. He went en got some tar, en mix it wid some turkentime, en fix up a contrapshun what he call a Tar-Baby, en he sot dish yer Tar-Baby in de big road, en den he lay off in de bushes fer ter see wat wuz gwineter happen. En bimeby, Brer Rabbit came pacin' down de road—lippity-clippity, clippity-lippity—ez sassy ez a jay-bird. Wen he spy Tar-Baby, Brer Rabbit fotch up on his behime legs like he wuz 'stonished.

"'Mawnin'!' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Nice wedder dis mawnin',' sezee.

"Tar-Baby ain't sayin' nuthin', en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"'Is you deaf?' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Kaze ef you is, I kin holler louder,' sezee.

"Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"'Youer stuck up, dat's wat you is,' says Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en I'm gwineter larn you howter talk ter 'spectuble folkes, ef hit's de las' ack,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'I'm gwineter bus' you wide open,' sezee.

"Brer Rabbit keep on axin', en Tar-Baby she keep on sayin' nuthin', twel present'y Brer Rabbit fotch 'er a wipe wid his fis', en de tar hilt 'im.

"'Lemme loose, 'fo' I kick de stuffin' outen you,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee; but de Tar Baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin'. En Brer Rabbit, he hit 'er, en he kick 'er, and he but 'er, twel he got all stuck on Tar-Baby. Den Brer Fox, he come outen de bushes, lookin' ez innercent ez wunner yo' mammy's mockin' birds.

"'Howdy, Brer Rabbit?' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'You sorter look stuck up dis mawnin',' sezee; en den he roll on de groun', en laff en laff twel he couldn't laff no mo'.

"'You allers come some'rs what you got no bizness, Brer Rabbit,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'Who ax you ter strike up a 'quaintence wid Tar-Baby? Nobody in de roun' worril. You des tuck en jam yo'se'f on dish yer Tar-Baby widout waitin' fer enny invite,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'En dar you is, en dar you'll stay twel I fixes



up a fire. Kaze I'm gwineter roas' you, sho',' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

" ' I don't keer wat you do wid me, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, talkin' mighty 'umble, ' so you don't fling me in dat brier-patch. Roas' me,' sezee, ' but don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

" ' Hit's so much trouble fer ter kindle a fire,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, ' dat I speck I'll hatter hang you,' sezee.

" ' Hang me as high as you please,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, ' but don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

" Brer Fox wanter hurt Brer Rabbit ez bad ez he kin, so he cotch 'im by de behime legs, en slung 'im right in de middle er de brier-patch. Dar wuz a considerbul flutter whar Brer Rabbit struck de bushes, en Brer Fox hung roun' fer ter see wat wuz gwineter happen.

" Bimeby, he hear somebody call 'im, en way up de hill dar wuz Brer Rabbit settin' on a log, combin' de tar outen his ha'r wid a chip. And Brer Rabbit he flung some er his sass at Brer Fox, en he holler out :

" ' Bred en bawn in a brier-patch, Brer Fox—bred en bawn in a brier-patch ! ' En wid dat he skip out ez lively ez a cricket."

" Did the fox ever catch the rabbit ? " said the little boy.

" I hear Miss Sally callin'," said Uncle Remus. " Yer better run 'long."

II—Brer Rabbit and Miss Cow

" UNCLE REMUS," said the little boy, next evening, " what became of the rabbit after he fooled the fox ? "

" Who ? Brer Rabbit ? Bless yo' soul, honey, Brer Rabbit went skippin' 'long home ez sassy ez a jay-bird at a sparrer's nes'. But he feel mighty tired out, en stiff in his j'ints, en he wuz mighty nigh dead fer sump'n fer ter drink. En bimeby he spied ole Miss Cow feedin' in a fiel', he did, en he 'termin' fer ter try his han' wid her. Brer Rabbit know mighty well dat Miss Cow won't give 'im no milk, kaze she done 'fuse 'im mo'n once, en w'en 'is ole 'oman wuz sick, at dat. But never mind dat. Brer Rabbit sorter dance up 'longside er de fence, en holler out. ' Howdy, Sis Cow,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. ' How you fine yo'se'f deze days ? ' sezee.

" ' Sorter toler'ble, Brer Rabbit,' sez Miss Cow, sez she. ' How you come on ? How yo' fokes, Brer Rabbit ? '

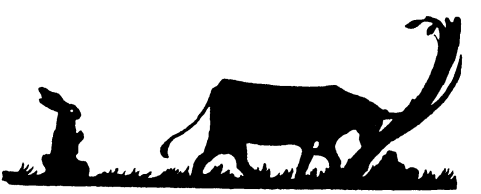
" ' Dey er des middlin', Sis Cow ; how Brer Bull gettin' on ? ' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

" ' Sorter so-so,' sez Miss Cow, sez she.

" Dar wuz a persimmon-tree in de fiel', en Brer Rabbit, he lope up ter it, w'ile he wuz talkin' ter Miss Cow about 'er fambly.

" ' Dar is some mighty nice fruit on dish yer tree,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. ' Kin you shake um down, Sis Cow ? ' sezee.

" C'ose Miss Cow don' wanter diskommerdate Brer Rabbit, en she march up ter de tree, she did, en hit it a rap wid 'er hawns—blam ! Now, dem persimmons wuz green ez grass, en none never drop. Den Miss Cow sorter back off a little, she did, en hist up her tail, and she come agin de tree—kerblam ! En she come so hard dat wunner her hawns went inter de tree, en dar she wuz. She can't go forrerds, en she can't go backerds. Dis wuz wat Brer Rabbit wuz waitin' fer.



" ' Come he'p me out, Brer Rabbit,' sez Miss Cow, sez she.

" ' I can't clime, Sis Cow, but I'll run 'n tell Brer Bull,' says Brer Rabbit, sezee.

" En wid dat, he put out fer home, en 'twan't long 'fo' he come wid his ole 'oman en all his chilluns. De big 'uns dey had big pails, en de little 'uns dey had little pails. En dey all s'rounded ole Miss Cow, dey did, en you hear me, honey, dey milked 'er dry.

" Miss Cow, she stood dar, she did, en she study en study fer ter break loose, but de hawn done bin jam in de tree so tight dat she hatter sorter camp out all night. En 'twuz way 'fo' day in de mornin' 'fo' she loose it. Atter she git loose, she sorter graze 'roun' she did, fer ter jestify 'er stummuck. She 'low'd, ole Miss Cow did, dat Brer Rabbit 'd be hoppin' 'long dat way fer ter see how she gittin' on, en she

tuck'n lay a trap fer 'im. En 'bout sunrise wat 'd ole Miss Cow do but march up ter de tree en stick her hawn back in de hole? But, bless yo' soul, honey, Brer Rabbit wuz settin' in de fence a-watchin' un 'er. He crope off de fence, Brer Rabbit did, en bimeby here he come - lippity-clippity, clippity-lippity—a-sailin' down de big road.

"'Mawnin', Sis Cow,' sez Brer Rabbit, 'how you come on dis mawnin'?' sezee.

"'Po'ly, Brer Rabbit, po'ly,' sez Miss Cow, sez she. 'I ain't had no res' all night,' sez she; 'but ef you'll come en ketch holt er my tail,' sez she, 'may be I kin fetch my hawn out,' sez she.

"Den Brer Rabbit, he come up a little closer, but he ain't gittin' too close.

"'I'm a mighty puny man,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en I might git trompled. You do de pullin', Sis Cow,' sezee, 'en I'll do de gruntin',' sezee.

"Den Miss Cow she pull out her hawn, en tuck atter Brer Rabbit. Down de big road dey went it, Brer Rabbit wid his years laid back, en Miss Cow wid 'er head down en 'er tail curl. Brer Rabbit kep' on gainin', en he dart in a brier-patch, en by de time Miss Cow come 'long, he had his head stickin' out, en his eyes look ez big ez chany sassers.

"'Heyo, Sis Cow! Whar you gwine?' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"'Howdy, Brer Big Eyes,' sez Miss Cow, sez she. 'Is you seed Brer Rabbit go by?'

"'He des dis minit pass,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en he look mighty sick,' sezee.

"En wid dat, Miss Cow tuck down de road like de dogs wuz atter 'er, en Brer Rabbit, he lay down dar in de brier-patch en laff en laff twel his sides hurtid 'im. He bleeged ter laff, Fox atter 'im, Buzzard atter 'im, en Cow atter 'im, en dey ain't cotch 'im yet."

III—The Fate of Mr. Jack Sparrow

THE next evening when the little boy ran into the cabin, Uncle Remus looked at him in a sad and hopeless way. After a long silence, he said, "Wat you bin tellin' Miss Sally 'bout yo' little brer? I hear yo' ma say she's a gwineter stripe his jacket, en den I knowed you bin tellin' on 'im."

"He was pulling up your onions, Uncle Remus," said the little boy.

"Lemme tell you dis," said the old man, "der ain't no way fer ter make tattlers en tale-b'arers turn out good. You 'member wat 'come er de bird wat went tattlin' 'roun' 'bout Brer Rabbit?"

The little boy didn't remember, but he was very anxious to know.

"Hit wuz wunner deze yer uppity little Jack Sparrers," said the old man. "One day, Brer Rabbit wuz settin' down in de woods, studyin' wat ter do, and bimeby he jump up en holler out, 'Well, doggone my cats ef I can't gallop 'roun' ole Brer Fox, en I'm gwineter do it! I'll show de ole worril dat I'm de boss er Brer Fox,' sezee.

"Jack Sparrer up in de tree, he hear Brer Rabbit, he did, en he sing out, 'I'm gwine tell Brer Fox! I'm gwine tell Brer Fox.'

"Dis kinder tarrify Brer Rabbit, en he skasely know wat he gwineter do. Bimeby he study ter hisse'f dat de man wat see Brer Fox fus' wuz boun' ter have de inturn. Den he go hoppin' off, and who should he meet but Brer Fox.

"'Wat dis twix' you en me, Brer Fox?' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'I hear you gwine ter sen' me ter 'struckshun, en nab my tambly, en 'stroy my shanty,' sezee.

"'Who bin tellin' you all dis?' sez Brer Fox, sezee, gittin' mighty mad.

"Brer Rabbit make like he didn't wanter tell, but at las' he up en say dat hit wuz Jack Sparrer. Brer Fox he sorter gasp, he did, en say he speck he better be gwine on. But he ain't gone fur 'fo' Jack Sparrer flipp down on a bush en holler out, 'Hole on, Brer Fox! I got news fer you.'

"Brer Fox he make like he don't hear Jack Sparrer, and bimeby he lay down en sorter stretch hisse'f like he fixin' fer ter nap. Little Jack Sparrer, he hop down on de groun' and keep on callin', 'I got sump'n fer ter tell you, Brer Fox.'

"'Get on my back, little Jack Sparrer,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'kaze I'm deaf in one year, en I can't hear outen de udder.'

"Den de little bird he hop on his back.

"'Hop on my head, little Jack Sparrer, kaze I'm deaf in bofe years.'



" Up hop de little bird.

" ' Hop on my toof, little Jack Sparrer, kaze I'm deaf in one year en I can't hear outen de udder.'

" De tattlin' little bird hop on Brer Fox's toof, en den——" •

Here Uncle Remus paused, opened wide his mouth and closed it again suddenly in a way that told the whole story.

IV—Brer Tarrypin Wins a Race

ONE day," said Uncle Remus, " Brer Rabbit en ole Brer Tarrypin gotter 'sputin' w'ich wuz de bes' runner.

" ' I got a fifty-dollar bill in de chunk er de chimbly at home,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee; ' en dat bill hit tell me dat I kin leave you so fur behime dat I kin sow barley as I go 'long, en hit'll be ripe fer ter cut by de time you pass dat way.'

" Brer Tarrypin say he got a fifty-dollar bill, too; en dey make a bet en put up de money. 'Twan't long 'fo' all de 'rangements for de race wuz made. Ole Brer Tukkey Buzzard was 'p'inted jedge en stakeholder, en five mile er groun' wuz medjud off, en a pos' wuz stuck up at de end er every mile. Brer Rabbit wuz ter run down de big road, en Brer Tarrypin, he say he'd gallup th'oo de woods. Fokes tole 'im he could git 'long faster in de road, but ole Brer Tarrypin he know wat he doin'. He had a wife en th'ee chilluns, ole Brer Tarrypin did, en dey wuz all de ve'y spit en image er de ole man. Enybody wat want ter know one fum de udder gotter take a spy-glass, en even den dey er li'ble ter get fooled.

" On de day er de race, ole man Tarrypin en his ole 'oman, en his th'ee chilluns, dey got up 'fo' sunrise, en went ter de groun'. De ole 'oman, she tuck her stan' nigh de startin'-pos', she did, en de chilluns hid by de udder mile-pos's up ter de las', en dar ole Brer Tarrypin he tuck his stan'.

" Bimeby de fokes come ter see de race, and Brer Rabbit he sa'nter up ve'y sassy, wid ribbons tied roun' his neck en streaming fum his years. Jedge Buzzard strut roun' en pull out his watch en holler out, ' Gents, is you ready? '

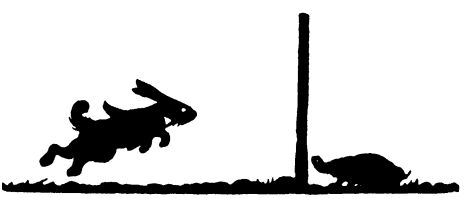
" Brer Rabbit he sez ' yes,' en ole Miss Tarrypin holler ' Go! ' fum de edge er de wood.

Brer Rabbit, he lit quick out on de race, en ole Miss Tarrypin, she put out fer home. Wen Brer Rabbit got nigh de fus' mile-pos' wunner de Tarrypin chilluns crawl out de wood.

" ' Whar is you, Brer Tarrypin? ' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

" ' Year I come a-bulgin', sez de Tarrypin, sezee.

" Brer Rabbit put out harder dan ever, en come ter de nex' pos', en dar wuz de



Tarrypin. Den de nex', en de nex', and at ev'ry pos' he meet de Tarrypin. Wen he had one mo' mile fer ter run, he feel like he gettin' bellust.

" Bimeby, dat yar ole Brer Tarrypin tuck a look down de road, en he see Jedge Buzzard sailin' 'long, en he know hit's time fer ter be up en doin'. So he scramble outen de woods, en shuffle th'oo de crowd er folks, en git ter de winnin'-pos' en crawl behime it. Den up come Brer Rabbit. He look roun' en he don't see Brer Tarrypin, en he squall out, ' Gimme de money, Brer Buzzard! '

" Den all de folks dey holler en laff fer ter kill deyse'f, en ole Brer Tarrypin he raise up fum behime de pos', en sez, sezee, ' Ef you gimme time fer ter ketch my breff, I speck I'll finger dat money myse'f,' sezee.

" En sho'nuff, Brer Tarrypin tie de money roun' his neck en skaddle home."

" But, Uncle Remus," said the little boy, " that was cheating! "

" Co'se, honey," said the old man; " de beastesses 'gun ter cheat, en den folks tuck

it up, en hit keep on spreadin'. Hit's mighty ketchin', en you mine yo' eye, honey, dat somebody don't cheat you 'fo' yo' ha'r git grey ez dis ole nigger's."

V—Brer Fox and Mr. Horse

"ONE day Brer Rabbit sorter git win' dat Brer Fox wuz atter 'im agin, en wiles he wuz studyin' howter hol' his own wid Brer Fox he seed a great big hoss stretcht out flat on one side in a fiel'. Brer Rabbit tuck'n crope up, fer ter see ef dis yer hoss done gone en die. He crope up en he crope roun', en bimeby he see de hoss switch his tail, and den he know he ain't dead.

"Wid dat Brer Rabbit lope back on de road, and de fus' man he see wuz Brer Fox. Brer Fox he come gallupin' up fer ter nab Brer Rabbit, but 'fo' he git in nabbin' distance Brer Rabbit he up and say, sezee, 'Come on, Brer Fox! I done fine a place whar you kin lay in nuff meat ter las' you ter de middle er nex' year,' sezee.

"'Whar?' sez Brer Fox.

"'Over dar in de fiel',' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Dar is a hoss layin' down whar you kin ketch 'im en tie 'im,' sezee.

"Dey got in de fiel', en, sho'nuff, dar lay de hoss stretcht out in de sun, fas' 'sleep. Den Brer Fox en Brer Rabbit dey 'spute 'bout howter fix de hoss so he can't git loose.

"'De onliest plan I knows un,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'is fer you ter lemme tie you ter de hoss' tail; en den wen he try ter git up you kin hol' 'im down,' sezee. 'Ef I wuz a big man like wat you is,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'you could tie me ter dat hoss' tail, en if I couldn't ho' him down, den Joe's dead, en Sal's a widder,' sezee.

"Brer Fox wuz sorter jubus, but he wanter play biggity 'fo' Brer Rabbit; so he tuck'n 'gree ter de progrance, en Brer Rabbit he tuck'n tie Brer Fox ter de hoss' tail. Atter he tie un dar hard en fas', Brer Rabbit cut a switch, and hit de hoss a rap—pow! De hoss 'uz dat s'prise dat he make one jump, en lan' on his foots, en dar wuz Brer Fox danglin' in de air.

"'Hol' 'im down, Brer Fox!' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Hol' 'im down! I'll stan' outer de way, en see fa'r play.'

"Wen de hoss feel Brer Fox hangin' onter his tail, he think sump'n kuse wuz



de matter, en he jump en buck wuss wusser, en he shake Brer Fox like he a rag. En Brer Rabbit he stan' furder, en holler louder.

"'You got 'im now, sho'nuff, Fox! Hol' 'im down!' sezee.

"Den de hoss 'gun ter kick wid his behime legs, en de fus' news you know, he fetch Brer Fox a kick in de stummuck dat make 'im squall, en den he kick 'im agin, en dis time he break Brer Fox loose, en sent 'im a-whirlin'."

"Did the fox get killed, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"He wa'n't 'zactly kilt, honey," replied the old man, "but he wuz all broke up, en wen he wuz gittin' well, hit sorter come 'cross his min' dat dat yer ole Brer Rabbit done play anudder game on 'im."

VI—Brer Rabbit Plays Bogie

"BRER RABBIT wuz de funniest creetur er de whole gang," said Uncle Remus. "One time, he tuck a notion dat he'd pay Brer B'ar a call wen all de fambly wuz from home. 'Twan't long 'fo' he wuz ransackin' de house er Brer B'ar. Wiles he wuz peepin' in yer, an' pokin' in dar, a bucket er honey fall fum de shelf en spill on Brer Rabbit. A little mo'n he'd er bin drown. Fum head ter heels he wuz kivered wid honey, en he hatter let de swyetness drip outer his eyeballs 'fo' he could see his own han'.

"'W'at I gwineter do now?' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Ef I go out in de sun, de bees en de flies dey'll swoom up'n take me; en ef I stay yer,' sezee, 'Brer B'ar 'll come en ketch me.'

"Bimeby a notion strike Brer Rabbit. He tip 'long ter de woods, en wat do he



JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS was born at Eatonton, Georgia, December 8, 1848. His early life was spent in a printing office, and then in studying law. After practising in Forsyth for some time he became editor of the Atlanta Constitution to which he contributed the first of his Uncle Remus stories. When he issued his first volume, he was astonished to receive inquiries from anthropological societies as to the origin of his tales, for he himself was no student of folk-lore. His other works include a history of Georgia. He died July 3, 1908.

do but roll in de leafs, en try fer ter rub de honey off'n 'im in dat way. He roll en roll, and de leafs dey stick en stick, en he keep on rollin', en de leafs keep on stickin'. W'en he got up Brer Rabbit wuz de mos' owdashus-lookin' creetur wat you ever set eyes on.

"He jump en he shake, en he shiver en try ter get de leafs off'n 'im. But de leafs ain't gwineter come off, en Brer Rabbit see dis wa'n't gwineter do, en he stop 'is capers, en he put off fer home. He pace 'long, and ev'y motion he make de leafs dey go swishy-swushy, splushy-splishy; and fum de way he look and de fuss he make, you'd er tuck 'im, honey, ter be de mos' suvirgus varmint wat disappear fum de face er de yerth sense Noah open de ark en tu'n de creeturs loose. I boun' ef you'd struck up 'long wid 'im, you'd er been mighty glad ef you'd got off wid dat.

"De fus' man wat Brer Rabbit come up wid wuz ole Sis Cow. No sooner is she lay eyes on him dan she hist up 'er tail in de air, en put out like a pack er dogs wuz atter her. Dis make Brer Rabbit feel monst'us biggity, kaze he know dat wen a ole settle' 'oman like Sis Cow run like mad in de broad open daytime, dey must be sump'n mighty kuse 'bout his 'pearence.

"So Brer Rabbit he keep rackin' down de road, en wiles he wuz skummishin' 'bout, yer come ole Brer B'ar en all his fambly. Old Miss B'ar she flung down her parrysol, en tuck a tree; en Brer B'ar tore down de fence gittin' 'way, en de chilluns, dey went skaddlin' th'oo de bushes same ez a drove er hosses.

"BIMEBY yer come Brer Fox en Brer Wolf, fixin' up a plan fer ter nab Brer Rabbit, en dey wuz so intents on der confab dat dey got right on Brer Rabbit 'fo' dey seed 'im; but, honey, wen dey is ketch a glimpse un 'im, dey gun 'im all de room he want.

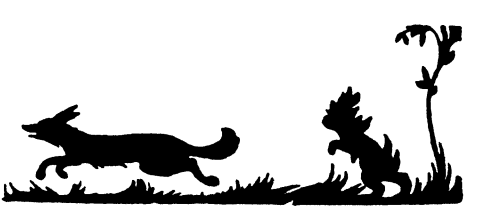
"'I'm de Wuller-dewuts! I'm de Wuller-dewuts!' sez Brer Rabbit, 'en youer de mens I'm atter,' sezee.

"He jump down en gin hisse'f a shake, en make like he gwine atter Brer Wolf en Brer Fox, en de way dem creeturs lit out fum dar wuz a caution.

"Long time atter dat," continued Uncle Remus, "Brer Rabbit come up wid Brer Fox en Brer Wolf, en he get behime a stump, Brer Rabbit did, en holler out, 'I'm de Wuller-dewuts, en youer de mens I'm atter!'

"En Brer Fox en Brer Wolf dey broke, en Brer Rabbit show hisself, en laff fit to kill hisse'f.

"Now den," said the old man to the sleepy little boy, "ef you'll clime up on my back, I speck I ain't too ole fer ter be yo' hoss fum yer ter de house. Many en many's de time dat I toted yo' Unk Jeems dat way, en Mars Jeems wuz heavier dan wat you is."



VIRGIL

AENEID

ALTHOUGH after eleven years of toil they still remained in a rough draft that failed to satisfy their author's high standard of self-criticism, the twelve books of the Aeneid remain in the eyes of the world Virgil's greatest title to fame. In the unfinished state the poem was bequeathed to Varius and Tucca, Virgil's executors, on condition that it should not be published, but this stipulation was overruled by Augustus. The work was imitated from Homer—the first six books from the Odyssey, the others from the Iliad—and its purpose was the glorification of the Julian house, represented by Augustus, the reputed founder of which was Ascanius, son of Aeneas. From the first the great work was enthusiastically received, and it immediately took its place as the Roman national epic. The translations here given are by Professor J. Wight Duff, who has incorporated a few passages from his Literary History of Rome, by permission of T. Fisher Unwin. There are well-known translations by Dryden, Conington, Morris and Rhoades, most of which have been issued in cheap editions.

The Theme and Invocation



ARMS and the man I sing, who first from Troy
Fate-exiled reached the shores of Italy.
On land and deep much tossed, the hero felt
Heaven's lash for cruel Juno's mindful wrath.
Much too, his pain in war ere he might found
His city and bring into Latium
His gods. Thence sprang the Latin race, our sires
In Alba, and the walls of lofty Rome.
My Muse, relate the causes—godhead hurt
Or aching heart?—why Heaven's Queen impelled
A man whose fame lay in his piety
To face such toils and read the scroll of woe
Can vengeful ire celestial minds possess?

I—How Trojan Aeneas Came to Carthage

CARTHAGE, an ancient state which settlers held
From Tyre, faced Italy and Tiber's mouth
Far o'er the main. This city, rich in wealth
And valiant in the rugged ways of war,
Did Juno cherish more than other lands;
She harboured the design, if fate allowed,
That this should be the empress of the world.
But she had learned a race of Trojan seed
Would yet o'erturn those Tyrian citadels:
A people ruling wide, in pomp of war,
Would ruin Libya: 'twas destiny!
In fear whereof, recalling battle old
Once waged at Troy for Greece, her favourite,
The goddess sought to fend from Latium
Afar, imperilled everywhere at sea,
Those Trojans who had 'scaped from Grecian sword
Or fell Achilles; so for many a year
Fate-driven over every main they roamed—
Such task it was to found the Roman race!

[The Trojan refugees, Aeneas and his followers, have, after many wanderings, just sailed from Sicily when Juno resolves still further to wreak her hatred upon them. She visits Aeolus, King of the Winds, in his dreary cavern, and requests him to raise a storm against the objects of her anger.]

He turned his spear and in the mountain-flank
Drove home: as 'twere a battle-host, the gales
Rushed through such egress made and swept the earth—
They swooped on ocean: and from lowest depths
'Twas stirred by east and south wind and by squalls [roll.
South-westers love: drear billows shoreward
Then shouts of men are heard and creaking ropes
Clouds straightway rob the Teucrians' eyes of heaven
And day. Upon the deep broods night in gloom.
The sky pealed forth, quick flashes light the air
And threaten instant death for mariners.

[Some meet their doom in this storm; but it is quelled by Neptune, who, discovering the turmoil raised at sea without his permission, rebukes the winds. The ship of Aeneas is among those which make the shore of Libya safely.

The action of the epic shifts to topmost 'ether,' where Aeneas's goddess-mother, Venus, her immortal eyes starred with the tears of her sorrows, pours forth a complaint to her father, Jupiter, regarding the hardships which Juno has allotted to Aeneas and his men.]

"O thou, whose everlasting sway controls
Both man and god with dreadful thunderbolt,
Wherein hath mine Aeneas angered thee,
Or how have Trojans sinned that, after woes
So great endured, the whole round world for them
Is shut, to bar the way to Italy?

Sure thou didst promise that in lapse of years
From them should spring the Roman leader who,
Of Teucrian blood revived, should rule the waves
And land in absolute supremacy."

[Her fears are allayed by Jupiter's comforting revelation of the hidden decrees of fate. His purpose is not changed, he assures Venus; for her son Aeneas will duly establish himself in Latium, and his son Ascanius will in turn be a great prince and transfer the seat of kingship from his father's capital, Lavinium, to Alba Longa. Three centuries must pass over Alba Longa before the Trojan descendant, Romulus, may found Rome:]

"And he shall call the Romans by his name
I set nor check nor period to their power;
I give them boundless empire. Juno dread,
Who now o'erawеth land and earth and sky,
In altered mood shall join with Jove to guard
The Romans, lords of all the toga'd race."

[Jupiter proceeds to foretell the victory which, by one of time's revenges, the Romans shall win over Greece; and concludes with a prophecy of the descent of the Caesars, or 'gens Julia,' from Iulus (the later name of Ascanius), and a prophecy, couched in majestic language, of the deification of Caesar and the inauguration of a reign of peace in Rome.

The tale returns to Aeneas. Exploring near the African coast, he meets his goddess-mother in the guise of a huntress-maid. She informs him that he is in the realms of the Tyrian queen, Dido, who had left her old Phoenician home after her brother Pygmalion had craftily slain her husband, Sychaeus, and who is now building a new capital—Carthage. Venus instructs him to go to the queen's palace, and she claims by augury to be able to tell him—what she knows by her divine power—that others of his ships have reached the coast in safety.]

She turned: and rosy light played round her neck;
Ambrosial tresses breathed divinity
Of fragrance; and to earth her raiment flowed,
Revealing the true goddess in her mien.
His mother! Thus he hailed her in retreat.
"Ah, cruel, why so often in disguise
Bafflest thy son? Why may we not clasp hands,
Hearing and answering words in verity?"

[Her only response is to wrap him in a marvellous mist of invisibility, in which, accompanied by his faithful Achates, he advances upon the queen's city. Looking down on it from high ground, Aeneas envies the Carthaginians, busy as bees in their work of building. When he reaches a temple within a grove, he is touched to see the wars of Troy already pictured on the walls, and turns to Achates with the words—]

"What spot, Achates, or what land on earth
Teems not with our sad Trojan history?
There's Priam—look! Here, too, hath fame its meed.
Tears haunt the world: man's fortunes touch man's heart."

II—Queen Dido and Her Court

WHILE all seemed marvel to the Dardan prince,
While he stood mazed in rooted wonderment,
There came into the shrine a queen most fair,
Dido, with throng of gallants in her train.
As when Diana on Eurotas' banks,
Or Cynthus' ridge, doth lead her dancing maids,
By thousand mountain nymphs encompassèd,
And, with the quiver o'er her shoulder thrown,
Doth in her gait o'ertop all goddesses
And thrill Latona's heart with silent joy—
E'en such was Dido as she gaily passed
'Mid all, bent on the tasks of power to be.
Then at the goddess' door, beneath the dome,
Begirt by armèd men, she took her seat
Enthroned upon a high-set chair of state.



PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO was born near Mantua, 70 B.C., and died at Brundisium, 19 B.C. His life was essentially that of a poet, learned and emotional: his interest lay, not in the forensic career for which he was trained, but in the traditions and aspirations of his land and people. His Eclogues are charming pastoral idylls that echo their Greek model, Theocritus, and the four books of the Georgics show Virgil's enthusiasm for rural Italy in admirably finished verse.

[The queen is engaged on the business of her kingdom, when Aeneas and Achates, still invisible, are astonished to see the approach of some of their comrades whom they had given up for lost. These shipwrecked mariners appeal to the queen's generosity, telling her that they are Aeneas's men. Dido makes a gracious reply:]

"Oh, clear your hearts of dread and banish care!
Who should not know Aeneas' folk and Troy,
Men, manly deeds, and flames of such a war?
Nay, not so dull are our Phoenician souls.
The city which I found is yours; so beach
Your ships: the Trojan and the Tyrian
Shall find in Dido an impartial queen.
Ah! would that, wafted by the self-same wind,
Your prince Aeneas also graced my court!"

[Dido is about to despatch messengers to search for him when, dramatically, the hero is revealed by the parting of the miraculous cloud.]

Then doth he thus address the queen, and speaks
Sudden to their surprise: "Lo, I, the man
Ye seek, am here—Aeneas, Trojan born,
Late rescued from the waves of Libya!
Lady, that hast alone felt ruth for Troy
And Troy's unutterable woe, who now
Dost share thy town and home with us. . . .
Queen Dido, to repay thee worthy thanks
Is not within our reach, nor in the reach
Of all the Dardan race throughout the world.
If deities there are who mark the good,
If justice is, and consciousness of right,
Then may the gods reward thee fittingly!
What happy age did yield thee? Say, what line
Owned thee for its fair scion? While the streams
Shall seaward run, while mountain shadows course
Athwart the vale, while heaven feeds its stars,
Ever shall Dido's honour, name and praise
Bide in my heart, whate'er the lands that call."
Sidonian Dido marvelled first to see
The prince, then thought of all his jeopardies:
"O goddess-born, what cruel chance pursues
Thee through such ventures perilous? What force [same
Drives thee on this wild coast? Art thou that
Aeneas whom kind Venus bore and whom
Dardan Anchises had to son, hard by
The waters of the Phrygian Simois?"

[The queen explains she has heard of the Trojans from an ancient ally of her father's; and she offers hospitality to Aeneas and all his comrades. Then when he sends for young Ascanius, Venus, fearing some treachery of Juno's contrivance, spirits the real Ascanius away and disguises Cupid as Ascanius, so that, when Dido fondles the youth, love's poison is instilled into her. At the close of a great banquet, amid a scene of glittering light, Dido begs her guest to relate the story of the final disaster which overtook Troy and of his own wanderings for seven years.]

III—The Fall of Troy

"UNUTTERABLE grief, O queen, thou dost
Command me to renew—how Trojan power
And dolorous sovranty were by the Greeks
O'erthrown, and all the sights of utter woe
Wherein I played great part. In such a tale
What Myrmidon, Dolopian, or what man
Of stern Ulysses could refrain from tears?
And now dank night doth speed adown the sky
And setting stars do rather counsel sleep.
Yet if thou art enamoured of our woes
And brief wouldst hear Troy's final agony,
Although my soul at the dread memory
Shudders and shrinks in pain, I will essay."

[He relates the ruse of the wooden horse whereby Greek warriors were secretly conveyed into the doomed city; and tells of all the horrors of carnage and conflagration during the last awful night. Aeneas himself recalls his being awakened by a terrifying vision of his dead brother, Hector, begrimed with blood and dust, as he had been dragged behind the chariot of Achilles.]

"I rouse myself from sleep, then clamber high
Upon the roof, and wait with listening ears:
As when a flame by furious southern gale
Is driven on the harvest, or, as when
The whirling torrent of a mountain flood
Lays low the fields, lays low the joyous crops
Where once the oxen toiled, and headlong drags
The woodland with it—witless of the truth
The shepherd, as he hears the noise afar,
Stands mazed upon a lofty peak of rock.
Then truly proof is clear and Grecian guile
Revealed; for here a house doth crash aflame,
And wide Sigeum's straits reflect the glow.
The shout of men arises, trumpets blare;
Maddened I seize on arms. Yet 'tis a hot desire
To mass for fight and win the citadel
With friends. Frenzy and wrath impel my heart;
I see fair visions of a warrior's death."

[But all resistance is vain. Panthus, a Trojan warrior, tells Aeneas that everything is lost.

"Dardania hath met her final day
And that dread hour no man may wrestle with.
We Trojans are no more; and Ilium
Is doomed and all our mighty Teucrian fame.
All is by cruel Jove to Greece transferred,
And in our blazing town the Greeks are lords."

Aeneas recalls his own counsels of despair:]

"Come, let us die by rushing 'mid the foe!
One safety have the vanquished—hope for none!"

[The Greeks triumph everywhere. The princess Cassandra is a prisoner, the old king, Priam, is butchered. Venus appears and commands Aeneas to escape. He shoulders his old father and carries him outside the walls, his boy Iulus following. But in the confusion his wife, Creusa, is missed, and her apparition shows Aeneas that she has met her death.]

IV—The Tale of the Wanderings of Aeneas

THE story which Aeneas has yet to relate is one of wandering and many abortive settlements during his quest after his destined home. Having built a fleet he had reached Thrace, but the spirit of the murdered Polydorus had warned him to flee from 'that cruel land, a shore of greed.'

At Delos the oracle of Apollo had advised the emigrants to seek out their 'ancient mother'; and under a misapprehension they make for Crete, passing the Aegean Isles. There a vision instructed Aeneas that a western land, Hesperia, or Italy, should be their objective. In the Strophades the foul Harpies pollute the sailors' well-earned repast and prophesy evil. Cruising off the western coast of Greece, they land at

Actium, to celebrate games, and at Buthrotum, where they meet Hector's widow, Andromache, now married to the seer Helenus. From him Aeneas learns that it is the further shore of Italy he must find.]

" Trying our way, we spread our winged sails,
And now the dawn was red and stars in flight,
When we descry far off the misty hills,
The low coastline, of Italy. Then first
Achates shouted ' Italy ! ' and glad
The greeting ' Italy ! ' rang from my men.
Then sire Anchises wreathed a mighty bowl,
Filled it with wine unmixed, and called the gods
As on the lofty stern he stood : ' Ye gods
That are the lords of sea and land and storm,
Breathe us fair winds to waft us on our way ! ' "

[So towards Sicily they speed ; they thread the dangerous straits between Scylla and Charybdis, pass the angrily glowing volcano Etna, and even catch sight of the giant Polyphemus,

Huge monster, ugly, dread, without an eye !

When they reached Drepanum, Anchises died.]

" Here thou didst leave me in my weariness,
O best of sires, from perils saved in vain !
Such my last toil and goal of wandering :
And when I left, God drove me to your shores."
Thus sighed Aeneas, one 'mid audience rapt,
Rehearsed god-given dooms, his voyage told,
Then paused, and with his story's end kept peace

V—The Tragedy of Dido

THE queen, smitten long since with grievous pang, [with flame
Doth inly nurse her wound, and wastes
Unseen. Oft to her mind the hero's worth,
And oft his noble lineage recurs.
A look, a word bides in her heart impressed.
Her body finds no soft repose for love.

[Dido makes her sister Anna the confidante of her passion, and is by her encouraged in the hope of concluding a powerful alliance for Carthage with the Trojans. The drama is advanced by Juno's scheme to divert Aeneas from Italy. So during a hunting party, when a thunderstorm has driven Aeneas and the queen to the same shelter, they avow their love for each other and henceforth Dido looks on herself as the Trojan's bride. Reports about her infatuation exasperate Iarbas, a native Libyan prince, who is a disappointed suitor, and his prayers to Jupiter secure the despatch of Mercury with orders that Aeneas must leave for Italy. Unequal to the task of breaking to Dido the news of impending departure, Aeneas arranges with his captains to make secret preparations.]

Yet did the queen — can lover be deceived ? —
Foreknow his guile, and straight divining storm
To come 'mid seeming safety, feared.
Old evil Rumour brought the maddening news
Of ships preparing and of plans for sea.
Beggar'd of sense she roves, with heart aflame,
Rushing Bacchanté like through all her town,
And then forestalls Aeneas with the words ;
" So, traitor, didst thou hope that thou couldst cloak
Such villainy, and silent leave my shore ?
Can nothing hold thee — neither love nor hand
Once pledged, nor thought of Dido's cruel doom ?
Is it from me thou fliest ? By those tears
And thy right hand — since naught besides
Hath wretched Dido left to be her own —
By love's embrace, by wedding rites begun,
By any kindness shown to thee, or aught
That pleased thee in me, oh, have pity for
The ruin of my house ; if there be room
For prayer, I do implore thee, change thy thoughts.
'Tis for thy sake that Libyan tribes and chiefs
Hate me, and Tyrians mislike their queen.
To whom dost leave me, as I die, my *guest ?*
That is the only name for *husband* now."

She ended. He by Jove's behest kept eyes
Unmoved, and inly strove to quell his pain.
At last in brief he answers : " I, O queen,
Shall never gainsay all the kindnesses
Which thou couldst reckon in full many words ;
Ne'er shall I grieve Elissa to recall
So long as I remember self, or breath
Guideth my limbs. Brief words shall fit the case.
Imagine not I hoped by stealth to hide
My flight : I never held the marriage torch
Before thine eyes, or entered such a bond.
But now Apollo points to Italy :
So Italy is love and fatherland.
If towers of Carthage and a Libyan town
Can glamour, lady, thy Phoenician eyes,
Why grudge to Trojans the Ausonian soil ?
Cease, then, to tire thyself and me with plaints :
'Tis not unbid I follow Italy."

LONG, as he spoke, she looked at him askance,
With glance now here, now there, and silently
Surveyed him, head to foot, then burst in wrath :
" No goddess bore thee ; nor did Dardanus
Father thy line, thou traitor ! Hard the crags
Where rugged Caucasus gave birth to thee ;
To thee Hyrcanian tigresses gave suck. [worse ?
Why hide my thoughts ? Why curb myself for
Nor mightiest Juno, neither Saturn's son,
Looks now on acts like these with righteous eyes.
Nowhere is faith in safety. I was mad
To welcome him, a shipwrecked mariner,
To give a beggar share of sovranty !
I hold thee not ; nor yet refute thy words.
Go, follow ' Italy ' before the breeze ;
And seek for kingdoms o'er the waves. I hope
Midway, if powers of goodness can avail,
Thou wilt drain punishment on savage rocks,
And often call on Dido's name. Far off
With murky fires I will pursue, and when
Chill death hath severed soul and frame, my ghost [shalt rue
Shall haunt thee everywhere. Wretch, thou
Thy guilt, and I shall hear ; the bruit thereof
Shall reach me in the lowest depths of hell."

[No entreaties, however, move Aeneas, and Dido, in a frenzy of despair, amid sinister presages of doom, secures the help of her sister in building a funeral pile on the pretext that she is to burn all tokens and memorials that can remind her of the perfidious Trojan.]

Fluttered and maddened with her monstrous plan,
With bloodshot, restless eyes, her quivering cheeks
Besprent with spots, pale on the verge of death,
She bursts into the inner palace courts,
Mounts the high pyre in madness, and unsheathes
The Dardan sword—boon sought for no such end.
Then, dallying awhile 'mid tears and thought,
Sunk on the couch, she spoke her farewell words:
"Relics so sweet, while fate and God allowed,
Receive my soul and loose me from my pangs.
My life is o'er, my destined course is run,
Mighty my wraith which now shall fare below.
I built a famous town, saw mine own walls,
Avenged my lord by punishing the hate
My brother bore him. Happy - ah, too much!—
Had never Dardan keel attained our shore."
She spoke, and on the couch imprints a kiss.

[A moment later shrieks from the queen's women raise the alarm that she has fallen upon the blade; all is distraction. Anna rushes to clasp her swooning sister, and endeavours to staunch the welling blood; but Dido ...]

In act to raise her laden eyes, again,
Faints back; deep-set the sword glides in her breast.
Thrice rising did she strain on arm to lean;
Thrice couchward sank, and with far wandering eyes [found,
Sought light in heaven, groaned when a light she

VI—Aeneas in the Lower World

ACROSS a sea lit by the flames from Dido's funeral pyre Aeneas sails towards Sicily. After he has there celebrated elaborate games in honour of his father's memory, he makes the passage to Italy, where, landing at Cumae, he consults the Sibyl regarding dangers ahead and regarding his projected visit to his father in the shades. The talisman ordained to be his safeguard is a magical Golden Bough. In quest of it the hero finds miraculous guidance from the doves of Venus, and hard by the gaping jaws of noisome Avernus he wrenches away the branch and is ready for his venture through the gates of hell.]

A cavern deep there was,
Immeasurable in its desolate gape,
Of ragged rock, and sheltered with black mere
And darkling groves around. O'er it no thing
That flies could flit unscathed nor stretch its flight
On wing; so rank a breath from inky jaws
Outpoured was wafted to the vaulted sky.

[Here Aeneas propitiates with victims the powers of darkness and then, drawing his sword, and attended by the Sibyl, dashes excitedly into the yawning abyss.]

Through mirk they fared enwrapt in lonely night,
Through Pluto's halls, unfilled, and ghostly realms,
E'en as 'neath niggard night of fitful moon
There runs a road through trees, when Jupiter
Shrouds heaven, and inky night steals every hue.
Before the door—the opening jaws of hell—
Grief and the Venging Cares have set their couch;
There wan Diseases dwell and dolorous Eld,
Fear, ill-advising Famine, loathly Want,
Dread shapes to look upon—and Death and Toil,
Then Death's own brother Sleep, and Evil Joys
Of mind, and on the threshold full in view
Death-dealing Warfare and the iron cells
Of the Eumenides and maddening Strife,
Her viper tresses twined in bloody wreaths.

[Past the tree of Empty Dreams, past appalling but unsubstantial monsters of the Shadowland, the prophetess and the hero make their way to the eerie waters over which the spirits of the dead are ferried.]

An ugly boatman, Charon, guards the stream.
Dread in his grime, and all his chin o'ergrown
With bushy beard of hoary hair untrimmed;
His eyes are fixed aflame; and foul the garb
That knotted from his shoulders hangs. Himself
He works the craft with pole or trims the sails,
While in that murky barge he ships the dead.
An aged pilot now; howbeit age
Is in a god for ever fresh and green. [poured,
Here all the throng streamed to the bank out-
Mothers and men, and great-souled paladins
Whose life was o'er, and boys and maids unwed,
And youths by parents seen laid on the pyre,
Countless as leaves that in an early frost
Of autumn fall, countless as birds from sea
That landward flock when driven o'er the deep
Before the chilling year to sunnier climes
There stood they pleading to sail first across,
Their hands outstretched for love of yonder shore.
Still the grim sailor takes now these, now those;
But some repulsed he keeps far off the strand.

MUCH moved, Aeneas marvelled as they surged,
And cried, "O maiden, say, what means the throng
That streamward runs? What do these spirits crave?
Or what distinction makes some quit the banks,
While others sweep with oar the livid tide?"

Brief did the long-lived priestess make reply:
"Anchises' offspring, seed most sure of gods,
Thou dost behold Cocytus' pools profound,
And Stygian mere, by whose divinity
The gods do fear to swear and break their oath.
Helpless this crowd thou seest, unburied all;
Yon ferryman is Charon; these who sail
The flood have found a grave. 'Tis not allowed
To cross the dreadful banks and currents hoarse



AENEAS WITH HIS FATHER ANCHISES
From the painting by Spada

Until their bones win place for rest. They roam
A hundred years and flit around these shores:
Received at last, they haunt the long-sought pools."
Halted Anchises' son, and stayed his steps,
Revolving much, in ruth for their hard lot.

[And there, as he stands, he beholds the ghosts of his captains lost at sea, and of his pilot Palinurus. Charon is, at sight of the Golden Bough, overawed into ferrying Aeneas and the Sibyl in his 'murky barge' over the eerie waters of the Styx.]

Then other souls, along the benches' length
That sate, he doth dislodge, and clears the thwarts:
And takes aboard Aeneas' bulk withal.
The seamèd vessel 'neath its cargo groaned,
And full of chinks, let in the plenteous ooze.
At last, the prince and priestess o'er the flood
He lands 'mid shapeless mire and grey-green sedge.
These realms, couched monstrous in confronting cave,
Huge Cerberus thrills with triple-throated bark.

[As the serpents begin to bristle on the necks of the three-headed dog, Cerberus, the Sibyl stupefies him with a drugged sop thrown to him as they approach him; and she and her companion quietly pass across the threshold of hell and come to the bourne of those, 'who loathing light, threw life away.']

How fain in upper air
Would they now suffer galling toil and want!
'Tis banned; the unlovely mere with sullen wave
Binds them: Styx pours her ninefold bar around.
Not far from hence on every side outspread
Are shown the Mourning Plains: such is their name.
Those whom harsh love with cruel wasting gnawed
Lurk there in hidden pathways, screened around
With myrtle boskage: death still leaves their pangs.

'Mid these, Phoenician Dido, newly stabbed,
Strayed in the woodland vast: the Trojan prince
Stood near, and knew her dimly through the mirk,
As one who sees or deemeth he hath seen
In the young month the moon rise through the clouds.
Tears fell as with love's tenderness he spoke:

"So, hapless Dido, tidings true to me
Were brought of thy life quenched and sword sought end!
Ah, did I cause thy death? By stars and gods
I swear, by aught of faith in deepmost earth,
Unwillingly, O queen, I left thy shore.
Nay, heaven's command, that makes me pierce these shades,
Thro' land mould-cumbered and abysmal night,
Insistent drive me forth; nor could I know
My going might bring pain so great to thee.
O stay thy steps! Withdraw not from my gaze.
Whom fleest thou? These last words fate allows"
Turning, she kept her eyes fast on the ground,
No more in look touched by his words begun
Than if flint rock or marble crag she stood.
At last she started and unfriendly fled
To shady grove where he that was her lord,
Sychaeus, soothes her woes and mates her love.

[After meeting hero-spirits and passing the terrible prison-house of Tartarus allotted to the worst offenders, Aeneas leaves the Bough at Pluto's palace, and reaches the Elysian fields.

Through those realms of light and music, sport and banqueting, the bard Musaeus directs the travellers to Anchises; so in a green valley

the hero discovers his father's wraith contemplating the fates and fortunes of his descendants. As a clue to the universe and as a proem to the pageant of the mighty Romans of the future, in regal, republican and imperial times, who are to be presented before Aeneas's eyes, Anchises expounds the doctrines of the re-incarnation of spirits, and of the pervading world-soul, which moves the mass of matter and mingles with the frame of all things. Then Aeneas beholds the line of his royal descendants in Alba Longa, and the founders of the imperial house in Rome.]

"Now hither turn both eyes: behold this clan,
Romans that be thine own. Mark Caesar here,
And all Inlus' offspring that shall come
Beneath the mighty canopy of heaven.
This, this is that same hero whom so oft
Thou hast heard promised thee, of birth divine,
Augustus Caesar, who shall found again
The Age of Gold in Latium, where of yore
Old Saturn ruled the tilth: yea, and beyond
The furthest tribes of Afric or of Ind
Shall he push forward his imperial sway.
More deftly some will mould the bronze to breathe,
I grant; or draw from marble looks of life;
Plead cases better; and with compass map
The heavenly paths, and name the rising stars.
Roman, take thought, with empire rule the world!
These be thine arts – to set the law of peace,
To spare the vanquished and to quell the proud."

[Finally, Aeneas is instructed concerning the wars which await him in Italy, and, with the Sibyl, is sent back to workaday life through the mysterious Ivory Gate of Sleep.]

VII—The Wars of Aeneas in Italy

AMONG the Sibyl's prophecies had been those of ghastly bloodshed and a foreign bride once again imperilling Trojan success. Aeneas, having safely reached the Tiber, secures the goodwill of the native king, Latinus, and the promise of the hand in marriage of the Princess Lavinia. Turnus, king of the Rutuli, however, regards Lavinia as his affianced bride; and Juno, vexed over Aeneas' good fortune, summons from nether darkness the fury Alecto to kindle strife and inflame the mother-queen against the new betrothal. So the defenders of ancient Italy prepare for conflict.

At this dangerous juncture, the river god Tiber counsels Aeneas to sail up the river and negotiate an alliance with King Evander, whose city of Pallanteum is on the site later known as Rome. Evander undertakes to win over as additional allies the Etruscans, who have rebelled against the cruel tyranny of Mezentius, a friend of Turnus. Aeneas is further heartened by the arms made for him by Vulcan at the bidding of Venus.

During the absence of Aeneas, the Trojan camp and fleet are beleaguered by Turnus and his Rutulians. Only by desperate fighting does the Trojan camp defend itself. At length Aeneas returns oversea with Pallas, son of Evander, and Etrurian allies. Pallas is slain by Turnus, and Aeneas avenges his fall by carrying devastation among the enemy. When Mezentius, the ally of Turnus, is in dire extremity, his son Lausus, the youthful hero among the native Italian forces, rushes at Aeneas, and is by him reluctantly cut down.]

But when he saw that dying look and face—
Face pale in wondrous wise—Anchises' son
In ruth groaned deeply and outstretched his hand:
His mind drew pictures how he loved his sire.

[Next the lad's father, Mezentius, charging Aeneas, is unhorsed and slain.

Among Turnus's ablest supporters was the warrior-maid Camilla, who had been solemnly dedicated to Diana by her father, and whose woodland rearing had equipped her with agility and hardihood. Aided by her bodyguard of maidens, she exhibits amazing prowess. At last Aruns craftily watches his chance of wounding her, and inflicts a mortal blow.

The news of Camilla's death leads Turnus to abandon the defile where he hoped to ambush the invaders. From that time fortune favours Aeneas more and more. The Rutuli put themselves in the wrong by breaking a truce; Aeneas, who has been wounded, is by Venus's aid cured; and Turnus, despite omens of impending doom, is set upon single combat with Aeneas. But at the crisis of the fight a mysterious lethargy overtakes Turnus. To Aeneas's taunts, he retorts:

"*Thy* fiery words, proud foeman, strike no fear,
But gods and Jove in league to combat me."

[Unmanned, he fails to hurl with his old strength the ponderous stone he lifts. A strange hesitation gains upon him.]

As in our sleep when slumberous lethargy
Hath whelmed our eyes in night, we seem in vain
To wish to run impetuous abroad,
But, 'mid endeavour foiled, sink helplessly;
The tongue is numbed, the common strength of frame
Boots not, nor sound nor utterance will come—
So Turnus, wheresoe'er he sought in valiancy
A path, found the dread goddess say him nay.

[Thus conquered by fate, the warrior falls an easy prey to Aeneas, whose lance brings him to the ground. For a moment his entreaties give the Trojan pause; but the sight of the belt which Turnus had taken from young Pallas proves fatal.]

"Clad in my loved one's spoils, shalt thou escape
My hands? 'Tis Pallas, Pallas, who doth strike
This sacrificial blow; thy guilty blood
Makes him amends." Therewith full in his breast
He hotly drives the steel: chill droop the limbs;
A moan—and life fled chafing to the dark.



Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832), father of the historical romance, ranks first of the great writers of English fiction. Like Shakespeare, with whom alone he is comparable in range of interest and in truth of outline, he is free of man's judgement, above criticism in the sense that whatever his defects in detail may be, nothing can detract from the mass of his merits. The fire of his own romantic genius was set alight by Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, by Bürger's Ballads and by Goethe's early poems, and it leaped at once into living flame in metrical romances of imperishable quality. Then in 1814 he published Waverley and in the course of the next seventeen years produced a series of prose romances that opened a new epoch in the study of history and created the novel of national life. A man of capacious intellect, varied and accurate learning, rich imagination and indefatigable industry, he was the first who made the dry bones of history live and in the Waverley novels left a library of romance that is one of the noblest heritages of the Briton.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

WITH the single exception of Boswell's Life of Samuel Johnson, Lockhart's Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott is universally acknowledged to be the best biography in English literature. To his intellectual qualifications for making the best use of the abundant material in the shape of Scott's journals and letters, to which he had free access, Lockhart added the filial piety of an affectionate son-in-law, and his sympathetic understanding of the character of his subject is revealed not least clearly in the fact that he resigned every penny of the very considerable proceeds of his labour to Scott's creditors. The work appeared in seven volumes in the course of the years 1836 to 1838; an abridgement made from this edition by the author himself was published in 1848, and there have been many popular reprints of the work. Besides this masterpiece Lockhart published Lives of Burns and Napoleon, some novels, not of high quality, and a volume of spirited translations of Spanish ballads.

I—Minstrelsy and the Law



SIR WALTER SCOTT was distantly connected with ancient families both on his father's and his mother's side. His father, Walter Scott, a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, was a handsome, hospitable, shrewd and religious man, who married, in 1758, Anne, eldest daughter of Dr. John Rutherford, professor of medicine in Edinburgh University. The Scotts had twelve children, of whom only five survived early youth.

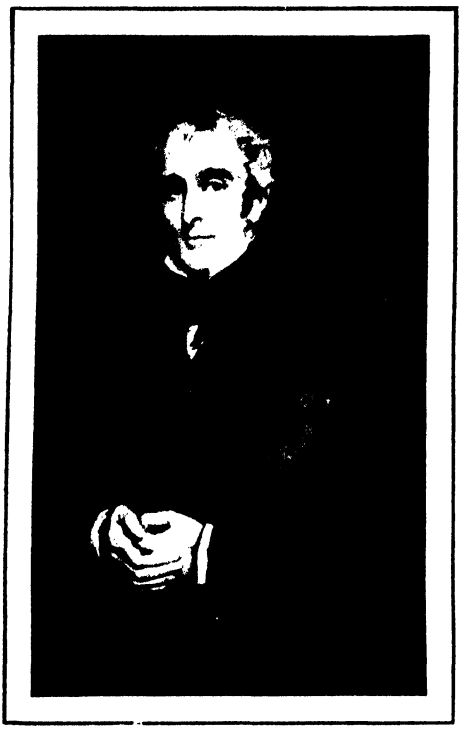
The subject of this biography was born on August 15, 1771, in a house at the head of the College Wynd. He was a healthy child, but when about eighteen months old was affected with a fever which left a permanent lameness in the right leg. With a view to curing this weakness he was sent to live with his paternal grandfather at the farmhouse of Sandy-Knowe, near Dryburgh Abbey, in the extreme south of Berwickshire. Here, in the country air, he became a sturdy boy, and his mind was stored with the old border tales and songs.

From his eighth year Scott lived at his father's house in George Square, Edinburgh. His lameness and solitary habits had made him a good reader, and he used to read aloud to his mother Pope's translation of Homer and Allan Ramsay's Evergreen; his mother had the happiest of tempers, and a great love of poetry. In the same year he was sent to the High School, Edinburgh, under the celebrated Dr. Adam, who made him sensible of the beauties of the Latin poets.

After his school years, the lad, who had become delicate from rapid growth, spent half a year with an aunt, Miss Janet Scott, at Kelso. He had now awakened to the poetry of Shakespeare and of Spenser, and had acquired an ample and indiscriminate appetite for reading of all kinds. To this time at Kelso he also traced his earliest feeling for the beauties of natural objects. The love of nature, especially when combined with ancient ruins or remains of our forefathers' piety or splendour, became his insatiable passion.

He was then sent to classes in the Faculty of Arts in Edinburgh University; and in 1785 was articled to his father, and entered upon the wilderness of law. Though he disliked the drudgery of the office, he loved his father and was ambitious, and the allowance which he received afforded the pleasures of the circulating library and the theatre.

In 1790, Scott determined, in accordance with his father's wishes, to become an advocate, and assumed the gown on July 11, 1792. His personal appearance at this time was engaging. He had a fresh, brilliant complexion, his eyes were clear and radiant, and the noble expanse of his brow gave dignity to his whole aspect. His smile was always delightful, and there was a playful intermixture of tenderness and gravity well calculated to fix a lady's



JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART was born at Cambusnethan, Lanarkshire, July 14, 1794, and educated at Glasgow University and Balliol College, Oxford. A good classical scholar, an excellent linguist and an industrious writer, he became a constant contributor to Blackwood's Magazine soon after its foundation in 1817, and in 1825 he was appointed editor of The Quarterly Review, in succession to Coleridge, and held the appointment until 1853. He married Sophia, eldest daughter of Sir Walter Scott, in 1820. She died in 1837, and Lockhart's later years were clouded by much domestic tribulation. He died at Abbotsford, November 25, 1854.

eye. His figure, except for the blemish in one limb, was eminently handsome, and much above the usual stature; and the whole outline was that of extraordinary vigour, without a touch of clumsiness.

I do not know when his first attachment began; its object was Margaret, daughter of Sir John and Lady Jane Stuart Belcher of Invermay. But after Scott had for several years nourished the dream of union with this lady, his hopes terminated in her being married to Sir William Forbes, of Pitsligo, a gentleman of the highest character, who lived to act the part of a generous friend to his rival throughout the distresses of 1826 and 1827.

After being admitted an advocate Scott undertook many excursions to various parts of Scotland, gaining that intimate knowledge of the country, and its people and traditions, revealed in all his works.

Thus, he visited Northumberland, and made a close inspection of the battlefield of Flodden, and on another journey studied the Saxon cathedral of Hexham.

During seven successive years he made raids, as he called them, into the wild and inaccessible district of Liddesdale, picking up the ancient 'riding ballads' preserved among the descendants of the moss-troopers. To these rambles he owed much of the materials of his Minstrelsy of the Border, and here he came to know Willie Elliot, the original of Dandie Dinmont.

Another expedition, into Galloway, carried him into the scenery of Guy Mannering. Stirlingshire, Perthshire and Forfarshire became familiar ground to him, and Loch Katrine especially was associated with many a merry expedition.

In June 1795, Scott was appointed one of the curators of the Advocates' Library, and became an adept in the deciphering of old manuscripts. His highland and border raids were constantly suggesting inquiries as to ancient local history and legend, which could nowhere else have been pursued with equal advantage.

In the same year, a rhymed translation of Bürger's Lenore, from his pen, was shown by him to Miss Cranstoun, afterwards Countess of Purgstall, who was delighted and astonished at it. 'Upon my word,' she wrote in a letter to a friend, 'Walter Scott is going to turn out a poet—something of a cross, I think, between Burns and Gray.'

This lady had the ballad elegantly printed in April 1796, and Scott thus made his first appearance as an author. In October this translation, together with that of The Wild Huntsman, also from Bürger, was published anonymously in a thin quarto by Manners and Miller, of Edinburgh. The little volume found warm favour; its free, masculine and lively style revealing the hand of a poet.

In July 1797, Scott set out on a tour to the English lakes, accompanied by his brother John and Adam Fergusson, visiting Tweeddale, Carlisle, Penrith, Ullswater and Windermere, and at length fixing

their headquarters at Gilsland, a peaceful and sequestered little watering-place.

He was riding one day with Fergusson when they met, some miles away from home, a young lady on horseback, whose appearance instantly struck both of them so much that they kept her in view until they had satisfied themselves that she was staying at Gilsland. The same evening there was a ball, at which Scott was introduced to Charlotte Margaret Carpenter.

Without the features of a regular beauty, she was rich in personal attractions; a fairy-like form; a clear olive complexion; large deep eyes of Italian brown; a profusion of silken tresses, raven-black; her address mingling the reserve of a pretty young Englishwoman with a certain natural archness and gaiety that suited well with her French accent. A lovelier vision, as all who remember her youth have assured me, could hardly be imagined, and from that hour the poet's fate was fixed.

She was the daughter of Jean Charpentier, of Lyons, a devoted Royalist, who died in the beginning of the Revolution; Madame Charpentier had died soon after bringing her children to London, and the Marquis of Downshire had become their guardian. Miss Carpenter was now making a summer excursion under the care of the lady who had superintended her education.

In an affectionate and dutiful letter Scott acquainted his mother with his purpose of marriage, and Miss Carpenter remained at Carlisle until her destiny was settled. The lady had a considerable private income, amounting to about £500 a year; the difficulties presented by the prudence and prejudices of family connexions were soon overcome, and the marriage took place in St. Mary's, Carlisle, on December 24, 1797.

THEIR house in South Castle Street, soon after exchanged for one in North Castle Street, which they inhabited down to 1826, became the centre of a highly agreeable circle, the evenings passed in innocent gaiety; and they and their friends were passionately fond of the theatre.

In the summer of 1798 Scott hired a cottage at Lasswade, on the Esk, about six miles from Edinburgh, having a garden with a most beautiful view. In this retreat they spent several happy summers, receiving the visits of their chosen friends and wandering amidst some of the most romantic scenery of Scotland.

II—His Early Poetical Works

IN February 1799, a London bookseller, named Bell, brought out Scott's version of Goethe's tragedy, Goetz von Berlichingen of the Iron Hand, having purchased the copyright for twenty-five guineas. This was the first publication that bore Scott's name. In March of that year he took his wife to London, and met with some literary and fashionable society; but his chief object was to examine the antiquities of the Tower and Westminster, and to make researches among the manuscripts of the British Museum. He found his Goetz approved by the critics, but it had not attracted general attention.

His return to Scotland was hastened by the news of his father's death, and his mother and sister spent the following summer and autumn in his cottage at Lasswade. This summer produced his first serious attempt in verse, Glenfinlas, which was followed by the noble ballads, Eve of St. John, The Grey Brother, and Fire King.

During a visit to Kelso, before returning to Edinburgh for the winter, Scott renewed an acquaintance with a class-fellow of his boyhood, Mr. James Ballantyne, who was now printer and editor of a weekly paper in his native town. Scott showed him some of his poems, expressed his wonder that his old friend did not try to get some bookseller's printing, and suggested a collection of old Border ballads. Ballantyne printed for him a few specimens to show to the booksellers, and thus began an experiment which changed the fortunes of both Scott and Ballantyne.

Soon after the commencement of the winter session, the office of sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire became vacant, and the Duke of Buccleuch used his influence with Mr. Henry Dundas, afterwards Viscount Melville, to procure it for Scott. The appointment to the sheriffship was made on December 16, 1799. It brought him an annual salary of £300. The duties of the

office were far from heavy; the small pastoral territory was largely the property of the Duke of Buccleuch, and Scott turned with redoubled zeal to his project of editing the ballads, many of which belong to this district.

The duties of the sheriffship took him frequently to Ettrick Forest, and on such occasions he took up his lodging at the little inn at Clovenford, a favourite fishing station on the road from Edinburgh to Selkirk. Here he was within a few miles of the vales of Yarrow and Ettrick. On one of his excursions here, penetrating beyond St. Mary's Lake, he found hospitality at the farmhouse of William Laidlaw, through whom he came to know James Hogg, a brother-poet hardly conscious of his powers.

The first and second volumes of the Minstrelsy appeared in January 1802, from the house of Cadell & Davies in the Strand; and formed Scott's first introduction as an original writer to the English public. Their reception greatly elated Ballantyne, the printer, who looked on his connexion with them as the most fortunate event in his life. The great bookseller, Longman, repaired to Scotland soon after this, and purchased the copyright of the Minstrelsy; and not long afterwards James Ballantyne set up as a printer in Edinburgh, assisted by a liberal loan from Scott.

III—Scott's Chief Poems

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW was begun in 1802, and Scott soon became a contributor of critical articles for his friend Mr. Jeffrey, the editor.

His chief work was now on Sir Tristrem, a romance ascribed to Thomas of Ercildoune; but The Lay of the Last Minstrel was making progress in 1803, when Scott made the acquaintance of Wordsworth and his sister, under circumstances described by Dorothy Wordsworth in her Journal. In the following May he took a lease of the house of Ashestiel, with an adjoining farm, on the southern bank of the Tweed, a few miles from Selkirk; and in the same month Sir Tristrem was published by Constable, of Edinburgh. Captain Robert Scott, his uncle, died in June, leaving him the house of Rosebank, near Kelso, which Scott sold for £5,000.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel was published in the first week of 1805, and its success at once decided that literature should form the main business of Scott's life. Its design arose originally from the suggestion of the lovely Countess of Dalkeith, who had heard a wild rude legend of Border *diablerie*, and sportively asked him to make it the subject of a ballad.

He cast about for a new variety of diction and rhyme, and having happened to hear a recitation of Coleridge's unpublished Christabel, determined to adopt a similar cadence. The division into cantos was suggested by one of his friends, after the example of Spenser's Faery Queen. The creation of the framework, the conception of the ancient harper, came last of all. Thus did The Lay of the Last Minstrel grow out of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. The publishers were Longman, of London, and Constable, of Edinburgh, and the author's share of profits came to £769.

It was at this time that Scott took over a third share in Ballantyne's business, a commercial tie which bound him for twenty years. Its influence on his literary work and his fortunes was productive of much good and not a little evil.

WITH the desire of placing his financial position on a more substantial basis, Scott had solicited the office of clerk of session; and after some difficulties, during which he visited London, he was installed in that position on March 8, 1806, and continued to discharge its duties with exemplary regularity for twenty-five years.

The progress of Marmion was further interrupted by Scott's appointment as secretary to the Commission for the Improvement of Scottish Jurisprudence, but the poem appeared at last in February 1808. It received only very qualified praise from Jeffrey, but I think it may be considered on the whole Scott's greatest poem, and its popularity was from the very first extraordinary.

In April of the same year William Miller, of Albemarle Street, published Scott's great edition of Dryden, with a biography,

in eighteen volumes; and the editor's industry and critical judgement were the subject of a laudatory article by Hallam in The Edinburgh Review.

Scott was now engaged in a vast multiplicity of business. He was preparing an edition of Swift for Constable, establishing his own partner as a publisher in Edinburgh under the title of John Ballantyne & Co., Booksellers, and was projecting a new periodical of sound constitutional principles, to be known as The Quarterly Review, published by Murray in London, and by Ballantyne in Edinburgh. In connexion with the latter enterprise Scott and Mrs. Scott went up to London for two months in the spring of 1809, and enjoyed the society of Coleridge, Canning, Croker and Ellis. The first Quarterly appeared while he was in London, and contained three articles from his pen.

Early in May 1810 The Lady of the Lake came out, like her two elder sisters, in all the majesty of quarto, the author receiving two thousand guineas for the copyright. The whole country rang with the praises of the poet, and crowds set off to view the scenery of Loch Katrine. The critics were in full harmony with one another and with the popular voice.

IV—*The Waverley Novels*

On returning, in 1810, from an excursion to the islands of the western Scottish coast, where he had been collecting impressions for The Lord of the Isles, Scott was searching one morning for fishing-flies in an old desk at Ashestiel, when he came across a forgotten manuscript, written and abandoned five years before. It contained the first two chapters of Waverley. He submitted it to Ballantyne, whose opinion was, on the whole, against completion of the novel, and it was again laid aside.

Although his publishing venture had begun to wear a bad aspect, Scott was now in receipt of £1,300 a year as clerk of session, and when the lease of Ashestiel ran out in May 1811, he felt justified in purchasing, for £4,000, a farm on the banks of the Tweed above Gala-foot. This farm, then known as Clarty Hole, became Abbotsford, so called because these lands had belonged of old to the great Abbey of Melrose; and in his own mind Scott became henceforth the Laird of Abbotsford. At Whitsuntide the family, which included two boys and two girls, moved to their new possession, and structural alterations on the farmhouse began.

The poem Rokeby appeared in January 1813. A month or two later the crisis in the war affected credit universally, and many publishing firms, including that of the Ballantynes, were brought to extremity. The difficulty was relieved for a time by the sale of copyrights and much stock to Constable, on the understanding that the publishing concern should be wound up as soon as possible. But Scott was preparing fresh embarrassments for himself by the purchase of another parcel of land. A yet more acute crisis in the Ballantyne firm forced him to borrow from the Duke of Buccleuch, and when planning out his work for the purpose of retrieving his position he determined to complete the fragment of Waverley.

The offer of the post of poet-laureate was made to Scott at this time but, holding two lucrative offices in the gift of the crown, he declined the honour, and suggested that it should be given to Southey, which was accordingly done. His edition of Swift in nineteen volumes, appeared in July 1814.

Waverley, of which Scott was to receive half the profits, was published by Constable in July 1814, without the author's name, and its great success with the public was assured from the first. None of Scott's intimate friends ever had, or could have, the slightest doubt as to its parentage, and when Jeffrey reviewed the book, doing justice to its substantial merits, he was at no pains to conceal his conviction of the authorship.

From a voyage to the Hebrides with the Commissioners of the Northern Lighthouses, Scott returned in vigour to his desk at Abbotsford, where he worked at The Lord of the Isles and Guy Mannering. The poem appeared in January and the novel in February 1815. The Lord of the Isles never reached the same popularity as the earlier poems had enjoyed, but Guy Mannering was pronounced by

acclamation to be fully worthy of the honours of Waverley.

The Antiquary came out early in 1816, and was its author's favourite among all the novels. The Tales of My Landlord, published by Murray and Blackwood, appeared in December, and though anonymous, were at once recognized as Scott's. The four volumes included the Black Dwarf and Old Mortality. A month later followed a poem, Harold the Dauntless. Rob Roy was published on the last day of 1817.

During this year the existing house of Abbotsford had been building, and Scott had added to his estate the lands of Toftfield, at a price of £10,000. He was then thought to be consolidating a large fortune, for the annual profits of his novels alone had, for several years, been not less than the cost of Toftfield.

Having been asked by the Ballantynes to contribute to the historical department of The Annual Register, I often had occasion now to visit Scott in his house in Castle Street, where I usually found him working in his 'den,' a small room behind the dining parlour, in company with his dog Maida. Besides his own huge elbow-chair, there were but two others in the room—and one of these was reserved for his amanuensis—a portrait of Claverhouse over the chimneypiece, with a Highland target on either side, and broadswords and dirks, disposed star-fashion, round them. A venerable cat, fat and sleek, watched the proceedings of his master and Maida with dignified equanimity.

V—Abbotsford

The house of Abbotsford was not completed and finally rid of carpenters and upholsterers until Christmas 1824; but the first time I saw it was in 1818, and from that time onwards Scott's hospitality was extended freely, not only to the proprietors and tenants of the surrounding district, but to a never-ending succession of visitors who came to Abbotsford as pilgrims. In the seven or eight brilliant seasons when his prosperity was at its height, he entertained under his roof as many persons of distinction in rank, in politics, in art, in literature and in science as the most princely nobleman of his age ever did in the like space of time.

Notwithstanding all his prodigious hospitality, his double duties as sheriff and clerk of session, the labours and anxieties in which the ill-directed and tottering firm of Ballantyne involved him, the keen interest which he took in every detail of the adornment of the house and estate of Abbotsford, and finally, notwithstanding obstinate and agonising attacks of internal cramp which were undermining his constitution, Scott continued to produce with unflagging rapidity the wonderful series of the Waverley Novels.

The Bride of Lammermoor, Legend of Montrose, and Ivanhoe appeared in 1819; The Monastery, The Abbot, and Kenilworth in 1820; The Pirate in 1821; The Fortunes of Nigel in 1822; Peveril of the Peak, Quentin Durward, and St. Ronan's Well in 1823; and Redgauntlet in 1824. His great literary reputation was acknowledged by a baronetcy conferred in 1820, and by the most flattering condescensions on the part of King George IV on his visit to Edinburgh in 1822.

VI—The End of All

Scott's diary from November 1825, shows clear forebodings of the collapse of the houses of Constable and Ballantyne. In a time of universal prosperity the banks had supported them to an extent quite unwarranted by their trade, and as soon as the banks began to doubt their fall was a foregone conclusion. In December Scott borrowed £10,000 on the lands of Abbotsford, and advanced that sum to the struggling houses; on January 16, 1826, their ruin, and Scott's with them, was complete. Scott immediately placed his whole affairs in the hands of three trustees, and by the 26th all his creditors had agreed to a private trust, to which he mortgaged all his future literary labours.

On March 15 he left for the last time his house in Castle Street; on April 3 Woodstock was sold for the creditors' behoof, realising £8,288; on May 15 Lady Scott died, after a short illness, at Abbotsford.

'I think,' writes Scott in his diary, 'my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of all my family—all but poor Anne; an impoverished, embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone.'

His Life of Napoleon Buonaparte was published in June 1827, and before the close of 1830 he had published also the Chronicles of the Canongate, Tales of a Grandfather, The Fair Maid of Perth, and Anne of Geierstein; but he had been visited also by several threatenings of apoplexy, and on February 15, 1830, was prostrated by a serious attack.

Recovering from this illness, Scott resigned his office as clerk of session, and during the rest of the year produced a great quantity of manuscript, including the Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft, and the series of Tales of a Grandfather. April 1831 brought a paralytic stroke, yet Castle Dangerous and Count Robert of Paris were finished that year.

Sailing in October, in the Barham, Sir Walter Scott visited Malta and Naples, and came to Rome in April 1832. In May he set out for home, but another serious attack fell upon him at Nimeguen. He reached London on June 13, and on July 7 was carried on to the Leith steamer and was at Abbotsford by the 11th.

As I was dressing on the morning of September 17 a servant came to tell me that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him in the last extreme of feebleness.

'Lockhart,' he said, 'I may have no more than a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man; be virtuous, be religious. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.'

He scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness, and expired on September 21 in the presence of all his children.

The Fountain-head of French Classical Tragedy

PIERRE CORNEILLE
THE CID

Abridged by Edward Wright from the French

In 1630 Corneille produced The Cid, thereby endowing France with a superiority in the quality of her plays which she held for over two hundred years. Corneille taught regularity of construction, clearness and plainness of speech. The situation in The Cid is extraordinarily well defined: the hero, Roderic, is divided between his love for Chimène and his duty of avenging on her father an insult done to his own parent. The heroine Chimène, on the other hand, struggles between her love for Roderic and her duty of taking vengeance on him for the death of her father. It is almost a mathematical proposition; but Corneille breathes fire and life into it by imparting to his characters his own high sense of honour and duty, and his inflexibility of purpose.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Fernando, king of Castile
Don Diego, father of Roderic
Don Roderic, lover of Chimène
Don Sancho, his rival
Count Gomez, captain of Castile
Chimene, his daughter
Elvira, her companion

First Act

[**Don Diego** *and* **Count Gomez** *meet on the steps of* **Fernando's** *palace at Seville.*]



COUNT GOMEZ: At last, then, you have beaten me, and seized
The highest post of honour. Though your arm
Is now so weak you dare not take the field,
You have been made the tutor of the prince.
It was an honour due alone to me.

Don Diego: Have I not earned it by the feats of arms
Done in the days when you, a stripling, rode
Behind me, while I broke the Moorish front
In victory after victory?

Count G.: Then you were
Worthy to teach our prince the arts of war.
But now that I am Captain of Castile,
The prince should be with me.

Don D.: There is a way
To end our quarrel. Gomez, oft we rode
Like sire and son together: let us now



PIERRE CORNEILLE was born June 6, 1606, in Rouen, where from 1624 to 1629 he practised as an advocate. The success of his comedy Mélite (1629) led him to abandon law for the drama, and he assisted Richelieu to carry out his dramatic ideas until his independence led to a breach with the great cardinal. The Cid (1636) was followed by four great tragedies, Horace, Cinna, Polyeuctus and The Death of Pompey; and a comedy, The Liar (1643). He retired to Rouen in 1651, and lived there in an almost uninterrupted seclusion until his death in 1684.

Unite our honours, names and dignities
In marriage. We have both an only child,
Let Roderic, my son, and sweet Chimène,
Your daughter, whom we always meant to wed,
Lovingly settle this dispute.

Count G. (*scornfully*): Chimène
No longer dares aspire to be the wife
Of Roderic; the father now is raised
Too high in power and honour for the son
To stoop to wed the daughter of a count.

Don D.: They love each other, Gomez; do not break
Two young and noble hearts.

Count G.: You wish to steal
My daughter from me, as you stole the post
To which I was entitled?

Don D.: Our good king
Gave me the governorship as a reward
For my past services.

Count G.: You earned it
By flattery and intrigue at the court,
While I was fighting for it honestly
Upon the battlefield.

Don D.: Had you deserved it,
The king had given you the governorship.
You lost it through your want of merit, sir.

Count G.: I? Through my want of merit? I?

Don D.: Aye, you!

Count G.: You impudent and miserable old fool!

(*He strikes him fiercely on the face.*

Don D. (*drawing his sword*): Now crown your insult on a weak old man
By killing him.

Count G. (*disarming him at a blow*): You must not use a sword,
Or you might hurt yourself. Go, teach the prince
The arts of fence in which you have such skill.
(*He strides away.*

Don D.: Have I grown grey in honourable wars
To end at last like this? Not once or twice
This arm of mine has saved the land of Spain;
But now at last it fails me, and I go
Down to the grave dishonoured. Ha, my son!
(Roderic *enters.*
Roderic, are you a coward?

Roderic: Any man,
Save you, my father, would not ask me twice.

Don D.: Avenge me, then, avenge me!

Rod.: Who has dared—

Don. D.: An enemy has struck me on the face.
Look how I bleed! I tried to draw on him,
But he disarmed me. I am now too old,
Too feeble, too infirm to wear this sword.
Take it. Blood only can wipe out the stain
Upon my honour. Die or kill! Your foe
Is worthy of you, Roderic. . .

Rod.: His name?

Don D.: Don Gomez.

Rod.: Heavens! the father of Chimène!

Don D.: Answer me not, but act.
Dear is the man to you, and his offence
Is therefore greater. Put your love aside;
Bone of my bone you are. I gave you life.
Now prove yourself my son. I say no more.
Avenge me, oh, avenge me! Go! Run! Fly!
(Don Diego *departs.*

Rod.: Lost! Lost! For ever lost! Oh, my Chimène,
Your love will change to hatred if I live;
Your joy will turn to sorrow if I die!
Would I were dead already; dead to love,
And dead to honour! Ah! our love is dead—
Dead from the blow that struck my father down—
Honour alone remains, and I must strive
To keep the honour of my race alive.
(Count Gomez *returns.*
Do you know
My father Don Diego?

Count G.: Yes.

Rod.: A man
Now worn with age, who in his prime of life
Could kill, as easily as lads kill flies,
Cowards like you.

Count G.: Away, boy!

Rod.: Even a boy
Can fight a coward who attacks old men.

Count G.: You challenge me? Child! Put that long sword down.
You are too young to carry arms. The man
Who fought with you would be a murderer;
You are too young.

Rod.: Won't you disarm me then,
As you disarmed my father? (*attacking him furiously*) Come, now come!
Glory of Spain, and terror of the Moors,
Teach me that lesson in the art of fence
You taught my father! What! Do you give way?

Count G. (*staggering under the fierce and sudden attack*): Well done, boy! you are brave as well as bold,
And in your swordsmanship you show a skill
Beyond all expectation. I repent
Of breaking your engagement with Chimène,
For you are worthy of my daughter's hand.
In a few years, when my strong arm grows weak,
You will become the champion of Spain.
Rod.: Will that wipe from my father's bowed white head [shame
The blood that you have shed there, and the
And infamy of that foul blow you struck?

[*He attacks him again with still wilder fury, hives him against the wall, and kills him.*]

Second Act

[**Elvira** *has come to comfort* **Chimene** *as she is sadly waiting in the hall of* **Count Gomez's** *mansion.* **Roderic** *enters.*]

ELVIRA: Roderic, what have you done? What!
Do you seek [grief.
Here, in the house that you have filled with
A refuge from the anger of the king?
Fly for your life! Who will now guard Seville
Against the Moorish power? Fly for your life;
Chimène is coming: she has seen the king,
And prayed him to avenge her.
Roderic: If Chimène
Seeks an avenger of her father's blood,
I, Roderic, her lover and her friend,
Will kill the man. She need not ask the king.
Elv.: Chimène is not alone. Your crime has [given
Don Sancho, your old rival, hope again
Oh, hide yourself, Don Roderic! Here he comes.
[**Chimene** *enters with* **Don Sancho**
Don Sancho: Chimène! My heart, my life, my sword are yours.
If you will use them, he shall die to-night!
Chimene: I am unhappy! Oh, I am unhappy!
Don S.: Let me avenge you
Chim.: No. Not yet. Our king
Has promised to do justice. I must wait
Don S.: Ah! Justice walks with slow and doubtful step,
And, being blind, she cannot always see
Felons that hold high places at the court. [you.
The sword is swift and sure. Let me avenge
Chim.: No, I must wait; but, if the king should fail,
Don Sancho, I will turn to you for aid.
Don S.: I thank you, madam. I am well content. [*He departs.*
Chim.: I love him still, Elvira; if he dies I shall not live.
Elv.: So you will pardon him? [murderer?
Chim.: Pardon him? What! My father's
Never! Have I no honour? Would a slave
Open her arms unto a man who came
Drenched in her father's blood?
Elv.: What will you do? [with him.
Chim.: Pursue him, kill him, and then die
Rod. (*springing from behind the curtain*): **There is no need to hound me down. I come Prepared to die.**
Chim.: Roderic in my house?
Elvira, is it Roderic? My heart breaks.
[*She falls to the ground in a swoon; when she recovers,* **Roderic** *is bending over her.*]
Chim.: Go; let me die in peace.
Rod.: No, kill me first
Here is my sword.
Chim. (*staggering to her feet*): Wet with my father's blood!
For God's sake hide it, hide the dreadful thing
Rod.: If that which I have done were still to do,
I still would do it, for I could not live
And see my father go down to the grave
Dishonoured and despised and unavenged.
But now that I have paid the debt I owe
To him that gave me life, I am prepared
To pay my debt to you, who gave me love
Let no one come between us. Here I stand
Ready to fall upon my sword, and die.
Oh, my Chimène, under your angry eyes
Chim.: No, no! I do not hate you
Rod.: I must die!
Do you not fear dishonour more than death
Can you not hear the whisper of scandalous tongues?
"He killed her father, but she lets him live;
That shows she loves him still." No! I must go
Chim.: I do not care who knows I love you still.
Ah, think not I forgive you, Roderic,
Because I will not let you kill yourself
Before my eyes. I wait for King Fernando
To judge you; and when judgement once is given,
I will not move a hand to stay its course.
Now go
Rod: Yes, to my death.
Chim.: Oh, Roderic!
In spite of all, I would not have you die
Rod.: Oh, miracle of love!
Chim.: Oh, height of grief!
Rod.: What sorrows have our fathers given us.
Chim.: Ah, who could have foreseen . . .
Rod.: Who could have dreamt . . .
Chim.: Our love would end like this . . .
Rod.: In mortal woe!
Chim.: Go, go! No more!
Rod.: Farewell, farewell, Chimène!
My life is in your hands; one thing I crave — Death!
Chim.: We shall be united in the grave
[**Roderic** *coldly departs, and* **Chimene** *falls to weeping.*]

Third Act

[*The faint chill light of dawn is coming through the windows of the hall of audience in* **King Fernando's** *palace, which is filled with armed men; a great shout goes up from them as the king enters with* **Roderic.**]

FERNANDO. Ah! how can I reward you, Roderic,
For this night's work? Nothing have I to give
Proportionate to your merit. At a blow

You have restored my falling power, and raised
Spain from the dust and trampled down her foes.
I heard your prisoners, the two Moorish kings,
Call you, with humble and admiring eyes,
Their 'Cid,' which in their language means their lord.
'The Cid' henceforward shall you be, a name
Terrible to every Moor, and prosperous
To every Christian warrior in Spain.

Rod. : My humble service, Sire, you over-prize ;
And I am fain to blush that my desert
Falls so far short such honour from your hand.
Full well I know my debt to your estate —
My very life-blood and the breath I draw ;
Were I to spend these in so high a cause
'Twere but a liegeman's duty : nothing more.

Fern. : Not everyone thus pledged to serve my cause
With equal courage doth his debt discharge.
Only when valour doth surpass itself
Doth it achieve success so marvellous.
Bear, then, with praise ; and now for our behoof
Set forth the whole tale of your victory.

Rod. : Your majesty hath been informed already
How at the moment of that pressing danger
That spread so dire a panic through the town
A company of friends, met at my father's,
Besought me while my soul was still disordered —
But, sire, I pray you pardon my presumption
In making use of them without your sanction.
The danger was immediate ; they were ready ;
To seek an audience meant to risk my head ;
And if I had to lose it I chose rather
To lay my life down fighting for my king.

Fern. : Illustrious son of an illustrious race,
The glory and the buttress of Castile,
By this night's prowess thou art made the peer
Of a long line of peerless warriors.

Rod. : Your praises, sir, fill me with grief and shame.
It was not victory that I sought last night,
But death ; for I had lost Chimène, and lost
Your favour, and the people hated me
For slaying, when Seville was compassed round
With enemies, the Captain of Castile.

Fern. : Speak not of that ; all memory of your crime
Is washed away in Moorish blood. And now,
Tell me about the battle.

Rod. : When the fleet
Of Moorish ships was seen, and men began
Pouring along our streets in panic flight
I saw they wanted leading ; then my friends
Gathered around me, and we marched abreast,
Collecting fugitives, and at the port
We formed an army of three thousand men
Two thousand troops I had in ships ; the rest
Threw themselves flat upon the earth. No sound,
No light, no movement on the ships or shore,
Warned the invaders of our ambuscade ;
And, thinking to surprise a sleeping town,
They anchored silently, and trooped on land
In wild disorder. Like a thunder-bolt
Out of a calm, clear sky, we fell on them.
On land and river, aboard ship and ashore,
The carnage spread and red death rioted.
How many deeds of splendid heroism
Are lost to fame amidst the murk of darkness,
When each, sole witness of his own achievement,
Sees nothing of the ebb and flow of fortune !
Meantime I hurried here, there, everywhere
Doing my best to hearten up our men,
Bringing supports, steadying the front line,
Disposing the newcomers, ordering them forward.
Before they knew a battle had begun
They were defeated, broken, crushed ; their kings
Fell in our hands ; their ships drew off ; and dawn
Flamed on our river reddened with their blood.
So utter is their rout, they fail to note
If their two kings be with them in the ships,
Which with the ebb are borne away from us
Of the same tide whose flow did bring them in.
Meanwhile the two kings, with some faithful few
Of their best swordsmen courageously combat
Against all odds, and sell their lives right dear.
In vain I urged surrender ; sword in hand,
They deigned not e'en to listen ; but at last,
When all their soldiers lay around them dead,
And more defence was vain, they yielded swords,
And I straight sent them to your Majesty.
So, the fight ended, failing combatants.
'Tis thus, Sire, in your service. . . .

[*A* **Messenger** *enters.*

Messenger : Your Majesty, Chimène has come to ask
Your sentence on her father's murderer.

Fern. : Oh, how inopportunely she arrives !
It is yet not clear day ; she will not wait
An hour for her revenge. Go, Roderic,
And let me plead your cause.

[**Roderic** *goes out by a side door ;* **Chimene** *enters.*]

Chimene : Justice, O King !
Justice upon my father's murderer !

Fern. : There is no need to ask me now, Chimène,
For justice. Roderic is dead. He died
Fighting last night against the Moorish host.
Heaven has avenged you without mortal aid.
What ! you grow pale, Chimène ?

Don Diego : See, she is swooning ;
And therein, Sire, behold the power of love.
Grief hath bewrayed the secret of her soul ;
No longer is there question of her passion.

Chim. (*with a wild shriek*) : Oh, Heaven ! is Roderic dead ?

Fern. : Chimène, you love him, deny it not.
Your face,
Your speech, your movements show it. Roderic,
Our hero, and our glory and our chief,
Lives.

Chim. : One swoons for joy as well as sorrow, Sire ;
Excess of pleasure takes our strength away ;
And when it takes the soul thus by surprise
It overwhelms the senses.

Fern. : Would'st have us credit the impossible ?
Chimène, your grief was much too manifest.

Chim. : Alas, it has! It was not love,
But outraged honour and offended pride
That made me tremble and go pale to hear
The false news that you gave me. For I grieved
Don Roderic should escape from the base death
That he deserves, and on a battlefield
Gloriously end, and leave me unavenged.
Now, now I have him! Crowned with victory,
Famous, triumphant, and magnificent,
Worthy at last of being sacrificed
Unto the murdered champion of Spain!
I will not ask for justice any more
From you, O King Fernando! I appeal
Against you, to the chivalry of Spain.

[*She turns her wild eyes from the astonished* **King**, *and speaks to the crowd of armed men that surround him.*]

Vengeance! I ask for vengeance! Are you men?
Then out with all your swords, and help a maid
Outraged and friendless. On each one of you
I lay the obligation. Fight for me,
Fight against Roderic, and I will give
Myself in marriage to the man who brings
News of his death, and hands to me the sword
That killed my father.

Fern. : Hold! I will not let
This ancient custom of barbaric days,
To which Chimène appeals, now go unchanged.
To set a thousand men against one man,
Who killed his adversary in fair fight,
Is most unjust. The custom must be changed;
Chimène can have one champion if she will,
But only one.

Sancho (*springing forward*) : Chimène, will you accept
The sword I offered you last night?

Chim. : I will.

Fern. : Then call in Roderic. And now, Chimène,
Go home, and wait the issue of the fight.
Whoever wins, Sancho or Roderic,
Shall marry you, and I will come myself,
And bring the victor to his lovely prize.

Chim. : What! Must I wed my father's murderer
If he should slay my champion?

Fern. : Yes, you must,
For I am sure you love him still, Chimène.

[*She departs;* **Roderic** *enters, and the two rivals follow the* **King** *into the courtyard of the palace, where the duel is to take place.*]

Fourth Act

[*As* **Chimene** *is sitting in the hall of her mansion, waiting with intense anxiety,* **Don Sancho** *enters with a hesitating step, holding a naked sword by the point.*]

SANCHO : Madam, I come to lay at your fair feet
This sword . . .

Chimene : Wet with the blood of Roderic!
You murderous villain! Do you think I meant
To marry you? You! who have killed a man
I love to madness? Roderic, I come!
My father now is satisfied. My love,
One grave shall hold us, and all men shall know
The passion I have hidden

San. : You mistake . . .

Chim. : Go, go, I tell you, execrable wretch!
By what foul trick did you bring down a man
Who could have killed a hundred knights like you?
No, no! I will not listen. You vile assassin!
You, an avenger?

San. : (*trying in vain to seize the sword she is brandishing from his grasp*) : Oh, Chimène, Chimène!
Listen to me. You must not kill yourself
You are mistaken.

Chim. : Oh, oh! Roderic!
He will not let me come to you

[**King Fernando** *enters with* **Don Diego** *and other noble men. They are astonished and shocked to see* **Chimene** *bearing the sword.*]

Fern. (*snatching the sword*) : Chimène!
Have you gone mad?

Chim. : You call yourself a king?
Had you but done me justice, and exiled
The man I love more than I love my life
Roderic would now be living, and no man
Could say I let my love for him outweigh
My duty to my father.

San. : You mistake
Dear lady . . .

Chim. : No, I will not marry you,
Though the king order me

Fern. : I order you,
Chimène to wed the victor in the fight:
Since you confess you love him. Here he is.

[**Roderic** *enters.*

San. : Pardon me, O great Cid, but when I brought
My sword, to lay it at your lady's feet,
And tell her how you conquered me, and spared
My life, she would not listen, and she cried,
Thinking that you were dead, to kill herself.

Roderic (*throws himself at the feet of* **Chimene**) : Once more, Chimène, I offer you my life
No man shall come between us. If you need
A sword to slay your father's murderer,
My sword, as I have sworn, shall do the deed.
There is no arm now strong enough, save mine,
To kill the man. Speak, or he dies, Chimène!
But say sometimes of him you would not wed,
'Had he not loved me, he would not be dead.'

Chim. : Ah, Roderic, I have said too much, I fear,
Before these gentlemen, to gainsay it
I love you more than honour, duty, life,
And yet, how can I ever be your wife?

Fern. : Chimène, since you still hesitate between
Honour and love, the Cid shall honour you
Above all Spanish women: for your sake
War upon every Moor he now shall make,
And come back in a year, to claim your hand
With trains of captive kings of Moorish land.

CHARLES DICKENS

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

IN 1840 The Old Curiosity Shop was begun by Dickens in his new weekly publication called Master Humphrey's Clock, and its early chapters were written in the first person. But its author soon got rid of the impediments that pertained to 'Master Humphrey' and 'when the story was finished,' Dickens wrote, 'I caused the few sheets of Master Humphrey's Clock, which had been printed in connexion with it, to be cancelled.' The Old Curiosity Shop won a host of friends for the author, and Swinburne even declared Little Nell to be equal to any character in fiction. The child, with her grotesque and wild but not impossible companions took the hearts of all readers by storm. While the story was appearing, Tom Hood, then unknown to Dickens, wrote an ode to 'tenderly appreciative' of Little Nell,' and of all her shadowy kith and kin.' The immense and merited popularity of the book is shown by the universal acquaintance with Mrs. Jarley, and even by the common use of the phrase 'Codlin's the friend—not Short.'

I—Little Nell and Her Grandfather



THE shop was one of those receptacles for old and curious things which seem to crouch in odd corners of London. There were suits of mail standing like ghosts in armour, rusty weapons of various kinds, tapestry and strange furniture that might have been designed in dreams.

The haggard aspect of a little old man, with long grey hair, who stood within, was wonderfully suited to the place. Nothing in the whole collection looked older or more worn than he.

Confronting the old man was a young man of dissipated appearance, and high words were taking place.

"I tell you again I want to see my sister," said the younger man. "You can't change the relationship, you know. If you could, you'd have done it long ago. But as I may have to wait some time I'll call in a friend of mine, with your leave."

At this he brought in a companion of even more dissolute appearance than himself

"There, it's Dick Swiveller," said the young fellow, pushing him in

"But is the old man agreeable?" said Mr Swiveller in an undertone. "What is the odds so long as the fire of soul is kindled at the taper of conviviality, and the wing of friendship never moults a feather! But, only one little whisper, Fred—*is* the old man friendly?"

Mr. Swiveller then leaned back in his chair and relapsed into silence; only to break it by observing, "Gentlemen, how does the case stand? Here is a jolly old grandfather, and here is a wild young grandson. The jolly old grandfather says to the wild young grandson, 'I have brought you up and educated you, Fred; you have bolted a little out of the course, and you shall never have another chance.' The wild young grandson makes answer, 'You're as rich as rich can be, why can't you stand a trifle for your grown-up relation?' Then the plain question is, ain't it a pity this state of things should continue, and how much better it would be for the old gentleman to hand over a reasonable amount of tin, and make it all right and comfortable?"

"Why do you persecute me?" said the old man, turning to his grandson. "Why do you bring your profligate companions here? I am poor. You have chosen your own path, follow it. Leave Nell and me to toil and work."

"Nell will be a woman soon," returned the other. "she'll forget her brother unless he shows himself sometimes."

The door opened and the child herself appeared, followed by an elderly man so low in stature as to be quite a dwarf, though his head and face were large enough for the body of a giant.

Mr. Swiveller turned to the dwarf and, stooping down, whispered in his ear, "The watchword to the old man is—fork."

"Is what?" demanded Quilp, for that—Daniel Quilp—was the dwarf's name.

"Is fork, sir, fork," replied Mr. Swiveller, slapping his pocket. "You are awake, sir?"

The dwarf nodded; the grandson, having announced his intention of repeating his visit, left the house, accompanied by his friend.

"So much for dear relations," said Quilp, with a sour look. He put his hand into his breast, and pulled out a bag. "Here, I brought it myself, as, being in gold, it was too large and heavy for Nell to carry. I would I knew in what investment all these supplies are sunk. But you are deep, and keep your secret close."

"My secret!" said the old man, with a haggard look. "Yes, you're right—I keep it close—very close."

He said no more, but, taking the money, locked it in an iron safe.

That night, as on many a night previous, Nell's grandfather went out, leaving the child in the strange house alone, to return in the early morning.

Quilp, to whom the old man had again applied for money, learnt of these expeditions, and sent no answer, but came in person to the old curiosity shop.

The old man was feverish and excited as he impatiently addressed the dwarf.

"Have you brought me any money?"

"No," returned Quilp.

"Then," said the old man, clenching his hands, "the child and I are lost. No recompense for the time and money lost!"

"Neighbour," said Quilp, "you have no secret from me now. I know that all those sums of money you have had from me have found their way to the gaming table."

"I never played for gain of mine, or love of play," cried the old man fiercely. "My winnings would have been bestowed to the last farthing on a young sinless child, whose life they would have sweetened and made happy. But I never won."

"Dear me!" said Quilp. "The last advance was £70, and it went in one night. And so it comes to pass that I hold every security you could scrape together, and a bill of sale upon the stock and property."

So saying, he nodded, deaf to all entreaties for further loans, and left.

The house was no longer theirs. Mr. Quilp came to stay; the goods were sold. A day was fixed for their removal.

"Grandfather, let us begone from this place," said little Nell; "let us wander barefoot through the world, rather than linger here."

"We will," answered the old man. "We will travel afoot through the fields and woods, and by the side of rivers and trust ourselves to God. Thou and I together, Nell, may be cheerful and happy yet, and learn to forget this time, as if it had never been."

II—Messrs. Codlin and Short

THE sun was setting when little Nell and her grandfather, who had been wandering many days, reached the wicket gate of a country churchyard.

Two men were seated in easy attitudes on the grass by the church—two men of the class of itinerant showmen, exhibitors of the freaks of Punch—and they had come there to make needful repairs in the stage arrangements, for one was engaged in binding together a small gallows with thread, while the other was fixing a new black wig upon the head of a puppet.

"Are you going to show 'em to-night? Are you?" said the old man.

"That's the intention, guvernor, and unless I'm much mistaken, my partner, Tommy Codlin, is a-calculating at this minute what we've lost through your coming upon us. Cheer up, Tommy, it can't be much."

To this Mr. Codlin replied in a surly, grumbling manner, "I don't care if we haven't lost a farden, but you're too free. If you stood in front of the curtain, and see the public's faces as I do, you'd know human natur' better."

"Ah! it's been the spoiling of you, Tommy, your taking to that branch," rejoined his companion. "When you played the ghost in the reg'lar drama in the fairs, you believed in everything except ghosts. But now you're a universal mistruster."

"Never mind," said Mr. Codlin, with the air of a discontented philosopher; "I know better now, and p'r'aps I'm sorry for it. Look here, here's all this Judy's clothes falling to pieces again."



LITTLE NELL AND HER GRANDFATHER

From the painting by S. Hall, Esq., R.A., in the Victoria Gallery.

The child, seeing they were at a loss for a needle and thread, timidly proposed to mend it for them, and even Mr. Codlin had nothing to urge against a proposal so reasonable.

"If you're wanting a place to stop at," said Short, "I advise you to take up at the same house with us. That's it, the long, low, white house there. It's very cheap."

The public-house was kept by a fat old landlord and landlady, who made no objection to receiving their new guests, but praised Nelly's beauty and were at once prepossessed in her behalf.

"We're going on to the races," said Short next morning to the two travellers. "If that's your way, and you'd like to have us for company, let us go together. If you prefer going alone, only say the word, and we shan't trouble you."

"We'll go with you," said the old man. "Nell—with them, with them."

They stopped that night at an ancient roadside inn called The Jolly Sandboys and, supper being in preparation, Nelly and her grandfather had not long taken their seats by the kitchen fire before they fell asleep.

"Who are they?" whispered the landlord.

"No good, I suppose," said Mr. Codlin.

"They're no harm," said Short, "depend upon that. It's very plain, besides, that they're not used to this way of life. Don't tell me that handsome child has been in the habit of prowling about as she's done these last two or three days. I know better. The old man ain't in his right mind. Haven't you noticed how anxious he is always to get on further away—further away? Mind what I say, he has given his friends the slip, and persuaded this delicate young creatur all along of her fondness for him to be his guide—where to, he knows no more than the man in the moon. I'm not a going to stand that."

"*You're* not a going to stand that!" cried Mr. Codlin, glancing at the clock and counting the minutes to supper time.

"I," repeated Short, emphatically and slowly, "am not a going to stand it. I am not a going to see this fair young child a-falling into bad hands. Therefore, when they develop an intention of parting company from us, I shall take measures for detaining of 'em and restoring 'em to their friends who, I dare say, have had their disconsolation pasted up on every wall in London by this time."

"Short," said Mr. Codlin, looking up with eager eyes, "it's possible there may be uncommon good sense in what you've said. If there should be a reward, Short, remember that we're partners in everything!"

Before Nell retired to rest in her poor garret she was a little startled by the

appearance of Mr. Thomas Codlin at her door.

"Nothing's the matter, my dear; only I'm your friend. Perhaps you haven't thought so, but it's me that's your friend—not him. I'm the real, open-hearted man. Short's very well, and seems kind, but he overdoes it. Now, I don't."

The child was puzzled, and could not tell what to say.

"Take my advice, as long as you travel with us, keep as near me as you can. Recollect the friend. Codlin's the friend, not Short. Short's very well as far as he goes, but the real friend is Codlin—not Short."

III—Jarley's Waxwork

CODLIN and Short stuck so close to Nell and her grandfather that the child grew frightened, especially at the unwonted attentions of Mr. Thomas Codlin. The bustle of the racecourse enabled them to escape, and once more the travellers were alone.

It was a few days later when, as the afternoon was wearing away, they came upon a caravan drawn up by the roadside. It was a smart little house upon wheels, not a gipsy caravan, for at the open door sat a Christian lady, stout and comfortable, taking her tea upon a drum covered with a white napkin.

"Hey!" cried the lady of the caravan, seeing the old man and the child walking slowly by. "Yes, to be sure, I saw you there with my own eyes! And very sorry I was to see you in company with a Punch; a low, practical, vulgar wretch that people should scorn to look at."

"I was not there by choice," returned the child. "We didn't know our way, and the two men were kind to us and let us travel with them. Do you know them?"

"Know 'em, child! Know *them!* But you're young and inexperienced. Do I look as if I knowed 'em? Does the caravan look as it *it* knowed 'em?"

"No, ma'am, no. I beg your pardon."

It was granted immediately. And then the lady of the caravan, finding the travellers were hungry, handed them a tea-tray with bread-and-butter and a knuckle of ham; and finding they were tired, took them into the caravan, which was bound for the nearest town, some eight miles off.

As the caravan moved slowly along, its owner began to talk to Nell, and presently pulled out a large roll of canvas. "There, child," she said, "read that!"

Nell read aloud the inscription, JARLEY'S WAXWORK.

"That's me!" said the lady complacently.

"I never saw any waxwork, ma'am," said Nell. "Is it funnier than Punch?"

"Funnier!" said Mrs. Jarley, in a shrill voice. "It is not funny at all. It's calm and—what's that word—critical? No—classical, that's it—it's calm and classical."

In the course of the journey Mrs. Jarley was so taken with the child that she proposed to engage her, and as Nell resolutely refused to be separated from her grandfather, he was included in the agreement.

"What I want your grand-daughter for," said Mrs. Jarley, "is to point 'em out to the company, for she has a way with her that people wouldn't think unpleasant. It's not a common offer, bear in mind; it's Jarley's Waxwork. The duty's very light and genteel, the exhibition takes place in assembly rooms or town halls. There is none of your open-air waggancy at Jarley's, remember. And the price of admission is only sixpence."

"We are very much obliged to you, ma'am," said Nell, "and thankfully accept your offer."

"And you'll never be sorry for it," returned Mrs. Jarley. "So, as that's all settled, let us have a bit of supper."

THE next morning, the caravan having arrived at the town, and the waxworks having been unpacked in the town hall, Mrs. Jarley sat down in an armchair and began to instruct Nell in her duty.

"That," said Mrs. Jarley in her exhibition tone, "is an unfortunate maid of honour in the time of Queen Elizabeth, who died from pricking her finger in consequence of working on a Sunday. Observe the blood which is trickling from her finger, also the gold-eyed needle of the period, with which she is at work."

But the child noticed that her grandfather grew more and more listless and vacant, and soon a greater sorrow was to come. The gambling passion revived in her grandfather. He saw men playing cards and, allowed to join them, lost. The next night he went off alone and Nell, finding him gone, followed. Her grandfather was with the card-players near an encampment of gipsies, and, to her horror, he promised to bring more money.

Flight was now the only thing possible, before her grandfather should steal. How *else could* he get the money?

IV—Beyond the Pale

Flight by water! For two days they travelled on a barge, Nell sitting with her grandfather in the boat. Rugged and noisy fellows were the bargemen, and quite brutal among themselves, though civil enough to their passengers. The barge floated into the wharf to which it belonged; and now came flight by land through a strange, unfriendly town.

A man, miserably clad and begrimed with smoke, found them here and, learning they were homeless, promised them shelter by the fire of a great furnace.

A dark and blackened region was this they were in. On every side tall chimneys poured out their plague of smoke, and at night the smoke was changed to fire, and chimneys spurted flame. Struggling vegetation sickened and sank under the hot breath of kiln and furnace. The people — men, women and children — wan in their looks and ragged in their attire, tended the engines, or scowled, half naked, from the doorless houses.

That night Nell and her grandfather lay down with nothing between them and the sky. A penny loaf was all they had had that day, and they were weak and spent.

With morning she was weaker still, and a loathing of food prevented her sharing the loaf bought with their last penny. Still she dragged her weary feet on, and only at the very end of the town fell senseless to the ground.

Once in their earlier wanderings they had made friends with a village schoolmaster, and now, when all hope seemed gone, it was this schoolmaster who brought the travellers into a peaceful haven. For it was he who passed along when little Nell fell fainting to the ground, and it was he who carried her into a small inn. A day's rest brought some recovery to the child and in the evening she was able to sit up.

"I have made my fortune since I saw you last," said the schoolmaster. "I have been appointed clerk and schoolmaster to a village a long way from here at five-and thirty pounds a year."

Then the schoolmaster insisted they must come with him, and make the journey by waggons.

They agreed to go, and when the village was reached the efforts of the good schoolmaster procured a post for Nell. Someone was wanted to keep the keys of the church and show it to strangers, and the old clergyman yielded to the schoolmaster.

"But an old church is a dull and gloomy place for one so young as you, my child," said the old clergyman, laying his hand upon her head and smiling sadly. "I would rather see her dancing on the green at nights than have her sitting in the shadow of our mouldering arches."

It was very peaceful in the old church, and the village children soon grew to love little Nell. At last Nell and her grandfather were beyond the need of flight.

But the child's strength was failing, and in the winter came her death. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. The traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues were gone. She had died with her arms round her grandfather's neck and "God bless you!" on her lips.

The old man never realized that she was dead. "She is asleep," he said. "She will come to morrow."

And thenceforth every day, and all day long, he waited at her grave. And people would hear him whisper, "Lord, let her come to morrow."

The last time was on a spring day. He did not return and they sought him and found him dead on the stone.

They laid him by the side of her whom he had loved so well; and in the church where they had often lingered hand in hand the child and the old man slept together.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE

NARRATIVE OF TRAVELS ON THE AMAZON AND RIO NEGRO

IN the company of Henry Walter Bates, the famous naturalist, explorer and writer, Alfred Russel Wallace spent four years from 1848 to 1852 in the romantic regions of the Amazon basin in South America. His next voyage of exploration took him to the Malay islands where he remained some eight years, making and documenting valuable collections of geological specimens. He had by this time parted company with Bates, and each of the explorers published their accounts of the Amazon expedition separately. Wallace's Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro was first published in 1853, after an eventful voyage to England from South America, during which the ship was burnt and all the explorer's collections were lost, save those sent in advance. Palm Trees of the Amazon, a smaller work, was also a result of this expedition. It is by permission of Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd., who publish Alfred Russel Wallace's famous books in various forms, that this epitome is included in *The World's Great Books*

I—The Mouth of the Mighty River



IT was on the morning of May 26, 1848, that, after a short passage of twenty-nine days from Liverpool, we came to anchor opposite the southern entrance to the River Amazon, and obtained a first view of South America. In the afternoon the pilot came on board, and the next morning we sailed with a fair wind up the river, which for fifty miles could only be distinguished from the ocean by its calmness and discoloured water, the northern shore being invisible, and the southern at a distance of ten or twelve miles.

Early on the morning of the 28th we again anchored; and when the sun arose in a cloudless sky the city of Pará, surrounded by a dense forest and overtopped by palms and plantains, greeted our sight, appearing doubly beautiful from the presence of those luxuriant tropical productions in a state of nature which we had so often admired in the conservatories of Kew and Chatsworth.

The canoes passing with their motley crews of negroes and Indians, the vultures soaring overhead or walking lazily on the beach, and the crowds of swallows on the churches and housetops, all served to occupy our attention till the custom-house officers visited us and we were allowed to go on shore.

Pará contains about 15,000 inhabitants and does not occupy a great extent of ground, yet it is the largest city on the greatest river in the world, the Amazon, and is the capital of a province equal in extent to all Western Europe. We proceeded to the house of the consignee of our vessel, Mr. Miller, by whom we were most kindly received and accommodated in his suburban villa.

We hired an old negro man named Isidora for a cook, and regularly commenced housekeeping, learning Portuguese and investigating the natural productions of the country. Having arrived at Pará at the end of the wet season, we did not at first see all the glories of the vegetation. The beauty of the palm trees can scarcely be too highly drawn. In the forest a few miles out of the town trees of enormous height, of various species, rise on every side. Climbing and parasitic plants, with large shining leaves, run up the trunks, while others, with fantastic stems, hang like ropes and cables from their summits.

Most striking of all are the passion-flowers, purple, scarlet, or pale pink; the purple ones have an exquisite perfume, and they all produce an agreeable fruit, the grenadilla of the West Indies. The immense number of orange trees about the city is an interesting feature, and renders that delicious fruit always abundant and cheap. The mango is also abundant, and on every roadside the coffee tree is seen growing, generally with flower or fruit, often with both.

Turning our attention to the world of animal life, the lizards first attract notice, for they abound everywhere, running along walls and palings, sunning themselves on logs of wood, or creeping up the eaves of the lower houses. The ants cannot fail to be noticed. At meals they make themselves at home on the table cloth, in your plate, and in the sugar basin.

At first we employed ourselves principally in collecting insects, and in about three weeks I and Mr. B. had captured upwards of 150 species of butterflies. The species seemed inexhaustible and the exquisite colouring and variety of marking is wonderful.

On the morning of June 23 we started early to walk to the rice mills and woodyard at Magoary, which we had been invited to visit by the proprietor, Mr. Upton, and the manager, Mr. Leavens, both American gentlemen. At about two miles from the city we entered the virgin forest, where we saw giant trees covered to the summit with parasites upon parasites. The herbage consisted for the most part of ferns. At the wood mill, we saw the different kinds of timber used, both in logs and boards.

During our stay at the mills for several days, to me the greatest treat was making my first acquaintance with the monkeys. One morning, when walking alone in the forest, I heard a rustling of the leaves and branches. Looking up, I saw a large monkey staring down at me and seeming as much astonished as I was myself. He speedily retreated. The next day, being out with Mr. Leavens near the same place, we heard a similar sound, and it soon became evident that a whole troop of monkeys was approaching.

We hid ourselves under some trees and, with guns cocked, awaited their coming. Presently we caught sight of them skipping from tree to tree with the greatest ease, and at last one approached too near for its safety, for Mr. Leavens fired and it fell. Having often heard how good monkey was, I took it home and had it cut up and fried for breakfast. There was about as much of it as a fowl, and the meat something resembled rabbit, without any peculiar or unpleasant flavour.

II—Voyaging in Canoes

On the afternoon of August 20 we left Pará for the Tocantins. Mr. Leavens had undertaken to arrange all the details of the voyage. He had hired one of the roughly made but convenient country canoes, having a tolda, or palm thatched roof, like a gipsy's tent, over the stern, which formed our cabin. The canoe had two masts and fore and aft sails, and was about 24 feet long and 8 feet wide.

Besides our guns, ammunition and boxes for our collections, we had a stock of provisions for three months. Our crew consisted of old Isidora, as cook; Alexander, an Indian from the mills, who was named captain; Domingo, who had been up the river and was therefore to be our pilot; and Antonio, our Indian boy.

Soon after leaving the city night came on and, the tide running against us, we had to anchor. We were up at five the next morning, and found that we were in the Mojú, up which our way lay, and which enters the Pará river from the south. We breakfasted on board, and about two in the afternoon reached Jighery, a very pretty spot, with steep grassy banks, cocoa and other palms, and oranges in profusion. Here we stayed for the tide, and I and Mr. B. went in search of insects, which we found to be rather abundant, and immediately took two species of butterflies we had never seen at Pará.

In the evening the scene was lovely. The groups of elegant palms, the large cotton trees, relieved against the golden sky, the negro houses surrounded with orange and mango trees, the grassy bank, the noble river and the background of eternal forest, all softened by the mellowed light of the magical half-hour after sunset, formed a picture indescribably beautiful.

Returning to Pará, we remained there till November 3, when we left for the island of Mexiana, situated in the main stream of the Amazon, between the great island of Marajó and the northern shore. We had to go down the Pará river and round the eastern point of Marajó, where we were quite exposed to the ocean; and, though most of the time in fresh water, I was very seasick all four days of the voyage.

The island of Mexiana is about twenty-five miles long by twelve broad, of a regular oval shape, and is situated exactly on the equator. It is celebrated for its birds, alligators and onças, and is used as a cattle estate by the proprietor. The alligators abound in a lake in the centre of the island, where they are killed in great numbers for their fat, which is made into oil.

Light-coloured, long-tailed cuckoos were continually flying about. Equally abundant are the hornbill cuckoos, and on almost every tree may be seen sitting a hawk or a buzzard. Pretty parroquets were very plentiful. Then among the bushes there were flocks of the red breasted oriole. The common black vulture is generally to be seen sailing overhead, and great Muscovy ducks fly past with a rushing sound, offering a striking contrast to the great wood ibis, which sails along with noiseless wings in flocks of ten or a dozen.

III—Up the Grand Stream

We now prepared for our voyage up the Amazon; and, from information we obtained of the country, determined first to go as far as Santarem, a town about five hundred miles up the river, and the seat of considerable trade. We sailed up a fine stream till we entered among islands, and soon got into the narrow channel communicating between the Pará and Amazon rivers.

We proceeded for several days in those narrow channels, which form a network of water, a labyrinth quite unknown, except to the inhabitants of the district. It was about ten days after we left Pará that the stream began to widen out and the tide to flow into the Amazon instead of into the Pará river, giving us a longer ebb.

In about two days more we were in the Amazon itself, and it was with emotions of admiration and awe that we gazed upon the stream of this mighty and far-famed river. What a grand idea it was to think that we now saw the accumulated waters of a course of 3,000 miles! Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Brazil, six mighty states, spreading over a country far larger than Europe, had each contributed to form the flood which bore us so peacefully on its bosom.

The most striking features of the Amazon are its vast expanse of smooth water, generally from three to six miles wide; its pale, yellowish olive colour; the great beds of aquatic grass which line its shores, large masses of which are often detached and form floating islands; the quantity of fruits and leaves and great trunks of trees which it carries down, and its level banks clad with unbroken forest.

There is much animation, too, on this giant stream. Numerous flocks of parrots, and the great red and yellow macaws, fly across every morning and evening uttering their hoarse cries. Many kinds of herons and rails frequent the marshes on its banks; but perhaps the most characteristic birds of the Amazon are the gulls and terns, which are in great abundance. Besides these there are divers and darters in immense numbers. Porpoises are constantly blowing in every direction, and alligators are often seen slowly swimming across the river.

At length, after a prolonged voyage of twenty-eight days, we reached Santarem, at the mouth of the river Tapajoz, whose blue, transparent waters formed a most pleasing contrast to the turbid stream of the Amazon. We stayed at Santarem during September, October and November, working hard till three in the afternoon each day, generally collecting some new and interesting insects in the forest.

The constant exercise, pure air and good living, notwithstanding the intense heat, kept us in the most perfect health, and I have never enjoyed myself so much.

On December 31, 1850, we arrived at the city of Barra on the Rio Negro. It is situated on the east bank of that tributary, about twelve miles above its junction with the Amazon. The trade is chiefly in Brazil nuts, sarsaparilla and fish. The distance up the Amazon from Pará to Barra is about 1,000 miles. The voyage often occupies from two to three months.

The Rio Negro well deserves its name —'inky black.' For its waters, where deep, are of intense blackness. There are striking differences between this river and the Amazon. Here are no islands of floating grass, no logs and uprooted trees, with their cargoes of gulls, scarcely any

stream, and few signs of life in the black and sluggish waters. Yet when there is a storm there are greater and more dangerous waves than on the Amazon. At Barra the Rio Negro is a mile and a half wide. A few miles up it widens considerably, in many places forming deep bays eight or ten miles across.

The river Uaupes is a tributary of the Upper Rio Negro, and a voyage up this stream brought us into singular regions. Our canoe was worked by Indians. In one of the Indian villages we witnessed a grand snake dance. The dancers were entirely unclad, but were painted in all kinds of curious designs, and the male performers wear on the top of the head a fine broad plume of the tail coverts of the white egret. The Indians keep these noble birds in great open houses or cages; but as the birds are rare, and the young with difficulty secured, the ornament is one that few possess. Cords of monkeys' hair, decorated with small feathers, hang down the back, and in the ears are the little downy plumes, forming altogether a most imposing and elegant headdress.

The paint with which both men and women decorate their bodies has a very neat effect and gives them almost the aspect of being dressed, and as such they seem to regard it. The dancers had made two huge artificial snakes of twigs and bunches bound together, from thirty to forty feet long and a foot in diameter, painted a bright red colour. This made altogether a very formidable-looking animal. They divided themselves into two parties of about a dozen each, and, lifting the snake on their shoulders, began dancing.

In another village I first saw and heard the 'juripari,' or devil-music, of the Indians. One evening there was a drinking-feast; and a little before dusk a sound as of trombones and bassoons was heard coming on the river towards the village, and presently appeared eight Indians, each playing on a great bassoon-looking instrument, made of bark spirally twisted and with a mouthpiece of leaves. The sound produced is wild and pleasing.

The players waved their instruments about in a singular manner, accompanied by corresponding contortions of the body. From the moment the music was first heard not a female, old or young, was to be seen; for it is one of the strangest superstitions of the Uaupes Indians that they consider it so dangerous for a woman ever to see one of these instruments that having done so is punished with death, generally by poison.

Even should the view be perfectly accidental, or should there be only a suspicion that the proscribed articles have been seen, no mercy is shown; and it is said that fathers have been the executioners of their own daughters, and husbands of their wives, when such has been the case.

IV—The World's Greatest River Basin

The basin of the Amazon surpasses in dimensions that of any other river in the world. It is entirely situated in the tropics, on both sides of the equator, and receives over its whole extent the most abundant rains. The body of fresh water emptied by it into the ocean is therefore far greater than that of any other river. For richness of vegetable productions and universal fertility of soil it is unequalled on the globe.

The forests of the Amazon are distinguished from those of most other countries by the great variety of species of trees composing them. Instead of extensive tracts covered with pines, or oaks, or beeches, we scarcely ever see two individuals of the same species together.

Comparing the accounts given by other travellers with my own observations, the Indians of the Amazon valley appear to be much superior, both physically and intellectually, to those of South Brazil and of most other parts of South America. They more closely resemble the intelligent and noble races inhabiting the western prairies of North America.

I do not remember a single circumstance in my travels so striking and so new, or that so well fulfilled all previous expectations, as my first view of the real uncivilized inhabitants of the Uaupes. It made me feel that I was in the midst of something new and startling, as if I had been instantaneously transported to an unknown country.

The Indians of the Amazon and its tributaries are of a countless variety of tribes and nations; all of whom have peculiar languages and customs, and many of them some distinct characteristics. In many individuals, of both sexes, the most perfect regularity of features exists, and there are numbers who in colour alone differ from a good-looking European.

Their figures are generally superb, and I have never felt so much pleasure in gazing at the finest statue as at these living illustrations of the beauty of the human form. Among the tribes of the Uaupes the men have the hair carefully parted and combed on each side, and tied in a queue behind. In the young men it hangs in long locks down their necks and, with the comb which is invariably carried stuck in the top of the head, gives to them a most feminine appearance. This is increased by the large necklaces and bracelets of beads and the extirpation of every symptom of beard.

Taking these circumstances into consideration, I am strongly of opinion that the story of the Amazons has arisen from these feminine looking warriors encountered by the early voyagers. I am inclined to this opinion from the effect they first produced on myself, when it was only by close examination I saw they were men.

I cannot make out that these Indians of the Amazon have any belief that can be called a religion. They appear to have no definite idea of a God. If asked who made the rivers and the forests and the sky they will reply that they do not know, or sometimes that they suppose it was 'Tupanan,' a word that appears to answer to God, but of which they understand nothing. They have much more definite ideas of a bad spirit, 'Jurupari,' or devil, whom they fear, and endeavour through their 'pagés,' or sorcerers, to propitiate.

When it thunders they say that the 'Jurupari' is angry, and their idea of natural death is that the 'Jurupari' kills them. At an eclipse they believe that this bad spirit is killing the moon, and they make all the noise they can to drive him away.

One of the singular facts connected with these Indians of the Amazon valley is the resemblance between some of their customs and those of the nations most remote from



ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, [illegible]

them. The gravatana, or blowpipe, reappears in the sumpitan of Borneo; the great houses of the Uaupes closely resemble those of the Dayaks of the same country; while many small baskets and bamboo boxes from Borneo and New Guinea are so similar in their form and construction to those of the Amazon that they would be supposed to belong to adjoining tribes.

The main feature in the personal character of the Indians of this part of South America is a degree of diffidence, bashfulness, or coldness which affects all their actions. It is this that produces their quiet deliberation, their circuitous way of introducing a subject they have come to speak about, talking half an hour on different topics before mentioning it. Owing to this feeling, they will run away if displeased rather than complain, and will never refuse to undertake what is asked them, even when they are unable or do not intend to perform it. They scarcely ever quarrel, but work hard, and submit willingly to authority. They are ingenious and skilful workmen, and readily adopt any customs of civilized life introduced by strangers among them.

England's Greatest Comedy of Manners

WILLIAM CONGREVE

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

IN 1698, Jeremy Collier, a clergyman of the high church school, published an attack on the playwrights of the day, in which the work of Congreve was severely handled. Congreve had undoubtedly laid himself open to reproof, but instead of taking it in good part, he wrote another play, The Way of the World, which failed. Congreve told his audience that they need not take the trouble to disapprove, as he had no further intention of writing for the stage. In truth, he anticipated no 'popular' success for the play, knowing that it was unsuited to the prevailing taste. In time the play had more success, but Congreve's determination to abandon play writing was final. The Way of the World, however, is as brilliant a work as anything Congreve ever did, and its lasting merit is amply manifested in the many revivals it has had among these notably that of Nigel Playfair for the Lyric Theatre at Hammersmith in 1924. An edition of Congreve's plays is published by T. Fisher Unwin.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Edward Mirabell	**Mrs. Fainall**, her daughter
Waitwell, his servant	**Millamant**, her niece and ward
Sir Wilfull Witwood	**Foible**, her maid
Fainall	**A Maid**
Lady Wishfort	

First Act

[**Edward Mirabell**, *a man of wit and fashion, has brought his friend,* **Mrs. Fainall**, *to Rosamond's Pond in St James's Park for a quiet talk. It is not a place one generally chooses for this purpose at noon on a summer's day, but* **Mirabell** *is in love with* **Millamant** *the brilliant niece and ward of* **Mrs. Fainall's** *mother,* **Lady Wishfort**, *and* **Millamant** *follows the fashion, and comes at this time every day to the park to talk the air.*



MRS FAINALL: So, to conceal your love for Millamant, you paid sham addresses to my mother! And you thought by that to win her consent to the match! Now you have been found out, my mother will never receive you.

Mirabell: I called on Lady Wishfort yesterday. She broke out into one of her long invectives and Millamant took her side.

Mrs. Fain.: But you don't resent what Millamant said, surely? She only spoke in compliance with my mother's angry whim. Half her fortune you must remember, depends on her marrying with my mother's approbation.

Mir.: I know that. That is why I began those unfortunate advances to Lady Wishfort.

Mrs. Fain.: She talked last night of endeavouring a match between Millamant and your uncle, Sir Rowland.

Mir.: Ha! So the plot works. What would you say, my dear friend, if Sir Rowland turned his attention from the niece, and paid his addresses to the aunt?

Mrs. Fain.: What new mischief are you at?

Mir.: I shall transform my servant Waitwell into a rich and amorous uncle. As you see, I have invented his name, Sir Rowland, and your mother has already got to hear of him.

Mrs. Fain.: I can guess whom you made use of. My mother's maid, Foible. So you have won her to your interest.

Mir.: She is won and worn by this time. They were married this morning. I would not tempt Waitwell to betray me by trusting him too far. If your mother, in hopes to ruin me, should consent to marry my uncle, he might stand upon terms. So I made him sure beforehand.

Mrs. Fain.: I believe my poor mother will do anything to get a husband, but when she has got the one you are providing for her, she will submit to anything to be rid of him.

Mir.: Yes, I think the good lady would marry anything that resembled a man, and if Waitwell can catch her in a contract, I will release her on her giving her consent to my marriage with Millamant.

Mrs. Fain.: Here is your lady.

[*Enter* **Millamant** *and others.*

Millamant: Mirabell, were you upset last night? Oh yes, and went away. Now I think of it I'm angry—no, I'm pleased—for I believe I gave you some pain.

Mir.: You pretend to a cruelty which is not in your nature; your true vanity is in the art of pleasing.

Mill.: I ask your pardon for that. When one parts with one's cruelty, one parts with one's power, and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly.

Mir.: Suffer your cruelty to ruin the object of your power, to destroy your lover—and then how vain, how lost a thing you'll be! Nay, 'tis true; you are no longer handsome when you've lost your lover; for beauty is the lover's gift. Flatter an ugly woman, and she will find

something beautiful in herself when she turns to her looking-glass, for the looking-glass reflects our praises rather than your face.

Mill. : Oh, the vanity of these men! If they did not praise us, none of us would be beautiful.

Mir. : You had the tyranny to deny me last night, though you knew I came to impart a secret to you that concerned my love. And you are always surrounded by a herd of fools.

Mill. : Mirabell, if you persist in this offensive freedom, you'll displease me. I think I must resolve not to have you. No, I won't have you, Mirabell—you may go. Ha, ha, ha! What would you give to help loving me?

Mir. : I would give something for you not to know I could not help it. A man may as soon make a fortune by his honesty as win a woman with plain dealing and sincerity. Can't you stay one minute?

Mill. : To hear you tell me Foible's married, and your plot like to speed? No!

Mir. : How came you to know it?

Mill. : When you've done thinking of me, think of that. [*She rushes out.*

Mir. : Think of you? To think of a whirlwind in the midst of a whirlwind were tranquillity compared with it. To know this, and yet continue to be in love, is to be mad wise from the dictates of reason, and still persevere in playing the fool by the force of instinct.

Second Act

[*A room in* **Lady Wishfort's** *house.* **Lady Wishfort** *is busy at her toilet, with a mixed volume on her.*]

Lady Wishfort : No news of Foible yet? Hang me, if I have not fretted myself till I am pale again. Fetch me the red—the red. Wench, why don't you fetch me the red?

Maid : Does your ladyship mean the red cherry brandy?

Lady Wish. : No, fool no! Paint, paint, red paint! Don't you understand, idiot? Why don't you move, you wooden thing on wires?

Maid : Your ladyship is so impatient! I cannot come at the paint. Mrs. Foible has locked it up and carried the key with her. Oh, here she is, your ladyship. [**Foible** *enters.*

Lady Wish. : Foible, where have you been? What have you done?

Foible : Nay, 'tis your ladyship has done, and are to do. I have only promised. A man so enamoured, so transported! Here is your miniature, all that is left of it—all that is not kissed away. Well, if worshipping of pictures be a sin, poor Sir Rowland!

Lady Wish. : The miniature is much like me. But look, Foible, haven't I disturbed my face?

Foi. : A little art once made your picture like you, and now a little of the same art must make you like your picture. Your picture must now sit for you, madam. I will get the paint.

Lady Wish. (*to* **Foible** *is making her up*): No, that's too scornful. You see the picture has a sort of swimmingness in the eye. That's how I'll look. Millamant has got it too. But her features are not good. Is Sir Rowland handsome? Remove my toilet—I'll dress above, and receive Sir Rowland here. Is he handsome? Don't answer me. I'll be taken by surprise.

Foi. : By storm, madam. Sir Rowland is a brisk man.

Lady Wish. : Is he? I'm glad I shall not have to make advances as I did to his wretched nephew, Mirabell. Oh, I would like to poison that wretch.

Foi. : Starve him, madam, starve him. Marry Sir Rowland and get him disinherited.

Lady Wish. : I'll be contracted to-night and married to-morrow. And, as for Mirabell, she shall at once be betrothed to my nephew, Sir Wilfull Witwood, who has come up from Shropshire this afternoon. Remove my toilet at once, good Foible.

[*She sits upright, and* **Mrs. Fainall** *enters the room without her seeing her. It is* **Fainall,** *who creeps behind her chair.*

Mrs. Fainall : Oh, Foible, I have been in a fright lest I should come too late! My rascal of a husband has seen me with Waitwell and Mirabell, and I fear he will tell Lady Wishfort.

Foi. : Tell what, madam?

Mrs. Fain. : Don't put on that strange face. I am in the plot, and know that Waitwell, whom you married this morning, is to personate Sir Rowland, and help Mirabell to win Millamant.

Foi. : Oh, dear madam, I beg your pardon! Now I can safely tell your ladyship our success. Your mother is so angry with Mirabell that she vows she'll be contracted to Sir Rowland to-night, and married to-morrow. I warrant I worked her up so that he may have her for the asking.

Mrs. Fain. : Oh, rare Foible! I'll come with you up the back stairs, lest I should meet my husband.

[*They go out, and* **Fainall** *comes forward from behind the chair.*

Fainall : So you want to avoid me? Now I have all the threads of the pretty plot in my hands. I shall involve you in such a scandal, madam, that your mother will be put to it to save your reputation as well as her own. Hang me if I don't get fortune at last! Who, else, did I marry you, I should like to know?

Third Act

[*It is evening now.* **Lady Wishfort** *is sitting impatiently up and down her dressing-room, and her woman,* **Foible,** *is dressing the head.*]

Lady Wishfort : Is everything in order for the reception of Sir Rowland?

Foible : Everything is ready, madam. Hark! There's the coach.

Lady Wish. : 'Tis Sir Rowland. Where is my nephew, Sir Wilfull Witwood, and where is my niece, Millamant? I must have them contracted to-night and married to-morrow, the same as Sir Rowland and I.

Foi. : Sir Wilfull has only just come, madam. He is drinking in the parlour, and Miss Millamant is up in her room.



WILLIAM CONGREVE was born in 1670, near Leeds, but was brought up in Ireland. It may be truly said of him that he was one of the most brilliant writers of comedy, and even Sheridan was his inferior in combining wit with force and trenchancy of intellect. At 25 when he had come to London he was generally recognized as the leading dramatist of the day, and Betterton offered him a share in his theatre on his promising to write a play each year. His best known works are The Old Bachelor, The Double Dealer, Love for Love, The Mourning Bride, and The Way of the World. Congreve died in 1729. This portrait, by Kneller, is in the National Portrait Gallery

Lady Wish. : I must bring them together at once. Call her down, Foible, and I'll go and send Sir Wilfull in. Then, while he is paying his addresses, I will receive Sir Rowland in the dining room. There are too many lights here.

[**Lady Wishfort** *goes out, and* **Millamant** *and* **Mrs. Fainall** *enter.*]

Foi. : Miss Millamant, Mr Mirabell has been waiting this half hour for a tête, but my lady has gone to get Sir Wilfull to pay his addresses to you. Shall I send Mr. Mirabell away?

Millamant : Just as you will, dear Foible. Send him away or send him in here. I think I'll see him. Shall I? Let the wretch come. Dear Fainall, entertain Sir Wilfull. You are married, and know how to suffer a fool gladly.

[**Sir Wilfull,** *a rough, kind drunken country squire, appears in the doorway looking extremely disconcerted; he is much relieved when* **Mrs. Fainall** *runs him and leads him out of the room just as* **Mirabell** *comes in.*]

Mirabell (*shutting the door*): Here the chase must end. You can fly no further.

Mill. : I'll fly, and be followed to the last. Though I am on the very verge of matrimony, I'll be solicited to the very last—nay, and after!

Mir. : When favours have always to be solicited, the giver loses the grace and the receiver the pleasure.

Mill. : In common things, perhaps, but never in love. I hate a lover that dares to think he can draw a moment's air independent of the bounty of his mistress. Ah, I shall never marry! My dear liberty, shall I leave thee? My morning thoughts, my agreeable wakings, my indolent slumbers, must I bid you farewell? I can't do it. Mirabell, I shall lie abed at morning as long as I please, and I won't be called names after I'm married—I won't be called names!

Mir. : Names?

Mill. : Dear, joy, jewel, love, sweetheart and the rest of it! Mirabell, don't let us keep kissing before other people; let us never visit together, nor go to a play together, but let us be very strange and well-bred; let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while, and as well-bred as if we were not married at all.

Mir. : Agreed! Shall I kiss your hand upon the contract? Here comes a witness to the sealing of the deed.

[**Mrs. Fainall** *enters.*

Mill. : Fainall, what shall I do? Shall I have him? Well, you ridiculous thing you, I'll have you. No! I won't be kissed—here, kiss my hand, then. Now go.

Mrs. Fainall : You must go, Mirabell. My mother is coming down with Sir Rowland, who seems in a fair way to succeed. Spare your ecstasies for another occasion, and slip down the back stairs. Quick—here they come!

[**Mirabell** *flies, and* **Millamant** *and* **Mrs. Fainall** *follow him.* **Lady Wishfort** *comes in, leaning on the arm of* **Waitwell,** *who is disguised as* Sir **Rowland.**]

Lady Wishfort : You have an excess of gallantry, Sir Rowland, and press things to a conclusion with a most prevailing vehemence. Just a day or two for decency of marriage.

Waitwell : For decency of funeral, madam. The delay will break my heart, and my nephew, Mirabell, will get an inkling of my designs and poison me. Marry me at once, and I will disinherit that unnatural viper!

Lady Wish. : Oh, if you knew what a perfidious wretch your nephew is! He has even tried to make love to me!

Wait. : Love to you? Then the villain is my rival. He shall die!

Lady Wish. : Don't draw your sword on him, Sir Rowland; he is not worth it. Marry me, disinherit him, let him starve to death.

[*A maid enters with a letter.*

Wait. : Ha, a man's handwriting! Mirabell's I swear, or somebody's whose throat must be cut!

Lady Wish. (*opening the letter, which comes from* **Fainall,** *although he does not sign it*): Nay, Sir Rowland, but I'm blessed with your jealousy; it is a proof of your passion. We'll open the letter together—(*reads*): 'Madam, though unknown to you'—see, it is from no one I know—'I think myself obliged to inform you that you are abused. He who pretends to be Sir Rowland is a rascal——' Heavens! What's this?

Wait. : Let me see—let me see!—(*reads*): 'A rascal, disguised and suborned for this imposture by the contrivance of——'

Lady Wish. : I shall faint, I shall die! Oh——

Wait. : The wretch, the villain! Madam, don't you see it?

Lady Wish. : Too well—too well! I have seen too much.

Wait. : I thought I knew the writing. If he were my son, as he is my nephew, I'd pistol him!

Lady Wish. : Mirabell! I fancied I saw the scoundrel leave this room with Millamant just as we entered it. But don't fight, Sir Rowland—don't fight! Consider my reputation. I'll go and examine my niece. I'll make her confess. I conjure you, Sir Rowland, by all your love for me, not to fight. If you were killed I should never show my face again!

Wait. : Madam, I obey. But I must give you some proof. I'll go for the black box which contains the deeds of my whole estate, and bring the marriage contract.

Lady Wish. : Bring what you will, but come alive, pray come alive! Oh, this is a happy discovery! *They go out.*

Fourth Act

The same room in **Lady Wishfort's** *house at night-time. As* **Lady Wishfort** *is sitting in a chair, rocking herself to and fro, her face resting in her hands,* **Foible** *enters.*

LADY WISHFORT: Out of my house—out of my house! You viper, you treacherous trull! What! You would marry me to a serving man, wretch that I raised from nothing!

Foible : Oh, pardon me, madam, pardon me, and I'll confess all! If you only knew how Mr. Mirabell wheedled me.

Lady Wish. : I'll wheedle you, you hussy. Waitwell's already in prison, and you shall be chained beside him, if there is a constable in this parish. I'll see Fainall about it.

[*She rushes out in a wild rage as* **Mrs. Fainall** *enters.*]

Mrs. Fainall : Have a good heart, Foible. Mirabell has bailed Waitwell out. It is all my husband's doing. He was behind the screen, and overheard what you said before dinner. Now the villain threatens to destroy my reputation as well as my mother's. This is the last day of our living together, that's my comfort. How now, Millamant?

Millamant (*coming into the room*). Hide yourself somewhere, Foible, until my old Lady's anger has abated. She is in a perfect passion at something Mr. Fainall has just said. There is a fearful hurricane. He wants every bit of money made over to him. Here they come. Where is Mirabell?

[*They all leave the room, and* **Lady Wishfort** *and* **Fainall** *enter.*]

Fainall : I am content you shall enjoy your own proper estate during life, on condition you agree never to marry!

Lady Wish. : Never to marry?

Fain. : No more Sir Rowlands; the next impostor may not be so timely detected. Next, my wife shall settle on me the remainder of her fortune, and depend entirely for her maintenance on my discretion.

Lady Wish. : But, oh——

Fain. : I come to make demands; I'll hear no objections. But, lastly, I require, in my wife's name, the six thousand pounds of Miss Millamant's fortune, which she had forfeited by contracting herself to Mirabell against your consent and knowledge.

Lady Wish. : You blood-sucking leech! I've a mind rather to endure the scandal.

Fain. : I leave that to your consideration, while I go for the deeds which I am having drawn up with all possible speed. If you won't sign them, you and your daughter shall be the talk of the town. I won't leave either of you a shred of reputation. [*He goes out.*

Lady Wish. : Oh! Oh! Oh! Must I be subject to this merciless villain? 'Twas against my consent that Arabella married him. Ah! her first husband, Mr. Languish, would have carried it thus. That was my choice; this is hers. Here come two more of my Egyptian plague.

[**Millamant** *and* **Sir Wilfull Witwood** *enter.*

Sir Wilfull : To pleasure you, aunt, I'm willing to marry my cousin. She and I are agreed upon the matter.

Mill. : To convince you that I had no hand in the plot, I have obliged Mirabell to make a resignation, in your ladyship's presence, of the contract that passed between us. He is now outside, waiting your leave for admittance.

Lady Wish. : I'll swear I am comforted by this testimony of your obedience; but I cannot admit that traitor.

Sir Wil. : If you disoblige him, he may insist upon the contract. S'heart, I'll call him in.

[*He goes to the door and 'hems,' and* **Mirabell** *enters.*]

Mirabell (*to* **Lady Wishfort**) : Ah, madam, there was a time—but let it be forgotten! I confess I have deservedly forfeited the high place I once held of kneeling at your feet. But it was an innocent device, though, I confess, it had a face of guiltiness. It was at most an artifice which love contrived, and errors which love produces have ever been accounted venial.

Lady Wish. : Well, sir, I will smile my just resentment on condition you resign the contract with my niece immediately.

Mir. : It is in writing, and I have sent my servant for it, and will deliver it to you with all acknowledgments for your transcendent goodness.

Lady Wish. (*aside*) : Oh, he has witchcraft in his eyes and tongue! [**Fainall** *enters.*

Fain. : Here is the deed; are you prepared to sign?

Lady Wish. : I am not able to part with Millamant's fortune. She has now a lawful claim to it, having matched herself with my consent to Sir Wilfull.

Fain. : That shan't go for payment. I insist upon my first proposal. You shall submit your whole estate to my management and make over my wife's fortune to my use.

Lady Wish. : Ungrateful wretch! Haven't you been living on my daughter ever since you married her?

Fain. : I'll answer you when I have the rest of her money in my possession.

Mir. : Lady Wishfort, I own I have not deserved you should owe any obligation to me; else perhaps I could advise——



A DEED OF CONVEYANCE TO MIRABELL! CONFUSION!
An episode in the revival at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, in 1924

Lady Wish. : Oh, what? What? Save me and my child from ruin, and I'll forgive all that's past! Harkee, I'll break the match. You shall have my niece yet and all her fortune, if you can but help me!

Mir. : I'll take you at your word.

[*Going to the door, he brings in* **Mrs. Fainall, and then Waitwell,** *who carries a deed box.*

Lady Wish. : Oh, Sir Rowland! Well, rascal?

Waitwell : I have brought the black box at last, madam.

Mir. : Give it me. Madam, you remember your promise?

Lady Wish. : Ay, dear sir.

Fain. : S'death, what's this to me? I'll not wait your private concerns.

Mir. (*undoing the box*) : Mr. Fainall, it is now time that you should know that your lady, while she was at her own disposal, and before you wheedled her out of a pretended settlement of the greatest part of her fortune—

Fain : Pretended settlement?

Mir. : Yes, sir! I say that this lady, while still a widow, having received some cautions respecting your tyranny of temper, which, from her own fondness for you, she would never have suspected—she did, I say by the advice of friends, deliver this deed to me in trust. You may read if you please (*holding out the parchment*), though perhaps what is written on the back may serve your occasion.

Fain. : Very likely, sir. What's here? (*reads*) "A Deed of Conveyance of the whole estate real of Arabella Languish, widow, in trust to Edward Mirabell." Confusion!

Mir. : Even so, sir; 'tis the Way of the World, sir; of the widows of the world.

Fain. : Mirabell, you shall hear of this, sir! Let me pass, oaf! (*He rushes out.*

Lady Wish. : Oh, daughter, daughter! 'tis plain thou hast inherited thy mother's prudence!

Mrs. Fain. : Thank Mr. Mirabell, to whose advice all is owing.

Lady Wish. : Well, Mr. Mirabell, you have kept your promise, and I must perform mine. First, I pardon, for your sake, Sir Rowland there, and Foible, the next thing is to break the matter to my nephew—and, how to do that——

Mir. : For that, madam, give yourself no trouble; let me have your consent. Sir Wilfull is my friend, he has had compassion upon lovers, and has generously engaged in this action for us; and now designs to prosecute his travels.

Sir Wil. : S'heart, aunt, I have no mind to marry. My cousin's a fine lady, and the gentleman loves her, and she loves him; my resolution is to see foreign parts.

Lady Wish. : Well, sir, take her, and with her all the joy I can give you.

Mill : Why does he not take me? Would you have me give myself to you over again?

Mir. : Ay, and over and over again! (*Kisses her hand.*) I would have you as often as I possibly can. Well, Heaven grant I love you not too well, that's all my fear!

Lady Wish. : As I am a person, I can hold out no longer. I have wasted my spirits so today already that I am ready to sink under the fatigue; and I cannot but have some fears upon me yet that Fainall will pursue some desperate course.

Mir. : Madam, disquiet not yourself on that account; to my knowledge, his circumstances are such he must of force comply. For my part, I will contribute all that in me lies to a reunion; in the meantime, madam (*to* **Mrs. Fainall**), let me before these witnesses restore to you this deed of trust; it may be a means to make you live easily together.

GERHART HAUPTMANN

·ATLANTIS

Adapted from the German by Edgar Preston

WELL as Gerhart Hauptmann's first novel, Emmanuel Quint, was received, in 1910, it had nothing like the general success of his admirable Atlantis, which is in reality a fine piece of psychology, quite apart from being a most vivid and engrossing story of life in the New York of modern days, as seen through the eyes of a cultivated German. Very real, too, are the hero's experiences on the doomed liner *Roland*; and very brilliant is the characterisation, even in the exquisite thumb-nail sketches in which the author sums up some of his personages, or portrays an episode. This great naturalistic novel is remarkable for the loftiness of its tone, and for the delight of its author in all that is aristocratic in the truest sense of the word. Translations of some of Hauptmann's works are published in this country by Heinemann and by Martin Secker.

I—On Board the 'Roland'



DR. FRIEDRICH VON KAMMACHER caught the North German steamship *Roland*, which left Bremen for New York, on January 23, 1892. To do so he had to get the express from Paris, where he had been staying, to Hâvre, and cross to Southampton, at which port the vessel called.

Although no more than thirty, the young physician already had his full load of care. His wife, Angèle, mother of his three young children, was in a sanatorium in Germany, a hopeless neurasthenic. He himself, bitterly disappointed over the seeming failure of certain bacteriological experiments by which he had hoped to make a world-wide reputation, had thrown up his practice in disgust; and, to make matters worse, he had conceived a sort of passion for a sixteen-year-old Swedish dancer, Ingigerd Hahlström, whose acquaintance he had made in Berlin. To fight this obsession Friedrich von Kammacher had left Berlin for Paris; but now, seeing the names of Miss Hahlström and her father in the passenger list of the *Roland*, he had given way to temptation and hastily decided to cross the Atlantic in the same boat.

It was her gruesome dance, 'Mara, or The Spider's Victim,' given in the Künstlerhaus, that had fascinated Friedrich in the first place. All Berlin was talking next day of the wonderful little dancer, whose instant success was so great that the dancing master, her father, was taking her to the United States to turn it into money.

The voyage began in weather so stormy as to keep many of the passengers below deck for the first day or two. Consequently Friedrich had to contain his impatience until Miss Hahlström should be sufficiently well to make an appearance. Meanwhile he got to know Captain von Kessel, the blond-bearded skipper, and Von Hahn, the first officer, both splendid men, calm, assured, imposing; Dr. Wilhelm, the ship's doctor, chatty and *bon enfant*, especially with one of his own profession, was another early and welcome acquaintance. As for the officers and crew generally, the traveller was at once struck by their fine physique and bearing. The sight of them made him proud to be a German; and a curious thought flashed through his mind—that surely Providence could never drown so grand a lot of men in mid-ocean, like so many puppies in a pond.

When the wind had dropped, and the sea was smoother, Miss Hahlström at last showed herself. Friedrich found her lying on a deck chair, with her long fair hair flying loose in the wind. She was playing with a small doll, and there were several men around her—all quite evidently attracted in a way that was far from pleasing to the young doctor, who, at length, tired of the trivial conversation, moved away, angry with himself for being angry with the others. Presently the girl

sent all the men away, with the capriciousness of the spoilt child, and called to Dr. von Kammacher to come and talk to her.

"The very first time I saw you in Berlin," she said, in her archly-innocent way, "I felt there was a bond between us. I knew we should meet again. Are you married?" she inquired indifferently.

Something in her words and her manner repelled Friedrich, who replied coldly that she must not make the mistake of supposing he was one of her ordinary admirers, and that it could not possibly be of any concern to her whether he were married or not. Then he added, more kindly, a word of warning about the men she encouraged. Her reputation, he said, could not be too carefully guarded.

"Reputation!" she exclaimed, with a loud laugh. "I can assure you that has never troubled me for an instant!"

The girl was in a confiding mood, so Friedrich had to listen to a long and shocking story of her past. Young as she was, Ingigerd Hahlström had nothing left to learn. With the most cynical frankness she told him things about herself worse than anything he had met with in all his experience as a doctor.

When Friedrich had taken her back to her cabin he went to his own, disgusted, disillusioned, sick at heart. "I have set my all on naught!" he exclaimed bitterly. Now that the girl had dishonoured his love for her his conscience pricked him more than ever, and his whole being revolted against the poisonous passion surging within him.

LETTERS from Friedrich's father and mother, General and Frau von Kammacher, delivered by the French pilot boat, served to steady his mind—good, sensible, affectionate letters which comforted him. Both insisted that he had no cause to reproach himself in respect of his sick wife. Her malady was inherited, and at times, the mother declared, her nervous outbreaks would have driven any man desperate. The old artillery officer strove to cheer his son over his professional set back, and urged him to have a good holiday, to take things quietly and to come back cured, ready to start afresh, secure in the possession of real talent.

The bad weather returned, after a brief respite, and soon grew worse than ever. Conversation among the first-class passengers was little else than a prolonged grumble on this score, and those who thought about the matter at all pitied the four hundred wretched souls in the steerage, suffering terrible discomfort day and night.

Said one Füllenberg, a gay young spark from Berlin, going out to take up some official position: "Do you know, there are two priests on board? The sailors are furious. They swear something's bound to go wrong. There was fog last night. I hear we only just escaped collision with a derelict!"

THE talk was interrupted by Hahlström, Ingigerd's tall, rather distinguished-looking father, who asked Friedrich to go to his daughter's cabin, as she wished to speak to him. He found her flippant, quite at her ease, as usual, in no way offended by his frankness, nor ashamed at her own confessions of the day before. Despite all that had occurred, Friedrich felt pity if nothing else, for the child; but remembering Schopenhauer's dictum, 'All love is pity,' he was careful to keep even his companion in check.

Presently Ingigerd complained of a pain in her chest. "You're a doctor. Will you examine me?" she asked, with a laugh.

"That's Doctor Wilhelm's business," he replied, in his iciest tones.

"So much for your friendship!" retorted the girl, crossly. "I am in pain, and you won't do anything to stop it!"

"If I *were* your doctor I'd order you to live for three years with a German pastor in the country, or with some American farmer. No theatres for you, either on or off the stage. These cursed variety shows have been your ruin!"

When Friedrich returned to the smoking-room someone—he could not tell who—inquired sarcastically 'if he had operated on the dancer, to remove that mole?'

Furious and humiliated, he nevertheless ignored the coarse remark; but the sting remained. It showed all too plainly how lightly Ingigerd was held by the men who knew her. Even the stewards, the firemen, the very cabin-boys showed towards her

a familiarity which made his blood boil. And yet he remained under her spell!

At length, about the beginning of the third day at sea, the glass rose, the wind and waves abated, and the weather grew so genial that everyone was on deck listening to the band. Champagne flowed at dinner that night. Joy was in the air.

The fine spell was too good to last: next day the weather was worse than ever, and the temperature so low that icicles hung from the rigging. When the storm was at its height Friedrich, anxious to see how Ingigerd was faring, made his way to her cabin. There he found her, light-hearted as ever, comforting two frightened children. All his ill-will vanished at sight of so much real courage and humour; once again he felt irresistibly drawn towards her.

Then something went wrong with one of the engines. The great vessel stopped, and there was tremendous excitement among the more timorous passengers, especially as the waves now looked even larger and more threatening than before. But Captain von Kessel and his officers sent reassuring messages round, and in a few hours the old, rhythmic beat of the engines was felt once more: the *Roland* was forging full steam ahead! The weather continued to be frightful, though there was fitful sunshine next day.

II—'Danger!'

At dawn on the morning after, stewards came round to the cabin door of each first-class passenger, opened it, and quietly uttered the one word 'Danger!' at the same time turning on the electric light.

Friedrich at the time was lying in his berth, dressed. Putting on his heavy overcoat, he went out at once into the gangway, where he met the ship's barber.

"The fires are out," he said. "We've had a collision. Under my shop the water's pouring into the hold."

Everywhere the call-bells were ringing. Seeing that the barber was carrying two life-belts Dr. von Kammacher took one from him and hurried on. "What do you want two for?" he asked.

Captain von Kessel, to all seeming quite undisturbed, was on the bridge, with huge Von Halm. The siren was sounding, and from the bows rockets were being fired. The third mate had just received the order:

"Get the boats away! Cut the falls!" Next came the Captain's brief command: "Women and children starboard!"

Clearly the *Roland* was sinking. Friedrich rushed to Ingigerd's cabin and told her to dress at once. "What's the matter? Are we going down?" she asked, coolly enough, while she got into some clothes. Then she asked anxiously for her father.

"There's no time to think of anybody now," said Friedrich and, picking her up in his arms, he carried her to where a boat was being lowered. It was hard work to get her into it, but at last he succeeded, despite the opposition and a couple of sailors who had lost their heads. With the help of Dr. Wilhelm he contrived to get other women and children in as well.

By now Ingigerd was crying aloud for her father, so Friedrich risked his life going to seek him, all to no purpose. By great good luck he was just in time to find a place in the first boat, which was pulled clear of the doomed liner.

Fog had come on, and at even a little distance the *Roland*, with its load of frantic, screaming humanity, was scarcely visible. And in the water all around the little lifeboat were men and women, struggling to keep afloat, threatening to swamp the frail craft as they strove to clutch it and clamber in. All that could be done was to beat them off without remorse, lest the whole boat-load perish as well. At last they got clear away, rowing hard. Then the fog lifted; and when they looked for the *Roland* there was nothing to be seen.

Friedrich von Kammacher and his companions—fifteen in all, they proved, as it turned out, to be the only survivors of the disaster—were picked up late in the afternoon of the same day by the little trading ship *Hamburg*, bound, like themselves, for New York. Captain Butor, the skipper, opined that the *Roland* must have struck a derelict.

"The incredible has actually happened," exclaimed Dr. Wilhelm, shaking hands with Friedrich. "We are saved!"

"Yes," said Friedrich, "we are saved. I wonder what we were saved for?"

The little dancer, subdued and docile, was a pathetic figure as she lay stretched out on a deck chair.

"Was it only chance, I wonder?" she said to Friedrich, "that brought us together on the *Roland* on this voyage?"

"Everything is chance," he said.

Then he told her why he had hurried to catch the boat.

"So it was for my sake," she said softly, "that you so nearly lost your life! And then you saved mine!"

III—In New York

GREAT was the excitement when the *Hamburg* landed her rescued travellers on the solid pier of New York, where crowds of hungry reporters were waiting to get sensational 'stories' for their papers.

Friedrich and Ingigerd were hardly ashore before the doctor was greeted by a little man who looked somewhat like a Japanese.

"Hallo, Dr. von Kammacher! How are you? Don't you know me?" and his hand was grasped and warmly shaken.

"What! Willy Snyders! I know you now. What on earth are *you* doing here?"

Some years before, young Snyders had been Friedrich's pupil in Breslau, and had grown into a man since last they met.

"Come on!" he cried, "I'll explain everything later; unless you want to be interviewed by those damned journalists? No? I should think not! There's my cab waiting. Get in, both of you, and I'll take you to my place."

Friedrich introduced Willy Snyders to Ingigerd, and they were about to get into the cab when an elderly man, out of breath and perspiring, came forward apologetically, hat in hand. He represented Webster and Forster, and had brought a carriage, to take Miss Hahlström to the Astor, where rooms had been reserved for her. He hoped she would be able to appear that evening. He would provide her with money and anything else she might need.

When Friedrich told him that Ingigerd could not possibly go on the stage at present; that he, as her physician, absolutely forebade it until she had rested, the agent angrily warned them of the consequences of breaking the contract.

Willy Snyders took them to the house where he lived, an extremely comfortable place leased by a little group of German artists, the most notable of whom was Bonifacius Ritter, a young sculptor of high talent, if not genius. Among his patrons were the Astors, the Goulds and the Vanderbilts, and much of the external carving on the Chicago Exhibition buildings had been entrusted to him. A handsome dandy, he looked like 'arriving' very soon. They had as housekeeper an old Italian woman, Petronilla, whose first thought was to put the little dancer to bed, for she was utterly worn out.

Received by Ritter and the rest of the party with the utmost cordiality, Friedrich felt at home immediately, their frank *camaraderie* being just the kind of tonic he needed. Losing his customary reserve, he told his new friends the idea having suddenly occurred to him—that he proposed to continue certain studies, begun some years before, with Peter Schmidt, the physician, in Springfield, Massachusetts. Whereupon Willy Snyders told him that Schmidt was now at Meriden, an hour's ride from Springfield.

THAT same evening the music-hall agent made another attempt to induce Ingigerd to dance, on the following night at latest. This time he was accompanied by a lady, who did most of the talking.

But Friedrich was firm. Miss Hahlström was not fit to dance yet. And at last, losing patience, he declared she should not dance at all. The girl was not yet seventeen. If the agents molested her further he would inform the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children!

An hour later Friedrich, Snyders, Ritter and some of the others were sitting in a box at Webster and Forster's. The great attraction was Arthur Stoss, an armless man who had been saved from the *Roland*. He played the violin, put bullets through the centre of the cards, did all his old tricks in fact, as well as ever. There was frantic applause.

As Friedrich watched him he pictured

Captain von Kessel, as he last saw him, calmly giving orders on the bridge of the doomed ship, and he remembered how the captain had once said to him: "My brother has a wife and children. He is a man to be envied, Dr. von Kammacher."

This hero had perished at his post. The mountebank survived to exploit a disaster costing hundreds of lives!

Next day Peter Schmidt arrived from Meriden. The two friends went on to Ritter's studio, near Central Park. It was very spacious and luxurious, yet very comfortable, and contained artistic treasures of all sorts, among them some wonderful German Madonnas carved in wood, and a real Nuremberg stove, with the authentic Delft tiles of green glaze.

IV—Miss Burns of Birmingham

As the visitors passed into the studio they noticed a tall, handsome girl of about twenty-five working intently on a clay bust. This was Eva Burns, a pupil from Birmingham, to whom they were presently introduced. When Friedrich had told her how intensely he loved art in general and sculpture in particular—having dabbled in it years ago—she suggested that he should make a fresh start at once, under Ritter's direction. As he looked into her large, intelligent, meditative eyes the young doctor resolved to take the advice she gave.

Friedrich returned home, after seeing Peter Schmidt off at the station, to find Ingigerd engaged with a young artist named Franck, one of the little group, an eccentric Silesian with gipsy-black hair and eyes. She had sent word by Petronilla that she would be free in a quarter of an hour. Without an instant's delay Friedrich went upstairs, knocked loudly at Ingigerd's door, and, receiving no answer, went in. Franck was sitting beside her, sketching rough designs for costumes.

He rose to go as the doctor entered, and the girl, calling him 'Rigo,' reminded him that he had promised to come again in the morning.

Angry at everything, especially the pet name, Friedrich grew more incensed than ever when Ingigerd told him Franck was going to paint her portrait.

It was decided that it was hardly right for Ingigerd to stay permanently in a bachelors' club-house, so Snyders found her lodgings with friends on Fifth Avenue.

Before she left, Friedrich had a frank talk with her. He told her of his past life, his unfortunate marriage, everything, and at length asked her plainly could she give up her ambitions and begin a different life afresh with him? Could she—would she—be his comrade for the future?

She was standing by the window, tapping the glass with a pencil.

"Perhaps I might, Dr. von Kammacher," she replied.

"Perhaps?" he echoed angrily.

"Well, I don't know if I am suited to you."

"It is simply a question of love," he said.

"I like you, certainly," was her reply. "But how can I tell if it is love? So far, I have never loved anything but animals."

It was a relief to them both when a Mr. Lilienfeld, manager of the Cosmopolitan Theatre, was announced. He had heard, he said, that Miss Hahlström was resolved not to appear for Webster and Forster; but he hoped she had not decided to retire into private life.

"Oh, no!" replied Ingigerd firmly, before Friedrich could get in a word.

Mr. Lilienfeld offered terms very much larger than those of Webster and Forster, and at once took them both off to a lawyer's office, where the business was promptly arranged.

In the cab on the way back Friedrich begged her not to dance any more, but to go with him and be his all in all. He would take her with him the very next day to Meriden, and the music halls would have a long time to wait for her!

He said this, earnestly, tremulously, as if his very existence hung on her answer. Ingigerd laughed, and Friedrich knew she had no soul, only a body.

Not another word did he say. When they stopped at the club house he escorted her to the door, pressed her hand and, getting back into the cab, told the driver to go on. He got down at Hoffman House, where, as he remembered, he had appointed to meet the men of the *Hamburg*.



GERHART HAUPTMANN was born at Salzbrunn, Silesia, in 1862, and in his early life studied art at Breslau and Rome. In 1889 he began playwriting and produced Before Sunrise, Lonely Lives, The Lost Coat and many other dramatic works. With an almost repellent naturalism and realistic depiction of the frivolities of modern life, he struck a new note in contemporary literature. Emmanuel Quint and Atlantis are his most powerful novels. Hauptmann was awarded the Nobel prize for literature in 1912. His dramatic work have been translated into most European languages.

There he found them. Their conversation jarred his nerves, and before long he was in the street again.

On Broadway he met Miss Burns, and, as she was going to lunch, he asked if he might take his meal with her. Miss Burns warned him, with her frank laugh, that he would not get anything very epicurean, but he insisted on having the same food as herself, which was baked potatoes, cabbage and fried eggs, washed down with iced water. Friedrich looked in wonder and admiration at her splendid face and figure—the true Titian type.

For the second time that day the young doctor opened his heart, and now it was clear to see he had found a sympathetic listener. Work, manual work for choice, was Miss Burns's prescription.

"Strike out cheerfully into a new path," she said. "Why not return to sculpture?"

He promised to try.

At Ritter's studio next morning Friedrich set about copying the plaster cast of an athlete's arm. He handled the moist clay for several hours, and at the end won the praise not only of Eva Burns, but of Ritter himself, for what he had done. He left the studio in a healthier frame of mind than he had known for years.

Webster and Forster turned the tables on Ingigerd and her friends by themselves calling in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, a representative of which, Mr. Garry, stern, unbending, puritanical as any Pilgrim Father who came over in the *Mayflower*, was deputed to be present at a rehearsal in Lilienfeld's theatre.

Friedrich, with Miss Burns, Willy Snyders, Ritter, and others of the artists' group saw Ingigerd go through the 'Spider' dance in the presence of stately, silver-haired Mr. Garry, who caused an injunction to be issued preventing the girl from appearing in public.

Appeal was made to the Mayor of New York, and the matter was argued before him in the City Hall. The Mayor was a Tammany man, and Mr. Garry a Republican. Therefore they were deadly enemies. After the representative of 'respectability' had roundly abused Lilienfeld, whom, with all his class, he regarded as no better than vermin; after Lilienfeld, in whose eyes Mr. Garry and those like him were simply a crowd of meddlesome, reactionary, prurient-minded humbugs, came the verdict. Mr. Mayor decided in favour of Ingigerd being allowed to do as she chose.

Lilienfeld invited the party, together with the reporters, to celebrate Ingigerd's victory by a luncheon. Friedrich, more and more disgusted at each stage of the sordid business, preferred to take a plainer meal with Miss Burns.

V—*Cleansing Fires*

"I HAVE just sent a telegram to Peter Schmidt at Meriden," he said, "telling him I am coming down to-morrow to stay with him. I'm going to turn farmer."

"I'm really sorry you are going away," said Eva Burns, changing colour, but speaking without any apparent trace of sentimentality.

"Oh! but you must come down and see me," he rejoined gaily. "The Mayor's decision settled *my* case too. I don't want to see Ingigerd dance again, still less to follow her round all the music-halls of

the world. I am free! At last I am rid of the girl!"

Later in the day Friedrich called at the Lilienfelds', where Ingigerd was now staying. She looked tired, and her greeting was rather off-hand. Presently she asked him if he had packed.

"Why?" he inquired.

"Mr. Lilienfeld," she replied, "has made a contract for me in Boston. You must be ready to go with me the day after to-morrow."

"To the end of the world, dear lady, if you like!" remarked Friedrich, airily, as he took his leave.

Some minutes later Ingigerd, accompanied by a distinguished-looking American, well past his prime, inquired at Peter Schmidt's office for Dr. von Kammacher. The most truthful person in the world, as a rule, Schmidt lied without the slightest hesitation. "Friedrich," he said, "has gone back to Europe. He sailed in a White Star steamer, the *Robert Keats*." Soon after his arrival at the Schmidts' Friedrich had received letters from her; but she interested him no longer.

. . . . .

Next morning Friedrich left New York for Meriden. Peter Schmidt met him, and shortly had him installed in a comfortable little house overlooking Lake Hanover. Friedrich soon began to assist the Schmidts in their practice, Mrs. Schmidt being a physician, like her husband, working among the people of the district.

Friedrich, who had seen Kocher operate in Berne for a fibroid tumour, and had himself done it successfully on many occasions, was asked by Schmidt to undertake a similar operation on one of his patients, a farmer, and though his nerves were still unstrung he agreed. As in a dream, but with his hand and brain under perfect control, Friedrich cut into the diseased flesh and removed the growth with the utmost skill.

A cablegram had come for him, but in his preoccupation he had left it in his overcoat pocket, unread. The operation was completely successful, but after the tension of it all the operator himself broke down. Eva Burns came on the following day, to find Friedrich delirious, manifestly very ill. He lay unconscious in his bed, still wearing his fur coat, and on the floor was the cablegram, which read:

> Dear Friedrich, news from Jena.—After the greatest care Angèle passed away yesterday afternoon. Accept the inevitable calmly, and keep well for the sake of your loving parents.

The Schmidts and Miss Burns, most devoted of nurses, had hard work to save his life. For days he lay on the brink of death; but at the end of a week the fever abated slowly until at last he was out of danger. Friedrich's convalescence was slow, but there was no relapse, and one day Peter Schmidt was able to tell him: "Your body is purged of all poisons and putrid matter." And Dr. von Kammacher himself knew he had passed through cleansing fires.

Eva Burns told him, when the spring came, that she had made a decision; that she was going back to England soon, to educate neglected children.

"How would you like," asked her patient shyly, "to educate *this* big, difficult child?"

His homesickness grew, as summer came, and he talked so often and so lovingly of Europe that Peter Schmidt caught the infection. His wife had it already. The very thought of going home made a new woman of her. So they all decided to start without delay.

Friedrich, without telling anyone at first, booked a passage in the *Auguste Victoria*, the boat in which Eva Burns was to travel. Willy Snyders and his wife, who divined what was happening, decided to go by a slower, less expensive, steamer. A few days later Eva and Friedrich sailed.

The doctor's parents, with his children, were on the quay at Cuxhaven when the *Auguste Victoria* came in. At first Friedrich saw nothing but the children, but he gathered them all three in his arms. Then Eva came up, and when he looked into her eyes there was no need for Friedrich to tell who and what she was to him.

Presently he bent and laid both hands on the ground. "This is Europe. This is Germany!" he exclaimed. "After this, what else matters?"

The Supreme Historical Masterpiece

EDWARD GIBBON

HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE—II

WHEN Edward Gibbon's vast work was originally published in its six large quarto volumes, it appeared at intervals during a period of twelve years, and the third of these, which completed the first part of a design that might well have satisfied the most ambitious of historians, was issued in 1781. This third volume brought the history of the great Roman Empire down to that point when the ambitious and barbarian Goth, Odoacer, succeeded in suppressing the Western Empire, in 476, and compelled the last of the sovereigns of Rome in the person of Romulus Augustulus to resign the purple. The present section of this monumental work describes the series of events as portrayed by Gibbon, which culminated in the extinction of one half of the Roman world in A.D. 476. The first section of the abridgement of the Decline and Fall appears in pages 633 to 640 of *The World's Great Books*.

I—Decay of the Empire Under Constantine



THE unfortunate Licinius was the last rival who opposed the greatness of Constantine. After a tranquil and prosperous reign, the conqueror bequeathed to his family the inheritance of the Roman Empire: a new capital, a new policy and a new religion; and the innovations which he established have been embraced and consecrated by succeeding generations.

Byzantium, which, under the more august name of Constantinople, was destined to preserve the shadow of the Roman power for nearly a thousand years after it had been extinguished by Rome herself, was the site selected for the new capital. Its boundary was traced by the emperor himself, and its circumference measured some sixteen miles. In a general decay of the arts no architect could be found worthy to decorate the new capital, and the cities of Greece and Asia were despoiled of their most valuable ornaments to supply this want of ability.

In the course of eight or ten years the city, with its beautiful forum, its circus, its imperial palace, its theatres, baths, churches and houses, was completed with more haste than care. The dedication of the new Rome was performed with all due pomp and ceremony, and a population was provided by the expedient of summoning some of the wealthiest families in the empire to reside within its walls.

The gradual decay of Rome had eliminated that simplicity of manners which was the just pride of the ancient republic. Under the autocratic system of Diocletian, a hierarchy of dependents had sprung up. The rank of each was marked with the most scrupulous exactness, and the purity of the Latin language was debased by the invention of the deceitful titles of your Sincerity, your Excellency, your Illustrious and Magnificent Highness.

The officials of the empire were divided into three classes of the Illustrious, Respectable, and Honourable. The consuls were still annually elected, but obtained the semblance of their ancient authority, not from the suffrages of the people, but from the whim of the emperor. On the morning of January 1 they assumed the insigns of their dignity, and in the two capitals of the empire they celebrated their promotion to office by the annual games. As soon as they had discharged these customary duties, they retired into the shade of private life, to enjoy, during the remainder of the year, the undisturbed contemplation of their own greatness. Their names served only as the legal date of the year in which they had filled the chair of Marius and of Cicero. Yet it was still felt and acknowledged in the last period of Roman servitude that this empty name might be compared with the possession of substantial power, and the emperors themselves, who disdained the faint shadow of

the republic, were conscious that they acquired an additional splendour and majesty as often as they assumed the annual honours of the consular dignity.

Four prefects exercised jurisdiction over as many divisions of the empire, and two municipal prefects ruled Rome and Constantinople. The pro-consuls and vice-prefects belonged to the rank of Respectable, and the provincial magistrates to the lower class of Honourable.

In the military system, eight master-generals exercised their jurisdiction over the cavalry and the infantry, while thirty-five military commanders, with the titles of counts and dukes, under their orders, held sway in the provinces. The army itself was recruited with difficulty, for such was the horror of the profession of a soldier which affected the minds of the degenerate Romans that compulsory levies had to be made. The barbarian auxiliaries increased, and they were included in the legions that surrounded the throne.

Seven ministers with the rank of Illustrious regulated the affairs of the palace, and a host of official spies and torturers swelled the number of the immediate followers of the sovereign.

The general tribute, or indiction, as it was called, was derived largely from the taxation of landed property. Every fifteen years an accurate census, or survey, was made of all lands, and the proprietor was compelled to state the true facts of his affairs under oath, and paid his contribution partly in gold and partly in kind. In addition to this land tax there was a capitation tax on every branch of commercial industry, and 'free gifts' were exacted from the cities and provinces on the occasion of any joyous event in the family of the emperor. The peculiar 'free gift' of the senate of Rome amounted to some £64,000 sterling.

Constantine celebrated the twentieth year of his reign at Rome in the year 326. The glory of his triumph was marred by the execution, or murder, of his son Crispus, whom he suspected of a conspiracy, and the reputation of the emperor who established the Christian religion in the Roman world was further stained by the death of his second wife, Fausta. With a successful war against the Goths in 331, and the expulsion of the Sarmatians in 334, his reign closed. He died at Nicomedia on May 22, 337.

II—The Division of East and West

THE unity of the empire was again destroyed by the three sons of Constantine. A massacre of their kinsmen preceded the separation of the Roman world between Constantius, Constans and Constantine. To the first fell Thrace and the East; to the second, Italy, Africa and Western Illyricum; to the third, as the eldest son, the new capital itself. Within three years civil war had eliminated one of the Augusti, in the person of Constantine, who was killed in an action against Constans in March 340. Internal discord relaxed the sinews of the empire, and the conflict among the emperors resulted in a doubtful war with Persia and the almost complete extinction of the Christian monarchy which had been founded for fifty-six years in Armenia.

Constans fell a victim to the ambitions of Magnentius (February 350) and the western empire was for a time divided between this unscrupulous soldier and Vitranio. The deposition of Vitranio and the defeat and death of Magnentius in 353 left Constantius sole emperor. He associated with himself successively as Caesars the two nephews of the great Constantine, Gallus and Julian. The first, being suspected, was destroyed in 354; the second succeeded to the purple in 361.

Trained in the school of the philosophers and proved as a commander in a series of successful campaigns against the German hordes, Julian brought to the throne a genius which, in other times, might have effected the reformation of the empire. The sufferings of his youth had associated in a mind susceptible of the most lively impressions the names of Christ and of Constantius, the ideas of slavery and religion. At the age of twenty he renounced the Christian faith and boldly asserted the doctrines of paganism.

His accession to the supreme power filled the minds of the Christians with horror and indignation. But instructed by

history and reflection, Julian extended to all the inhabitants of the Roman world the benefits of a free and equal toleration, and the only hardship which he inflicted on the Christians was to deprive them of the power of tormenting their fellow subjects, whom they stigmatised with the odious titles of idolaters and heretics.

While re-establishing and reforming the old pagan system and attempting to subvert Christianity, he held out a hand of succour to the persecuted Jews, asked to be permitted to pay his grateful vows in the holy city of Jerusalem, and was only prevented from rebuilding the Temple by a supposed preternatural interference. He suppressed the authority of George, Archbishop of Alexandria, who had infamously persecuted and betrayed the people under his spiritual care, and that odious priest, who has been transformed by superstition into the renowned St. George of England, patron of chivalry, and of the Garter, fell a victim to the resentment of the Alexandrian multitude.

The Persian system of monarchy, introduced by Diocletian, was distasteful to the philosophic mind of Julian; he refused the title of lord and master, and attempted to restore in all its pristine simplicity the ancient government of the republic. In a campaign against the Persians he received a mortal wound; and, after delivering a philosophic discourse to his soldiers, and entering into a metaphysical argument on the nature of the soul, this extraordinary man passed away in the thirty-second year of his age, after an undisputed reign of scarcely two years, on June 26, 363.

THE election of Jovian, the first of the domestics, by the acclamation of the soldiers, resulted in a disgraceful peace with the Persians, which aroused the anger and indignation of the Roman world, and the new emperor hardly survived this act of weakness for nine months (February 17, 364). The throne of the Roman world remained ten days without a master. Then the civil and military powers of the empire solemnly elected Valentinian as emperor at Nicæa in Bithynia.

The new Augustus divided the vast empire with his brother Valens, and this division marked the final separation of the western and eastern empires. Valens ruled in the East from the lower Danube to the confines of Persia, while Valentinian reserved for himself the remaining portion of the empire, from the extremity of Greece to the Caledonian rampart, and from the rampart of Caledonia to the foot of Mount Atlas. This arrangement continued, despite the almost successful revolt of Procopius in the East, until the death of Valentinian in 375, when the western empire was divided between his sons, Gratian and Valentinian II.

His reign had been notable for the stemming of the invasion of the Alemanni of Gaul, the incursions of the Burgundians and the Saxons, the restoration of Britain from the attacks of the Picts and Scots, the recovery of Africa by the emperor's general, Theodosius, and the diplomatic settlement with the approaching hordes of the Goths, who already swarmed upon the frontiers of the empire.

UNDER the three emperors the Roman world began to feel more severely the gradual pressure exerted by the hordes of barbarians that moved westward. In 376 the Goths, pursued by the Huns, who had come from the steppes of China into Europe, sought the protection of Valens, who succoured them by transporting them over the Danube into Roman territory. They repaid his clemency by uniting their arms with those of the Huns, and defeating and killing him at the battle of Hadrianople in 378.

To save the provinces from the ravages of the barbarians, Gratian appointed Theodosius, son of his father's general, emperor of the East, and the wisdom of his choice was justified by the success of one who added a new lustre to the title of Augustus. By prudent strategy Theodosius divided and defeated the Goths and compelled them to submit. The revolt of Maximus in Britain, the unavailing attempt of Gratian to suppress this usurper, and the death of the joint emperor of the West in the pursuit of this enterprise, called Theodosius from his campaign against the barbarians to take a part in the strife.

Maximus, who had destroyed one emperor, soon sought to establish his authority by removal of his colleague, Valentinian II



CONSTANTINE'S NEPHEW JULIAN, THE APOSTATE TO PAGANISM, ATTENDS A CONFERENCE OF RELIGIOUS SECTARIANS

The support of Theodosius prevented the attempt and, after being defeated in battle, Maximus was executed near Aquileia in June 388. The death of Valentinian II at the hands of Arbogastes, a Frank (May 392), and the brief usurpation of Eugenius, completed the civil wars of the reign, and Theodosius expired (January 17, 395) after an enjoyment of power marked by fruitful reforms in every department of the empire.

His sons Arcadius and Honorius succeeded respectively to the government of the East and the West. The symptoms of decay, which not even the wise rule of Theodosius had been able to remove, had grown more alarming. The luxury of the Romans was more shameless and dissolute and, as the increasing depredations of the barbarians had checked industry and diminished wealth, this profuse luxury must have been the result of that indolent despair which enjoys the present hour and declines the thoughts of futurity.

The secret and destructive poison of the age had affected the camps of the legions. The infantry had laid aside their armour and, discarding their shields, advanced, trembling, to meet the cavalry of the Goths and the arrows of the barbarians, who easily overwhelmed the naked soldiers, no longer deserving the name of Romans. The enervated legionaries abandoned their own and the public defence, and their pusillanimity may be considered the immediate cause of the downfall of the empire.

III—Ruin by Goth, Vandal and Hun

THE genius of Rome expired with Theodosius. His sons within three months had once more sharply divided the empire. At a time when the only hope of delaying its ruin depended on the firm union of the two sections, the subjects of Arcadius and Honorius were instructed by their respective masters to view each other in a hostile light, to rejoice in their mutual calamity, and to embrace as their faithful allies the barbarians, whom they incited to invade the territories of their countrymen.

Honorius was fortunate for a time in the possession of a servant who rescued Africa from the usurper Gildo, saved for the Roman people the harvest of the province, drove back Alaric, king of the Goths, from Italy, and utterly crushed the horde of Germans who threatened Rome. But Stilicho's virtue and prowess met with the usual reward of an envious tyrant, and he was executed at Ravenna in 408.

Alarmed at the insecurity of Rome, Honorius about this time fixed the imperial residence within the naturally fortified city of Ravenna—an example which was afterwards imitated by his feeble successors, the Gothic kings and the Exarchs; and till the middle of the eighth century Ravenna was considered as the seat of government and the capital of Italy.

The reign of Arcadius in the East marked the complete division of the Roman world. His subjects assumed the language and manners of Greeks, and his form of government was a pure and simple monarchy. The name of the Roman republic, which so long preserved a faint tradition of freedom, was confined to the Latin provinces. A series of internal disputes, both civil and religious, marked his career of power, and his reign may be regarded as notable if only for the election of St. John Chrysostom to the head of the church of Constantinople. Arcadius died in May 408, and was succeeded by his supposed son, Theodosius, then a boy of seven, the reins of power being first held by the prefect Anthemius, and afterwards by his sister Pulcheria.

THE wisdom of Honorius, emperor of the West, in removing his capital to Ravenna, was soon justified by events. Alaric, king of the Goths, advanced in 408 to the gates of Rome and completely blockaded the city. In the course of a long siege, thousands of Romans died of plague and famine, and only a heavy ransom, amounting to £315,000, relieved the citizens from their terrible situation in the year 409.

In the same year Alaric again besieged Rome, after fruitless negotiations with Honorius, and his attempt once more proving successful, he created Attilus, prefect of the city, emperor. But the imprudent measures of his puppet sovereign exasperated Alaric. Attilus was formally deposed in 410, and the infuriated Goth

besieged and sacked Rome and ravaged Italy. The spoil that the barbarians carried away with them comprised nearly all the movable wealth of the city.

The ancient capital was devastated, the exquisite works of art destroyed and nearly all the monuments of a glorious past sacrificed to the insatiate greed of the conquerors. Fire helped to complete the ruin wrought by the Goths, and it is not easy to compute the multitude of citizens who, from an honourable station and a prosperous fortune, were suddenly reduced to the condition of captives and exiles.

THE complete ruin of Italy was prevented by the death of Alaric in 410. His successor, Adolphus, concluded a peace with Honorius, received the emperor's sister Placidia in marriage, and, as his ally, re-established the authority of Rome in Gaul and Spain. Death suspended his operations in 415. The assassination of his murderer on the seventh day of his usurpation gave the Gothic sceptre to Wallia, who completed the work of Adolphus and handed his conquests to the obedience of Honorius. These victories encouraged the court of Ravenna to decree the honours of a triumph to the feeble sovereign, and he entered Rome like the ancient conquerors of nations in 418.

During the reign of Honorius, the Goths, Burgundians and Franks were settled in Gaul. The maritime countries, between the Seine and the Loire, followed the example of Britain in 409, and threw off the yoke of the empire. Aquitaine, with its capital at Arles, received, under the title of the seven provinces, the right of convening an annual assembly for the management of its own affairs.

Honorius died in 423, and was succeeded by Valentinian III, the son of Placidia, widow of the Gothic king Adolphus, and the general Constantius. His long reign was marked by a series of disasters which foretold the rapidly approaching dissolution of the western empire.

Genseric, king of the Vandals, in 429 crossed into Africa, conquered the province and set up in the depopulated territory, with Carthage as his capital, a new rule and government. Italy was filled with fugitives from Africa, and a barbarian race, which had issued from the frozen regions of the north, established their victorious reign over one of the fairest provinces of the empire. Two years later, in 441, a new and even more terrible danger threatened the empire.

The Goths and Vandals, flying before the Huns, had oppressed the western world. The hordes of these barbarians, now gathering strength in their union under their king, Attila, threatened an attack upon the eastern empire. In appearance their chieftain was terrible in the extreme; his portrait exhibits the genuine deformity of a modern Calmuck: a large head, a swarthy complexion, small, deep-seated eyes, a flat nose, a few hairs in the place of a beard, and a short, square body of nervous strength, though of a disproportioned form. He had a custom of fiercely rolling his eyes, as if he wished to enjoy the terror which he inspired.

This savage hero, who had subdued Germany and Scythia, and almost exterminated the Burgundians of the Rhine, and had conquered Scandinavia, was able to bring into the field 700,000 barbarians. An unsuccessful raid into Persia induced him to turn his attention to the eastern empire, and the enervated troops of Theodosius the Younger dissolved before the fury of his onset. He ravaged up to the very gates of Constantinople, and only a humiliating treaty preserved his dominion to the 'invincible Augustus' of the East.

AFTER the death of Theodosius the Younger and the accession of Marcian, the husband of Pulcheria, Attila threatened, in 450, both empires. An incursion of his hordes into Gaul was rendered abortive by the conduct of the patrician Aetius, who, uniting all the various troops of Gaul and Germany, the Saxons, the Burgundians, the Franks, under their Merovingian prince, and the Visigoths under their king, Theodoric, after two important battles, induced the Huns to retreat from the field of Châlons.

Attila, diverted from his purpose, turned into Italy, and the citizens of the various towns fled before the savage destroyer. Many families of Aquileia, Padua and the adjacent towns, found a safe refuge in the

neighbouring islands of the Adriatic, where their place of refuge evolved, in time, into the famous Republic of Venice.

Valentinian fled from Ravenna to Rome, prepared to desert his people and his empire. The fortitude of Aetius alone supported and preserved the tottering state. Leo, Bishop of Rome, in his sacerdotal robes, dared to demand the clemency of the savage king, and the intervention of St. Peter and St. Paul is supposed to have induced Attila to retire beyond the Danube, with the Princess Honoria as his bride. He did not long survive this, his last campaign, and in 453 he died, and was buried amidst all the savage pomp and grief of his subjects. His death resolved the bonds that had united the various nations of which his subjects were composed and domestic discord quickly extinguished the empire of the Huns.

The courage and success of the patrician Aetius excited only the hatred of Valentinian, and that prince closed his ignoble reign with the murder of the preserver of the state. He himself was killed through the instrumentality of Maximus, who thereby revenged the dishonour of his wife.

The reign of Maximus did not last the year. To complete his revenge, he compelled Eudoxia, the widow of his imperial victim, to become his bride; and though the empress masked her real feelings, she conspired in secret to subvert his throne. She entered into secret negotiations with Genseric, king of the Vandals, and induced that successful warrior to invade Italy. But before the dire results of this conspiracy had come to a head, Maximus was killed in a tumult of the soldiers. It was impossible, however, to stay the hand of Genseric. From June 15 to June 29 he sacked and pillaged the ancient capital, and Eudoxia was compelled to follow the Vandal on his triumphal return to Carthage.

THE vacant throne was filled by the nomination of Theodoric, king of the Goths, who supported the claims of Avitus, master-general of the imperial cavalry, to the imperial purple (455). The senate of Rome bitterly opposed the elevation of this stranger, and though Avitus might have supported his title against the votes of an unarmed assembly, he fell immediately he incurred the resentment of Count Ricimer, one of the chief commanders of the barbarian troops who formed the military defence of Italy. At a distance from his Gothic allies, he was compelled to abdicate (October 16, 456), and Majorian was raised to fill his place.

IV—The Last Emperor of the West

THE successor of Avitus was a great and heroic character, such as sometimes arise in a degenerate age to vindicate the honour of the human species. In the ruin of the Roman world he loved his people, sympathised with their distress, and studied by judicial and effectual remedies to allay their sufferings. He reformed the most intolerable grievances of the taxes, attempted to restore and maintain the edifices of Rome, and to establish a new and healthier moral code. His military abilities and his fortune were not in proportion to his merits. An unsuccessful attempt against the Vandals to recover the lost provinces of Africa resulted in the loss of his fleet, and his return from this campaign ended his reign. He was deposed by Ricimer, and five days later died of dysentery, on August 7, 461.

At the command of Ricimer, the senate bestowed the imperial title on Libius Severus, who reigned as long as it suited his patron. The increasing difficulties, however, of the kingdom of Italy, due largely to the naval depredation of the Vandals, compelled Ricimer to seek the assistance of the emperor Leo, who had succeeded Marcian in the East in 457. Leo determined to extirpate the tyranny of the Vandals, and solemnly invested Anthemius with the diadem and purple of the West (467). He was sent in state to Rome, and the powers of the eastern empire were strenuously exerted to deliver Italy and the Mediterranean from the assaults of Genseric. But the failure of the expedition, the increasing anarchy in Gaul and Spain, and the intrigues of Ricimer, hastened the storm of destruction.

In 472, Ricimer raised the senator Olybrius to the purple and, advancing from Milan, entered and sacked Rome and murdered Anthemius (July 11, 472).

Forty days after this calamitous event, the tyrant Ricimer died of a painful disease, and two months later Olybrius also died.

The emperor Leo nominated Julius Nepos to the vacant throne. After suppressing a rival in the person of Glycerius, Julius succumbed, in 475, to a furious sedition of the barbarian confederates, who, under the command of the patrician Orestes, marched from Rome to Ravenna. The troops would have made Orestes emperor, but when he declined they consented to acknowledge his son Augustulus as emperor of the West.

The ambition of the patrician might have seemed satisfied, but he soon discovered, before the end of the first year, that he must either be the slave or the victim of his barbarian mercenaries. The soldiers demanded a third part of the land of Italy. Orestes rejected the audacious demand, and his refusal was favourable to the ambition of Odoacer, a bold barbarian, who assured his fellow-soldiers that if they dared to associate under his command they might soon extort the justice that had been denied to their dutiful petition. Orestes was executed and Odoacer, resolving to abolish the useless and expensive office of emperor of the West, compelled Augustulus to be the instrument of his own disgrace.

He signified his resignation to the senate, and that assembly, still affecting the spirit of freedom and the forms of the constitution, addressed a letter to the emperor Zeno, who had succeeded Leo in the East. In this letter they solemnly disclaimed the necessity, or even the wish, for continuing any longer the imperial succession in Italy, since, in their opinion, 'the majesty of a sole monarch is sufficient to pervade and protect, at the same time, both the East and the West.' The Republics, they declared, might safely confide in the civil and military virtues of Odoacer, and they humbly requested that the emperor would invest him with the title of Patrician and the administration of the diocese of Italy.

So ended, in the year 476, the empire of the West, and the last Roman emperor lived out his life in the Lucullan villa on the promontory of Misenum.

An Historic Challenge to Religion from Science

GALILEO GALILEI

DIALOGUE OF THE TWO GREATEST SYSTEMS OF THE WORLD

WHEN Galileo was driven from Pisa by the enmity of the Aristotelians he went to Padua University, where he invented a kind of thermometer, a proportional compass, a microscope and a telescope. The last invention bore fruit in astronomical discoveries, and in 1610 he discovered four of the moons of Jupiter. Promulgation of the Copernican doctrine led to renewed attacks by the Aristotelians, and to censure by the Inquisition. Notwithstanding this censure, he published in 1632 his Dialogo dei Due Massimi Sistemi del Mondo. The interlocutors in the Dialogue, with the exception of Salviatus who expounds the views of the author himself, represent two of his friends. For the Dialogue he was sentenced by the Inquisition to imprisonment, and compelled to recite psalms once a week for three years. In 1637 blindness added to his woes, but the fire of genius burned on until his death in 1642.

I—Does the Earth Move?



SALVIATUS: Now, let Simplicius propound those doubts which dissuade him from believing that the earth may move, as the other planets, round a fixed centre.

Simplicius: The first and greatest difficulty is that it is impossible both to be in a centre and to be far from it. If the earth move in a circle it cannot remain in the centre of the zodiac; but Aristotle, Ptolemy and others have proved that it is in the centre of the zodiac.

Salv.: There is no question that the earth cannot be in the centre of a circle round whose circumference it moves. But tell me what centre do you mean?

Simp.: I mean the centre of the universe, of the world, of the starry sphere.

Salv : No one has ever proved that the universe is finite and figurate; but granting that it is finite and spherical, and has therefore a centre, we have still to give reasons why we should believe that the earth is at its centre.

Simp. : Aristotle has proved in a hundred ways that the universe is finite and spherical.

Salv. : Aristotle's proof that the universe was finite and spherical was derived essentially from the consideration that it moved; and seeing that centre and figure were inferred by Aristotle from its mobility, it will be reasonable if we endeavour to find from the circular motions of mundane bodies the centre's proper place. Aristotle himself came to the conclusion that all the celestial spheres revolve round the earth, which is placed at the centre of the universe. But tell me, Simplicius, supposing Aristotle found that one of the two propositions must be false, and that either the celestial spheres do not revolve or that the earth is not the centre round which they revolve, which proposition would he prefer to give up?

Simp. : I believe that the Peripatetics . . .

Salv. : I do not ask the Peripatetics, I ask Aristotle. As for the Peripatetics, they, as humble vassals of Aristotle, would deny all the experiments and all the observations in the world; nay, would also refuse to see them, and would say that the universe is as Aristotle writeth, and not as nature will have it; for, deprived of the shield of his authority, with what do you think they would appear in the field? Tell me, therefore, what Aristotle himself would do.

Simp. : To tell you the truth, I do not know how to decide which is the lesser inconvenience.

Salv. : Seeing you do not know, let us examine which would be the more rational choice, and let us assume that Aristotle would have chosen so. Granting with Aristotle that the universe has a spherical figure and moveth circularly round a centre, is it reasonable to believe that the starry orbs move round the centre of the universe or round some separate centre?

Simp. : I would say that it were much more reasonable to believe that they move with the universe round the centre of the universe.

Salv. : But they move round the sun and not round the earth; therefore the sun and not the earth is the centre of the universe.

Simp. : Whence, then, do you argue that it is the sun and not the earth that is the centre of the planetary revolutions?

Salv. : I infer that the earth is not the centre of the planetary revolutions because the planets are at different times at very different distances from the earth. For instance, Venus, when it is farthest off, is six times more remote from us than when it is nearest, and Mars rises almost eight times as high at one time as at another.

Simp. : And what are the signs that the planets revolve round the sun as centre?

Salv. : We find that the three superior planets—Mars, Jupiter and Saturn—are always nearest to the earth when they are in opposition to the sun, and always farthest off when they are in conjunction; and so great is this approximation and recession that Mars, when near, appears very nearly sixty times greater than when remote. Venus and Mercury also certainly revolve round the sun, since they never move far from it, and appear now above and now below it.

Sagredus : I expect that more wonderful things depend on the annual revolution than upon the diurnal rotation of the earth.

Salv. : You do not err therein. The effect of the diurnal rotation of the earth is to make the universe seem to rotate in the opposite direction; but the annual motion complicates the particular motions of all the planets. But to return to my proposition. I affirm that the centre of the celestial convolutions of the five planets Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus and Mercury, and likewise of the earth—is the sun.

As for the moon, it goes round the earth, and yet does not cease to go round the sun with the earth. It being true, then, that the five planets do move about the sun as a centre, rest seems with so much more reason to belong to the said sun than to the earth, inasmuch as in a

movable sphere it is more reasonable that the centre stand still than any place remote from the centre.

To the earth, therefore, may a yearly revolution be assigned, leaving the sun at rest. And if that be so, it follows that the diurnal motion likewise belongs to the earth; for if the sun stood still and the earth did not rotate, the year would consist of six months of day and six months of night. You may consider, likewise, how, in conformity with this scheme, the precipitate motion of twenty-four hours is taken away from the universe; and how the fixed stars, which are so many suns, are made, like our sun, to enjoy perpetual rest.

Sag.: The scheme is simple and satisfactory; but, tell me, how is it that Pythagoras and Copernicus, who first brought it forward, could make so few converts?

Salv.: If you knew what frivolous reasons serve to make the vulgar contumacious and indisposed to hearken, you would not wonder at the paucity of converts. The number of thick skulls is infinite, and we need neither record their follies nor endeavour to interest them in subtle and sublime ideas. No demonstrations can enlighten stupid brains.

My wonder, Sagredus, is different from yours. You wonder that so few are believers in the Pythagorean hypothesis; I wonder that there are any to embrace it. Nor can I sufficiently admire the supereminence of those men's wits that have received and held it to be true, and with the sprightliness of their judgements have offered such violence to their senses that they have been able to prefer that which their reason asserted to that which sensible experience manifested. I cannot find any bounds for my admiration how that reason was able, in Aristarchus and Copernicus, to commit such a rape upon their senses, as in despite thereof to make herself mistress of their credulity.

Sag.: Will there still be strong opposition to the Copernican system?

Salv.: Undoubtedly; for there are evident and sensible facts to oppose to it, requiring a sense more sublime than the common and vulgar senses to assist reason.

Sag.: Let us, then, join battle with those antagonistic facts.



GALILEO GALILEI, famous as an astronomer and as an experimental physicist, was born at Pisa, February 18, 1564. His talents were most multifarious and remarkable; but his mathematical and mechanical genius was dominant from the first. As a child he constructed toys, and as a man he discovered the isochronicity of the pendulum and invented a hydrostatic balance, later establishing by research and discovery the Copernican doctrine of planet movements. Summoned to Rome on the publication of his Dialogue of the Two Greatest Systems of the World he was obliged to recant this doctrine. He died January 8, 1642. This portrait is by Sustermans.

Salv.: I am quite ready. In the first place, Mars himself charges hotly against the truth of the Copernican system. According to the Copernican system, that planet should appear sixty times as large when at its nearest as when at its farthest; but this diversity of magnitude is not to be seen. The same difficulty is seen in the case of Venus. Further, if Venus be dark, and shine only with reflected light like the moon, it should show lunar phases; but these do not appear.

Further, again, the moon perverts the whole order of the Copernican system by revolving round the earth instead of round the sun. And there are other serious and curious difficulties admitted by Copernicus himself. But even the three great difficulties I have named are not real. As a matter of fact, Mars and Venus do vary in magnitude as required by theory, and Venus does change its shape exactly like the moon.

Sag.: But how came this to be concealed from Copernicus and revealed to you?

Salv.: Because it hath pleased God in our age to vouchsafe to human ingenuity

an instrument able to perfect our imperfect sight by magnifying even forty times small or distant objects.

Sag.: But Venus and Mars are visible to the naked eye. Why, then, do we not distinguish the differences of their magnitudes and figures?

Salv.: We see remote and radiant objects fringed with rays so that they appear ten, twenty, or a thousand times greater than their true size, and so that their real size and shape cannot be distinguished. The smaller the body the greater in proportion is this fictitious enlargement. Thus, if we add four inches of irradiation to a circle four inches in diameter, it will be magnified nine times; while if we add four inches of irradiation to a circle one inch in diameter it will be magnified eighty-one times.

The brighter the object, too, the more will it be magnified by irradiation. By looking at the stars through a tube or telescope the rays are cut off and we see the stars more truly defined. Looking through a telescope we can see the different phases of Venus and the differences in its apparent size at different distances.

Sag.: Oh, Nicholas Copernicus, how great would have been thy joy to see this confirmation of thy news!

Salv.: But how much less the fame of his sublime mind among the intelligent! I cannot cease to wonder that he did constantly affirm what the senses seemed to contradict. As to the behaviour of the moon, it is not so perverted, for we see with the telescope that Jupiter has four moons which revolve around it.

Sal.: In the Ptolemaic hypothesis there are diseases; in the Copernican their cures. In the Ptolemaic system there are deformed and irregular movements; but in the Copernican all move evenly about their centres. In the Ptolemaic it is necessary to give contrary movements from east to west, and from west to east to the celestial bodies; but in the Copernican they all revolve one way, from west to east.

Further, Ptolemy had to introduce very great epicycles applied to the motions of each planet to account for the irregularities in their motion; but in the Copernican system all irregularities are simply explained by the annual motion of the earth. Still further, even the motion of the solar spots is a testimony of the truth of the Copernican system.

II—Sun spots, and What They Prove

Salviatus: The first discoverer and observer of sun spots was our 'Academick Linceus' (Galileo Galilei). He was the first to oppose the too timorous and too jealous asserters of the heavens' unalterability, and to affirm the spots to be matter that was quickly produced and dissolved. He held that the matter revolved around the sun, or was carried round by the sun. If carried round by the sun, he concluded that the sun revolved on an axis perpendicular to the ecliptic, since the spots described arches parallel to the plane of the ecliptic; and all deviations from such parallel courses he attributed to accidental mutations such as affect the clouds that are carried round by the earth as it revolves. A closer observation, however, of a very big sun spot showed that its courses were not straight but somewhat curved; this bred a sudden conceit in the mind of our 'Academick.'

'In my opinion, Philip,' he said, 'this is a matter of very great consequence; for if the axis of the sun's rotation be not perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, as the course of the sun spot suggests, it should lead to very important deductions.'

I, being awakened at so great a prospect, importuned him to make a free discovery of his conceit unto me, and he continued his discourse to this effect.

If the earth's motion be along the ecliptic round the sun, and the sun be in the centre rotating on an axis inclined to the axis of the ecliptic, it follows that strange changes will ensue in the apparent motion of the sun spots, however stationary the axis of the sun. First, it will follow that to us, carried round by the terrestrial globe, the sun spots will seem twice a year to proceed in straight lines, and at all other times in arches.

Secondly, the convexity of the arches will be upwards for six months and downwards for six months. Thirdly, for six months the spots will come into view at a higher level than they disappear, and



GALILEO DEFENDS HIS DIALOGUE OF THE SYSTEMS OF THE WORLD BEFORE THE INQUISITION

for six months the contrary will be the case, and only for one or two days bienally will they come and go at the same level.

Sagredus: I confess, Salviatus, that to interrupt you in your discourse is ill manners; but I esteem it no less rudeness to permit you to run on any farther in words, while they are, as the saying is, cast into the air. For, to speak freely, I know not how to form any distinct idea of so much as one of these conclusions you have propounded.

Salv.: The same befell me while my guest transported me with bare words; but by means of a globe he made the thing clear to me. And now, a globe being lacking, I will draw a sphere upon a piece of paper, and demonstrate to you that these changes in the apparent motion of the sun spots must appear if the earth moves round the sun, and if the sun rotates on an axis inclined to the axis of the ecliptic.

It came to pass thereupon, that, continuing many several months to make most accurate observations, and noting down with great exactness the courses or transitions of sundry spots at divers times, we found the movements to correspond exactly with the positions.

Sag.: Simplicius, if this which Salviatus says is true, the Ptolemeans and Aristotelians had indeed need of solid arguments and sound experiments to support their theory.

Simplicius: Fair and softly, good sir. I do not find that my logic compels me to believe the Copernican hypothesis, for though it be true that the Copernican hypothesis necessitates such erratic courses in the sun spots, it does not follow that there are no other reasons which might account for their vagrancy. Unless you can show me that the course of the sun spots is inexplicable on any theory which supposes the sun moves round the earth, I will not alter my view that the sun moveth and the earth standeth still.

Sag.: Simplicius behaveth himself bravely, and argueth subtilly in defence of Aristotle and Ptolemy; but no doubt Salviatus has considered his objection.

Salv.: I have often thought thereon; but no satisfactory explanation of the movement of the spots can be given if we assume that the earth stands still, for, if the earth be assumed immovable, the movement can be explained only by ascribing to the sun four several motions.

In the first place, the sun must necessarily revolve, carrying the spots along with it. In the second place, the axis of the sun's rotation must be inclined to the ecliptic. In the third place, the inclination of the axis must vary to account for the varying obliquity and curvature of the course of the sun spots.

And because those positions are in continual alteration, making the inclinations and curvatures now greater, now lesser, it is necessary to assert that the self-same axis of the monthly revolution of the spots hath a particular revolution of its own, whereby its poles describe two circles about the poles of another axis, which for that reason ought, as I have said, to be ascribed to the sun, the semi-diameter of which circle corresponds to the degree of inclination of the said axis.

And it is necessary that the time of its period be a year, for that is the time in which all the different appearances in the courses of the spots do return. And that the revolution of this axis is made about the poles of the other axis parallel to that of the ecliptic, and not about other points, the greatest inclinations and curvatures do clearly prove.

So that finally, to maintain the earth fixed in the centre, it will be necessary to assign to the sun two motions about its own centre upon two different axes, one of which finishes its rotation in a year and the other in less than a month, which assumption seemeth to my understanding very hard and almost impossible.

Sag.: Among all the ingenious subtleties I have ever heard, I have never met any theory more admirable to my intellect, more captivating to my judgement, and I am thinking that I may rationally conclude that those who withstand this doctrine never heard, or never understood these so convincing arguments.

Salv.: I did not ascribe unto the argument the title either of convincing or unconvincing. I do not intend to decide so high a question, but only to propound the natural facts which support the Copernican and Ptolemaic theories.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

MARMION
A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD

IN Marmion there is something more than a romantic story: the poem presents an accurate and solid picture of an historical period. According to Scott it was composed while he was at work on his edition of Dryden, as a relief to 'graver cares.' Its popularity was amazing, exceeding even that of The Lay of the Last Minstrel. 'Marmion,' says one biographer, 'took possession of the public like a kind of madness'; the lines not only clung to the memory, but they would not keep off the tongue; people could not help shouting them in solitary places and muttering them as they walked about the streets.' In accordance with his invariable practice, Scott bestowed preternatural care on the composition of the poem. Some of it, especially the battle scene, was composed while he was galloping on his horse over the sands at Portobello. The poem was begun early in 1807 and published in February 1808, Scott accepting the sum of one thousand guineas in return for his rights.

I—Marmion's Perfidy and the Doom of Constance



IN the reign of King Henry VIII, Lord Marmion of Fontenaye and Lutterward, an English knight of noble blood and of great prowess and possessions, carried off from her convent Constance de Beverley, a professed Benedictine nun of good family, and afterwards kept her about his person in the character and disguise of a page. But at the end of three years he fell in love with a beautiful heiress, Clare de Clare, who had given her heart to Ralph de Wilton, a valiant young knight living near her.

Refused by Clare, Marmion set to work to rid himself of his rival; and, having persuaded Constance to put a packet of forged letters importing treasonable practices into a collection of documents preserved by De Wilton, accused him of these crimes before the king, alleging that he was in league with Marten Swart, who had come over to England to assist the cause of the pretender, Lambert Simnel.

Put on his trial, De Wilton freely admitted that he had known Swart in Guelders, and had corresponded with him, and to prove the innocent nature of this correspondence, he sent to his castle for it, when, greatly to his surprise and horror, it was found to contain the incriminating letters which Constance had forged and foisted into it. In these circumstances, it was settled that the guilt or innocence of De Wilton should be referred to the judgement of God, and decided by single combat between the two parties at Cottiswold. In this contest the treacherous Marmion was successful, and the innocent De Wilton was supposed to die of his wounds.

Clare, in the meantime, full of grief for her lover's fate and of horror at Marmion's continued overtures, took refuge in the Benedictine Abbey of St. Hilda at Whitby, with the ultimate intention of taking the veil. But she failed to reckon with the jealousy of Constance, who, having assisted the perfidious scheme for promoting Marmion's marriage with her rival merely for the sake of possessing herself of a secret which gave her power over his life, now resolved, with the assistance of a wicked monk, to destroy Clare by poison.

The plot, however, was detected, and Marmion, tired of her love and wearied by her jealousy, but having no suspicion of the fate in store for her, was only too ready to hand back his paramour to her spiritual superiors. Accordingly, she and her companion in guilt were taken to the monastery on Holy Isle, where they were arraigned before the three heads of the Benedictine order, the blind Abbot of St Cuthbert's, the Prioress of Tynemouth and the Abbess of St. Hilda, who had Clare in her company:

Before them stood a guilty pair;
But, though an equal fate they share,
Yet one alone deserves our care.
Her sex a page's dress belied;
The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,
Obscured her charms, but could not hide
Her cap down o'er her face she drew,
And, on her doublet breast,
She tried to hide the badge of blue,
Lord Marmion's falcon crest.
But, at the prioress' command,
A monk undid the silken band,
That tied her tresses fair,
And raised the bonnet from her head,
And down her slender form they spread
In ringlets rich and rare.
Constance de Beverley they know,
Sister professed of Fontevraud,
Whom the Church numbered with the dead,
For broken vows, and convert fled.

When thus her face was given to view
(Although so pallid was her hue,
It did a ghastly contrast bear

To those bright ringlets glistening fair),
Her look composed, and steady eye,
Bespoke a matchless constancy;
And there she stood so calm and pale,
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight of eye and head,
And of her bosom, warranted
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there:
So still she was, so pale, so fair.

Her comrade was a sordid soul,
Such as does murder for a meed;
Who, but of fear, knows no control,
Because his conscience, seared and foul,
Feels not the import of his deed;
One, whose brute feeling ne'er aspires
Beyond his own mere brute desires.
Such tools the Tempter ever needs,
To do the savagest of deeds;
For them no visioned terrors daunt,
Their night no fancied spectres haunt,
One fear with them, of all most base,
The fear of death, alone finds place.
This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,
And shamed not loud to moan and howl,
His body on the floor to dash,
And crouch, like hound beneath the lash;
While his mute partner, standing near,
Waited her doom without a tear.

Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek,
Well might her paleness terror speak!
For there were seen in that dark wall,
Two niches, narrow, deep, and tall
Who enters at such grisly door,
Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.
In each a slender meal was laid,
Of roots, of water, and of bread:
By each, in Benedictine dress,
Two haggard monks stood motionless;
Who, holding high a blazing torch,
Showed the grim entrance of the porch:
Reflecting back the smoky beam,
The dark red walls and arches gleam;
Hewn stones and cement were displayed,
And building tools in order laid.

And now that blind old Abbot rose,
To speak the Chapter's doom,
On those the wall was to enclose,
Alive, within the tomb;
But stopped, because that woful maid,
Gathering her powers, to speak essayed;
Twice she essayed, and twice in vain;
Her accents might no utterance gain;
Nought but imperfect murmurs slip
From her convulsed and quivering lip;
'Twixt each attempt all was so still,
You seemed to hear a distant rill—
'Twas ocean's swells and falls;
For though this vault of sin and fear,
Was to the sounding surge so near,
A tempest there you scarce could hear,
So massive were the walls.

At length an effort sent apart
The blood that curdled to her heart,
And light came to her eye,
And colour dawned upon her cheek,
A hectic and a fluttered streak,
Like that left on the Cheviot peak,
By autumn's stormy sky;
And when her silence broke at length,
Still as she spoke she gathered strength,
And armed herself to bear.
It was a fearful sight to see,
Such high resolve and constancy,
In form so soft and fair.

[Constance then spoke, and revealed the whole baseness of her lover in making false charges against De Wilton, and in abandoning herself. Finally, after denouncing the bigotry and cruelty of her judges, and foretelling the speedy destruction of their power, she was led to her doom, expressing no remorse for her own plot against Clare, but leaving behind her documents which established the perfidy of Marmion.]

II—A Sinister Palmer

MEANWHILE, Marmion proceeded on an embassy from King Henry to the court of James IV of Scotland to inquire why that sovereign was raising so vast an army in the neighbourhood of his capital. At Norham upon the Tweed, the last English post upon his road, the valiant but treacherous knight asked his host, Sir Hugh the Heron, to furnish him with a guide to the Scottish court; and after some deliberation a holy palmer was introduced for this purpose, who guided Marmion in silence across the border to the village of Gifford in East Lothian, where the company took up its quarters at a country inn. Here the palmer's stern, encountering glance disturbed the soul of Marmion, and reduced the band to silence.

To relieve this the knight called on one of his squires for a song, but was only plunged into deeper gloom when the youth selected a favourite air of Constance's, and sang of the death that is decreed to those who are faithless in love.]

High minds, of native pride and force,
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse!
Fear, for their scourge, mean villains have,
Thou art the torturer of the brave!
Yet fatal strength they boast to steel
Their minds to bear the wounds they feel,
Even while they writhe beneath the smart
Of civil conflict in the heart.
For soon Lord Marmion raised his head,
And, smiling, to FitzEustace said—
"Is it not strange, that, as ye sung,
Seemed in mine ears a death-peal rung,
Such as in nunneries they toll
For some departing sister's soul?—
Say, what may this portend?"
Then first the palmer silence broke
(The livelong day he had not spoke),
"The death of a dear friend."

Marmion, whose steady heart and eye
Ne'er changed in worst extremity;
Marmion, whose soul could scantly brook,
Even from his king, a haughty look;
Whose accent of command controlled
In camps the boldest of the bold—
Thought, look and utterance failed him now,
Fall'n was his glance, and flushed his brow;
For either in the tone,
Or something in the palmer's look,
So full upon his conscience strook,
That answer he found none.
Thus oft it haps, that when within
They shrink at sense of secret sin,
A feather daunts the brave;
A fool's wise speech confounds the wise,
And proudest princes veil their eyes
Before their meanest slave.

Well might he falter! By his aid
Was Constance Beverley betrayed.
Not that he augured of the doom,
Which on the living closed the tomb:
His conscience slept—he deemed her well,
And safe secured in distant cell:
But, wakened by her favourite lay,
And that strange palmer's boding say,
That fell so ominous and drear
Full on the object of his fear,
To aid remorse's venomed throes,
Dark tales of convent-vengeance rose;
And Constance, late betrayed and scorned,
All lovely on his soul returned;
Lovely as when, at treacherous call,
She left her convent's peaceful wall,
Crimsoned with shame, with terror mute,
Dreading alike escape, pursuit,
Till love, victorious o'er alarms,
Hid fear and blushes in his arms.

[The host then told a story of a midnight encounter which took place in the neighbourhood between King Alexander III and a spirit in the shape of Edward I of England, in which the Scottish sovereign overcame his ghostly opponent, and compelled him to disclose the fortune that awaited him in his war with the Danes. He concluded by saying that a similar adventure still awaited any knight who would venture at midnight to the same spot; and the tale so haunted the thoughts of Marmion that he could not rest till he had tested its truth. He returned, foiled in his encounter with the elfin foe.

The next day he resumed his march, still in gloomy mood, and, ere long, met Sir David Lindsay, the Lyon King-at-Arms of Scotland, who, having been sent to attend him, conducted him to a castle a few miles from Edinburgh, where he was to remain for a day or two till the king was at liberty to receive him. Here Lindsay told an uncanny story of a vision which had recently appeared to his sovereign at Linlithgow, warning him to abandon his warlike preparations; and, in return, Marmion related how at Gifford he had met in combat and been defeated by an apparition which bore the features of a mortal enemy whom he had believed to be dead these many years.

On the evening of the following day Lindsay and Marmion went to Edinburgh, and attended a state banquet given by the king at Holy Rood to his chief nobles.]

This feast outshone his banquets past,
It was his blithest and his last.
The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,
Cast on the Court a dancing ray;
Here to the harp did minstrels sing;
There ladies touched a softer string;
At dice and draughts the gallants vied;
While some, in close recess apart,
Courted the ladies of their heart,
Nor courted them in vain;
For often, in the parting hour,
Victorious Love asserts his power
O'er coldness and disdain;
And flinty is her heart can view
To battle march a lover true,
Nor own her share of pain.

Through this mixed crowd of glee and game,
The king to greet Lord Marmion came,
While, reverent, all made room.
An easy task it was, I trow,
King James's manly form to know
Although, his courtesy to show,
He doffed, to Marmion bending low
His broidered cap and plume.
For royal was his garb and mien,
His cloak, of crimson velvet piled,
Trimmed with the fur of marten wild;
His gorgeous collar hung adown,
Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown,
The thistle brave, of old renown;
White were his buskins, on the heel
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel;
His bonnet, all of crimson fair,
Was buttoned with a ruby rare:
And Marmion deemed he ne'er had seen
A prince of such a noble mien.

The monarch's form was middle size;
For feat of strength, or exercise,
Shaped in proportion fair;
And hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkest dye
His short curled beard and hair.
Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists,
And, oh! he had that merry glance
That seldom lady's heart resists.
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue—
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

Marmion was then told that the English aggressions on the border had been so deliberate and serious as to leave little hope of peace being maintained; but he was bidden to accept the hospitality of Lord Angus at Tantallon Castle.

Meantime, the Abbess of Whitby, returning by sea with Clare from the condemnation of Constance, was captured and brought to Edinburgh. To her horror, she and her train were placed by the Scottish monarch under the charge of

Marmion, and directed to remain with him at Tantallon, and finally to be conducted by him to England, where Clare would be handed over to her kinsman, Lord FitzClare.

But having been allowed to accept an invitation to stop at a convent of Cistercian nuns near North Berwick, the holy mother became separated from Clare and the palmer, but not before she had placed in the hands of the latter the documents establishing the innocence of De Wilton and the treachery of Marmion which she had received from Constance at her trial.]

III—De Wilton Returns

ONE night when she was pacing the battlements of Tantallon Castle, absorbed in thoughts of religion and of De Wilton, Clare found some armour lying in her path, and was wondering what it was doing there when suddenly De Wilton himself confronted her. He told her how, after recovering from the wounds received in the combat with Marmion, he had left England and had travelled as a palmer in many foreign lands; how, still in this guise, he had come to Norham and guided his mortal enemy to Scotland; how at Gifford Moor he had had a midnight encounter with Marmion and beaten him to the earth; how the Abbess of Whitby had given him documents which cleared his name and incriminated Marmion; how he had told his tale to Douglas, Lord Angus, and was to be re-knighted by him on the morrow, and how immediately afterwards he meant to repair to Surrey's camp to aid his country's cause in the great battle which was then impending. 'Twere needless to tell the joy of Clare, who assisted him in guding on his knightly armour and watched him ride forth at break of day.

Meantime, Marmion, impatient for the battle, and accompanied by Clare, left the castle a little later on the same errand, but not before he had quarrelled with his host, who refused to take his hand at parting. It was not long before he missed the palmer from his company, and having made inquiries, he was told how that holy man, arrayed in armour, mounted on a steed, and looking very like the degraded De Wilton, had left Tantallon earlier in the day.]

The instant that FitzEustace spoke,
A sudden light on Marmion broke;
"Ah! dastard fool, to reason lost!"
He muttered; "'twas not lay nor ghost
I met upon the moonlight wold,
But living man of earthly mould.
  O dotage blind and gross!
Had I but fought as wont, one thrust
Had laid De Wilton in the dust,
  My path no more to cross.
How stand we now? He told his tale
To Douglas, and with some avail;
'Twas therefore gloomed his rugged brow—
Will Surrey dare to entertain,
'Gainst Marmion charge disproved and vain?
  Small risk of that, I trow.
Yet Clare's sharp questions must I shun;
Must separate Constance from the nun—
Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!
A palmer, too!—no wonder why
I felt rebuked beneath his eye:
I might have known there was but one
Whose look could quell Lord Marmion."

[Stung with these thoughts, Marmion urged on his troops, and by evening reached the Tweed. In the morning, however, the sight of the two armies encamped on Flodden ridge drove away his gloom, and leaving Clare on an eminence in the rear in charge of two of his squires, he straightway galloped to Lord Surrey, who joyfully greeted him and assigned him a position in the vanguard lines.

Meantime, as the battle progressed and the fortune of the day seemed going against England, first Blount, and then the other squire, FitzEustace, deserted Clare and plunged into the fight. But she was not left long alone; before long Marmion was brought back by Blount and Eustace mortally wounded.

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:
"Where's Harry Blount? FitzEustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon—charge again!
Cry 'Marmion to the rescue!' Vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
  Yet my last thought is England's: fly
To Dacre, bear my signet-ring;
Tell him his squadron up to bring.
  FitzEustace, to Lord Surrey hie;
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
His life-blood stains the spotless shield;
Edmund is down—my life is reft;
The admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host:
Or victory and England's lost.
Must I bid twice?—Hence, varlets! Fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."
They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured, "Is there none
  Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
  To slake my dying thirst!"

O Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou!
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the baron's casque, the maid
  To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
  Sees but the dying man.

She stooped her by the runnel's side.
But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountain's side,
Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn? Behold her mark
A little fountain cell,
Where water, clear as diamond spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,
Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray
For the kind soul of Sybil Gray
Who built this cross and well.
She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head:
A pious man whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

[When Marmion had drunk deep of the water, and Clare was bathing his brow, he asked whether it was the hand of Clare or of injured Constance that was doing him the service. Clare was obliged to tell him of Constance's death, and the news roused Marmion from the ground in a transport of fury and threatened vengeance, only to send him back into a fresh faint.]

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
And strove to stanch the gushing wound
The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear.

[It was the voice of Constance that he heard, singing her favourite air. In truth, Marmion was very near his end.]

The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale
And—STANLEY! was the cry;
A light on Marmion's visage spread
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted, "Victory!
"Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

By this though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots, around their King,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where's now their victor vaward wing,
Where Huntly, and where Home?
O, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died!
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
While yet on Flodden side,
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,
Our Caledonian pride!
In vain the wish—for far away,
While spoil and havoc mark their way,
Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray.
"O, Lady," cried the Monk, "away!"
And placed her on his steed,
And led her to the chapel fair
Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.
There all the night they spent in prayer
And at the dawn of morning, there
She met her kinsman, Lord FitzClare.

But as they left the darkening heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
In headlong charge their horse assail'd;
Front, flank and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their King.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded King.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shatter'd bands
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disorder'd, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to town and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!

[Of the distinction won by De Wilton in this battle of Flodden Field, of his restoration to all his former honours and possessions, and of his happy union with his faithful and long-loved, Clare, the reader will scarcely be need to be told 'Love they like Wilton and like Clare' was for long quite a proverbial blessing invoked on a wedded couple.]



SINDBAD RETURNED EVERY DAY TO THE CAVERN, TILL A SHIP CAME AND BORE HIM AWAY

From the painting by C. M. Padday

MEDIEVAL PERSIAN

THE BOOK OF THE THOUSAND NIGHTS AND A NIGHT

ABOUT the history of the 'Arabian Nights' there is much doubt. Legend has it that a certain Caliph Shahryar, being deceived by his wife, slew her, and afterwards married a wife only for one day, slaying her the day after. Some time after this slaughter of wives had begun he came to wed one Shahrazad, daughter to his Vizir, who, by telling the Commander of the Faithful exciting stories and leaving them unfinished every dawn, so provoked the Caliph's curiosity that he permitted her to live, and finally grew so attached to her inventive genius that he dismissed the thought of putting her to death. Sir Richard Burton, the famous translator, has summed up the information on the Nights in the following conclusion: The framework of the book is purely Persian perfunctorily Arabised, the archetype being the Hazar Afsanah. The oldest tales may date from the reign of Al Mansur, in the eighth century; others belong to the tenth century; and the latest may be ascribed to the sixteenth. The work assumed its present form in the thirteenth century. The author is unknown, 'for the best reason; there never was one.'

I—The Seven Voyages of Sindbad the Sailor



WHEN the father of Sindbad was taken to Almighty Allah, much wealth came to the possession of his son; but soon did it dwindle in boon companionship, for the city of Bagdad is sweet to the youthful.

Then did Sindbad bethink him how he might restore his fortune, saying to himself: 'Three things are better than other three; the day of death is better than the day of birth, a live dog is better than a dead lion, and the grave is better than want'; and gathering merchandise together, he took ship and sailed away to foreign countries.

Now it came to pass that the captain of this ship sighted a strange island, whereon were grass and trees, very pleasant to the eyes. So they anchored, and many went ashore. When these had gathered fruits, they made a fire and were about to warm themselves, when the captain cried out from the ship: "Ho there! passengers, run for your lives and hasten back to the ship and leave your gear and save yourselves from destruction. Allah preserve you! For this island whereon ye stand is no true island, but a great fish stationary a-middlemost of the sea, whereon the sand hath settled and trees have sprung up of old time, so that it is become like unto an island; but when ye lighted fires on it, it felt the heat and moved; and in a moment it will sink with you into the depths of the sea and ye will be drowned."

When the fish moved, the captain did not wait for his passengers, but sailed away, and Sindbad, seizing a tub, floated helpless in the great waters.

But by the mercy of Allah he was thrown upon a true island, where a beautiful mare lay upon the ground, who cried at his approach. Then a man started up at the mare's cry, and seeing Sindbad, bore him to an underground chamber, where he regaled the waif with plenteous food. To him did this man explain how he was a groom of King Mirjan, and that he brought the king's mares to pasture on the island, hiding underground while the stallions of the sea came up out of the waves unto the mares.

Presently Sindbad saw this strange sight, and witnessed how the groom drove the stallions back to the waves when they would have dragged the mares with them. After that he was carried before King Mirjan, who entreated him kindly, and when he had amassed wealth, returned by ship to Bussorah and so to Bagdad.

But becoming possessed with the thought of travelling about the ways of men, he set out on a second voyage. And it came to pass that he landed with others on a lovely island, and lay down to sleep, after he had eaten many delicious fruits. Awaking, he found the ship gone.

Then, praying to Almighty Allah, like a man distracted, he roamed about the island, presently climbing a tree to see what he could see. And he saw a great dome afar, and journeyed to it.

There was no entrance to this white dome, and as he went round about it, the sun became suddenly darkened, so that he looked towards it in fear, and lo! a bird in the heavens whose wings blackened all light. Then did Sindbad know that the dome was an egg and that the bird was the bird roc, which feeds its young upon elephants. Sore afraid, he hid himself, and the bird settled upon the egg and brooded upon it. Then Sindbad unwound his turban and, tying one end to the leg of the great bird and the other about his own middle, waited for the dawn of the new day.

When the dawn was come, the bird flew into the heavens, unaware of the weight at its foot, and Sindbad was borne across great seas and far countries. When at last the bird settled on land, Sindbad unfastened his turban and was free.

But the place was filled with frightful serpents, and strewn with diamonds. Sindbad saw a dead sheep on the ground, with diamonds sticking to its carcase, and he knew that this was a device of merchants, for eagles come and carry away these carcases to places beyond the reach of the serpents, and merchants take the diamonds sticking to the flesh. So he hid himself under the carcase, and an eagle bore him with it to inhabited lands and he was delivered.

Again it came to him to travel, and on this his third voyage the ship was driven to the mountain of Zughb, inhabited by hairy apes. These apes seized all the goods and gear, breaking the ship, but spared the men. Then they perceived a great house and entered it, but nobody was there. At nightfall, however, a frightful giant entered, and began to feel the men one by one, till he found the fattest, and him the giant roasted over a fire and ate like a chicken.

This happened many days, till Sindbad encouraged his friends, and they heated two iron spits in the fire and while the giant slept put out his eyes. While they ran to the shore, where they had built a raft, the giant, bellowing with rage, returned with two ghuls, and pelted the raft with rocks, killing some, but the rest escaped. However, three only were alive when they reached land.

The shore on which these three landed was occupied by an immense serpent, like a dragon, who instantly ate one of the three, while Sindbad and the other climbed up a tree. Next day the serpent glided up the tree and ate the second. Then Sindbad descended, and with planks bound himself all round so that he was a man surrounded by a fence. Thus did he abide safe from the serpent till a ship saved him.

Now on his fourth voyage Sindbad's ship was wrecked, and he fell among hairy men, cannibals, who fattened all that they caught like cattle, and consumed them. He being thin and wasted by all his misfortunes, escaped death, and saw all his comrades fattened and roasted, till they went mad, with cries of anguish.

It chanced that the shepherd, who tended these men in the folds, took pity on Sindbad and showed him the road out of danger, which taking, he arrived, after divers adventures and difficulties, at the country of a great king. In this country all were horsemen, but the saddle was unknown, so Sindbad made first the king, and afterwards the vizir, both saddle and stirrups, which so delighted them that he was forthwith speedily advanced to great fortune and honour.

Then was he married to a maiden most beautiful and chaste, so lovely to behold that she ravished the senses, and he lived like one in a dream. But it came to pass that she died, and when they buried her they took Sindbad and shut him in the Place of the Dead with her, giving him a little food and water till he should die. Such was the custom, that husband and wife should company the dead wife or husband in the Place of the Dead—a mighty cave strewn with dead bodies, dark as night, and littered with jewels.

While Sindbad bewailed his lot in this place the doors opened, a dead body of a man was brought in, and with it his live wife, to whom food was given. Then Sindbad killed this fair lady with the bone

of a leg, took her food and jewels, and thus did he serve all the live people thrust into the cavern.

One day he heard a strange sound far up the cavern, and perceived in the distance a wild beast. Then he knew that there must be some entrance at that far end, and journeying thither, found a hole in the mountain which led to the sea. On the shore Sindbad piled all his jewels, returning every day to the cavern to gather more, till a ship came and bore him away.

His fifth voyage was interrupted by rocs, whose egg the sailors had smashed open to see the interior of what they took to be a dome. These birds flew over the ship with rocks in their claws, and let them fall on to the ship, so that it was wrecked.

Sindbad reached shore on a plank, and wandering on this island perceived an old man, very sad, seated by a river. The old man signalled to Sindbad that he should carry him on his back to a certain point, and this Sindbad very willingly bent himself to do. But once upon his back, the legs over the shoulders and wound round about his flanks, the old man refused to get off, and drove Sindbad hither and thither with most cruel blows.

At last Sindbad took a gourd, hollowed it out, filled it with grape juice, stopped the mouth, and set it in the sun. Then did he drink of this wine and got merry and forgot his misery, dancing with the old man on his neck. So the old man asked for the gourd, and drank of it, and fell sleepy, and dropped from Sindbad's neck, and Sindbad slew him.

After that, Sindbad amassed treasure by pelting apes with pebbles, who threw back at him coconuts, which he sold for money.

On his sixth voyage Sindbad was wrecked on the most frightful mountain, which no ship could pass. The sight of all the useless wealth strewn upon this terrible place of wreck and death drove all the other passengers mad, so that they died. But Sindbad, finding a stream, built a raft, and drifted on it till, almost dead, he arrived among Indians and Abyssinians. Here he was well treated, grew rich, and returned in prosperity to Bagdad.

But once again did he travel, and this time his vessel encountered in the middle seas three vast fish-like islands, which lashed out and destroyed the ship, eating most, but Sindbad escaped. When he reached land he found himself well cared for among kind people, and he grew rich in an old man's house, who married him to his only daughter.

One day after the old man's death, and when he was as rich as any in that land, lo! all the men grew into the likeness of birds, and Sindbad begged one of them to take him on his back on the mysterious flight to which they were now bent. After persuasion the man-bird agreed, and Sindbad was carried up into the firmament till he could hear the angels glorifying God in the heavenly dome. Carried away by ecstasy, he shouted praise of Allah into the holy place, and instantly the bird fell to the ground, for they were evil and incapable of praising God. But Sindbad returned to his wife, and she told him how evil were those people, and that her father was not of them, and induced him to carry her to his own land. So he sold all his possessions, took ship, and came to Bagdad, where he lived in great splendour and honour, and this was the seventh and last voyage of Sindbad the Sailor.

II—The Tale of the Three Apples

The Caliph Haroun al-Raschid, walking by night in the city, found a fisherman lamenting that he had caught nothing for his wife and children. "Cast again," said the Caliph, "and I will give thee a hundred gold pieces for whatsoever cometh up." So the man cast his net, and there came up a box, wherein was found a young damsel foully murdered. Now, to this murder confessed two men, a youth and an old man; and this was the story that was told by the youth.

His wife fell ill, and had a longing for apples, so that he made the journey to Bussorah, and bought three apples from the caliph's gardener. But his wife would not eat them. One day, as he sat in his shop, passed a slave, bearing one of the apples. The husband asked how he came by it, whereat replied the slave that his mistress gave it to him, saying that her wittol of a husband had journeyed to

Bussorah for it. Then in rage the young man returned and slew his wife.

Presently his little son came home, saying that he was afraid of his mother; and when the father questioned him, replied the child that he had taken one of his mother's three apples to play with, and that a slave had stolen it. Then did the husband know his wife to be innocent, and he told her father all, and they both mourned for her, and both offered themselves to the executioner—the one that he was guilty, the other to save his son-in-law whose guilt was innocence.

From this story followed that of Noureddin and his son Bedreddin Hassan, whose marriage to the Lady of Beauty was brought about by a genie, in spite of great difficulties. And it was after hearing this tale that Haroun al-Raschid declared to his vizir: "It behoves that these stories be written in letters of liquid gold."

III—The Tale of Hassan the Rope-maker

TWO men, so it chanced, disputing whether wealth could give happiness, came before the shop of a poor rope-maker. Said one of the men: "I will give this fellow two hundred pieces of gold, and see what he does with it." Hassan, amazed by this gift, put the gold in his turban, except ten pieces, and went forth to buy hemp for his trade and meat for his children.

As he journeyed, a famished vulture made a pounce at the meat, and Hassan's turban fell off, with which the vulture flew away, far out of sight.

When the two men returned they found Hassan very unhappy, and the same who had given before gave him another two hundred pieces, which Hassan hid carefully, all but ten pieces, in a pot of bran. While he was out buying hemp, his wife exchanged the pot of bran for some scouring sand with a sandman in the street. Hassan was maddened when he came home, and beat his wife and tore her hair, and howled like an evil spirit. When his friends returned they were amazed by his tale, but the one who had as yet given nothing now gave Hassan a lump of lead picked up in the street, saying: "Good luck shall come of homely lead, where gold profits nothing."

Hassan thought but little of the lead, but when a fisherman sent among his neighbours that night for a piece of lead wherewith to mend his nets, very willingly did Hassan part with this gift, the fisherman promising him the first fish he caught.

WHEN Hassan's wife cut open this fish to cook it, she found within it a large piece of glass, crystal clear, which she threw to the children for a plaything. A Jewess who entered the shop saw this piece of glass, picked it up and offered a few pieces of money for it. Hassan's wife dared not do anything now without her husband's leave, and Hassan, being summoned, refused all the offers of the Jewess, perceiving that the piece of glass was surely a precious diamond. At last the Jewess offered a hundred thousand pieces of gold, and, as this was wealth beyond wealth, Hassan very willingly agreed to the barter.

IV—The Tale of Prince Ahmed and the Fairy

ONCE upon a time there was a sultan who had three sons, and all these young men loved their cousin, the fatherless and motherless Nouronnihar, who lived at their father's court.

To decide which should marry the princess the sultan bade them go forth, each a separate way, and, after a time, determined to end their travels by assembling at a certain place. "He of you who brings back from his travels the greatest of rarities," said the sultan, "he shall marry the princess, my niece." To Almighty Allah was confided the rest.

The eldest of the princes, Houssain by name, consorted with merchants in his travels, but saw nothing strange or wonderful till he encountered a man crying a piece of carpet for forty pieces of gold.

"Such is the magic of this carpet," protested the man, "that he who sits himself upon it is instantly transported to whatsoever place he desires to visit, be it over wide seas or tall mountains."

The prince bought this carpet, amused himself with it for some time and then flew joyfully to the place of assembly.

Hither came the second prince, Ali, who

brought from Persia an ivory tube, down which, if any man looked, he beheld the sight that most he desired to see; and the third prince, the young Ahmed, who had bought for thirty-five pieces of gold a magic apple, the smell of which would restore a soul almost passed through the gate of death.

The three princes, desiring to see their beloved princess, looked down Ali's ivory tube, and, lo! the tragic sight that met their gaze—for the princess lay at the point of death.

Swiftly did they seat themselves upon Houssain's magic carpet, and in a moment of time found themselves beside the princess, whom Ahmed instantly restored to beauty and health by his magic apple.

As it seemed impossible to decide which of these rare things was the rarest, the sultan commanded that each prince should shoot an arrow, and he whose arrow flew farthest should marry Nouronnihar.

Houssain drew the first bow; then Ali, whose arrow sped much farther, and then Ahmed, whose arrow was not to be found.

Houssain, in despair, gave up his right of succession to the throne and, with a blighted heart, went out into the wilderness, to become a holy man. Ali was married to the princess, and Ahmed went forth into the world to seek his lost arrow.

After long wandering, Ahmed found his arrow among desolate rocks, too far for any man to have shot with the bow; and while he looked about him, amazed and dumbfounded, he beheld an iron door in the rocks, which yielded to his touch and led into a very sumptuous palace.

There advanced towards him a lady of surpassing loveliness, who announced that she was a genie, that she knew well who he was, and had sent the carpet, the tube and the apple, and had guided his arrow to her door. Furthermore, she confessed to the prince great love for him, and offered him all that she possessed, leading him to a vast and magnificent chamber, where a marriage-feast was prepared.

Prince Ahmed was happy for some while, and then he thought of his father, grieving for him, and at last obtained leave from the beautiful genie to go on a visit to his home. At first his father was glad to see him, but afterwards jealousy of his son and the son's secret place of dwelling, and suspicion that a son so rich and powerful might have designs on his throne, led his father to lay hard and cruel burdens on Prince Ahmed.

However, all that he commanded Ahmed performed by help of the genie, even things the most impossible. He brought a tent which would cover the sultan's army and yet, folded up, lay in the hollow of a man's hand. This and many other wonderful things did Ahmed perform, till the sultan asked for a man one foot and a half in height, with a beard thirty feet long, who could carry a bar of iron weighing five hundredweight.

SUCH a man the genie found, and the sultan, beholding him, turned away in disgust; whereat the dwarf flew at him in a rage and with his iron bar smote him to death.

Thus, too, did the little man treat all the wicked courtiers and sorcerers who had incensed the sultan against his son. And Ahmed and the genie became sultan and sultana of all that world, while Ali and Nouronnihar reigned over a great province bestowed upon them by Prince Ahmed.

As for Houssain, he forsook not the life of a holy man living in the wilderness.

V—The Tale of the Hunchback

THERE lived long ago a poor tailor with a pretty wife. One day there came to his door a hunchback, who played upon a musical instrument and sang to it so amusingly that the tailor straightway carried him to his wife. So delighted by the hunchback's singing was the tailor's wife that she cooked a dish of fish and the three ate it. But in the midst of the feast a bone stuck in the hunchback's throat, and before a man could stare he was dead.

Afraid that they should be accused of murder, the tailor conspired with his wife what they should do. "I have it," said he, and getting a piece of money he sallied forth at dark with the hunchback's body and arrived before the house of a doctor.

Here knocked he on the door and, giving the maid a piece of money, bade her hasten the doctor to his need. So soon as the

maid's back was turned, he placed the hunchback on the top stair and fled.

Now the doctor, coming quickly, struck against the corpse so that it fell to the bottom of the stairs. "Woe is me, for I have killed a patient!" said he, and fearing to be accused of the murder, carried the body in to his wife.

Now they had a neighbour who was absent from home, and going to his room they placed the corpse against the fireplace. This man, returning and crying out: "So it is not the rats who plunder my larder!" began to belabour the hunchback, till the body rolled over and lay still. Then in great fear of his deed, this Mussulman carried the corpse into the street, and placed it upright against a shop.

Came by a Christian merchant at dawn of day and, running against the hunchback tumbled him over; then thinking himself attacked he struck the body, and at that moment the watch came by and haled the merchant before the sultan.

Now the hunchback was a favourite of the sultan, and he ordered the Christian merchant to be executed.

To the scaffold, just when death was to be done, came the Mussulman and confessed that he was the murderer. So the executioner released the Christian and was about to hang the other, when the doctor came and confessed to being the murderer. So the doctor took the place of the Mussulman, when the tailor and his wife hastened to the scene and confessed their guilt.

Now, when this story came to the ears of the sultan, he said: "Great is Allah, whose will must be done!" and he released all of them forthwith.

VI—A True Tale of Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp

THERE was in the old time a bad and idle boy who lived with his mother, a poor widow, and gave her much unrest. And there came to him one day a wicked magician, who called himself the boy's uncle, and one day he led Aladdin out to make him a merchant.

Now, the magician knew by his magic of a vast hoard of wealth, together with a wonderful lamp, which lay in the earth buried in Aladdin's name. And he sent the boy to fetch the lamp, giving him a magic ring, and waited on the earth for his return.

But Aladdin, his pockets full of jewels, refused to give up the lamp till his false uncle helped him to the surface of the earth, and in rage the magician caused the stone to fall upon the cave, and left Aladdin to die.

But as he wept, wringing his hands, the genie of the magic ring appeared, and by his aid Aladdin was restored to his mother. There, with the genie of the lamp to wait upon him, he lived, till, seeing the sultan's daughter pass on her way to the bath, he conceived violent love for her, and sent his mother to the sultan with all his wonderful jewels, asking the princess in marriage.

The sultan, astonished by the gift of jewels, set Aladdin to perform prodigies of wonder, but all these he accomplished by aid of the genie, so that at last the sultan was obliged to give him the princess in marriage. And Aladdin caused a great pavilion to rise near the sultan's palace, and this was one of the wonders of the world, and there he abode with his bride in honour and fame.

Then the wicked magician, knowing by magic the glory of Aladdin, came disguised, crying "New Lamps for Old!" and one of the maids in the pavilion gave him the wonderful lamp, and received a new one from the coppersmith. The magician transplanted the pavilion to Africa, and Aladdin, coming home, found the sultan enraged against him and his palace vanished. But by means of the genie of the ring he discovered the whereabout of his pavilion, and going thither, slew the magician, possessed himself anew of the lamp and restored his pavilion to its former site.

BUT the magician's wicked brother, plotting revenge, obtained access to the princess in disguise of a holy woman he had foully murdered, and he would have certainly slain Aladdin but for a warning of the genie, by which Aladdin was enabled to kill the magician. After that Aladdin lived in glory and peace, and ascended in due course to the throne, and there he reigned with great honour and mercy.

VII—The Tale of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves

Now, the father of Ali Baba left both his sons poor; but Kasim married a rich wife, and so he lived plenteously, while his poor brother, Ali Baba, worked in the wood.

It came to pass that Ali Baba one day saw in the wood a company of forty robbers, the captain of whom cried, 'Open, Sesame!' to a great rock, and lo! it opened, and the men disappeared.

When they were gone out again, Ali Baba came from his hiding and, addressing the rock in the same way, found that it obeyed him. Then went he in and took much of the treasure, which he drove home on his mule. Now, when his wife sent to the brother Kasim for scales, wherewith she might weigh all this treasure, the sister-in-law being suspicious that one so poor should have need of scales, smeared the bottom of the pan with wax and grease, and discovered on the return a gold piece. This she showed to Kasim, who made Ali Baba confess the tale.

Then Kasim went to the cave, entered, loaded much treasure, and was about to depart, when he found he had forgotten the magic words whereby he entered. There was he found by the forty thieves, who slew and quartered him. Ali Baba found the quarters, took them home, got a blind tailor to sew them together, and gave his brother burial.

Now, the robbers discovered Ali Baba's house, and they hid themselves in oil jars hung on the backs of mules, and the captain drove them. Thus came they to Ali Baba's house, and the captain craved lodging for himself and his beasts. Surely would Ali Baba have been captured, tortured, and put to death but for his maid, the faithful and astute Morgiana, who discovered men in the jars and, boiling cans of oil, poured it upon them one by one, and so delivered her master. But the captain had escaped, and Ali Baba still went in great fear of his life.

But when he returned, disguised so that he might have puzzled the wisest, Morgiana recognized the enemy of her master;



THE CAPTAIN CRIED 'OPEN SESAME' TO THE ROCK, AND LO! IT OPENED

From the painting by Albert Goodwin

and she was dancing before him and filling his eyes with pleasure; and when it came for her to take the tambourine and go round for largess, she strengthened her heart and, quick as the blinding lightning, plunged a dagger into his vitals. Thus did the faithful Morgiana save her master, and he married her to his nephew, the son of Kasim, and they lived long in great joy and blessing.

VIII—The Tale of the Fisherman and the Genie

THERE was once a poor fisherman who every day cast his net four times into the sea. On a day he went forth and, casting in his net, drew up with great labour a dead jackass; casting again, an earthen pitcher full of sand; casting a third time vexatiously, potsherds and shattered glass; and at the last a jar of yellow copper, leaden-capped, and stamped with the seal-ring of Solomon, the son of David. His rage was silenced at sight of the sacred seal, and, removing the cap, forth from the jar smoke issued, which, taking vast shape, became a terrible genie frightful to see.

Said the genie: "By what manner of death wilt thou die, for I have sworn, by Allah, to slay the man who freed me!" He moreover explained how Solomon had placed him in the jar for heresy, and how he had lain all those years at the bottom of the sea. For a hundred years, he said, he swore that he would make rich for ever and ever the man who freed him; for the next hundred, that for such an one he would open the hoards of the earth; then, that he would perfectly fulfil such an one's three wishes; finally, in his rage, that he would kill the man who freed him.

Now, the fisherman, having pleaded in vain, said that he did not believe the tale, seeing that so huge a genie could never have got into so small a jar. Whereat the genie made smoke of himself, and re-entered the vase. Instantly then did the fisherman stopper it, nor would he let the genie free till that wicked one had promised to spare his life and do him service. Grudgingly and wrathfully did the genie issue forth, but being now under oath to Allah, he spared the fisherman and did him service.

HE took him to a lake in the black mountains, bade him throw in his net, and bear the catch to the sultan. Now, by the fisherman's catching of four fish all of a different hue, the sultan discovered that this lake in the mountains was once a populous and mighty city, whereof the prince and all the inhabitants had been bewitched in ancient time. When the city was restored and all those many people called back to life, the sultan enriched the fisherman, who lived afterwards in wealth.

IX—The Tale of the Enchanted Horse

IN olden times there came to the Court of Persia a stranger from Ind, riding a horse made of wood, which, said he, could fly whithersoever its rider wished. When the sultan had seen the horse fly to a mountain and back, he asked the Hindu its price, and the man said: "Thy daughter's hand."

Now the prince, standing by, was enraged at this insolence, but his father said: "Have no fear that I should do this thing. Howsoever, lest another king become possessed of the horse, I will bargain for it." But the impetuous prince, doubting the truth of the horse's power, jumped upon its back, turned the peg which he had observed the Hindu to turn, and instantly was borne far away.

The king, enraged that the Hindu could not bring back his son, had the man cast into prison, albeit the Hindu protested that soon the prince must discover the secret of stopping the horse by means of a second peg, and would soon return.

Now the prince did not discover this secret till he was far away, and it was night. He came to earth near a palace, and going in, found there an exquisite lady of a rank equal with his own. Then he pleaded to her for succour, and she constrained him to stay, and for many weeks he abode as a guest. After that time he said, "Come to my father's court, that we may be married!" And early one dawn he bore her to Persia on the back of the enchanted horse.



SMOKE ISSUED, WHICH, TAKING VAST SHAPE, BECAME A TERRIBLE GENIE

From the painting by Val Prinsep, R.A.

So glad was the king at his son's return that he released the Hindu.

Now the Hindu, hearing what had happened, determined on revenge. He found where the horse was placed, and going to the palace where the foreign princess was housed, sent for her in the sultan's name, and she came to him. Then he seated her forthwith upon the horse and, mounting up in air in full view of the sultan and of his royal son, flew far away from thence with his lovely captive.

It was the Hindu's desire to marry this princess, but when they were come to earth, she withstood him, and cried for help and succour. To her came the sultan of that place, and slew the Hindu, and would have married her, but she was faithful to her lover and feigned madness.

Then the sultan offered rewards to any who should cure her of this frightful madness, and many physicians came and failed. Now, her lover, distracted at sight of seeing her in mid-air with the Hindu, had turned Holy Man, roaming the earth without hope like one who is doomed.

It happened that he came to the palace where the princess lay in her feigned madness and, hearing the tale of her and of the enchanted horse, with new hope and a great joy in his heart, he went in, disguised as a physician, and in secret made himself known.

Then he stood before the sultan of that land, and said: "From the enchanted horse hath she contracted this madness, and by the enchanted horse shall she lose it." And he gave orders to dress her in glorious array, to crown her with jewels and gold, and to lead her forth to the palace square.

A vast concourse assembled there, and the prince set his loved lady on the horse, and pretending incantations, leapt suddenly upon its back, turned the peg, and as the enchanted steed flew towards Persia, over his shoulder cried the glad prince: "When next, O sultan, thou wouldst marry a princess who implores thy protection, ask first for her consent."



Charlotte Brontë (1816-1855), the daughter of Patrick Brontë, a Church of England clergyman, was born at Thornton, near Bradford. Her first appearance before the literary public was made with Poems (1846), a volume in which she collaborated with her sisters, Emily and Anne, the pseudonyms of Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell concealing their identities; and though this work did not gain any great attention, the authors were not deterred from further endeavour. Charlotte's tale of Jane Eyre, which appeared in 1847, was most enthusiastically acclaimed. Shirley was published in 1849, after Emily and Anne were both dead; and Villette in 1853. The story of this great authoress's life, so admirably told by Mrs. Gaskell, forms a pathetic tale of exceptional genius starved by circumstance: a genius, however, which transcended circumstance, for Jane Eyre and Villette are works of fiction, the individuality, the exquisite pathos and the eloquent intensity of which must ever evoke the deepest admiration. This notable portrait, the work of George Richmond, R.A., is in the National Portrait Gallery.

ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL

THE LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE

IT was in August 1850 that Mrs. Gaskell made the acquaintance of Charlotte Bronte, and a true and affectionate friendship at once sprang into being between the two most gifted women writers of that generation, wholly different as they were in temperament and genius. After Charlotte Bronte's death in 1855, Mr. Bronte asked Mrs. Gaskell to write the Life of his daughter, and placed all the material in his possession at her disposal. The biography was published in 1857, and although the accuracy of some of its facts was disputed, and the Life as a whole aroused not a little controversy, it still holds the field unchallenged. While Mrs. Gaskell disclaimed having made any attempt at psychological analysis, her sympathetic understanding of her friend and her own great literary skill enabled her to produce a haunting, vividly human portrait of the most remarkable female figure in the history of English literature. The Life, long since acknowledged to be a classic of English biography, is included in Everyman's Library.

I—The Children Who Never Played



INTO the midst of the lawless yet not unkindly population of Haworth, in the West Riding, the Rev. Patrick Brontë brought his wife and six little children in February 1820, seven heavily-laden carts lumbering slowly up the long stone street bearing the 'new parson's' household goods.

One wonders how the bleak aspect of her new home—the low, oblong, stone parsonage, high up, yet with a still higher background of sweeping moors—struck on the vision of the gentle, delicate wife of Mr. Brontë. Even at this time her health was failing and she was not destined to live long in her new abode.

A native of County Down, Mr Brontë had entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1802, obtained his B.A. degree, and after serving as a curate in Essex, had been appointed curate at Hartshead, in Yorkshire. There he was soon captivated by Maria Branwell, a little, gentle creature, the third daughter of Mr. Thomas Branwell, merchant, of Penzance. In 1816 he received the living of Thornton, in Bradford Parish, and there, on April 21, Charlotte Brontë was born. She was the third daughter, Maria and Elizabeth being her elder sisters, and fast on her heels followed Patrick Branwell, Emily Jane, and Anne.

After the birth of this last daughter, Mrs. Brontë's health began to decline. It is hard work to provide for the little tender wants of many young children where the means are but limited. The necessaries of food and clothing are much more easily supplied than the almost equal necessaries of attendance, care, soothing, amusement and sympathy. Maria Bronte, the eldest of six, could only have been a few months more than six years old, when Mr. Brontë removed to Haworth in 1820.

'They kept themselves to themselves very close,' is the account given by those who remember the family coming to Haworth. From the first, the walks of the children were directed rather towards the heathery moors sloping upwards behind the parsonage than towards the long descending village street. Hand in hand they used to make their way to the glorious moors, which in after days they loved so passionately.

They were grave and silent beyond their years. 'You would never have known there was a child in the house, they were such still, noiseless, good little creatures,' said one of my informants. 'Maria would often shut herself up' (Maria of seven!) 'in the children's study with a newspaper or a periodical, and be able to tell anyone everything when she came out, debates in parliament, and I know not what all.'

Mr. Bronte wished to make the children hardy, and indifferent to the pleasures of eating and dress. His strong, passionate nature was in general compressed down with resolute stoicism. Mrs. Brontë, whose

sweet spirit thought invariably on the bright side, would say: 'Ought I not to be thankful that he never gave me an angry word?'

In September 1821 Mrs. Brontë died, and the lives of those quiet children must have become quieter and lonelier still. Their father did not require companionship, and the daughters grew out of childhood into girlhood bereft in a singular manner of such society as would have been natural to their age, sex and station. The children did not want society. To small infantine gaieties they were unaccustomed. They were all in all to each other. They had no children's books, but their eager minds 'browsed undisturbed among the wholesome pasturage of English literature,' as Charles Lamb expressed it.

Their father says of their childhood that 'since they could read and write they used to invent and act little plays of their own, in which the Duke of Wellington, Charlotte's hero, was sure to come off conqueror. When the argument got warm I had sometimes to come in as arbitrator.'

Long before Maria Brontë died, at the age of eleven, her father used to say he could converse with her on any topic as freely as with any grown up person.

In 1824, the four elder girls were admitted as pupils to Cowan Bridge School for the daughters of clergymen, where they were half starved amid the most insanitary surroundings. Helen Burns in Jane Eyre is as exact a transcript of Maria Brontë as Charlotte's wonderful power of representing character could give.

In 1825 both Maria and Elizabeth died of consumption, and Charlotte was suddenly called from school into the responsibilities of the eldest sister in a motherless family.

At the end of the year, Charlotte and Emily returned home, where Branwell was being taught by his father, and their aunt, Miss Branwell, who acted as housekeeper, taught them what she could.

An immense amount of manuscript dating from this period is in existence—tales, dramas, poems, romances, written principally by Charlotte, in a hand it is almost impossible to decipher without the aid of a magnifying glass. They make in the whole twenty-two volumes, each volume containing from sixty to a hundred pages, and all written in about fifteen months. The quality strikes me as of singular merit for a girl of thirteen or fourteen.

II—Girlhood of Charlotte Brontë

In 1831, Charlotte Brontë was a quiet, thoughtful girl, nearly fifteen years of age, very small in figure—stunted was the word she applied to herself—fragile, with soft, thick, brown hair, and peculiar eyes. They were large and well shaped, their colour was a reddish brown, and if the iris was closely examined, it appeared to be composed of a great variety of tints. The usual expression was of quiet, listening intelligence, but now and then, on some just occasion for vivid interest or wholesome indignation, a light would shine out as if some spiritual lamp had been kindled which glowed behind those expressive orbs. I never saw the like in any other human creature.

The rest of her features were plain, large and ill set; but you were hardly aware of the fact, for the eyes and power of the countenance over-balanced every physical defect. The crooked mouth and the large nose were forgotten, and the whole face arrested the attention, and presently attracted all those whom she would herself have cared to attract. Her hands and feet were the smallest I ever saw; when one of her hands was placed in mine it was like the soft touch of a bird in the middle of my palm.

In January 1831 Charlotte was sent to school again, this time as a pupil of Miss Wooler, who lived at Roe Head, between Leeds and Huddersfield, the surroundings being those described in Shirley. The kind motherly nature of Miss Wooler, and the small number of the girls, made the establishment more like a private family than a school. Here Charlotte formed friendships with Miss Wooler and girls attending the school—particularly Ellen Nussey and Mary Taylor—which lasted through life.

Writing of Charlotte at this time Mary says the other girls 'thought her very ignorant, for she had never learnt

grammar at all, and very little geography, but she would confound us by knowing things that were out of our range altogether. She said she had never played, and could not play. She used to draw much better and more quickly than we had seen before, and knew much about celebrated pictures and painters. She made poetry and drawing very interesting to me, and then I got the habit I have yet of referring mentally to her opinion all matters of that kind, resolving to describe such and such things to her, until I start at the recollection that I never shall.'

This tribute to her influence was written eleven years after Mary had seen Charlotte, nearly all those years having been passed by Mary at the Antipodes.

'Her idea of self improvement,' continues Mary, 'was to cultivate her tastes. She always said there was enough of useful knowledge forced on us by necessity, and that the thing most needed was to soften and refine our minds, and she picked up every scrap of information concerning painting, sculpture and music, as if it were gold.'

In spite of her unsociable habits she was a favourite with her schoolfellows, and an invaluable story-teller, often frightening them almost out of their lives as they lay in bed listening to her tales.

III—Her Life as a Governess

After a year and a half's residence at Roe Head, beloved and respected by all, laughed at occasionally by a few, but always to her face, Charlotte returned home to educate her sisters, to practise household work under the supervision of her aunt, and to write long letters to her girl friends, Mary and Ellen—Mary, the Rose Yorke, and Ellen, the Caroline Helstone of Shirley.

Three years later she returned to Roe Head as a teacher, in order that her brother Branwell might be placed at the Royal Academy and her sister Emily at Roe Head. Emily Brontë, however, only remained three months at school, her place being taken there by her sister Anne.

'My sister Emily loved the moors,' wrote Charlotte, explaining the change. 'Flowers brighter than the rose bloomed in the blackest of the heath for her; out of a sullen hollow in the livid hillside her mind could make an Eden. She found in the bleak solitude many a dear delight; and not the least and best loved was liberty. Without it she perished. Her nature proved here too strong for her fortitude. In this struggle her health was quickly broken. I felt in my heart that she would die if she did not go home, and with this conviction obtained her recall.'

Charlotte's own life at Miss Wooler's was a very happy one until her health failed, and she became dispirited and a prey to religious despondency. During the summer of 1836, all the family were occupied with thoughts of literature. Charlotte wrote to Southey, and Branwell to Wordsworth, of their ambitions, and Southey replied that 'literature cannot be the business of a woman's life, and ought not to be. The more she is engaged in her proper duties the less leisure she will have for it, even as an accomplishment and recreation.'

To this Charlotte meekly replied: 'I trust I shall never more feel ambitious to see my name in print.'

On the school being removed to Dewsbury Moor, Charlotte, whose health and spirits had been affected by the change, and Anne returned home. 'I stayed at Dewsbury Moor,' she said in a letter to Ellen Nussey, 'as long as I was able; but at length I neither could nor dare stay any longer. My life and spirits had utterly failed me; so home I went, and the change at once roused and soothed me.'

At this time Charlotte received an offer of marriage from a clergyman having a resemblance to St. John Rivers in Jane Eyre—a brother of her friend Ellen; but she refused him, as she explains:

'I had a kindly leaning towards him as an amiable and well-disposed man. Yet I had not and could not have that intense attachment which would make me willing to die for him; and if ever I marry it must be in that light of adoration that I will regard my husband.'

Teaching now seemed to the three sisters to be the only way of earning an independent livelihood, though they were not

naturally fond of children. The hieroglyphics of childhood were an unknown language to them, for they had never been much with those younger than themselves; and they were not as yet qualified to take charge of advanced pupils. They knew but little French, and were not proficient in music.

Still, Charlotte and Anne both took posts as governesses, and eventually formed a plan of starting a school on their own account, their housekeeping Aunt Branwell providing the necessary capital. To fit them for this work Charlotte and Emily entered, in February 1842, the Héger Pensionnat, Brussels, and meantime Anne came home to Haworth from her governess life. The brother, Branwell, had now given up his idea of art, and was a clerk on the Leeds and Manchester Railway.

In Brussels, Emily was homesick as ever, the suffering and conflict being heightened, in the words of Charlotte, 'by the strong recoil of her upright, heretic and English spirit from the gentle Jesuitry of the foreign and Romish system. She was never happy till she carried her hard won knowledge back to the remote English village, the old parsonage house, and desolate Yorkshire hills.'

'We are completely isolated in the midst of numbers. Yet I think I am never unhappy; my present life is so delightful, so congenial to my own nature, compared with that of a governess,' was Charlotte's further description.

The sisters were so successful with their study of French that Madame Héger proposed that they should both stay another half year; Charlotte was to teach English and Emily music; but from Brussels the girls were brought hastily home by the illness and death of their aunt, who left to each of them independently a share of her savings enough to enable them to make whatever alterations were needed to turn the parsonage into a school.

EMILY now stayed at home, and Charlotte (January 1843) returned to Brussels to teach English to Belgian pupils, under a constant sense of solitude and depression, while she learnt German. A year later she returned to Haworth, on receiving news of the distressing conduct of her brother Branwell and the rapid failure of her father's sight.

On leaving Brussels she took with her a diploma certifying that she was perfectly capable of teaching the French language, and her pupils showed for her, at parting, an affection which she observed with grateful surprise.

IV—The Sisters' Book of Poems

THE attempt to secure pupils at Haworth failed. At this time the conduct of the now dissipated brother Branwell conduct bordering on insanity caused the family the most terrible anxiety; their father was nearly blind with cataract, and Charlotte herself lived under the dread of blindness. It was now that she paid a visit to her friends the Nusseys, at Hathersage, in Derbyshire, the scene of the later chapters of *Jane Eyre*.

On her return she found her brother dismissed from his employment, a slave to opium and to drink, whenever he could get it; and for some time before he died he had attacks of delirium tremens of the most frightful character.

In the course of this sad autumn of 1845 a new interest came into the lives of the sisters through the publication, at their own expense, of Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, as explained in the biographical notice of her sisters, which Charlotte prefaced to the 1850 edition of *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey*.

'One day in the autumn of 1845 I accidentally lighted on a manuscript volume of verses in my sister Emily's handwriting. Of course I was not surprised, knowing that she could and did write verses. I looked it over, and then something more than surprise seized me—a deep conviction that these were not common effusions, not at all like the poetry a woman generally writes. I thought them condensed and terse, vigorous and genuine. To my ear they had also a peculiar music, wild, melancholy and elevating. I took hours to reconcile my sister to the discovery I had made, and days to persuade her that such poems merited publication. Meantime, my younger sister quietly produced some of

her own compositions, intimating that since Emily's had given me pleasure I might like to look at hers. I thought that these verses too had a sweet, sincere pathos of their own. We had very early cherished the dream of one day being authors. We agreed to arrange a small selection of our poems, and if possible get them printed.'

The Poems obtained no sale until the authors became otherwise known.

During the summer of 1846 the three sisters made attempts to find a publisher for a volume that was to consist of three prose tales, Wuthering Heights, by Emily, Agnes Grey, by Anne, and The Professor, by Charlotte. Eventually the two former were accepted for a three-volume issue, though eighteen months passed and much happened before the book was actually circulated. Meantime, The Professor was plodding its way round London.

Under these circumstances, her brother's brain mazed and his gifts and life lost, her father's sight hanging on a thread, her sisters in delicate health and dependent on her care, did the brave genius begin, with steady courage, the writing of Jane Eyre. While refusing to publish The Professor, Messrs. Smith and Elder expressed their willingness to consider favourably a new work in three volumes which 'Currer Bell' informed them he was writing, and by October 6 1847, the tale Jane Eyre was accepted, printed and published.

V—*The Coming of Success*

THE gentleman connected with the firm who first read the manuscript was so powerfully struck by the character of the tale that he reported his impressions in very strong terms to Mr. Smith, who appears to have been much amused by the admiration excited. 'You seem to have been so enchanted that I do not know how to believe you,' he laughingly said.

But when a second reader, in the person of a clear-headed Scotsman, not given to enthusiasm, had taken the manuscript home in the evening, and become so deeply interested in it as to sit up half the night to finish it, Mr. Smith's curiosity was sufficiently excited to prompt him to read it himself; and great as were the praises which had been bestowed upon it he found that they did not exceed the truth. The power and fascination of the tale itself made its merits known to the public without the kindly finger-posts of professional criticism, and early in December the rush for copies began.

When the demand for the work had assured success, her sisters urged Charlotte to tell their father of its publication. She accordingly went into his study one afternoon, carrying with her a copy of the book and two or three reviews, taking care to include a notice adverse to it, and the following conversation took place.

"Papa, I've been writing a book."

"Have you, my dear?"

"Yes; and I want you to read it."

"I am afraid it will try my eyes too much."

"But it is not in manuscript, it is printed."

"My dear you've never thought of the expense it will be! It will be almost sure to be a loss; for how can you get a book sold? No one knows you or your name."

"But, papa, I don't think it will be a loss. No more will you if you will put let me read you a review or two, and tell you more about it."

So she sat down and read some of the reviews to her father, and then, giving him the copy of Jane Eyre that she intended for him, she left him to read it. When he came in to tea he said: "Girls, do you know Charlotte has been writing a book, and it is much better than likely?"

SOON the whole reading world of England was in a ferment to discover the unknown author. Even the publishers were ignorant whether 'Currer Bell' was a real or an assumed name till a flood of public opinion had lifted the book from obscurity and laid it high on the everlasting hills of fame.

The authorship was kept a close secret in the Bronte family, and not even the friend who was all but a sister Ellen Nussey knew more about it than the rest of the world. It was indeed through an attempt at sharp practice by another firm that Messrs. Smith and Elder became aware of the identity of the author with Miss Bronte.

In the June of 1848, The Tenant of Wildfell Hall, a second novel by Anne Brontë—'Acton Bell'—was submitted for publication to the firm which had previously published Wuthering Heights and Agnes Grey, and this firm announced the new book in America as by the author of Jane Eyre, although Messrs. Smith and Elder had entered into an agreement with an American house for the publication of 'Currer Bell's' next tale. On hearing of this, the sisters, Charlotte and Anne, set off instantly for London to prove personally that they were two and not one; and women, not men.

On reaching Mr. Smith's office, Charlotte put his own letter into his hand.

"Where did you get this?" said he, as if he could not believe that the two young ladies dressed in black, of slight figures and diminutive stature, looking pleased yet agitated, could be the embodied Currer and Acton Bell for whom curiosity had been hunting so eagerly in vain.

An explanation ensued, and the publisher at once began to form plans for the amusement of the visitors during their three days' stay in London.

In September 1848 her brother Branwell died. After the Sunday succeeding Branwell's death, Emily Brontë never went out of doors, and in less than three months she, too, was dead. To the last she adhered tenaciously to her habits of independence. She would suffer no one to assist her. On the day of her death she rose, dressed herself, and tried to take up her sewing.

Anne Brontë, too, drooped and sickened from this time in a similar consumption, and on May 28, 1849, died peacefully at Scarborough, pathetically appealing to Charlotte with her ebbing breath: "Take courage, Charlotte; take courage."

VI—Charlotte Bronte's Closing Years

SHIRLEY had been begun soon after the publication of Jane Eyre. Shirley herself is Charlotte's representation of Emily as she would have been placed if in health and prosperity. It was published five months after Anne's death. The reviews, Charlotte admitted, were 'superb.'

Visits to London made Miss Brontë acquainted with many of the literary celebrities of the day, including Thackeray and Miss Martineau. In Yorkshire her success caused great excitement. She tells herself how "Martha came in yesterday puffing and blowing, and much excited. 'Please, ma'am, you've been and written two books the grandest books that ever was seen. They are going to have a meeting at the Mechanics' Institute to settle about ordering them.' When they got the volumes at the Mechanics' Institute, all the members wanted them. They cast lots, and whoever got a volume was allowed to keep it two days, and was to be fined a shilling per diem for longer detention."

In the spring of 1850, Charlotte Brontë paid another visit to London, and later to Scotland, where she found Edinburgh 'compared to London like a vivid page of history compared to a dull treatise on political economy; as a lyric, brief, bright, clean, and vital as a flash of lightning, compared to a great rumbling, rambling, heavy epic.'

She was in London again in 1851, and was dismayed by the attempts to lionise her. Villette, written in a constant fight against ill health, was published in 1853, and was received with one burst of acclamation. This brought to a close the publications of Charlotte's lifetime.

THE personal interest of the two last years of Charlotte Brontë's life centres in her relations with her father's curate, the Rev. A. B. Nicholls. In 1853, he asked her hand in marriage. He was the fourth man who had ventured on the same proposal. Her father disapproved, and Mr. Nicholls resigned his curacy. Next year, however, her father relented. Mr. Nicholls again took up the curacy, and the marriage was celebrated on June 29, 1854. Henceforward the doors of home are closed upon her married life.

On March 31, 1855, she died before she had attained to motherhood, her last recorded words to her husband being: "We have been so happy." Her life appeals to that large public who knows how to admire generously extraordinary genius, and how to reverence all noble virtue.

ST. AUGUSTINE

CONFESSIONS

GREATEST of the Latin Christian Fathers, Aurelius Augustinus was born at Tagaste, in Numidia, November 13, 354, son of a magistrate named Patricius. The story of his long struggle through the mists of Manichaeism and Platonism to the light of Christianity, towards which the prayers and persistent love of his saintly mother, Monica, had ever influenced him, is told in a spiritual autobiography unique in literature. His conversion was accomplished in 386, his thirty-second year, and in 391 he was ordained priest. In 395 he was designated Bishop of Hippo, and in that place and office he remained until his death, August 28, 430. Preacher, teacher, statesman, saint, his pre-eminence as one of the world's transcendent intellects is established by numerous letters and works of remarkable power and quality. The most important are his monumental treatise, De Civitate Dei, The City of God, of which an outline appears elsewhere in *The World's Great Books*, and the Confessions. Translations of the latter are published by Chatto and Windus, Burns and Oates, and The Pilgrim Press.

I—Regrets for a Mis-spent Youth

RELIGION

GREAT art Thou, O Lord, and greatly to be praised. My faith, Lord, should call on Thee, which Thou hast given me by the incarnation of Thy Son, through the ministry of the preacher, Ambrose. How shall I call upon my God? What room is there within me, wherein my God can come? Narrow is the house of my soul; enlarge Thou it, that it may be able to receive Thee. Thou madest us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless until they rest in Thee.

I began, as yet a boy, to pray to Thee, that I might not be beaten at school; but I sinned in disobeying the commands of parents and teachers through love of play, delighting in the pride of victory in my contests. I loved not study, and hated to be forced to it. Unless forced, I did not learn at all. But no one does well against his will, even though what he does is good. But what was well came to me from Thee, my God, for Thou hast decreed that every inordinate affection should carry with it its own punishment.

But why did I so much hate the Greek which I was taught as a boy? I do not yet fully know. For the Latin I loved; not what my first masters, but what the so-called grammarians taught me. For those first lessons—reading, writing and arithmetic—I thought as great a burden and as vexatious as any Greek. But in the other lessons I learnt the wanderings of Aeneas, forgetful of my own, and wept for the dead Dido because she killed herself for love; while, with dry eyes, I endured my miserable self-dying among these things, far from Thee, my God, my life.

Why, then, did I hate the Greek classics full of like fiction to those in Virgil? For Homer also curiously wove similar stories, and is most pleasant, yet was disagreeable to my boyish taste. In truth, the difficulty of a foreign tongue dashed as with gall all the sweetness of the Greek fable. For not one word of it did I understand, and to make me learn I was urged vehemently with cruel threats and stripes. Yet I learnt with delight the fictions in Latin concerning the wicked doings of Jove and Juno, and for this I was pronounced a hopeful boy, being applauded above many of my own age and class.

I will now call to mind my past uncleanness and the carnal corruptions of my soul; not because I love them, but that I may love Thee, O my God. What was it that I delighted in, but to love and to be beloved? But I kept not the measure of love, of soul to soul, friendship's bright boundary, for I could not discern the brightness of love from the fog of lust. Where was I, and how far was I exiled from the delights of Thy house, in that sixteenth year of my age, when the madness of licence took the rule over me? My friends, meanwhile, took no care by marriage to prevent my

fall; their only care was that I should learn to speak excellently and become a great orator.

Now, for that year my studies were intermitted; whilst, after my return from Madaura—a neighbouring city whither I had journeyed to learn grammar and rhetoric—the expenses for a further journey to Carthage were provided for me; and that rather by sacrifice than by the ordinary means of my father, who was but a poor freeman of Tagaste. But yet this same father had no concern how I grew towards Thee; or how chaste I were; or, so that I were but eloquent, how barren I were to Thy culture, O God.

But while in that my sixteenth year I lived with my parents, the briers of unclean desires grew rank over my head and there was no hand to root them out. My father rejoiced to see me growing towards manhood, but in my mother's breast Thou hadst already begun Thy temple, whereas my father was as yet but a catechumen, and that but recently.

I remember how she, seized with a holy fear and trembling, in private warned me with great anxiety against fornication. These seemed to me womanish advices which I should blush to obey. But they were Thine, and I knew it not. I ran headlong with such blindness that amongst my equals I was ashamed of being less shameless than others when I heard them boast of their wickedness. I would even say I had done what I had not done that I might not seem contemptible exactly in proportion as I was innocent.

II—Monica's Prayers and Augustine's Paganism

To Carthage I came, where there sang in my ears a cauldron of unholy loves. I defiled the spring of friendship with the filth of concupiscence, and I beclouded its brightness with the hell of lust.

Stage plays also carried me away, full of images of my miseries and of fuel to my fire. In the theatres I rejoiced with lovers, when they succeeded in their criminal intrigues, imaginary only in the play; and when they lost one another I sorrowed with them. Those studies also which were accounted commendable, led me away, having a view of excelling in the courts of litigation, where I should be the more praised the craftier I became. And now I was head scholar in the rhetoric school, whereat I swelled with conceit. I learnt books of eloquence, wherein I desired to be eminent.

In the course of study I fell upon a certain book of Cicero which contains an exhortation to philosophy, and is called 'Hortensius.' This book changed my disposition, and turned my prayers to Thyself, O Lord. I longed with an incredible ardour for the immortality of wisdom and began now to arise a wish that I might return to Thee. I resolved then to turn my mind to the Holy Scriptures, to see what they were; but when I turned to them my pride shrank from their humility, disdaining to be one of the little ones, to whom they are laid open.

Therefore, I fell among men proudly doting, exceeding carnal and great talkers, who served up to me, when hungering after Thee, the Sun and Moon, beautiful works of Thine, but not Thyself. Yet, taking these glittering fantasies to be Thee, I fed thereon, but was not nourished. I knew not God to be a Spirit. Nor knew I that true inward righteousness, which judgeth not according to custom, but out of the most righteous law of Almighty God. Under the influence of these Manichaeans I scoffed at Thy holy servants and prophets. And Thou 'sentest Thine hand from above,' and deliveredst my soul from that profound darkness.

My mother, Thy faithful one, wept to Thee for me, for she discerned the death wherein I lay, and Thou heardest her, O Lord. Thou gavest her answers first in visions. There passed yet nine years in which I wallowed in the mire of that deep pit and the darkness of error.

Thou gavest her meantime another answer by a priest of Thine, a certain bishop brought up in Thy Church, and well studied in books, whom she entreated to converse with me and to refute my errors. He answered that I was as yet unteachable, being puffed up with the novelty of that heresy. 'But let him alone awhile,' saith he; 'only pray to God for him, he will of himself, by reading, find what that error is, and how great its impiety.'

He told her how he himself, when a little one, had by his mother been consigned over to the Manichaeans, but had found out how much that sect was to be abhorred and had, therefore, avoided it. But he assured her that the child of such tears as hers could not perish. Which answer she took as an oracle from heaven.

Thus, from my nineteenth year to my twenty-eighth we lived, hunting after popular applause and poetic prizes, and secretly following a false religion. In those years I taught rhetoric, and in those years I had conversation with one—not in that which is called lawful marriage—yet with but one, remaining faithful even unto her. Those impostors whom they style astrologers I consulted without scruple.

In those years, when I first began to teach rhetoric in my native town, I had made one my friend, only too dear to me from a community of studies and pursuits, of my own age and, as myself, in the first bloom of youth. I had perverted him also to those superstitions and pernicious fables for which my mother bewailed me. With me he now erred in mind, nor could my soul be happy without him. But behold Thou wert close on the steps of Thy fugitives, at once ' God of Vengeance ' and Fountain of Mercies, turning us to Thyself by wonderful means.

Thou tookest that man out of this life, when he had scarce filled up one whole year of my friendship, sweet to me above all sweetness of that my life. For long, sore sick of a fever, he lay senseless in a death-sweat; so that, his recovery being despaired of, he was baptised in that condition. He was relieved and restored, and I essayed to jest with him, expecting him to do the same, at that baptism which he had received when in the swoon. But he shrank from me, and forbade such language.

A few days afterwards he was happily taken from my folly, that with Thee he might be preserved for my comfort. In my absence he was attacked again by the fever, and so died. At this grief my heart was utterly darkened. My native country was a torment, and my father's house a strange unhappiness to me. At length I fled out of my country, for so my eyes missed him less where they were wont to see him. And thus from Tagaste I came to Carthage.

III—The Influence of St. Ambrose on Augustine's Life

I WOULD lay open before my God that nine and twentieth year of my age.

There had then come to Carthage a certain Bishop of the Manichaeans, Faustus by name, a great snare of the Devil, and many were entangled by him through the smooth lure of his language. But it soon became clear that he was ignorant in those arts in which I thought he excelled, and I began to despair of his solving the difficulties which perplexed me. He was sensible of his ignorance in these things, and confessed it, and thus my zeal for the writings of the Manichaeans was blunted. Thus Faustus, to so many a snare of death, had now, neither willing nor witting it, begun to loosen that wherein I was taken.

Thou didst deal with me that I should be persuaded to go to Rome and to teach there rather what I was teaching at Carthage, my chief and only reason being that I heard that young men studied there more peacefully, and were kept under a more regular discipline. My mother remained behind weeping and praying. And, behold, at Rome I was received by the scourge of bodily sickness, and I was going down to hell, carrying all the sins that I had committed. Thou healedst me of that sickness that I might live for Thee to bestow upon me a better and more abiding health.

I began, then, diligently to teach rhetoric in Rome when, lo! I found other offences committed in that city, to which I had not been exposed in Africa, for, on a sudden, a number of youths plot together to avoid paying their master's salary and remove to another school. When, therefore, they of Milan had sent to Rome to the prefect of the city, to furnish them with a rhetoric reader for their city, I made application that Symmachus, then prefect of the city, would try me by setting me some subject for oration, and send me.

Thus to Milan I came, to Ambrose the bishop, best known to the whole world as among the best of men, Thy servant. To him I was unknowing led by Thee, that by him I might knowingly be led to

Thee. That man of God received me as a father, and showed me an episcopal kindness on my coming. Thenceforth I began to love him. I was delighted with his eloquence as he preached to the people, though I took no pains to learn what he taught, but only to hear how he spake.

My mother had now come to me. When I had discovered to her that I was now no longer a Manichaean, though not yet a Catholic Christian, she was not overjoyed, as at something unexpected. But she redoubled her prayers and tears for me now that what she had begged of Thee daily with tears was in so great part realized; and she hurried the more eagerly to the church, and hung on the lips of Ambrose, whom she loved as 'an angel of God,' because she knew that by him I had been brought to that wavering I was now in. I heard him every Lord's Day expound the word of truth, and was sure that all the knots of the Manichaeans could be unravelled. So I was confounded and converted. Yet I panted after honours, gains, marriage—and in these desires I underwent most bitter crosses.

Meantime my sins were being multiplied. Continual effort was made to have me married, chiefly through my mother's pains, that so once married, the health-giving baptism might cleanse me. My concubine being torn from my side as a hindrance to my marriage, my heart, which clave unto her, was torn; and she returned to Africa, leaving with me my son by her. But, unhappy, I procured another, though no wife.

To Thee be praise, to Thee be glory, Fountain of Mercies! I was becoming more miserable and Thou drewest nearer to me in my misery!

IV—The Birth of a New Life

My evil and abominable youth was now dead, and I was passing into early manhood. Meeting with certain books of the Platonists, translated from Greek into Latin, I therein read, not in the same words, but to the same purpose, that 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.' But that 'the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us' I read not there. That Jesus humbled Himself to the death of the Cross, and was raised from the dead and exalted unto glory, that at His name every knee should bow, I read not there.

Then I sought a way of obtaining strength, and found it not until I embraced 'that Mediator between God and Man, the Man Christ Jesus.' Eagerly did I seize that venerable writing of Thy Spirit, and chiefly the Apostle Paul. Whereupon those difficulties vanished wherein he formerly seemed to me to contradict himself and the text of his discourse not to agree with the testimonies of the Law and the Prophets. But now they appeared to me to contain one pure and uniform doctrine; and I learnt to 'rejoice with trembling.'

I had now found the goodly pearl, which, selling all I had, I ought to have bought, and I hesitated. To Simplicianus (sent from Rome to be an instructor and director of Ambrose) then I went, the spiritual father of Ambrose and now a bishop, to whom I related the mazes of my wanderings. He testified his joy that I had read certain books of the Platonists and had not fallen on the writings of other deceitful philosophers.

And he related to me the story of the conversion of Victorinus, the translator of those Platonist books, who was not ashamed to become the humble little child of Thy Christ, after he had for years with thundering eloquence inspired the people with the love of Anubis, the barking deity, and all the monster gods who fought against Neptune, Venus and Minerva, so that Rome now adored the deities she had formerly conquered. But this proud worshipper of daemons suddenly and unexpectedly said to Simplicianus, 'Get us to the Church; I wish to be made a Christian.' And he was baptised, to the wonder of Rome and the joy of the Church.

I was fired by this story and longed now to devote myself entirely to God, but still did my two wills, one new and the other old, one carnal and the other spiritual, struggle within me; and by their discord undid my soul.

And how Thou didst deliver me out of

the bonds of desire, wherewith I was bound most straitly to carnal concupiscence, I will now declare and confess.

Upon a day there came to see me and Alypius one Pontitianus, an African fellow-countryman, in high office at the Emperor's court, who was a Christian and baptised. He told us how one afternoon at Triers, when the Emperor was taken up with the Circensian games, he and three companions went to walk in gardens near the city walls and lighted on a certain cottage, inhabited by certain of Thy servants, and there they found a little book containing the life of Antony. This some of them began to read and admire; and he, as he read, began to meditate on taking up such a life. By that book he was changed inwardly, as was one of his companions also. Both had affianced brides, who, when they heard of this change, dedicated their virginity to God.

V—God's Command to Augustine and the Death of Monica

AFTER much soul-sickness and torment of spirit took place an incident by which Thou didst wholly break my chains. I was bewailing and weeping in my heart, when, lo! I heard from a neighbouring house a voice as of a boy or girl, I know not, chanting, and oft repeating 'Tolle, lege; tolle, lege' ['Take up and read; take up and read"].

Instantly I rose up, interpreting it to be no other than a command from God, to open the Book and read the first chapter I should find. Eagerly I seized the volume of the apostle and opened and read that section on which my eyes fell first: 'Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.' No further would I read, nor needed I, for a light as it were of serenity diffused in my heart, and all the darkness of doubt vanished away.

When shall I recall all that passed in those holy days? In the vintage vacation I gave notice to the Milanese to provide their scholars with another master to sell words to them; for I had made my choice to serve Thee. It pleased Alypius also, when the time was come for my baptism, to be born again with me in Thee. We joined with us the boy, Adeodatus, born to me, of my sin. Excellently hadst Thou made him. He was not quite fifteen, and in wit surpassed many grave and learned men. We were baptised, and anxiety for our past life vanished from us.

The time was now approaching when thy handmaid, my mother Monica, was to depart this life. She fell sick of a fever, and on the ninth day of that sickness, and the fifty-sixth year of her age, and the three and thirtieth of mine, was that religious and holy soul set free from the body. Being thus forsaken of so great comfort in her, my soul was wounded. Little by little the wound was healed as I recovered my former thoughts of her holy conversation towards Thee and her holy tenderness and observance towards us. May she rest in peace, with her husband Patricius, whom she obeyed, 'with patience bringing forth fruit' unto Thee, that she might win him also unto Thee.

THIS is the object of my confessions of what I am now, not of what I have been—to confess this not before Thee only, but in the ears also of the believing sons of men. Too late I loved Thee! Thou wast with me, but I was not with Thee. And now my whole hope is in nothing but Thy great mercy.

Since Thou gavest me continency I have observed it; but I retain the memory of evil habits, and their images come up oft before me. And Thou hast taught me concerning eating and drinking, that I should set myself to take food as medicine. I strive daily against concupiscence in eating and drinking. Thou hast disentangled me from the delight of the ear and from the lusts of the eye. Into many snares of the senses my mind wanders miserably, but Thou pluckest me out mercifully.

By pride, vainglory and love of praise I am tempted, but I seek Thy mercy till what is lacking in me by Thee be renewed and perfected. Thou knowest my unskilfulness; teach me the wondrous things out of Thy law and heal me.

A Note on Thomas Hardy

THOMAS HARDY was born at Upper Rockhampton, near Dorchester, June 2, 1840. His productive period as a novelist began in 1871 with the publication of Desperate Remedies, and closed in 1897 with The Well-Beloved; and in the course of those 26 years he steadily, if slowly, established his claim to recognition as the greatest novelist of the late Victorian era, his supremacy being challenged only by George Meredith.



Thomas Hardy about 1885

Then in 1898 he published his Wessex Poems and, following this up in the years 1903, 1906 and 1908, with the three successive parts of his epic drama, The Dynasts, linked himself chronologically with the poets of the 20th century, and set before them all an absolute masterpiece, a work that will defy time and circumstance and engage the thoughtful in ages to come when even the best of novels may be forgotten. A study of The Dynasts appears elsewhere in *The World's Great Books*.

IN virtue of The Dynasts, Hardy ranks among the great poets of both the 19th and the 20th centuries. But it is with Hardy the novelist that we are chiefly concerned here. His best works, all of which are published by Macmillan, appeared in the following order: Under the Greenwood Tree (1872), A Pair of Blue Eyes (1873), Far From the Madding Crowd (1874), The Return of the Native (1878), The Mayor of Casterbridge (1886), The Woodlanders (1886-7), Tess of the D'Urbervilles (his greatest novel, 1891), and Jude the Obscure (1894-5).

The true note of the finest imaginative writers of the later Victorian era was a rich and noble paganism; it sounds in varying degrees in Meredith, in Swinburne, in Rossetti, in Hardy, and yet it cannot be said that the novels of Meredith and those of Thomas Hardy have any noteworthy qualities in common. Meredith's earth worship makes him in some sort a chastened optimist, while Hardy's reading of earth, with all his merry humour and brave fronting to fate, leaves him rather an empyrulous pessimist, resigned, uncomplaining, thrilling with pity for his fellows, but calm with the courage of those who have not fed themselves on illusory hopes.

TO a far greater degree than we find it in Meredith, Hardy has dramatic power. But his voice is that of the countryside that is far removed from town. To him the greenwood tree suggests not merriment but destiny; a pair of blue eyes not heaven, but fate. Life is a tragedy with a few interludes. Yet the philosophy of this old Dorset seer is stern, not weeping. The words of religion are quoted freely in his novels, but in the spirit of the educated pagan.

The peasants he introduces to us belong to a part of England, the exclusiveness of which has only now been broken into. Their ways and modes of thought are depicted with a realism that is pitiless, though the novelist lightens his narratives with many a flash of genuine humour. Hardy is a writer who must be approached with an understanding of his own environment, which is the environment of the characters of his novels. The student must gain the novelist's point of view; then, even in the case of Jude the Obscure, simple admiration of the writer's art will be awakened.

This art may be circumscribed, but it is great art, nevertheless. Every incident is calculated with unerring skill; the movement is controlled from the outset with the deliberation of conscious art. The style is as direct as the plot; its distinction is derived from its subject matter.

WHILE Far From the Madding Crowd is thoroughly representative of his art, Tess of the D'Urbervilles is by general consent acknowledged to be his finest novel. The book stands as a signpost—less of direction than as a sign of the times and of the changing spirit of the times—on the frontier line which demarcates Victorian optimism and faith and the Victorian attitude to life from the more sombre and sadder attitude to life with which we are now familiar. In accordance with this view, Tess's creator shows her as the thrall of inherited tendencies, the creature of her own moods, the victim of circumstance and the sport of fate. The interest of the book is thus psychological and intensely dramatic; but apart from this it substantiates Hardy's title to genius by the incomparable beauty of the descriptive writing. The book stands by itself as a lyric perhaps the lyric of the land. Hardy has paralleled in prose what Burns achieved in poetry, and like Burns can present at its fairest all that is serene and lovely in Nature, while not blind to the tragedy that underlies its most enchanting aspect.



Walter Thomas.

Thomas Hardy.

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THOMAS HARDY

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES

A Study by Coulson Kernahan

I—The Maiden



THE epic opens in the village of Marlott, adjoining the Vale of Blakemore. Tess's father, 'plain Jack Durbeyfield, the haggler,' an empty egg basket slung over his arm, meets a parson, who addresses him with seeming jocoseness as 'Sir John.' Asked the reason, the parson replies that he has discovered that Durbeyfield is the lineal representative of the ancient family of D'Urberville, and that 'if knighthood were hereditary, like a baronetcy, as it practically was in old times, when men were knighted from father to son,' he would be 'Sir John.'

Under the sense of his newly-discovered importance, the haggler sends a passing lad for a conveyance in which to drive home, if at the cost of one of his last shillings, in becoming state. On the way he encounters a number of white-clad women and girls, walking in procession. They are celebrating a survival of the May Day dance by what is called 'club-walking.' Tess is among them.

> Phases of her childhood lurked in her aspect still. As she walked along to-day, for all her bouncing handsome womanliness, you could sometimes see her twelfth year in her cheeks, or her ninth sparkling from her eyes; and even her fifth would flit over the curves of her mouth now and then.

A dance follows the procession, the girls dancing together for lack of male partners. Three brothers, on a walking tour, pass, and the youngest, Angel Clare, remains behind to dance. In selecting a partner he takes almost the first to hand, and as he is leaving, his eyes light on Tess, in whose eyes he sees faint reproach that he had not chosen her.

Returning home, Tess hears that her father, uplifted by the parson's news, is celebrating the occasion at an inn, where later, her mother joins him. On Tess devolves the task of bringing the two—her father a little the worse from drink—home. They are in bed by eleven, but bee-hives have to be taken by cart to the nearest town for early delivery and, her father being still fuddled, Tess rises at two to do so. Owing to her drowsiness and natural dreaminess, an accident happens in which the horse is killed. This means penury to the family, so Mrs. Durbeyfield persuades Tess to apply for help to a rich Mrs. D'Urberville living some way off, who, on account of the name, is supposed to be a relative. This is not so, the name of D'Urberville having been substituted for that of Stokes, as more high-sounding.

The rôle of poor relative is distasteful to Tess's pride, but holding herself responsible for the loss of the horse, she goes to see Mrs. D'Urberville. Instead she sees Alec, the only son.

"Here," Mr. Hardy comments, "was potentially the 'tragic mischief' of her drama—one who stood fair to be the blood-red ray in the spectrum of her young life." Alec makes love to her from the first, and with evil intention, but Tess's innate purity preserves her from soil. For the soil which ultimately came, none can hold Tess as sinning. It is of the man's planning, even though as ever 'the woman pays.'

To suit his purpose, Alec arranges that she be employed, nominally by his mother, who is blind, to superintend the chicken farm. One night Tess has been to a rustic dance, and on the way home, another woman, jealous, for reasons of her own, of Alec's admiration of Tess, forces a quarrel and squares up to fight, backed by another woman of the same type.

Alec appears on horseback, and whispers to Tess, "Jump up behind me, and we'll get shot of the screaming cats in a jiffy." Doubtful of him, but frightened and tired out, Tess obeys. Then deliberately

pretending to have lost his way, ('to ascertain exactly our whereabouts,' he tells her) he leaves her, having first made a sort of couch, or nest for her in the deep mass of dead leaves. "Now you sit there,' he says. 'The leaves have not got quite damp as yet. Just give an eye to the horse - it will be quite sufficient.'

What happens when D'Urberville returns must be told in Mr Hardy's own words:

> To hit the exact spot from which he had started was at first entirely beyond him. Roaming up and down, round and round, he at length heard a slight movement of the horse close to his hand and the sleeve of his overcoat (in which he had wrapped Tess) caught his foot.
>
> "Tess!" said D'Urberville.
>
> There was no answer. The obscurity was now so great that he could see absolutely nothing, but a pale nebulousness at his feet, which represented the white muslin figure he had left upon the dead leaves. Everything else was blackness alike. D'Urberville stooped, and heard a gentle regular breathing. He knelt and bent lower, till her breath warmed his face, and in a moment his cheek was in contact with hers. She was sleeping soundly, and upon her eyelashes there lingered tears.
>
> Darkness and silence ruled everywhere around. Above them rose the primeval yews and oaks of The Chase, in which were poised gentle roosting birds in their last nap, and about them stole the hopping rabbits and hares. But, some might say, where was Tess's guardian angel? Perhaps, like that other god of whom the ironical Tishbite spoke, he was talking, or he was pursuing, or he was in a journey, or he was sleeping and not to be awaked. . . . Doubtless some of Tess D'Urbervilles's mailed ancestors rollicking home from a fray had dealt the same measure even more ruthlessly towards peasant girls of their time. But though to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children may be a morality good enough for divinities, it is scorned by average human nature, and it therefore does not mend the matter. As Tess's own people down in those retreats are never tired of saying among each other in their fatalistic way: 'It was to be.' There lay the pity of it.

II—The Rally

PASSING on to the time when Tess's child has been born, we come to a great scene in an idyllic, not dramatic sense in which we see Tess among the reapers. It lives in the memory with a similar scene in Lorna Doone, and even with that of Ruth among the corn in the Old Testament.

Two silent and reconstructive years pass, in the course of which the child dies, and Tess, now twenty, leaves home for the second time to become a dairymaid in another part of the country. Upon the chessboard of her life, Fate makes a cardinal move by bringing Angel Clare again upon the scene. The son of a clergyman, and intended, like his two brothers, for the Church, he cannot accept for himself the simple and childlike faith in Christianity of his revered father, so decides to be a farmer. That he may learn dairy work, he is now a boarder at the farm whither Tess has come to be one of four dairymaids. She recognizes him, but he does not remember ever to have seen her before, though attracted by her fluty voice, by her rare beauty and by her 'sad imaginings' which, not knowing the cause, strike him as strange and pathetic in one so young.

His interest in her does not go unnoticed by the other dairymaids, Marian, Izz and Retty, all three of whom are passionately in love with Clare, though all agree, and without jealousy of Tess, that it is she for whom he cares. One Sunday morning the four girls set out for church, to find a low-lying lane so flooded as to make it in their Sunday finery impassable. Clare sees the rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed quartet in their light summer attire, as they cling to the roadside like pigeons on a roof, and he carries them across. Tess he takes last, whispering to her, "Three Leahs to get one Rachel."

"They are better women than I," she says, magnanimously holding to her resolve. But he replies, "Not to me," and is on the point of kissing her but refrains. She cannot conceal from herself that she loves Clare passionately, and when later they are alone, and he takes her in his arms, she yields with an ecstatic cry of joy to his embrace.

Angel goes home and tells his parents he wishes to make Tess his wife, and, having wrung a reluctant consent from them, returns to the farm and asks Tess to be his wife. She confesses that she loves him and cares for no one else, but with pain that is like the bitterness of dissolution, she murmurs the only answer she feels possible for an honourable woman, "I cannot be your wife." She gives no suffi-

nt reason, and Angel, thinking he has n too abrupt, turns the conversation, mong other things telling her how his ther had been insulted by a young uire named D'Urberville, whom he had bluked for evil living.* Tess is as one who has heard anew the turmoil of her wn past in the allusion, and when alone ries to herself, "Why don't somebody ell him all about me? It was only forty miles off—why hasn't it reached him? Somebody must know." Yet nobody seemed to know, and nobody told him.

She decides that he must hear the story from herself, but at the last moment her courage fails her. She fears his blame for not telling him sooner, and her instinct of self-preservation is stronger than her candour. She hesitates, temporising, but when Angel again presses her to marry him she consents, the real secret still untold.

She asks his permission to write to her mother who lives at Marlott. Angel consents but says: "Ah then I *have* seen you before this summer?" "Yes, at that dance on the green. But you would not dance with me. Oh, I hope it is no ... omen!" she replies.

Her mother, in a congratulatory letter, charges Tess to keep her secret to herself; and thus steadied by a command from the only person with a right to control her actions, Tess grows calmer.

III—The Consequence

THE wedding is to be on New Year's Eve, and on Christmas Eve the two drive into the nearest town on a shopping expedition. In the inn where Clare has put up the horse, Tess is recognized by a man who, knowing her story, uses an insulting word of her. Clare, who has just come in from the stables, hearing the insult, strikes the fellow a staggering blow, and a fight promises. But the fellow thinks better of it and says: "I beg your pardon, sir. 'Twas a complete mistake. I thought she was another woman forty miles from here."

This is the last drachm required to turn the scale of her indecision. Confess her past by word of mouth she cannot, so she writes the story of her past and slips the envelope containing her confession under Clare's door. When she meets him next morning, he kisses her as warmly as ever and says no word of her confession. Unless he speaks of it, she feels that she cannot.

New Year's Eve comes, the wedding-day. Passing Clare's apartment while he is at breakfast, Tess stoops at the threshold to lift the carpet which reaches close to the door, and finds the letter. In her haste she had thrust it beneath the carpet, as well as beneath the door. Wretched to faintness, she meets Clare on the landing and makes one more effort.

"I want to confess all my faults and blunders," she said with attempted lightness.

"No, no; we can't have faults talked of. You must be deemed perfect to-day at least, my Sweet. We shall have plenty of time hereafter to talk over our failings. I will confess mine at the same time."

"But it would be better for me to do it now, I think, so that you could not say ..."

But he cuts her short and will hear no more.

The hurrying of dressing leaves no time for her to reopen the subject, so they start for church and are married.

The honeymoon is to be spent at an old house, once a D'Urberville family seat, and when they are by themselves the tenant is away, and the woman who has been engaged to wait upon them has gone to her home for the night—a knock comes at the door, and a packet is handed in, with a letter from Clare's mother. His godmother had left some of her family jewels in trust for Angel's wife-to-be, so they are now sent to Tess who puts them on. Then comes bad news. A messenger from the farm brings the luggage, and from him they learn that, after the bridal pair had left, Retty, distracted by her love for Clare, had tried to drown herself; and, in like case, Marian had been found lying dead drunk. The news turns the scale for Tess. If they, who had no guilty secret to hide, could thus suffer, it is wicked of her to take all that they had lost, without paying the price. Then and there she will confess everything.

But Clare interrupts her by saying, "Do you remember what we said to each other this morning about telling our

faults? You spoke lightly perhaps, and you may well have done so. But for me it was no light promise. I want to make a confession to you, Love." It was that, once, when tossed about by doubts and difficulties, he had plunged into eight-and-forty hours' dissipation with a stranger. The offence had never been repeated, and he asked Tess to forgive.

To his wife, this is like an interposition of Providence. "O Angel, I am almost glad," she says, "because now *you* can forgive *me*. I have a confession too - remember I said so."

Then she tells her story.

When she had ended, she sees that Clare's face has withered.

"Am I to believe this?" he asks. "You cannot be out of your mind," and he turns away from her.

"In the name of our love, forgive," she whispers with a dry mouth. "I have forgiven *you* for the same."

"Forgiveness does not apply to the case. You were one person; now you are another." He breaks into horrible laughter.

Tess passes the night alone in the bedroom; Angel on a couch in the sitting room. Thus they live through despairing days; in the same house, truly; but more widely apart than before they were lovers. On the third day they arrange that Tess is to return home, while Angel will probably go abroad, and the next day they part.

IV—The Woman Pays

ALTHOUGH this time Tess returns as a wife, such explanation as she offers is received by her mother with lamentations, by her father with sullen mortification. Clare has left her ample money for her present needs, with instructions that, when she requires more, she is to write to him, addressing the letter to his father's vicarage. Before leaving England he calls at a dairy farm to settle up, and there sees Izz, 'an honest girl,' he tells himself, who loves him and would have made nearly as good a wife as Tess.

Incensed against fate, and the social ordinances, he tells her he is going abroad and asks her to accompany him.

Izz snatches at the proffered cup of happiness, but it is soon dashed from her lips. Speaking of Tess, she says, "She would have laid down her life for 'ee. I could do no more," and his mood changes. "You have saved me, by your honest words about my wife, from an incredible impulse towards folly and treachery," he says; and asks her forgiveness.

Eight months pass and Tess decides to leave home to earn her bread, rather than to live on Clare's allowance, a great part of which she hands to her mother who is in money difficulties. Hearing that Marian is working on an upland farm in another part of the county, Tess goes there, in the hope of employment. It proves to be a starve-acre place; and of the life there Mr. Hardy writes, as he does in all his pictures of rural life, with grim realism.

Tess is shown at work on the swede field, toiling unceasingly, almost animal wise, in morning frosts and afternoon rains, and later, in the wheat-threshing yard. Again and again she tries herself beyond her strength, but struggles despairingly on. Then she hears from Marian that Clare, though changing his mind soon after, had proposed to take Izz with him to Brazil. Tess has had no word from him since he left and, stung to a fever by the story, she decides to trudge the fifteen miles each way to the vicarage where Clare's father lives, to ask for news of her husband. She does so, but as her only free day is Sunday, she knocks in vain at the vicarage door, everyone being at church. Her intention is to return after the service, but Angel's two brothers pass on the way from church. They are discussing her husband, and overhearing them speak of him as having 'thrown himself away on the dairymaid,' she feels herself condemned and goes away.

ON her way she passes a barn where a 'ranter' is holding forth. He is telling the congregation that he had been the greatest of sinners, wantonly associating with the lewd, but through the words addressed to him by a clergyman, whom he insulted, but whose warning had none the less sunk into his inner heart, he is now repentant and a preacher of the Word.

Though his upper lip is shaved, he now grows old-fashioned side whiskers, and affects semi-clerical attire. Tess recognizes

the preacher as her seducer. The sight of her paralyses Alec, the words of whose discourse die away upon his lips. Later he follows her to say that of all persons in the world whom it is his duty and desire to save from the wrath to come—sneer at him though she may—that person is the woman whom he had so grievously wronged, and that it is for that purpose alone that he has followed her.

Some days after, Alec seeks her out at her work among the swedes, to ask her to marry him (he has even procured a licence) and to accompany him to Africa, where he is going as a missionary. Even he knows he is not entirely honest with himself, that desire and duty go hand in hand. When Tess refuses and he asks her the reason, she replies that she is already married to the only man she ever loved, and that Alec and she must henceforth be 'strangers.'

THAT night she writes an appealing letter to Clare, but remembers that he had asked Izz to accompany him to Brazil, and does not forward the letter. Alec comes to her lodgings to request her prayers for him, but she tells him she is cured, and by her husband, of belief in prayer. Alec attempts to argue on religion, but Tess uses, and with such effect, the negative arguments she has heard on Clare's lips, that Alec is dumbfounded and has no answer. Not only has what she says made him, in his own words, a 'backslider,' but the old Adam, or the old Alec, is awake again.

"Never was there such a maddening mouth since Eve's!" he cries. "You temptress, Tess, you dear damned witch of Babylon!"

So complete is his 'backsliding' that after he has left her, and as he ponders the crystallised phrases she had passed on to him from Angel, he says cynically to himself, "That clever fellow little thought that, by telling her those things, he might be paving my way back to her!"

Tess's farmer-employer happens to be the very fellow whom Clare had knocked down for insulting her on Christmas Eve and, in revenge, the farmer works her harder and treats her more brutally than he works and treats the other woman-workers. When she is worn out with wheat-threshing, Alec seeks her at her work, speaks contemptuously of what he calls her 'mythological husband' (whose name Tess has not told him) and ends, "Tess, my trap is waiting just under the hill, and darling—mine, not his . . . leave that mule you call a husband for ever." In reply she slashes him on the mouth with her heavy farm gauntlet, and with such force that the blood oozes.

That night she writes a loving but anguished letter to Clare, telling him that she has been faithful to him in every thought and look, but imploring him to come to her before anything happens, for she is being exposed to terrible temptations. She adds, "If you really cannot come to me, will you not let me come to you to live with you as your servant, if I may not as your wife!"

The letter reaches Clare, who has been very ill, as he is on his way to the coast from the interior of South America. His companion, just then, is a large-minded fellow Englishman who tells Clare of his own home life. Confidence begets confidence, and Clare speaks of Tess to his companion, who is of opinion that Clare did very wrong in leaving her, and urges him to return to his wife.

MEANWHILE, Tess's sister, Liza-Lu, seeks her out. Their mother is ill, perhaps dying, and Tess is wanted at home. Arrived there, she occupies herself in nursing her mother and working side by side with her neighbours on the allotments which the cottagers rent. A man in a smock frock who is forking beside her proves to be Alec. She asks him why he is there.

"To see you," he replies, "nothing more. The smock frock, which I saw hanging for sale as I came along, was an afterthought that I might not be noticed. I have determined that you shall be comfortable in spite of yourself. When you get down to your house you will see what I have sent for you."

Her reply is that she can take nothing from him.

"About the children—your brothers and sisters," he answers, "I have been thinking of them," thus cunningly touching the weak spot in Tess's heart, for the children had been her chief anxiety. As she leaves him she is met by one of the

children. The Durbeyfield couple have changed places. The dying mother is out of danger, the indisposed father is dead.

On the eve of Old Lady Day, Alec comes to the cottage.

"I see that your tubs and buckets are packed. Going away, aren't you?"

"Yes, to-morrow, Old Lady Day," Tess replied.

"Why?"

"Father's was the last life on the property," she answered, "and, when that dropped, we had no further right to bide. Though we might, perhaps, have stayed as weekly tenants if it had not been for me."

"What about you?"

"I am not a proper woman."

Alec is furious, places his cottage at the disposal of the family, and says that Mrs. Durbeyfield can look after the chickens and the children go to school. Tess refuses, but under the stress of temptation, and her sense of Clare's injustice, writes to her husband that night, this time in passionate anger. She says he has treated her 'monstrously,' that she did not deserve it and will try to forget him. Then she rejoins the family who are moving to Kingsbere on the morrow.

. . . . .

Clare has now returned to England and to the vicarage. His father and mother are shocked at the change in him. One could see the skeleton behind the man, almost the ghost behind the skeleton. He is handed Tess's angry letter. What she says is true, he tells himself. Perhaps she will never be reconciled to him now. He writes to her mother, who replies mysteriously, and giving no address, that her daughter is still away, but Mrs. Durbeyfield does not say where.

ONLY by following up clue after clue, detective-wise, does Clare at last succeed in getting on the track of Mrs. Durbeyfield. When he tells her he is Tess's husband, she is manifestly embarrassed, and gives evasive answers. Pressed, she tells him at last that Tess is at Sandbourne, but can give no address. Asked if her family are in need, Mrs. Durbeyfield answers that they are fairly well provided for.

At Sandbourne, Clare enquires of a postman whether he knows where a Mrs. Clare lives. The man does not, so thinking that Tess may be using her maiden name, Clare says, "Or a Mrs. Durbeyfield?" Again the man says 'No,' but consults another postman who is passing. The reply is that there is no Durbeyfield known to him, but someone of the name of D'Urberville is staying at The Herons.

V—Fulfilment

PLEASED that his wife has reverted to her ancient name, Clare enquires about The Herons and is told it is a 'stylish lodging house.' Thinking that Tess may be employed as a servant, Clare is inclined to go to the back door, but eventually rings the front door bell, and the landlady appears.

He enquires for "Teresa D'Urberville or Durbeyfield."

"Mrs. D'Urberville?" queries the landlady.

Glad that his wife is passing as a married woman, Clare assents, and sends in his name as 'Angel.' Tess appears on the threshold, her great natural beauty, if not heightened, yet rendered more obvious by her attire, a handsome dressing wrap, and with her hair partly coiled up, partly hanging on her shoulders the evident result of haste. Mere yellow skeleton that Clare now is, he feels the contrast between them and that his appearance is distasteful to her.

"Tess," he says huskily, "can you forgive me for going away? Can't you come to me? How do you get to be - like this?"

With eyes shining unnaturally and in a voice strangely hard, she replies, "It is too late!" and bids him keep away from her. She loves him still, she confesses, but repeats, "It is too late!"

"I waited and waited for you," she goes on, her voice suddenly resuming its old fluty pathos, "but you did not come! And I wrote to you, and you did not come! He kept saying you would never come any more, and that I was a foolish woman. He was very kind to me, and to mother, and to all of us after father's death. He—he is upstairs. I hate him now, because he told me a lie—that you would not come again; and you *have* come. These clothes are what he's put upon me; I didn't

care what he did wi' me. But—will you go away, Angel, please, and never come any more."

"Ah—it is my fault!" says Clare.

But within the next few instants Tess had gone, and he leaves the house.

Had he remained, he would have seen, as the landlady of the house, sitting after he had gone in the same room, did, a spot on the middle of the white surface of the ceiling. It was about the size of a wafer when she first observed it, but it speedily grew as large as the palm of her hand, and then she could perceive that it was red. She got upon the table and touched it. It was damp. Soon it began to drip, drip, drip—blood.

BUT Clare has gone back to his hotel, which he soon leaves for the station. There is no train for an hour or more, so he turns away to walk to the nearest station onward, that the train may pick him up. After he has gone some distance, he pauses for breath, and is impelled to look back. Someone, now running, is following him. It is Tess. She had seen him turn from the station, and has been following him since.

Breathlessly she says, "I have killed him." He thinks her delirious, but she goes on, "He heard me crying about you, and he bitterly taunted me, and called you by a foul name, and then I did it."

Unable to realize the gravity of what she has done, she seems at last content, and Clare looks at her as she lies upon his shoulder, weeping with happiness, and he wonders what obscure strain in the D'Urberville blood has led to this aberration if an aberration it be. But what she has done, was done for love of him, and his love is no less passionate than hers. Kissing her white lips endlessly, he vows that he will never desert her.

They walk on for fifteen miles or more, avoiding high roads, and pass the night in an empty but furnished old mansion, of which a window has been left open. Next morning he creeps cautiously out and makes his way to the nearest shop a couple of miles off to buy food and necessaries, returning at once to the old mansion.

They remain there five days and nights, but on the fifth morning the old woman caretaker who comes in on fine days to open the windows, fancies that she hears the sound of breathing from the bedroom. Peeping quietly in she sees the two sleeping peacefully, and hies off to consult her neighbours about what she supposes to be a 'genteel elopement.' Her coming did not awaken but has disturbed Tess and Clare, so they creep out of the old house and away.

Once clear of the neighbourhood, Clare's intention is to rest in some unobserved spot during the afternoon, and then to push on under cover of dark. He tells Tess that they will be looked for, if at all, at Wessex ports, so he proposes to strike northward, as no one will look for them in that direction, and he adds, "When we are in the north, we will get a port, and away."

The city of Melchester they are compelled to pass through in order to take advantage of the town bridge which crosses the river barring their way, but they creep through Melchester at midnight. Clear of the city, they follow the turnpike road which, after a few miles, plunges across an open plain. The night is dark as a cave and they must go gropingly, when suddenly Clare is conscious of some vast erection, close in front of him, and rising sheer from the grass.

What follows must be in Mr. Hardy's own words:

"What monstrous place is this?" said Angel.

"It hums," said she. "Hearken!"

He listened. The wind, playing upon the edifice, produced a booming tune, like the note of some gigantic one-stringed harp. No other sound came from it, and lifting his hand, and advancing a step or two, Clare felt the vertical surface of the structure. It seemed to be of solid stone, without joint or moulding. Carrying his fingers onward, he found that what he had come in contact with was a colossal rectangular pillar; by stretching out his left hand he could feel a similar one adjoining. At an indefinite height overhead something made the black sky blacker, which had the semblance of a vast architrave uniting the pillars horizontally. They carefully entered beneath and between; the surfaces echoed their soft rustle; but they seemed to be still out of doors. The place was roofless. Tess drew her breath fearfully, and Angel, perplexed, said:

"What can it be?"

Feeling sideways they encountered another tower-like pillar, square and uncompromising as the first, beyond it another and another. The place was all doors and pillars, some connected above by continuous architraves.

"A very Temple of the Winds," he said.

The next pillar was isolated. Others composed a trilithon; others were prostrate, their flanks

forming a causeway wide enough for a carriage; and it was soon obvious that they made up a forest of monoliths grouped upon the grassy expanse of the plain. The couple advanced further into this pavilion of the night till they stood in its midst. "It is Stonehenge!" said Clare. Tess, really tired by this time, flung herself upon an oblong slab that lay close at hand, and was sheltered from the wind by a pillar. Owing to the action of the sun during the preceding day the stone was warm and dry, in comforting contrast to the rough and chill grass around, which had damaged her skirts and shoes.

"I don't want to go any farther, Angel," she said, stretching out her hand for his. "Can't we bide here?"

"I fear not. This spot is visible for miles by day, although it does not seem so now."

"One of my mother's people was a shepherd hereabouts, now I think of it. And you used to say at Talbothays that I was a heathen. So now I am at home."

He knelt down beside her outstretched form, and put his lips upon hers.

"Sleepy are you, dear? I think you are lying on an altar."

"I like very much to be here," she murmured. "It is so solemn and lovely after my great happiness – with nothing but the sky above my face. It seems as if there were no folk in the world but we two, and I wish there were not – except Liza-Lu."

Clare thought she might as well rest here till it should get a little lighter, and he flung his overcoat upon her, and sat down by her side.

"Angel, if anything happens to me, will you watch over 'Liza-Lu' for my sake?" she asked, when they had listened a long time to the wind among the pillars.

"I will."

"She is so good and simple and pure. O, Angel, I wish you would marry her if you lose me, as you will do shortly. O, if you would!"

"If I lose you, I lose all."

Tess falls asleep at last, Angel watching beside her. As the sky and the great Plain lighten with the dawn, he sees something move on the verge of the eastward dip. It is a man, and coming straight towards them. Then Angel hears the brush of feet behind him, and, turning, sees another man, with others, closing in upon them with evident purpose. So her story (he tells himself) was true! He springs to his feet to look for a weapon, but the nearest man is already upon them.

"It's no use, sir," he says. "There are sixteen of us on the Plain."

"Let her finish her sleep," Angel whispered pleadingly, and they showed no objection. At last Tess awakened.

"What is it, Angel?" she said, starting up. "Have they come for me?"

"Yes, dearest," he replied. "They have come."

"It is as it should be," she murmurs. "Angel, I am almost glad—yes, glad! This happiness could not have lasted. It was too much. I have had enough; and now I shall not live for you to despise me. I am ready."

The morning sun is flooding the ancient capital of Wessex as two persons emerge from a narrow-barred wicket, in a high wall. Their gait, for both walk with bowed heads, betokens heavy grief. As if the sight of houses and of their fellow-creatures were unendurable, they hasten towards and through the Western Gateway, whence the road ascends a long and regular incline of a measured mile. One of the pair is Clare, 'the other a tall budding creature – half girl, half woman—a spiritualised image of Tess, slighter than she, but with the same beautiful eyes—Clare's sister-in-law, Liza-Lu.'

As they reach the top of the great West Hill, the clocks in the city strike eight. Each starts and walks a few steps onward to where the first milestone stands whitely on the margin of the grass. Then, impelled by a force which seems to overrule their will, the two stop, and stand in paralysed suspense to look back. The whole panorama of the city lies below them, but they have eyes only for a large red-brick building with level grey roofs and rows of short, barred windows. It is the same building through a wicket in the wall of which they came. From the middle of the building an ugly flat-topped octagonal tower rises, and upon the cornice of the tower is a tall staff. Within a few minutes of the striking of the hour, something moves slowly up the staff, and expands itself in the breeze. It is a black flag.

Justice, writes Mr. Hardy, was done, and the President of the Immortals, in Aeschylean phrase, had ended his sport with Tess. And the D'Urberville knights and dames slept on in their tombs unknowing. The two speechless gazers bent themselves down to the earth, as if in prayer, and remained thus a long time, absolutely motionless: the flag continued to wave silently. As soon as they had strength they arose, joined hands again, and went on.

With these majestic words—akin in spirit and in utterance to Greek Tragedy—the curtain falls.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

TAKING the sombre romance of Hero and Claudio from Bandello or Belleforest, Bandello's French translator, Shakespeare drew upon his own imagination for the comic interest of this play. The wit combats of Benedick and Beatrice are examples of his developing powers of characterisation and the subsidiary figures of Dogberry and Verges, through whose unwitting agency the sinister plot of Don John and his creature Borachio is frustrated, are immortal caricatures of the Elizabethan constable. The comedy was written in 1599 and first printed in 1600. Davenant founded his Law against Lovers and James Miller his play The Universal Passion upon Much Ado About Nothing.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Don Pedro, prince of Aragon
Don John, his bastard brother
Claudio, a young lord of Florence
Benedick, a young lord of Padua
Friar Francis
Borachio and **Conrade**, followers of Don John
Leonato, governor of Messina
Antonio, his brother
Dogberry and **Verges**, officers of the Watch
Hero, daughter to Leo
Beatrice, niece to Leo
Margaret and **Ursula**,

Scene.—Messina

First Act

Before **Leonato's** *House. Enter* **Leonato, Hero** *and* **Beatrice,** *with a Messenger.*



LEONATO: I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Aragon [illegible] this night to Messina. [by this.

Messenger: He is very near

Leon.: How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess.: But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon.: A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

Mess.: Much deserved on his part: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age.

Beatrice: I pray you, is Signior Montanto returned from the wars?

Mess.: I know none of that name, lady.

Leon.: What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero: My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess.: O, he's returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat.: I pray you, how many hath he killed in these wars? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Mess.: He hath done good service, lady.

Beat.: You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it; he is a very valiant trencherman.

Mess.: And a good soldier, too, lady.

Beat.: And a good soldier to a lady. But what is he to a lord?

Mess.: A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues

Beat.: It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon.: You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat.: Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother. [your books.

Mess.: I see, lady, the gentleman is not in

Beat.: No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion?

Mess.: He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat.: God help the noble Claudio!

[Enter **Don Pedro, Claudio** *and* **Benedick.**

Don Pedro: Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble.

Leon.: Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace.

Don Pedro: You embrace your charge too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter

Leon.: Her mother hath many times told me so. [asked her?

Benedick: Were you in doubt, sir, that you

Leon.: Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

Beat.: I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

Bene.: What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat.: Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene.: Then is courtesy a turncoat.—But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart: for truly, I love none.

Beat.: A dear happiness to women. I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bene.: God keep your ladyship still in that mind; so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. : Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. : I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way i' God's name; I have done.

Beat. : You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

[Left alone with **Benedick, Claudio** asks his opinion of **Signior Leonato's** daughter.]

Bene. : Only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claudio : Thou thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. : Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. : Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. : Yes, and case to put it into.

Claud. : In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. : I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. : I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

[**Don Pedro** enters and, informed of **Claudio's** desire, promises to woo **Hero** on his behalf and then to gain the consent of **Leonato** to his daughter's marriage. This conversation is overheard by **Borachio**, servant to **Don John**, who, hating his half brother, hates **Claudio** because **Claudio** is **Don Pedro's** friend, and determines to prevent **Claudio's** marriage.]

Second Act

There is a banquet with a masked ball at **Leonato's** *house. During the dance* **Don Pedro** *takes* **Hero** *aside.* **Benedick** *and* **Beatrice** *meet.*

Beatrice : Will you not tell me who you are?

Benedick : Not now.

Beat. : That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales.'—Well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. : What's he?

Beat. : I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. : Not I, believe me.

Beat. : Why, he is the prince's jester; a very dull fool.

Bene. : When I know the gentleman I'll tell him what you say.

[**Don John**, mistaking **Claudio** for **Benedick**, tells him **Don Pedro** is enamoured of **Hero** and prays him to dissuade **Don Pedro** from her.]

Claudio (*alone*): Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ear of Claudio.
'Tis certain so; the prince woos for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love.

[Claudio, at first confirmed in his suspicion by **Benedick**, is reassured by **Don Pedro** and then by **Leonato** himself.]

Leonato : Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes; his grace hath made the match.

Beat. : Speak, count, it is your cue.

Claud. : Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours.

Beat. : Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither. [heart.

Don Pedro : In faith, lady, you have a merry

Beat. : Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. : And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. : Thus goes every one to the world but I. I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh-ho for a husband!

D. Pedro : Lady, I will get you one.

Beat. : I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro : Will you have me, lady?

Beat. : No, my lord, unless I might have another for working days: your grace is too costly to wear every day.—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro : Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. : No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy.

The marriage day having been fixed, **Don Pedro** plans, with the help of **Leonato, Claudio** and **Hero**, to 'bring **Signior Benedick** and the lady **Beatrice** into a mountain of affection the one with the other.' **Borachio** brings to **Don John** a plan for making **Claudio** and **Don Pedro** think **Hero** untrue. **Benedick** communes with himself in **Leonato's** garden.]

Bene. : One woman is fair—yet I am well; another is wise—yet I am well; another virtuous—yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Ha, the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*

[*Enter* **Don Pedro, Leonato** *and* **Claudio,** *followed by* **Balthazar, Don Pedro's** *attendant, and musicians. They notice where* **Benedick** *has hidden himself.*]

D. Pedro : Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. (*sings*):

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey, nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leafy.
Then sigh not so, etc.

[*Exit* **Balthazar.** **Don Pedro** and his friends, in the hearing of **Benedick**, discourse of the 'enraged affection,' passing 'the infinite of thought,' with which **Beatrice** loves him.]

D. Pedro: It were good that Benedick knew of it.

Claud.: To what end? He would but make a sport of it. Hero thinks surely, she will die, for she says, she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known, and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro: Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud.: Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon.: Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro: Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter. I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Claud. (*aside*): If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro (*aside*): Let there be the same net spread for her. Let us send her to call him into dinner.

Bene. (*alone*): This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth from Hero. They seem to pity the lady. Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. By my troth, I will be horribly in love with her.—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady! [*Enter* **Beatrice.**

Beat.: Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner. [pains.

Bene.: Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your

Beat.: I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene.: You take pleasure then in the message?

Beat.: Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point. You have no stomach, signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene.: I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me; that's as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity on her, I am a villain. [*Exit.*

Third Act

Hero *and her gentlewoman* **Ursula** *lament in the hearing of* **Beatrice** *that 'so rare a gentleman as* **Signior Benedick** *' should have given his heart to one to whom all matter seems weak beside her wit.*

BEATRICE (*alone*): What fire is in my ears? Can this be true? [so much?

Stand I condemned for pride and scorn
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.

[While **Benedick** seeks private talk with **Leonato, Don John,** before **Don Pedro** and **Claudio,** accuses **Hero** of disloyalty—a 'word too good to paint out her wickedness Go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day.' **Claudio,** an easy dupe to the imposture, declares: 'If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow: in the congregation where I should wed, there will I shame her.' In the next scene **Master Constable Dogberry** and his fellow officer **Verges** arrange the Watch for the night. **Borachio** and another follower of **Don John** named **Conrade** shelter in drizzling rain under a pent-house. The Watch stand close while **Borachio** tells **Conrade** how he has earned of **Don John** a thousand ducats.]

CONRADE: Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Borachio: Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

[**Borachio** breaks off to discourse on fashion.]

Con.: All this I see, and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora.: Not so neither; but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber window, bids me a thousand times good night I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con.: And thought they Margaret was Hero?

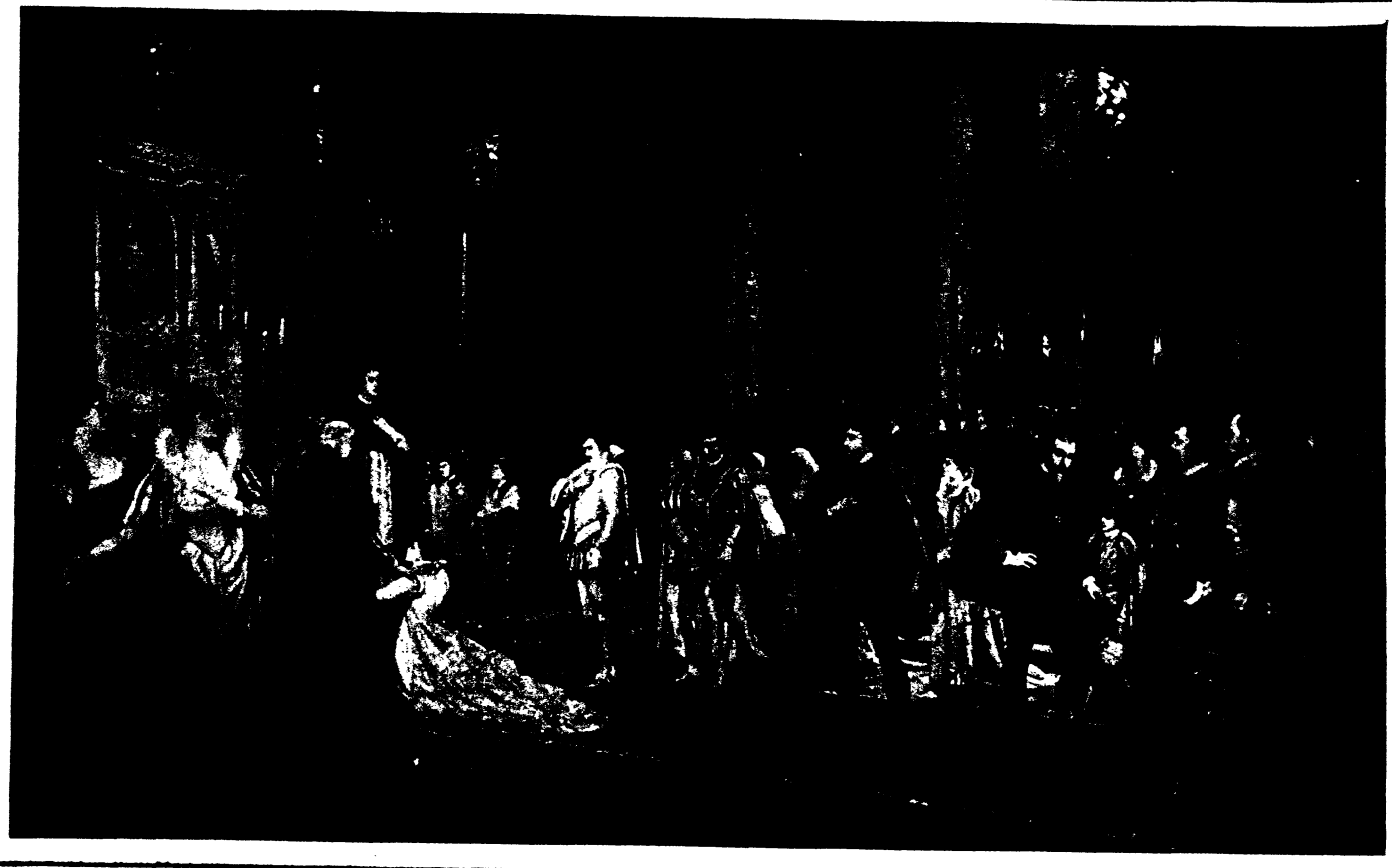
Bora.: Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them; partly by the dark night, which did deceive them; but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

[**Borachio** and **Conrade** are arrested by the Watch. **Dogberry** and **Verges** seek **Leonato,** that he may examine their prisoners. **Leonato** is in haste to get to the wedding and, without hearing the charge, bids **Dogberry** take the examination himself.]

Fourth Act

Inside a church. *Enter* **Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar Francis, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice** *and attendants.*

FRIAR (*to* **Claudio** *and* **Hero**): If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your souls to utter it.



HERO'S MARRIAGE WITH CLAUDIO IS INTERRUPTED BEFORE THE VERY ALTAR

From the painting of the Church Scene in Much Ado About Nothing by Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson

Claudio : Know you any, Hero ?
Hero : None, my lord.
Fri. : Know you any, count ?
Leonato : I dare make his answer ; none.
Claud. : O, what men dare do ! what men may do ! what men daily do, not knowing what they do !
Benedick : How now ! Interjections ?
Claud. : Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave :
Will you with free and unconstrainèd soul
Give me this maid, your daughter ?
Leon. : As freely, son, as God did give her me.
Claud. : And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift ?
Don Pedro : Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claudio : Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.
There, Leonato, take her back again :
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here :
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal !
Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows ? But she is none :
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.
Leon. : What do you mean, my lord ?
Claud. : Not to be married, not to knit my soul
To an approvèd wanton. [wide ?
Hero : Is my lord well, that he doth speak so
Claud. : Sweet prince, why speak not you ?
Don Pedro : What should I speak ?
I stand dishonoured, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.
Leon. : Are these things spoken, or do I but dream ?
Don John : Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
Bene. : This looks not like a nuptial.
Hero : True ! – O God !
Claud. : Leonato, stand I here ?
Is this the prince ? Is this the prince's brother ?
Is this face Hero's ? Are our eyes our own ?
Leon. : All this is so ; but what of this, my lord ?
Claud. : Let me but move one question to your daughter,
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
Leon. : I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.
Hero : O God, defend me ! how am I beset !
What kind of catechising call you this ?
Claud. : To make you answer truly to your name.
Hero : Is it not Hero ? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach ?
Claud. : Marry, that can Hero :
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he that talked with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one ?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.
Hero : I talked with no man at that hour, my lord. [Leonato,
Don Pedro : Why, then are you no maiden.—
I am sorry you must hear : upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grievèd count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window,
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confessed the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
Don John : Fie, fie, they are not to be named my lord.
Claud. : O Hero ! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart !
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair !
Leon. : Hath no man's dagger here a point for me ? [**Hero** *swoons*
Beatrice : Why, how now, cousin ! wherefore sink you down ?
Don John : Come, let us go

[*Exeunt* **Don Pedro, Don John** *and* **Claudio.**

Benedick : How doth the lady ?
Beat. : Dead, I think : help, uncle ! –
Hero ! why, Hero ! –Uncle ! –Signior Benedick ! –Friar !
Leon. : O fate, take not away thy heavy hand !
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wished for.
Beat. : How now, cousin Hero ?
Fri. : Have comfort, lady.
Leon. : Dost thou look up ?
Fri. : Yea ; wherefore should she not ?
Leon. : Wherefore ? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her ? –O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh !
Bene. : Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say.
Beat. : O, on my soul, my cousin is belied !
Fri. : Hear me a little ;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady. –Call me a fool ;
Trust not my reading, nor my observation ;
Trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.
Leon. : Friar, it cannot be.
Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury.
Fri. : Lady, what man is he you are accused *of* ?
Hero : They know that do accuse me ; I know none —
O my father,
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintained the change of words with any creature,

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Fri. : There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene. : Two of them have the very bent of honour ;

And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. : I know not. If they speak but truth of her, [honour
These hands shall tear her ; if they wrong her
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.

Fri. : Pause awhile.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead ;
Let her awhile secretly be kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed.
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. : What shall become of this ?

Fri. : Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse ;
For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it ; but being lacked and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio :
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination ;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparelled in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul, [mourn.
Than when she lived indeed ; then shall he
But if all aim but this be levelled false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy :
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. : Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you.

[**Leonato** consents. *Exeunt* **Friar, Hero** *and* **Leonato.**]

BENEDICK : Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while ?

Beat. : Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. : Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wronged

Beat. : Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her !

Bene. : I protest, I love thee !

Beat. : Why, then, God forgive me !

Bene. : What offence, sweet Beatrice ?

Beat. : You have stayed me in a happy hour ; I was about to protest, I loved you.

Bene. : Come, bid me do anything for thee.

Beat. : Kill Claudio.

Bene. : Is Claudio thine enemy ?

Beat. : Is he not approved in the height a villain ?—O, that I were a man !—O God, that I were a man ! I would eat his heart in the market-place. But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones, too ; he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it.—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. : Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. : Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. : Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero ?

Beat. : Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. : Enough ! I am engaged, I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin ; I must say she is dead ; and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

[In prison **Borachio** and **Conrade** are examined by **Dogberry**. The evidence of the Watch is taken down by the Sexton to show to **Leonato**.]

Fifth Act

Before **Leonato's** *House.* *Enter* **Leonato** *and* **Antonio.**

ANTONIO : If you go on thus, you will kill yourself. [sel,

Leonato : I pray thee, cease thy coun-
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel :
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine ;
For, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage.
I pray thee, peace ! I will be flesh and blood ;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently.

Ant. : Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself ;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. : There thou speak'st reason ; nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied ; [prince,
And that shall Claudio know ; so shall the
And all of them that thus dishonour her.
[*Enter* **Don Pedro** *and* **Claudio.**

[**Leonato** accuses **Claudio** of wronging his innocent child and challenges him to trial of a man. He is supported by **Antonio. Don Pedro** exclaims : 'Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.' **Claudio** declines the challenge. **Leonato** and **Antonio** depart threateningly. **Benedick** enters and challenges **Claudio.** He is not taken seriously.]

Benedick : Fare you well, boy : you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour ; you break jests as braggarts do their blades. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you ; I must discontinue your company. Your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina ; you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lack-beard there, he and I shall meet ; and till then, peace be with him. [*Exit.*

Don Pedro : He is in earnest.

Claudio : In most profound earnest ; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

Enter **Dogberry, Verges** *and the* **Watch,** *with* **Conrade** *and* **Borachio.**

D. Pedro : How now ! Two of my brother's men bound ? Officers, what offence have these men done ?

Dogberry : Marry, sir, they have committed false report ; moreover, they have spoken untruths, secondarily, they are slanderers ; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady ; thirdly, they have verified unjust things ; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro : Who have you offended, masters ? This learned constable is too cunning to be understood.

Borachio : Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer : do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes : what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light ; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John, your brother, incensed me to slander the Lady Hero, how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments ; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her. My villainy they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation ; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Don Pedro : Runs not this speech like iron through your blood ?

Claud. : I have drunk poison whiles he uttered it. Sweet Hero ! now thy image doth appear in the rare semblance that I loved it first.

[*Re-enter* **Leonato** *and* **Antonio** *with the Sexton.*

Leon. : Which is the villain ? Let me see his eyes,
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him. Which of these is he ?

Bora. : If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. : Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast killed
Mine innocent child ?

Bora. : Yea, even I alone.

Leon. : No, not so, villain ; thou belest thyself :
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death :
Record it with your high and worthy deeds.
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. : I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself ;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin ; yet sinned I not
But in mistaking.

Don Pedro : By my soul, nor I ;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. : I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible ; but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died ; and, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones—sing it to night—
To-morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew. My brother hath a daughter,
Almost a copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us : [cousin,
Give her the right you should have given her
And so dies my revenge.

Claud : O noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me
I do embrace your offer.

[**Borachio** absolves **Margaret** from knowing complicity in the plot. **Dogberry** is discharged by **Leonato** of his prisoner and thanked. **Claudio** pays his solemn tribute to **Hero's** memory at her supposed tomb, and goes with **Don Pedro** to **Leonato's** house, where the guests are assembled for the wedding. The ladies are masked. **Antonio** presents the bride to **Claudio**.]

Claud. : Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. : No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. : Give me your hand before this holy friar :
I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero : And when I lived, I was your other wife : [*Unmasking.*
And when you loved, you were my other husband

Claud. : Another Hero ?

Hero : Nothing certainer.
One Hero died defiled, but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

Don Pedro : The former Hero ! Hero that is dead !

Leon. : She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.

Fri. : All this amazement can I qualify :
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death :
Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. : Soft and fair, friar. which is Beatrice ?

Beat. : I answer to that name. [*Unmasking.*
What is your will ?

Bene. : Do not you love me ?

Beat. : Why no ; no more than reason.

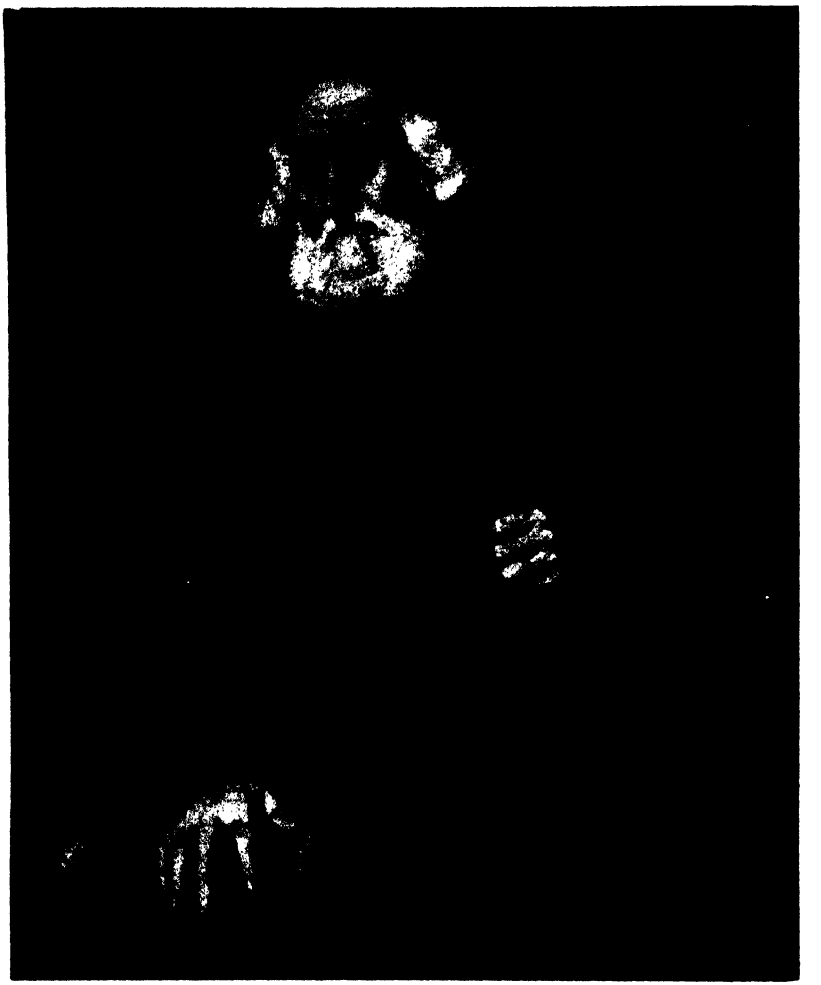
Bene. : Why, then, your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
Have been deceived : they swore you did.

Beat. : Do not you love me ?

Bene. : Troth, no ; no more than reason.

Beat. : Why, then, my cousin, Margaret and Ursula
Are much deceived ; for they did swear you did.

[**Claudio** and **Hero** produce halting sonnets **Benedick** and **Beatrice** have written to each other. The play ends with the plighting of the troth between **Benedick** and **Beatrice** and the arrival of a messenger with news of the arrest of **Don John.**]



Marco Polo, the most famous traveller of the early medieval period, was born at Venice in 1254, scion of an ancient and aristocratic family whose activities were divided between commerce and politics. In 1271 he accompanied his father and uncle, Nicolo and Matteo Polo, on a romantic Oriental journey which occupied nearly twenty-five years. The travellers crossed Persia, Western Asia and Tartary, and in 1275 arrived at the capital of the Grand Khan who showered favour upon them. For three years Marco Polo was governor of the city of Yangchow, and he was also employed in various political missions to India and to other parts of China. The party returned to Venice in 1295. War was then raging between Genoa and Venice and in 1298 Marco Polo, obtaining command of a galley attached to Dandolo's squadron, took part in the engagement at Curzola where he was wounded and taken prisoner. On the restoration of peace, Marco Polo returned to Venice where he died, probably in the year 1324. This fine portrait is by Titian.

MARCO POLO

THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO A VENETIAN

IN 1298 during his year's confinement as a prisoner of war in a Genoese fortress, Marco Polo took advantage of his enforced inactivity to dictate to a fellow-captive, Rusticiano da Pisa, the narrative of his adventures in the East. Throughout his travels Marco Polo made copious notes of his observations and his records, although so astonishing as to meet with little credence during the Middle Ages, have been so far confirmed as to demonstrate his absolute fidelity to facts as he saw them. The narrative was dictated in French and was originally called Il Milione, commemorating a name given to the author on account of the wealth he had amassed. It was soon translated into the Italian vernacular, and ranks as an early Italian prose classic, and has since been translated into many other languages. In English various adaptations of the work have been made. The following epitome is based chiefly on those of Marsden (1818) and Hugh Murray (1844). The Travels of Marco Polo is included in Everyman's Library.

I—The Beginnings of a Romantic Career



IN the middle of the thirteenth century, two merchants of Venice, Nicolo and Matteo Polo, voyaged with a rich cargo of merchandise, in their own ship, to Constantinople, and thence to the Black Sea. From the Crimea they travelled on horseback into Western Tartary, where they resided in business for a year, gaining by their politic behaviour the cordial friendship of the paramount chief of the tribes, named Barka.

Prevented from returning to Europe through the outbreak of a tribal war in Tartary, the travellers proceeded to Bokhara. There they stayed three years. Here they made the acquaintance of the ambassador of the famous Kublai Khan. This potentate is called the 'grand khan,' or supreme prince of all the Tartar tribes. The ambassador invited the merchants to visit his master.

Acceding to his request, they set out on the difficult journey, and on reaching their destination were cordially received by Kublai, for they were the first persons from Italy who had ever arrived in his dominions. He begged them to take with them to their country a commissioner from himself to the Pope of Rome. The result was unfortunate, for in a few days the commissioner fell ill on the way through Tartary, and was left behind. At Acre, the travellers heard that Pope Clement IV was dead. Arrived at Venice, Nicolo Polo found that his wife had died soon after his departure in giving birth to a son, the Marco of this history, who was now fifteen years of age.

Waiting for two years in Venice, the election of a new pope being delayed by successive obstacles, and fearing that the grand khan would be disappointed or might despair of their return, they set out again for the East, taking with them young Marco Polo. But at Jerusalem they heard of the accession of Gregory X to the pontifical throne, and hastened back to Italy. The new pope welcomed them with great honour, furnished them with credentials and commissioned to accompany them to the East two friars of great learning and talent, Fra Guglielmo da Tripoli and Fra Nicolo da Vicenza.

The party, entrusted with handsome presents from the pontiff to the grand khan, voyaged forth, and reached Armenia to find that region embroiled in war. The two friars, in terror, returned to the coast under the care of certain knight templars; but the three Venetians, accustomed to danger, continued their journey, which, on account of slow winter progress, lasted altogether three and a half years.

Kublai had removed to a splendid city named Cle Men Fu (near where Peking now stands), and on arriving, a gracious reception awaited the three merchants,

who narrated events and delivered the messages from Rome with the papal presents. Taking special notice of young Marco Polo, the grand khan enrolled him among his attendants of honour.

Marco soon became proficient in four languages, and displayed such extraordinary talents that he was sent on a mission to Karazan, a city six months' journey distant. On this mission he distinguished himself by his tact and success, and during the seventeen years spent in the service of the khan executed many similar tasks in every part of the empire.

The Venetians remained many years at the Tartar court, and at length, after amassing much wealth, felt constrained to return home. They were permitted to depart, taking with them, at the khan's request, a maiden named Kogatin, a relative of the khan, whom they were to conduct to the court of Arghun, a sovereign in India, to become his wife.

The travellers were not fortunate, for they were compelled, through fresh wars among the Tartar princes, to return. But about this time Marco Polo happened to arrive after a long voyage in the East Indies, giving a most favourable report of the safety of the seas he had navigated. Accordingly it was arranged that the party should go by sea; and fourteen ships were prepared, each having four masts and nine sails, and some crews of over 200 men. On these embarked the three Venetians, the Indian ambassadors and the queen. In three months Java was reached, and India in eighteen more.

On landing, the travellers learnt that the King of Arghun had died some time before, and his son Kiakato was reigning in his stead, and that the lady was to be presented to Kiasan, another son, then on the borders of Persia guarding the frontier with an army of 60,000. This was done, and then the party returned to the residence, and there rested nine months before taking their leave.

WHILE on their way they heard of the death of Kublai, this intelligence putting an end to their plan of revisiting those regions. Pursuing, therefore, their intended route, they at length reached Trebizond, whence they proceeded to Negropont, and finally to Venice, at which place, in the enjoyment of health and abundant riches, they safely arrived in the year 1295.

The foregoing record enables the reader to judge of the opportunities Marco Polo had of acquiring a knowledge of the things he describes during a residence of many years in the eastern parts of the world.

II—Legends of Ancient Persia

PERSIA was anciently a great province, but it is now in great part destroyed by the Tartars. From the city called Saba came the three magi who adored Christ at Bethlehem. They are buried in Saba, and are all three entire with their beards and hair. They were Baldasar, Gaspar and Melchior. After three days' journey you come to Palasata, the castle of the fire-worshippers. The people say that the three magi, when they adored Christ, were by Him presented with a closed box, which they carried with them for several days, and then, being curious to see what it contained, were constrained to open. In it was a stone signifying that they should remain firm to the faith they had received.

Thinking themselves deluded, they threw the stone into a pit, whence instantly fire flamed forth. Bitterly repenting, they took home with them some of the fire, and placed it in a church, where it is adored as a god, the sacrifices all being performed before it. Therefore, the people of Persia worship fire.

In the north of Persia the people tell of the Old Man of the Mountain. He was named Alo-eddin, and was a Moslem. In a lovely valley he had planted a magnificent garden and built a cluster of gorgeous palaces, supplied by means of conduits with streams of wine, milk, honey and pure water. Beautiful girls, skilled in music and dancing, and richly dressed, were among the inhabitants of this retreat.

The chief object of Alo-eddin in forming this fascinating garden was to persuade his followers that, as Mahomed had promised to the Moslems the enjoyments of Paradise, with every species of sensual gratification, so he was also a prophet and the compeer of

Mahomed, and had the power of admitting to Paradise whom he pleased. An impregnable castle guarded the entrance to the enchanting valley, the entrance to this being through a secret passage.

At his court this chief entertained many youths, selected from the people of the mountains for their apparent courage and martial disposition. To these he daily preached on Paradise and his prerogative of granting admission; and at certain times he caused opium to be administered to a dozen of the youths, who, when half dead with sleep, were conveyed to apartments in the palaces in the gardens. On awakening, each person found himself surrounded by lovely damsels, who sang, played, served delicate viands and exquisite wines, till the youth, intoxicated with excess of enjoyment, believed himself to be assuredly in Paradise, and felt unwilling to quit it.

After four or five days the youths were again thrown into somnolency and carried out of the garden; and when asked by Alo-eddin where they had been, declared that by his favour they had been in Paradise, the whole court listening with amazement to their recital. The consequence was that his followers were so devoted to his service that if any neighbouring princes gave him umbrage they were put to death by these disciplined assassins, and his tyranny made him dreaded through all the surrounding provinces.

At length the grand khan grew weary of hearing of his atrocious practices, and an army was sent in the year 1262 to besiege him in his castle. It was so strong that it held out for three years, until Alo-eddin was forced through lack of provisions to surrender, and was put to death. Thus perished Alo eddin, the Old Man of the Mountain.

III—Of the Tartars and Their Grand Khan

Now that I have begun to speak of the Tartars, I will tell you more about them. They never remain long anywhere, but when winter approaches remove to the plains of a warmer region, in order to find sufficient pasture for their cattle. Their flocks and herds are multitudinous. Their tents are formed of rods covered with felt, and being exactly round, and nicely put together, they can gather them together into one bundle and make them up as packages to carry about. When they set them up again, they always make the entrance front to the south.

Their travelling-cars are drawn by oxen and camels. The women do all the business of trading, buying and selling, and provide everything necessary for their husbands and families, the time of the men being entirely devoted to hunting, hawking and matters that relate to military life. They have the best falcons and also the best dogs in the world. They subsist entirely on flesh and milk, consuming horses, camels, dogs and animals of every description. They drink mares' milk, preparing it so that it has the qualities and flavour of white wine, and this beverage they call kemurs.

The Tartars believe in a supreme deity, to whom they offer incense and prayers; while they also worship another, called Natigay, whose image, covered with felt, is kept in every house. This god, who has a wife and children, and who, they consider, presides over their terrestrial concerns, protects their children and guards their cattle and grain. They show him great respect, and at their meals they never omit to take a fat morsel of the flesh, and with it grease the mouth of the idol.

Rich Tartars dress in cloth of gold and silks, with skins of the sable, the ermine and other animals. All their accoutrements are of the most expensive kind. They are specially skilful in the use of the bow, and they are very brave in battle, but are cruel in disposition. Their martial qualities and their wonderful powers of endurance make them fitted to subdue the world, as, in fact, they have done with regard to a considerable portion of it.

When these Tartars engage in battle they never mingle with the enemy, but keep hovering about him, discharging their arrows first from one side and then from the other, occasionally pretending to fly, and during their flight shooting arrows backwards at their pursuers, killing men and horses as if they were combating face to face. In this sort of warfare the adversary imagines he has gained the

victory, when in fact he has lost the battle. For the Tartars, observing the mischief they have done him, wheel about and, renewing the fight, overpower his remaining troops, and make them prisoners in spite of their utmost exertions.

Kublai is the sixth grand khan, and began his reign as grand khan in the year 1246, and commenced his reign as Emperor of China in 1280. It is forty-two years since he began his reign in Tartary and he is fully eighty-five years of age. It was his ancestor, Jenghiz, who first assumed the title of khan.

Kublai is considered the most able and successful commander that ever led the Tartars to battle. He it was who completed the conquest of China by subduing the southern provinces and destroying the ancient dynasty. After this period he ceased to take the field in person. His last campaign was against rebels, of whom there were many both in Cathay and Manji (North and South China).

THE Tartars date the beginning of their year from the beginning of February, and it is their custom on that occasion to dress in white. Great numbers of beautiful white horses are presented to the grand khan. On the day of the White Feast all his elephants, amounting to five thousand, are exhibited in procession, covered with rich housings. It is a time of splendid ceremonials and of sumptuous feasting.

The grand khan has many leopards and lynxes kept for the purpose of chasing deer, and also many lions, which are active in seizing boars, wild oxen, and asses, stags, roebucks and other animals that are objects of sport. It is an admirable sight, when the lion is let loose in pursuit of the animal, to observe the savage eagerness and speed with which he overtakes it. His majesty has them conveyed for this purpose in cages placed on cars, and along with them is confined a little dog, with which they become familiarised. The grand khan has eagles also, which are trained to stoop at wolves, and such is their size and strength that none, however large, can escape from their talons.

Before we proceed further we shall speak of a memorable battle that was fought in the kingdom of Yun-chang. When the king of Mien [Burma] heard that an army of Tartars had arrived at Yun-chang, he resolved to attack it, in order that by its destruction the grand khan might be deterred from again attempting to station a force on the borders of his dominions.

FOR this purpose he assembled a very large army, including a multitude of elephants (an animal with which the country abounds), on whose backs were placed battlements, or castles of wood, capable of containing to the number of twelve or sixteen in each. With these, and a numerous army of horse and foot, he took the road to Yun-chang, where the grand khan's army lay, and, encamping at no great distance from it, intended to give his troops a few days of rest.

The Tartars, chiefly by their wonderful skill in archery, inflicted a terrible defeat on their foes; and the King of Mien, though he fought with the most undaunted courage, was compelled to flee, leaving the greater part of his troops killed or wounded.

In the northern parts of the world there dwell many Tartars, under a chief of the name of Kaidu, nearly related to Kublai, the grand khan. These Tartars are idolaters. They possess vast herds of horses, cows, sheep and other domestic animals. In these northern districts are found prodigious white bears, black foxes, wild asses in great numbers, and swarms of sables and martens. During the long and severe winters the Tartars travel in sledges drawn by great dogs.

Beyond the country of these northern Tartars is another region, which extends to the utmost bounds of the north and is called the Region of Darkness, because during most part of the winter months the sun is invisible, and the atmosphere is obscured to the same degree as that in which we find it just about the dawn of day, when we may be said to see and not to see. The intellects of the people are dull, and they have an air of stupidity. The Tartars often proceed on plundering expeditions against them, to rob them of their cattle and goods, availing themselves for this purpose of those months in which the darkness prevails.

IV—Of Ceylon and Malabar

THE Island of Zeilan (Ceylon) is better circumstanced than any other in the world. It is governed by a king named Sendernaz. The people worship idols, and are independent of every other state. Both men and women go nearly nude. Their food is milk, rice and flesh, and they drink wine drawn from trees. Here is the best sappan-wood that can anywhere be met with.

The island produces more beautiful and valuable rubies than can be found in any other part of the world, and also many other precious stones. The king is reported to possess the grandest ruby that ever was seen, being a span in length, and the thickness of a man's arm, brilliant beyond description and without a single flaw. The grand khan, Kublai, sent ambassadors to this monarch, with a request that he would yield to him possession of this ruby; in return for which he should receive the value of a city. The answer was that he would not sell it for all the treasure of the universe. The grand khan, therefore, failed to acquire it.

Leaving the island of Zeilan, you reach the great province of Malabar, which is part of the continent of the greater India, the noblest and richest country in the world. It is governed by four kings, of whom the principal is named Senderbandi. Within his district is a fishery for pearls. The pearl oysters are brought up in bags by divers. The king wears many jewels of immense value, and among them is a fine string containing one hundred and four splendid pearls and rubies.

In the province of Malabar is the body of St. Thomas the Apostle, who there suffered martyrdom. It rests in a small city to which vast numbers of Christians and Saracens resort. The latter regard him as a great prophet, and name him Ananias, signifying a holy personage.

In the year 1288 a powerful prince of the country, who at the time of harvest had accumulated as his portion an enormous quantity of rice, and whose granaries could not hold the vast store, used for that purpose a religious house belonging to the church of St. Thomas, although the guardians of the shrine begged him not thus to occupy the place. He persisted, and on the next night the holy apostle appeared to him, holding a small lance in his hand, which he held at his throat, threatening him with death if he should not immediately evacuate the house. The prince awoke in terror, and obeyed.

Various miracles are daily wrought here through the interposition of the blessed saint. The Christians who have the care of the church possess groves of coconut trees, and from these derive their means of subsistence.

The death of this most holy apostle took place in this wise. Having retired to a hermitage, where he was engaged in prayer, and being surrounded by a number of peafowls, with which bird the country abounds, an idolater who happened to be passing, and did not perceive the holy man, shot an arrow at a peacock, which struck St. Thomas in the side. He only had time to thank the Lord for all His mercies, and into His hands resigned his spirit.

IN the kingdom of Musphili [Golconda], which you enter upon leaving Malabar, after proceeding five hundred miles northward, are the best and most honourable merchants that can be found. No consideration whatever can induce them to speak an untruth. They have also an abhorrence of robbery, and are likewise remarkable for the virtue of continence, being satisfied with the possession of one wife. The Brahmans are distinguished by a badge, a thick cotton thread passed over the shoulder and tied under the arm.

The people are gross idolaters and much addicted to sorcery and divination. When they are about to make a purchase of goods, they observe the shadow cast by their own bodies in the sunshine, and if the shadow be as large as it should be, they make the purchase that day. Moreover, when they are in a shop for the purchase of anything, if they see a tarantula, of which there are many there, they take notice from which side it comes, and regulate their business accordingly. Again, if they are going out of their houses and they hear anyone sneeze they return to the house and stay at home.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

JOHN RUSKIN coupled Rob Roy and The Heart of Midlothian as the best of all the Waverley Novels. The latter book, constituting the second series in the Tales of My Landlord, was published in 1818, and was composed during a period of recurring fits of intense bodily pain. 'Never before,' says Lockhart, 'had Scott seized such really noble features of the national character as were canonised in his homely heroine.' The romance is named after the Tolbooth, the old Edinburgh prison which stood in the centre of Midlothian. The story of the heroism of Jeanie Deans was founded on fact. Her prototype was Helen Walker, daughter of a Dumfriesshire farmer, who to obtain the Duke of Argyle's intercession for her sister's life, raised a petition and actually walked to London to present it. Helen Walker died in 1791, and on her tombstone is an inscription by Scott himself. The story of The Heart of Midlothian has been dramatised in several forms.

I—Grim Deeds in the Tolbooth



IN former times England had her Tyburn, to which the devoted victims of justice were conducted in solemn procession; and in Edinburgh a large oblong square, called the Grassmarket, was used for the same purpose. This place was crowded to suffocation on the day when John Porteous, captain of the City Guard, was to be hanged, sentenced to death for firing on the crowd on the occasion of the execution of a popular smuggler.

The grim appearance of the populace conveyed the impression of men who had come to glut their sight with triumphant revenge. When the news that Porteous was respited for six weeks was announced, a roar of rage and mortification arose, but speedily subsided into stifled mutterings as the people slowly dispersed.

That night the mob broke into the Tolbooth, the prison commonly called the Heart of Midlothian, dragged the wretched Porteous from the chimney in which he had concealed himself, and carried him off to the Grassmarket, where, as the leader of the rioters said, he had spilled the blood of so many innocents.

A young minister named Butler, whom the rioters had met and compelled to come with them, was brought to the prisoner's side, to prepare him for instant death. With a generous disregard for his own safety, Butler besought the crowd to consider what they did. But in vain. The unhappy man was forced to his fate with remorseless rapidity, and Butler, separated from him by the press, escaped the last horror and fled from the fatal spot. His first purpose was instantly to take the road homewards, but other fears and cares, connected with news he had that day heard, induced him to linger till daybreak.

Reuben Butler was the grandson of a trooper in Monk's army, and had been brought up by his grandmother, a widowed cottar who struggled with poverty and the hard and sterile soil on the land of the Laird of Dumbiedikes. She was helped by the advice of another tenant, David Deans, a staunch Presbyterian; and Jeanie, his little daughter, and Reuben herded together the handful of sheep and the two or three cows, and went together to the school, where Reuben, as much superior to Jeanie Deans in acuteness of intellect as inferior to her in firmness of constitution, was able to requite the kindness and countenance with which, in other circumstances, she used to regard him.

While Reuben Butler was acquiring at the university the knowledge necessary for a clergyman, Davie Deans, by shrewdness and skill, gained a footing in the world and the possession of some wealth.

He had been married again, and another daughter had been born to him. But now his wife was dead, and he had left

his old home and become a dairy farmer about half a mile from Edinburgh, and the unceasing industry and activity of Jeanie was exerted in making the most of the produce of their cows.

Effie, his younger daughter, under the tender and affectionate care of her sister, had shot up into a beautiful and blooming girl, currently entitled the Lily of St. Leonard's, a name she deserved as much by her guileless purity of thought, speech and action, as by her uncommon loveliness of person.

The news that this girl was in prison on suspicion of the murder of her child was what kept Reuben Butler lingering on the hills outside Edinburgh until a fitting time should arrive to wait upon Jeanie and her father. Effie denied all guilt of infanticide; but she had concealed the birth of a child, which had disappeared, so by the Scots law she was judged guilty.

His limbs exhausted with fatigue, Butler dragged himself up to St. Leonard's Crags, and presented himself at the door of Deans's habitation, with feelings much akin to the miserable fears of its inhabitants.

"Come in," answered the low, sweet-toned voice he loved best to hear, as he tapped at the door. The old man was seated by the fire with his well-worn pocket Bible in his hands, and turned his face away as Butler entered and clasped the extended hand which had supported his orphan infancy, wept over it, and in vain endeavoured to say more than "God comfort you! God comfort you!"

"He will, He doth—my friend," said Deans. "He doth now, and He will yet more in His own gude time. I have been ower proud of my sufferings in a gude cause, Reuben, and now I am to be tried with those whilk will turn my pride and glory into a reproach and a hissing."

Butler had too much humanity to do anything but encourage the good old man as he reckoned up with conscious pride the constancy of his testimony and his sufferings, but seized the opportunity of some private talk with Jeanie. He gave her a message he had received from a stranger he had met an hour or two before, to the effect that she must meet him alone at Muschat's cairn at moonrise.

"Tell him," said Jeanie hastily, "I will certainly come"; and to all Butler's entreaties and expostulations would give no explanation. They were recalled by the loud tones of David Deans, and found the poor old man half frantic between grief and zealous ire against proposals by the Laird of Dumbiedikes to employ a lawyer on Effie's behalf, lawyers being all, in his opinion, carnal self-seekers.

But when the poor old man, fatigued with the arguments and presence of his



EFFIE DEANS WITH HER LOVER
From the painting by Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A.

guests, retired to his sleeping apartment, Dumbiedikes said he would employ his own man of business, and Butler set off instantly to see Effie herself and try to get her to give him the information that she had refused to everyone.

"Farewell, Jeanie," said he. "Take no *rash steps* till you hear from me."

Butler was at once recognized by the turnkey when he presented himself at the Tolbooth, and detained as having been connected with the riots the night before. One of the prisoners had recognized Robertson, the leader of the rioters, and seen him trying to persuade Effie Deans to escape, and to save himself from the gallows gave information, hoping, as he said, to obtain the post of gaoler himself.

It became obvious that the father of Effie's child and the slayer of Porteous were one and the same person, and on hearing from Butler, who had no reason to conceal his movements, of the stranger he had met on the hill, the procurator-fiscal, with a strong bodyguard, interrupted Jeanie's meeting with the stranger that night; but he had made her understand that her sister's life was in her hands before, hearing men approaching, he plunged into the darkness.

II—Effie Deans Stands Her Trial

Soon afterwards, Ratcliffe, the prisoner who had recognized Robertson, received a full pardon, and, becoming gaoler, was repeatedly applied to to procure an interview between the sisters; but the magistrates had given strict orders to the contrary, hoping that they might, by keeping them apart, obtain some information respecting the fugitive. But Jeanie knew nothing of Robertson, except having met him that night by appointment to give her some advice respecting her sister's concern, the which, she said, was betwixt God and her conscience. And Effie was equally silent.

At length the day was fixed for Effie's trial, and on the preceding evening Jeanie was allowed to see her sister. Even the hard-hearted turnkey could not witness the scene without a touch of human sympathy.

"Ye are ill, Effie," were the first words Jeanie could utter. "Ye are very ill."

"O, what wad I gie to be ten times waur, Jeanie!" was the reply. "O that I were lying dead at my mother's side!"

"Hout, lassie!" said Ratcliffe. "Dinna be sae dooms downhearted as a' that. There's mony a tod hunted that's no killed. They are weel aff as has such a counsel and agent as ye have; ane's aye sure of fair

But the mourners had become unconscious of his presence.

"Oh, Effie," said her elder sister, "how could you conceal your situation from me? Oh, woman, had I deserved this at your hand? Had ye spoke but ae word——"

"What gude wad that hae dune?" said the prisoner. "Na, na, Jeanie; a' was ower whan once I forgot what I promised when I turned down the leaf of my Bible. See, the Book aye opens at the place itsell. Oh, see, Jeanie, what a fearfu' Scripture!"

"Oh, if ye had spoken ae word!" again sobbed Jeanie. "If I were free to swear that ye had said but ae word of how it stude they couldna hae touched you!"

"Could they na?" said Effie, with something like awakened interest. "Wha tauld ye that, Jeanie?"

"It was ane that kenned what he was saying weel enough," said Jeanie.

"Hout!" said Ratcliffe. "What signifies keeping the poor lassie in a swither? I'se uphaud it's been Robertson that learned ye that doctrine."

"Was it him?" cried Effie. "Was it him, indeed? Oh I see it was him, poor lad! And I was thinking his heart was as hard as the nether millstane, and him in sic danger on his ain part. Poor George! Oh, Jeanie, tell me every word he said, and if he was sorry for poor Effie!"

"What needs I tell ye onything about it?" said Jeanie. "Ye may be sure he had ower muckle to do to save himself to speak lang muckle about onybody beside."

"That's no' true, Jeanie, though a saint had said it," replied Effie. "But ye dinna ken, though I do, how far he put his life in venture to save mine." And looking at Ratcliffe, checked herself and was silent.

After a long pause, Effie asked, "And he wanted you to say something to yon folks that wad save my young life?"



JEANIE DEANS VISITS HER SISTER EFFIE IN THE TOLBOOTH PRISON
After the painting by R. Herdman, R.S.A.

"He wanted!" said Jeanie, "that I suld be mansworn!"

"And you tauld him," said Effie, "that ye wadna hear o' coming between me and death, and me no aughteen year auld yet?"

"I dinna deserve this frae ye, Effie," said her sister, feeling the injustice of the reproach.

"Maybe no, sister," said Effie. "But ye are angry because I love Robertson. Sure am I, if it had stude wi' him as it stands wi' you——"

"Oh, if it stude wi' me to save ye wi' the risk of *my* life!" said Jeanie.

"Ay, lass," said her sister, "that's lightly said, but no sae lightly credited frae ane that winna ware a word for me; and if it be a wrang word, ye'll hae time enough to repent o' 't."

"But that word is a grievous sin."

"Weel, weel, Jeanie, never speak mair o' 't," said the prisoner. "It's as weel as it is. And gude-day, sister. Ye keep Mr. Ratcliffe waiting on. Ye'll come back and see me, I reckon, before——"

"And are we to part in this way," said Jeanie, "and you in sic deadly peril? Oh, Effie, look but up and say what ye wad hae me do, and I could find it in my heart amaist to say I wad do 't."

"No, Jeanie," said her sister, with an effort. "I'm better minded now. God knows, in my sober mind I wadna' wuss any living creature to do a wrang thing to save my life!"

But when Jeanie was called to give her evidence next day, Effie, her whole expression altered to imploring, almost ecstatic earnestness of entreaty, exclaimed in a tone that went through all hearts, "Oh, Jeanie, Jeanie, save me, save me!"

Jeanie suddenly extended her hand to her sister, who covered it with kisses; Jeanie wept bitterly meanwhile.

It was some time before the judge himself could subdue his own emotion and administer the oath: "The truth to tell, and no truth to conceal, in the name of God, and as the witness should answer to God at the great Day of Judgement."

Jeanie, educated in devout reverence for the name of the Deity, was awed, but at the same time elevated above all considerations save those to which she could,

with a clear conscience, call Him to witness. Therefore, though she turned deadly pale, and though the counsel took every means to make it easy for her to bear false witness, she replied to his question as to what Effie had said when questioned as to what ailed her, "Alack! alack! she never breathed word to me about it."

A deep groan passed through the court, and the unfortunate father fell forward, senseless. The secret hope to which he had clung had now dissolved. The prisoner, with impotent passion, strove with her guard. "Let me gang to my father! I hae killed him!" she repeated in frenzied tones.

The judge, after repeatedly wiping his eyes, gave directions that Jeanie and her father should be removed and carefully attended. The prisoner pursued them with her eyes, and when they were no longer visible, found a courage in her despair.

"The bitterness of it is now past," she said. "My lords, if it is your pleasure to gang on wi' this matter, the weariest day will hae its end at last."

III—Jeanie Makes a Pilgrimage

DAVID DEANS and his eldest daughter found in the house of a cousin the nearest place of friendly refuge. When he recovered from his long swoon, he was too feeble to speak when their hostess came in.

"Is all over?" said Jeanie, pale as ashes. "And is there no hope for her?"

"Nane, or next to nane," said her cousin, Mrs. Saddletree; but added that the foreman of the jury wished her to get the king's mercy, and "nae mair about it."

"But can the king gie her mercy?" said Jeanie.

"I weel I wot he can, when he likes," said her cousin, and gave instances, finishing with Porteous.

"Porteous," said Jeanie, "very true. I forgot a' that I suld mind maist. Fare ye weel, Mrs. Saddletree. May ye never want a friend in the hour o' distress."

To Mrs. Saddletree's protests she replied there was much to do and little time to do it in; then left the room. Mrs. Saddletree looked after her, and shook her head.

"I wish she binna roving, poor thing. There's something queer about a' thae Deanses. I dinna like folk to be sae muckle better than ither folk; seldom comes gude o't."

Effie was roused from her state of stupefied horror by the entrance of Jeanie, who, rushing into the cell, threw her arms around her neck.

"What signifies coming to greet ower me," said poor Effie, "when you have killed me? Killed me, when a word from your mouth would have saved me."

"You shall not die," said Jeanie, with enthusiastic firmness. "Say what you like o' me, only promise, for I doubt your proud heart, that you winna' harm yoursell? I will go to London and beg your pardon from the king and queen. They *shall* pardon you, and they will win a thousand hearts by it!"

She soon tore herself from her sister's arms and left the cell. Ratcliffe followed her, and so impressed was he by her 'spunk' that he advised her as to her proceedings, to find a friend to speak for her to the king—the Duke of Argyle, if possible—and wrote her a line or two on a dirty piece of paper, which would be useful if she fell among thieves.

Jeanie then hastened home to St. Leonard's Crags. She got a loan of money from the Laird of Dumbiedikes, and set off without losing a moment on her walk to London. On her way she stopped to bid adieu to her old friend Reuben Butler.

She found him quite seriously ill, as she had feared, but yet most unwilling to let her go on this errand alone; she must give him a husband's right to protect her. But she, pointing out the fact that he was scarcely able to stand, said this was no time to speak of marrying or giving in marriage, and asked him if his grandfather had not done some good to the forebear of MacCallummore. It was so, and Reuben gave her the papers to prove it, and a letter to the Duke of Argyle; and she, begging him to do what he could for her father and sister, left the room hastily.

With a strong heart, and a frame patient of fatigue, Jeanie Deans, travelling at the rate of twenty miles and more a day, traversed the southern part of Scotland, where her bare feet attracted no attention.

She had to conform to the national extravagance in England, and confessed afterwards 'that besides the wastrife, it was lang or she could walk as comfortably with the shoes as without them'; but found the people very hospitable on the whole, and sometimes got a cast in a waggon.

At last London was reached, and an audience obtained with the Duke of Argyle. His grace's heart warmed to the tartan when Jeanie appeared before him in the dress of a Scottish maiden of her class. His grandfather's letter, too, was a strong injunction to assist Stephen Butler, his friends or family, and he exerted himself to such good purpose, that he brought her into the presence of the queen to plead her cause for herself.

Her majesty smiled at Jeanie's awe-struck manner and broad northern accent, and listened kindly, but said, 'If the king were to pardon your sister, it would in all probability do her little good, for I suppose the people of Edinburgh would hang her out of spite.'

The queen was not convinced of the propriety of showing any marked favour to Edinburgh so soon—'the whole nation must be in a league to screen the murderers of Porteous'—but Jeanie pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos at once simple and solemn, and her majesty ended by promising her warm intercession with the king.

The Duke of Argyle came to Jeanie's cousin's, where she was staying, in a few days, to say that a pardon had been despatched to Effie Deans, on condition of her banishing herself forth of Scotland for fourteen years—a qualification which greatly grieved her affectionate sister.

IV—The After Years

When Jeanie set out from London on her homeward journey, it was not to travel on foot, but in the Duke of Argyle's carriage, and the end of the journey was not Edinburgh, but the isle of Roseneath, in the Firth of Clyde. When the landing-place was reached, it was in the arms of her father that Jeanie was received. It was too wonderful to be believed—but the form was indisputable. Douce David Deans himself, in his best light blue Sunday's coat with broad metal buttons, and waistcoat and breeches of the same.

"Jeanie—my ain Jeanie—my best—my maist dutiful bairn! The Lord of Israel be thy father, for I am hardly worthy of thee! Thou hast redeemed our captivity, brought back the honour of our house!"

These words broke from him not without tears, though David was of no melting mood.

"And Effie—and Effie, dear father?" was Jeanie's eager question.

"You will never see her mair, my bairn," answered Deans, in solemn tones.

"She is dead! It has come ower late!" exclaimed Jeanie, wringing her hands.

"No, Jeanie, she lives in the flesh, and is at freedom from earthly restraint. But she has left her auld father, that has wept and prayed for her. She has left her sister, that travailed and toiled for her like a mother. She has made a moonlight flitting of it."

"And wi' that man—that fearfu' man?"

"It is ower truly spoken," said Deans. "But never, Jeanie, never more let her name be spoken between you and me."

The next surprise for Jeanie Deans was the appearance of Reuben Butler, who had been appointed by the Duke of Argyle to the kirk of Knocktarlitie, at Roseneath; and the banns were called, and the long wooing of Reuben and Jeanie was ended by their union in the holy bonds of matrimony.

Effie, married to Robertson, whose real name was Staunton, paid a furtive visit to her sister, and many years later, when her husband was no longer a desperate outlaw, but Sir George Staunton, and beyond anxiety of recognition, the two sisters corresponded freely, and Lady Staunton even came to stay with Mrs. Butler, after old Deans was dead.

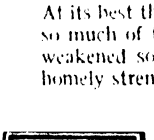
A famous woman in society was Lady Staunton, but she was childless, for the child of her shame carried off by gypsies she saw no more.

Jeanie and Reuben, happy in each other, in the prosperity of their family, and the love and honour of all who knew them, lived beloved and died lamented.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE

AN interval of thirteen years occurred between the publication in The Atlantic Monthly of The Professor at the Breakfast Table—epitomised in page 699 and following pages of this work—and the appearance in 1872 of The Poet at the Breakfast Table, with which Oliver Wendell Holmes concluded his world-famous causerie. Altogether, the subject occupied his mind for more than forty years, for its germ existed in articles begun in The New England Magazine in 1831, to be resumed after an 'interruption' of a quarter of a century by the beloved Autocrat. At its best the last volume of the trilogy reaches the level of the other two, but there is not quite so much of the best. The reader's personal interest in the company at the Breakfast Table is weakened somewhat, and the discussions are more etherealised and philosophical, though the homely strength and quaint humour of many of the 'Master's' comments recall the Autocrat's bold opinions and vividly simple illustrations.



"THE idea of a man interviewing himself *is* rather odd, to be sure, But then, that is what we are all of us doing every day. I talk half of the time to find out my own thoughts, as a school-boy turns his pockets inside out to see what is in them. He brings to light all sorts of personal property he had forgotten in his inventory.

"It's a very queer place, that receptacle a man fetches his talk out of. You stow away some idea and don't want it, say, for ten years. When it turns up at last it has got so jammed and crushed out of shape by the other ideas packed with it, that it is no more like what it was than a raisin is like a grape on the vine, or a fig from a drum like one hanging on the tree. Then, again, some of our old beliefs are dying out every year, and others feed on them and grow fat, or get poisoned, as the case may be.

"And so, you see, you can't tell what the thoughts are that you have got salted down, as one may say, till you run a streak of talk through them, as the market-people run a butterscoop through a firkin. Don't talk thinking you are going to find out your neighbour, for you won't do it, but talk to find out yourself. There is more of you—and less of you, in spots, very likely—than you know."

You may have been thinking, perhaps, that it was I—I, the Poet, was the talker to whom you have been listening. If so, you were mistaken. It was the old man in the spectacles with large round glasses and the iron-grey hair. He does a good deal of the talking at our table, and, to tell the truth, I rather like to hear him. He sits at my right hand at the table. He is a retired college officer, a man of books and observation, and himself an author. I like best to speak of him as the Master, because he has a certain air of authority which none of us feel inclined to dispute. Another thing I like about him is, that he takes a certain intelligent interest in pretty much everything that interests other people.

"I RATHER like," I said, "the thought that your telescopic people are, on the whole, more satisfactory than your microscopic ones."

My left-hand neighbour fidgeted about a little in his chair as I said this; but the young man sitting not far away from the landlady smiled a sort of faint starlight smile.

"I don't want to have the territory of a man's mind fenced in. I don't want to shut out the mystery of the stars and the awful hollow that holds them. Minds with skylights—yes—stop, let us see if we can't get something out of that.

"One-storey intellects, two-storey intellects, three-storey intellects with skylights. All fact-collectors, who have no aim beyond their facts, are one-storey men. Two-storey men compare, reason, generalise, using the

labours of the fact-collectors as well as their own. Three-storey men idealise, imagine, predict; their best illumination comes from above, through the skylight.

"There are minds with large ground floors, that can store an infinite amount of knowledge; some librarians, for instance. Your great working lawyer has two spacious storeys; his mind is clear, because his mental floors are large, and he has room to arrange his thoughts so that he can get at them—facts below, principles above, and all in ordered series; poets are often narrow below, incapable of clear statement, and with small power of consecutive reasoning, but full of light, if sometimes rather bare of furniture in the attics."

The old Master smiled; I think he suspects himself of a three storey intellect, and I don't feel sure that he isn't right.

Our Listeners and Talkers

THE my left-hand sits as singular-looking a human being as I remember seeing outside of a regular museum or tent-show. His black coat shines as if it had been polished. Round shoulders—stooping over some minute labour, I suppose. Very slender limbs, with bends like a grasshopper's, as if he might straighten them out all of a sudden, and jump instead of walking. Voice has a dry creak.

"I suppose you are an entomologist?" I said to him with a note of interrogation.

"Not quite so ambitious as that, sir. I am often spoken of as a coleopterist," he said, "but I have no right to so comprehensive a name. The genus Scarabaeus is what I have chiefly confined myself to. The beetles proper are quite enough for the labour of one man's life."

The young girl who sits on my right, next beyond the Master, can hardly be more than nineteen or twenty years old. She gets her living by writing stories for a newspaper. The Weekly Bucket has no bottom, and it is her business to help fill it. Poor little body, she is one of that great company of delicate, intelligent, emotional young creatures who are waiting for some breath of heaven to fill their white bosoms love, the right of every woman.

I have asked the landlady about the young man sitting near her. He passes most of his time in a private observatory, it appears a watcher of the stars.

A Musical Interlude

THE old Master was talking about a concert he had been to hear.

"I don't like your chopped music any way. Florence Nightingale says the music you *pour* out is good for sick folks, and the music you *pound* out isn't. Not that exactly, but something like it. I have been to hear some music-pounding. It was a young woman, with as many white muslin flounces round her as the planet Saturn has rings, that did it. She gave the music-stool a twirl or two and fluffed down on to it like a whirl of soap-suds in a hand-basin.

"Then she pushed up her cuffs as if she was going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her wrists and her hands, to limber 'em, I suppose, and spread out her fingers till they looked as though they would pretty much cover the key-board, from the growling end to the little squeaky one. Then those two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as if they were a couple of tigers coming down on a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl as if its tail had been trod on. Dead stop—so still you could hear your hair growing. Then another jump, and another howl, as if the piano had two tails and you had trod on both of 'em at once, and then a grand clatter and scramble and string of jumps, up and down, back and forward, one hand over the other, like a stampede of rats and mice more than like anything I call music. I like to hear a woman sing, and I like to hear a fiddle sing, but these noises they hammer out their ivory anvils—Don't talk to me; I know the difference between a bullfrog and a wood thrush."

I find myself somewhat singularly placed at our table between a minute philosopher who has concentrated all his faculties on a single subject, and my friend who finds the universe too restricted for his intelligence. After breakfast I asked the Master what he could make of our dried-up friend.

"Well," he said, "I am hospitable enough in my feelings to him and all his tribe. You can't get any talk out of these specialists away from their own subjects, any more than you can get help from a policeman outside of his own beat."

"Yes," said I, "but why shouldn't we always set a man talking about the thing he knows best?"

"No doubt, no doubt, if you meet him once; but what are you going to do with him if you meet him every day? People you talk with every day have got to have feeders for their minds as much as the stream that turns a mill-wheel has. It isn't one little rill that's going to keep the floatboards going round.

"Take a dozen of the brightest men you can find in the brightest city, and let them come together once a month, and you'll find out in the course of a year or two the ones that have feeders from all the hillsides. I've seen men whose minds were always overflowing, and yet they didn't read much or go much into the world. Sometimes you'll find a bit of a pond-hole in a pasture, and you'll plunge your walking stick into it and think you are going to touch bottom. But you find you are mistaken. Some of these little stagnant pond-holes are a good deal deeper than you think. There are hidden springs that keep the little pond-holes full when the mountain brooks are all dried up."

The Poet's Place in History

"If I should confess the truth," said the Master, "there is no mere earthly immortality that I envy so much as the poet's. If your name is to live at all, it is so much more to have it live in people's hearts than in their brains! I don't know that one's eyes fill with tears when he thinks of the famous inventor of logarithms; but a song of Burns's, or a hymn of Charles Wesley's goes straight to your heart, and you can't help loving both of them, the sinner as well as the saint.

"The works of other men live, but their personality dies out of their labours; the poet, who reproduces himself in his creations as no other artist does or can, goes down to posterity with all his personality blended with whatever is imperishable in his song. So the passion of Sappho, the tenderness of Simonides, the purity of holy George Herbert, the lofty contemplativeness of James Shirley, are before us to-day as if they were living in a few tears of amber verse.

"It seems, when one reads,

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,

or

The glories of our birth and state,

as if it were not a very difficult matter to gain immortality — such an immortality, at least, as a perishable language can give. A single lyric is enough, if one can only find in his soul and finish in his intellect one of those jewels fit to sparkle 'on the stretched forefinger of all time.' A coin, a ring, a string of verses. These last, and hardly anything else does.

"The Pyramids? Yes, the Pyramids last, it is true, but most of them have forgotten their builders' names. But the ring of Thothmes III, who reigned some fourteen hundred years before our era, before Homer sang, before the Argonauts sailed, before Troy was built, is in the possession of Lord Ashburnham, and proclaims the name of the monarch who wore it more than three thousand years ago.

"It is the same in literature. Write half a dozen folios full of other people's ideas — as all folios are pretty sure to be — and you serve as ballast to the lower shelves of a library. Write a story, or a dozen stories, and your book will be in demand like an oyster while it is freshly opened, and after that . The highways of literature are spread over with the shells of dead novels, each of which has been swallowed at a mouthful by the public and is done with.

"But write a volume of poems. No matter if they are all bad but one, if that one is very good. It will carry your name down to posterity like the ring of Thothmes. I don't suppose one would care a great deal about it a hundred or a thousand years after he is dead, but I don't feel quite sure. It seems as if, even in heaven, King David might remember 'The Lord is my Shepherd' with a certain twinge of earthly pleasure. But we don't know, we don't know."

The Three Professions

I THOUGHT I should like to hear what the Master had to say about the three professions he knew something about, each compared with the others.

"What is your general estimation of doctors, lawyers and ministers?" said I.

"The lawyers," said he, "are the cleverest men, the ministers are the most learned, and the doctors are the most sensible.

"The lawyers are a picked lot, 'first scholars' and the like, but their business is as unsympathetic as Jack Ketch's. There is nothing humanising in their relations with their fellow-creatures. They go for the side that retains them. They defend the man they know to be a rogue, and not very rarely throw suspicion on the man they know to be innocent. Suppose in a case of Fever *v.* Patient the doctor should side with either party according to whether the old miser or his expectant heir was his employer. Suppose the minister should side with the Lord or the devil, according to the salary offered and other incidental advantages, where the soul of a sinner was in question. You can see what a piece of work it would make of their sympathies. I don't think the lawyers are as accomplished as the ministers, but they have a way of cramming with special knowledge for a case which leaves a certain shallow sediment of intelligence in their memories about a good many things.

"The ministers come next in point of talent. They are far more curious and widely interested outside of their own calling than either of the other professions. I like to talk with 'em. I have talked with a great many of 'em of all sorts of belief, and I don't think they have fixed everything in their own minds, or are as dogmatic in their habits of thought as one would think to hear 'em lay down the law in the pulpit. They used to lead the intelligence of their parishes; now they do pretty well if they keep up with it, and they are very apt to lag behind it. The women do their best to spoil 'em, as they do the poets; now and then one of 'em goes over the dam; no wonder, they're always in the rapids.

"The doctors' is the least learned of the professions, in this country. They have not half the general culture of the lawyers, nor a quarter of that of the ministers. I think, though, they are more agreeable to the common run of people than the men with black coats or the men with green bags. People can swear before 'em if they want to. Besides, everybody doesn't like to talk about the next world; people are modest in their desires, and find this world as good as they deserve; but everybody loves to talk physic. So I think doctors are generally welcome in most companies. The D.D.'s used to be the leaders, but now they are the wheel horses. It's pretty hard to tell how much they pull, but we know they can hold back like the ——"

The Loneliness of a Star

I WAS looking at the young girl, our Scheherazade, the other day, and thinking what a pity it was that she had never had fair play in the world. I take an interest in our Scheherazade. We have all been a good deal excited by a visit to the observatory. The young girl is full of enthusiasm. She was excited by the strange scene in which she found herself, her eyes sparkled, and she quite astonished the young astronomer with her vivacity.

"Will you show me a double star?" she said suddenly.

"With the greatest pleasure," he said.

"How beautiful!" she said, as she looked at the wonderful object. "And the two revolve round each other?"

"Yes," he answered, "two suns, a greater and a less, each shining with a different light, for the other."

"How charming! It must be so much pleasanter than to be alone in such a great empty space! I should think one would hardly care to shine if its light wasted itself in the monstrous solitude of the sky. Does not a single star seem very lonely to you up there?"

"Not more lonely than I am myself," answered the young astronomer.

I know nothing in the world tenderer than the pity that a kind-hearted young girl has for a young man who feels lonely.

"I thank God," the Master said, "that a great many people believe a great deal more than I do. I think, when it comes to serious matters, I like those who believe more than I do better than those who believe less."

"To tell the truth," said I, "you bring some things out into daylight questioning that I had rather leave in the twilight of half-belief, peopled with shadows—if they are only shadows—more sacred to me than many realities."

"There is nothing I do not question," said the Master. "I suppose you've seen a blind man with a stick, feeling his way along? Well, I am a blind man with a stick. I try the ground to find out whether it is firm or not before I rest my weight on it; but after it has borne my weight, that question, at least, is answered. It very certainly was strong enough once; the presumption is that it is strong enough now. Still, the soil may have been undermined, or I may have grown heavier. Make of it what you will. I never found but one sect large enough to hold the whole of me."

"And what was that?" I said.

"The human sect," the Master answered. "That has about room enough for me; at present, I mean to say."

"Including cannibals and all!" said I.

"Oh, as to that, the eating of one's kind is a matter of taste, but the roasting of them has been rather more a speciality of our own particular belief than of any other I am acquainted with."

The Star-Gazer's Last Question

THE Master has proposed a change of seats at the table. The arrangement brings the young man not only close to us, but also next to our Scheherazade. It seems to me that he has become interested in the astronomical lessons he has been giving the young girl. He has studied so much alone that it is, naturally, a pleasure to him to impart some of his knowledge.

. . . . . .

There must be some fatality that carries our young men and maidens in the direction of the Common when they have anything very particular to exchange their views about.

Our two young people stood at the western edge of a little pool, studying astronomy in the reflected firmament. The Pleiades were trembling in the waves before them, and the three great stars of Orion—for these constellations were both glittering in the eastern sky.

"There is no place too humble for the glories of heaven to shine in," she said.

"And their splendour makes even this little pool beautiful and noble," he answered. "Where is the light to come from that is to do as much for our poor human lives?"

A simple question enough; but the young girl felt her colour change as she answered, "From friendship, I think."

Presently the young man asked his pupil, "Do you know what the constellation directly over our heads is?"

"Is it not Cassiopeia?" she asked, a little hesitatingly.

"No; it is Andromeda. You ought not to have forgotten her, for I remember showing you a double star, the one in her right foot, through the equatorial telescope. You have not forgotten the double star—the two that shone for each other, and made a little world by themselves."

The double-star allusion struck a dead silence. At last: "Do you know the story of Andromeda?" he said; and then he began to tell the story of the unfortunate maiden chained to a rock, and how Perseus came and set her free, and won her love with her life.

And next he told her about a young man chained to *his* rock, which was a star-gazer's tower, asking endless questions that led him nowhere—and now he had only one more question to ask. He loved her. Would she break his chain?

He held both his hands towards her, the palms together, as if they were fettered at the wrists. She took hold of them very gently; parted them a little; then, wider, wider, and found herself all at once folded unresistingly in her lover's arms.

So there was a new double star in the living firmament.

EDWARD GIBBON

HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE—III

LORD BYRON, while being a devoted admirer of Edward Gibbon's monumental work, was yet conscious of the unimpassioned, precise and documentary method of the author of the Decline and Fall, and at one time described him as being guilty of 'sapping a solemn creed with a solemn sneer.' Though the remark has a flavour of exaggeration, there is, nevertheless, a modicum of truth in the criticism, for Gibbon made little allowance for the emotional side of human nature, and his work is tinged with a philosophic detachment and cynicism engendered mainly by his sympathy with the writings of Voltaire. In this section, covering the first 400 years of the Christian era, the main facts, carefully marshalled, are given, together with the deductions which his archivist's point of view indicated. With habitual honesty he suppresses nothing and the reader must once more pay tribute to his extraordinary care and exhaustiveness. The two previous sections appear in pages 633 and 760 of this work.

I—The Growth of the Christian Church



THE policy of the emperors and the senate, as far as it concerned religion, was happily seconded by the reflections of the enlightened, and by the habits of the superstitious part of their subjects. The various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world were all considered by the people as equally true; by the philosopher as equally false; by the magistrate as equally useful. Under this spirit of toleration the Christian church grew with great rapidity. Five main causes assisted this development.

1. The inflexible and intolerant zeal of the Christians, purified from the narrow and unsocial spirit of the Jewish religion.

2. The doctrine of a future life, improved by every additional circumstance which could give weight and efficacy to that important truth.

3. The miraculous powers ascribed to the primitive Church.

4. The pure and austere morals of the early Christians.

5. The union and discipline of the Christian republic, which gradually formed an independent and increasing state in the heart of the Roman Empire.

The early Christians of the mother church at Jerusalem subscribed to the Mosaic law, and the first fifteen bishops of Jerusalem were all circumcised Jews. But the Gentile church rejected the intolerable weight of Mosaic ceremonies, and at length refused to their more scrupulous brethren the same toleration which at first they had humbly solicited for their own practice.

After the ruin of the temple, of the city and of the public religion of the Jews, the Nazarenes, as the Christian Jews of Jerusalem were called, retired to the little town of Pella, from whence they could make easy and frequent pilgrimages to the Holy City. When the Emperor Hadrian forbade the Jewish people from approaching the precincts of the city, the Nazarenes escaped from the common proscription by disavowing the Mosaic law. A small remnant, however, still combined the Mosaic ceremonies with the Christian faith, and existed, until the fourth century, under the name of Ebeonites.

From the acknowledged truth of the Jewish religion the Ebeonites had concluded that it could never be abolished. From its supposed imperfection the sect of the Gnostics as hastily inferred that it never was instituted by the wisdom of the Deity. They treated with profane derision the Mosaic account of the creation and fall of man, and refused to discover any of the features of the wise and omnipotent Father of the universe in the Jehovah of the Old Testament. They adored the Christ as the first and brightest emanation of the Deity, who appeared upon earth to rescue mankind from their various errors and to reveal a new system of truth and perfection.

The three sects of the primitive church, the orthodox, the Ebeonites and the Gnostics, were united in their abhorrence of idolatry and the pagan system of polytheism. Their avoidance, even despite the law, of pagan ceremonies, served to fortify the zeal of the Christians.

The immortality of the soul had been held by a few sages of Greece and Rome, who were unwilling to conform themselves with the beasts of the field, or to suppose that a being for whose dignity they entertained the most sincere admiration could be limited to a spot of earth, and to a few years of duration. But reason could not justify the spacious and noble principles of the disciples of Plato.

To the Christians alone the authority of Christ gave a certainty of a future life, and when the promise of eternal happiness was proposed to mankind on condition of adopting the faith and of observing the precepts of the Gospel, it is no wonder that so advantageous an offer should have been accepted by great numbers of every religion, of every rank, and of every province in the Roman Empire. The immediate expectation of the second coming of Christ and the reign of the Son of God with His saints for a thousand years, strengthened the ancient Christians against all trials and sufferings.

The supernatural gifts which even in this life were ascribed to the Christians above the rest of mankind must have conduced to their own comfort, and very frequently to the conviction of infidels. The gift of tongues, of vision and of prophecy, the power of expelling demons, of healing the sick and of raising the dead, were prodigies claimed by the Christian Church at the time of the apostles and their first disciples.

The duty of an historian does not call upon him to interpose his private judgement in a controversy as to the truth of these miracles, but he ought to attempt to define with precision the limits of that period to which we might be disposed to extend the gift of supernatural power. His task is perplexing, for every age bears testimony to the wonderful events for which it was distinguished; but it is evident that there must have been some period in which miraculous powers were either suddenly or gradually withdrawn from the Christian Church. Whatever era is chosen for that purpose, it is clear that after that era credulity performed the office of faith, fanaticism assumed the language of inspiration, and the effects of accidents, or contrivance, were ascribed to supernatural causes.

Repentance for their past sins, and the laudable desire of supporting the reputation of the society in which they were engaged, rendered the lives of the primitive Christians much purer and more austere than those of their pagan contemporaries or their degenerate successors. They were insistent in their condemnation of pleasure and luxury and, in their search after purity, were induced to approve reluctantly that institution of marriage which they were compelled to tolerate. A state of celibacy was regarded as the nearest approach to the divine perfection, and there were in the primitive church a great number of persons devoted to the profession of perpetual chastity.

The government of the primitive church was based on the principles of freedom and equality. The societies which were instituted in the cities of the Roman empire were united only by the ties of faith and charity. The want of discipline and human learning was supplied by the occasional assistance of the 'prophets' men or women who, as often as they felt the divine impulse, poured forth the effusions of the spirit in the assembly of the faithful.

In the course of time bishops and presbyters exercised solely the functions of legislation and spiritual guidance. A hundred years after the death of the apostles, the bishop, acting as the president of the presbyterial college, administered the sacrament and discipline of the Church, managed the public funds and determined all such differences as the faithful were unwilling to expose before the tribunal of an idolatrous judge.

Every society formed within itself a separate and independent republic, and towards the end of the second century, realizing the advantages that might result from a closer union of their interests and designs, these little states adopted the

useful institution of a provincial synod. The bishops of the various churches met in the capital of the province at stated periods and issued their decrees or canons. The institution of synods was so well suited to private ambition and to public interest that it was received throughout the whole empire. A regular correspondence was established between the provincial councils, which mutually communicated and approved their respective proceedings, and the Catholic Church soon assumed the form and acquired the strength of a great federative republic.

The authority of the bishops insensibly increased, and a new authority also sprang up. The meeting of the provincial synods in the capital of the province gave to the bishop of that capital a certain pre-eminence, and under the lofty title of Metropolitans and Primates, they usurped for themselves an authority similar to that which the bishops had so lately assumed above the inferior clergy. The bishop of Rome, as the bishop of the capital of the empire, claimed, and was allowed, a certain pre-eminence.

The community of goods which for a short time had been adopted in the primitive church was gradually abolished, and a system of voluntary gifts was substituted. In the time of the Emperor Decius it was the opinion of the magistrates that the Christians of Rome were possessed of very considerable wealth, and several laws, enacted with the same design as our statutes of mortmain, forbade real estate being given or bequeathed to any corporate body, without special sanctions. The bishops distributed these revenues, exercised the right of exclusion or excommunication of recalcitrant members of the Church, and maintained the dignity of their office with ever increasing pomp.

II—The Days of Persecution

THE persecution of Christians by the Roman emperors must at first sight seem strange, when one considers their inoffensive mode of faith and worship. When one remembers the scepticism that prevailed among the pagans, and the tolerant view of all religions which was characteristic of the Roman citizen in the early years of the empire, this harshness seems all the more remarkable.

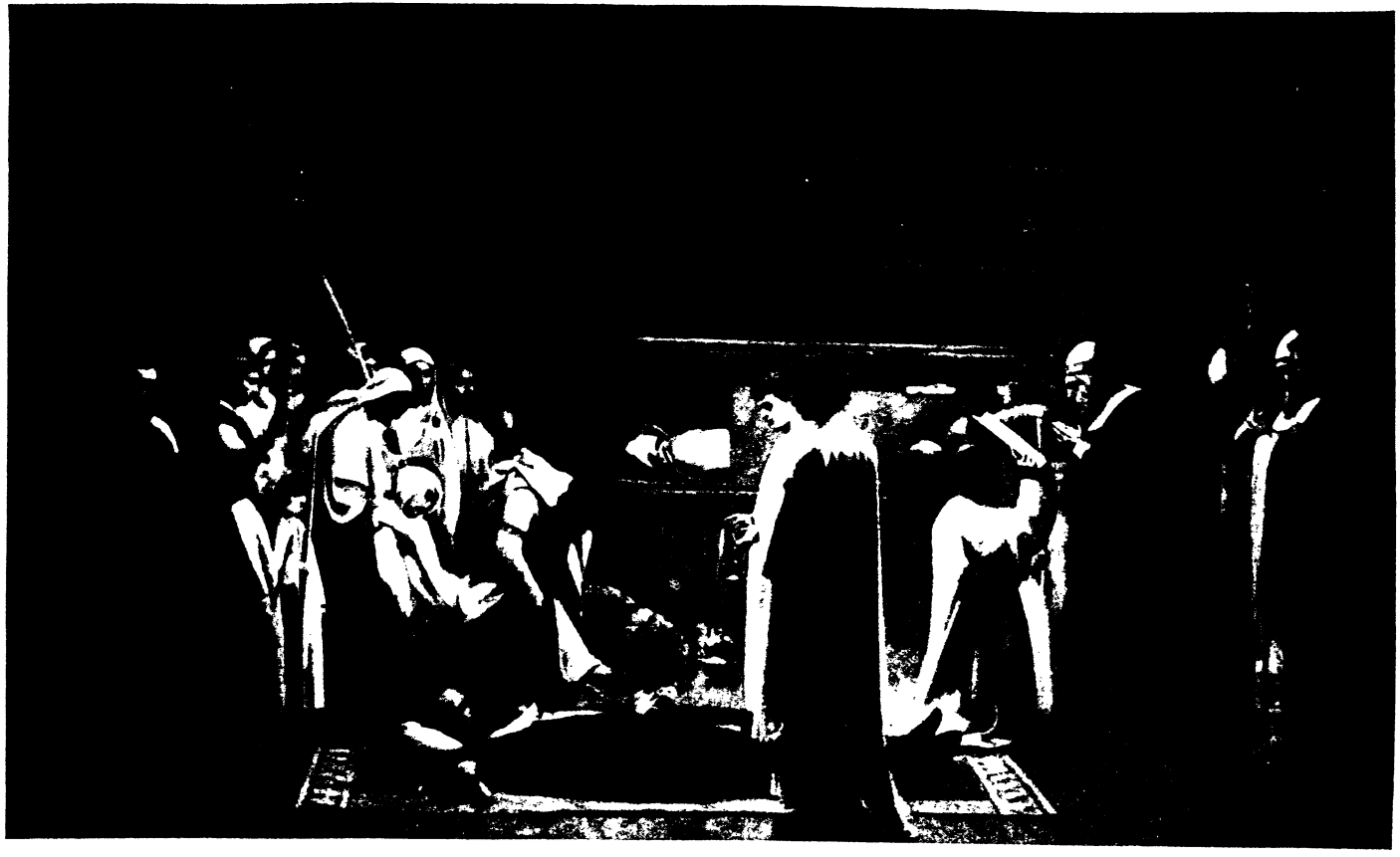
It can be explained partly by the misapprehension which existed in the mind of the pagan world as to the principles of the Christian faith, and partly by the organization of the sect. The Jews were allowed the exercise of their unsocial and exclusive faith. But the Jews were a nation; the Christians were a sect. Moreover, the Christians were regarded as apostates from the ancient faith of Moses, and, worshipping no visible god, were held to be atheists.

The Roman policy also viewed with the utmost jealousy and distrust any association among its subjects, and the secret and nocturnal meetings of the Christians appeared peculiarly dangerous in the eyes of the law.

But in spite of this, the early Christians suffered little, and their innocence was protected by the ignorance and contempt of the magistrates. Even the passage in Tacitus which narrates how Nero, having destroyed Rome by fire, cruelly sacrificed to his horrible tortures numerous Christians to divert suspicion from himself is open to question on points of fact; at any rate, Nero's persecutions were confined to Rome.

They were oppressed by the Emperor Domitian. Trajan protected their meetings by requiring definite evidence of these illegal assemblies, and an informer who failed in his proofs was subject to a severe or capital penalty. But the edicts of Hadrian and Antoninus Pius protected the Church from the danger of popular clamour in times of disaster, declaring that the voice of the multitude should never be admitted as legal evidence to convict or to punish those unfortunate persons who had embraced the enthusiasm of the Christians.

If convicted of being a Christian, a prisoner was not necessarily to be punished. He was given the chance of casting a few grains of incense upon the pagan altar; and if he refused this, he might be subjected to the scourge and the rack. But the Roman magistrates were, as a class, humane, and the number of martyrs was inconsiderable. The authority of Origen and Dionysius annihilates that formidable army of martyrs, whose relics, drawn for the most



THE UNDERGROUND GATE OF LIFE: A CHRISTIAN MARTYR'S BURIAL IN THE CATACOMBS AT ROME

From the painting by Jules Lenepveu in the Luxembourg

part from the catacombs of Rome, have replenished so many churches and whose marvellous achievements have been the subject of so many volumes of holy romance.

The martyrdom of Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, on September 14, 258, was one of the most notable of that period. Under Marcus Antoninus, the Christians were treated harshly, but the tyrant Commodus protected them by his leniency. After a temporary period of persecution during the reign of Severus, the Christians enjoyed a calm from 211 to 249. The storms gathered again under Decius, and so vigorous was the persecution that the bishops of the most considerable cities were removed by exile or death.

III—The Church Under Constantine

FROM 284 to 303, during the reign of Diocletian, the Christian Church enjoyed peace and prosperity, but in the latter year Galerius persuaded the emperor to renew the persecution of the sect. An edict on February 24 enacted that all churches throughout the empire should be demolished, and the punishment of death was pronounced against all who should presume to hold any secret assemblies for the purposes of religious worship. Many suffered martyrdom under this cruel enactment. Churches everywhere were burnt, and sacred books destroyed. Three more edicts published before March 304 led to the imprisonment of all persons of the ecclesiastical order, compelled the magistrates to exercise torture to subvert the religion of their Christian prisoners, and made it the duty, as well as the interest, of the imperial officers to discover and pursue the most obnoxious among the faithful.

But after six years of persecution, the mind of Galerius, softened by salutary reflection, induced him to attempt some reparation. In the edict of toleration which he published on April 31, 311, he expresses the hope 'that our indulgence will engage the Christians to offer up their prayers to the Deity whom they adore for our safety and prosperity, and for that of the Republic.'

The triumph of the great Constantine established the security of the Christian Church from the attacks of the pagans. Converted in 306, Constantine, as soon as he had achieved the conquest of Italy, issued the Edict of Milan (313), declaring that the places of worship which had been confiscated should be restored to the Church without dispute, without delay and without expense. Though himself never received by baptism into the Church, until his last moments, his powerful patronage of the Christians and his edicts of toleration removed all the temporal disadvantages which had hitherto retarded the progress of Christianity.

The faith of Christ became the national religion of the empire. The soldiers bore upon their helmets and upon their shields the sacred emblem of the Cross. All the machinery of government was employed to propagate the faith, not only within the empire but beyond its borders. Confirmed in his new religion by the miraculous vision of the Cross, Constantine consented to recognize the superiority of the ecclesiastical orders in all spiritual matters, while retaining himself the temporal power.

The persecution of heresy was carried out by Constantine with all the ardour of a convert. An edict confiscated the public property of the heretics to the use either of the revenue or the Catholic Church, and the penal regulations of Diocletian against the Christians were now employed against the schismatics. The Donatists, who maintained the apostolic succession of Donatus, primate of Carthage, as opposed to Caecilian, were suppressed in Africa, and a general synod attempted to regulate the faith of the Church.

THE subject of the nature of the divine Trinity had early given rise to discussion. Of the three main heretical views, that of Arius and his disciples was the most prevalent. He held in effect that the Son, by whom all things were made, though He had been begotten before all worlds, yet had not always existed. He shone only with the reflected light of His Almighty Father, and, like the sons of the Roman emperors, who were invested with the titles of Caesar or Augustus, He governed the universe.

The Tritheists advocated a system which seemed to establish three independent

deities, while the Sabellian theory allowed only to the man Jesus the inspiration of the divine wisdom. The consubstantiality of the Father and of the Son had been established by the Council of Nicaea in 325, but the East ranged itself for the most part under the banner of the Arian heresy. At first indifferent, Constantine at last persecuted the Arians, who later, under Constantius, were received into favour.

The great Athanasius, who was seated on the archiepiscopal throne of Egypt (326–373), maintained the Catholic faith. Condemned by the Council of Arles and Milan, thrice expelled from Alexandria, treated unmercifully by the agents of Constantius, Athanasius survived both that reign and the restoration of paganism under Julian and, protected by his people against the persecution of Valens, died in peace on May 2, 373.

Constantinople, which for forty years was the stronghold of Arianism, was converted to the orthodox faith under Theodosius by Gregory Nazianzen. A series of edicts were issued by the emperor, between the years 380 and 394, against the heretics, and in the Western empire the great Ambrose, archbishop of Milan, maintained, by his virtues and his discovery of the remains of two martyred saints, the banner of orthodoxy.

IV—The Conversion of the World

THE pagan religion was finally destroyed about the year 390, and the faintest vestiges of it were not visible thirty years later. Its influence, however, might be observed in many of the ceremonies which were introduced into the Church, and the worship of martyrs and relics seemed to revive a system of polytheism by the worship of a hierarchy of saints. Among the most famous of the dignitaries of the Church at this period was the archbishop of Constantinople, who was distinguished by the epithet of Chrysostom, or the Golden Mouth. He attempted to purify the Eastern empire, excited the animosity of the Empress Eudoxia, and died in exile in 407.

The monastic system had been founded by Antony, an illiterate youth, in the year 305, by the establishment on Mount Colzim, near the Red Sea, of a colony of ascetics who renounced all the business and pleasures in life as the price of eternal happiness. A long series of hermits, monks and anachorets propagated the system and, patronised by Athanasius, it spread to all parts of the world.

The monastic profession was an act of voluntary devotion. In their dress and diet its members preserved the most rigorous simplicity, and they subsisted entirely by their own manual exertions. But in the course of time this simplicity vanished, and, enriched by the offerings of the faithful, the monks assumed the pride of wealth and at last indulged in the luxury of extravagance.

The monks were divided into two classes – the Coenobites, who lived under a common and regular discipline; and the Anachorets, who indulged their unsocial independent fanaticism. Some of the latter grazed in the fields of Mesopotamia with the common herd, others usurped the den of some wild beast.

The conversion of the barbarians followed upon their invasion of the Roman world; but they were involved in the Arian heresy, and from their advocacy of that cause they were characterised by the name of heretics, an epithet more odious than that of barbarian. The bitterness engendered by this reproach confirmed them in their faith, and the Vandals in Africa persecuted the orthodox Catholic with all the vigour and cruel arts of religious tyranny. But the Catholics, superior to their adversaries in numbers and learning, maintained their faith pure and undefiled, not only in Africa but in Spain under the Visigoths and, in the ruin of these barbarian kingdoms, by the sixth century the triumph of orthodoxy was established.

The conversion of the Spaniards resulted in a development fraught with much importance to the future of the Church. The zeal of the Council of Toledo improved the Nicene Creed by declaring the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son, as well as from the Father—a weighty point of doctrine which produced long afterwards the schism of the Greek and Latin churches.

ALPHONSE DAUDET

THE PRODIGIOUS ADVENTURES OF TARTARIN OF TARASCON

WHEN he was thirty-two, Daudet wrote Tartarin of Tarascon, than which no better comic tale has been produced in modern times. The people of the Tarascon district always had a reputation for 'drawing the long bow' and it was to satirise this weakness that the novelist created his Tartarin. Yet though we laugh at the absurd misadventures of the lion hunter, it will be remarked that Daudet ingeniously prevents our growing out of temper with him, that he contrives to keep a warm corner in our hearts for the bragging, simple-minded fellow. Tartarin of Tarascon is a work of essential humour; and the lively style of the narration attracts us to it time and again with undiminished zest. In two subsequent books, Tartarin in the Alps, and Port Tarascon, Daudet recounts further adventures of his delightful hero. Numerous translations into English of the works of Alphonse Daudet have been made, and are available at moderate prices.

I—The Mighty Hunter at Home



I REMEMBER my first visit to Tartarin of Tarascon as clearly as if it had been yesterday, though it is now more than a dozen years ago. When you had passed into his back garden, you would never have fancied yourself in France. Every tree and plant had been brought from foreign climes; he was such a fellow for collecting the curiosities of nature, this wonderful Tartarin.

The great sight of his place, however, was the hero's private den at the bottom of the garden. Picture to yourself a large hall gleaming from top to bottom with firearms and weapons of all sorts: carbines, rifles, blunderbusses, bowie-knives, revolvers, daggers, flint-arrows—in a word, examples of the deadly weapons of all races used by man in all parts of the world. Everything was neatly arranged, and labelled as if it were in a public museum. 'Poisoned Arrows. Please do not touch!' was the warning on one of the cards. 'Weapons loaded. Have a care!' greeted you from another. My word, it required some pluck to move about in the den of the great Tartarin.

There were books of travel and adventure, books about mighty hunting on the table in the centre of the room; and seated at the table was a short and rather fat, red-haired fellow of about forty-five, with a closely-trimmed beard and a pair of bright eyes. He was in his shirt-sleeves, reading a book held in one hand while he gesticulated wildly with a large pipe in the other. Tartarin! He was evidently imagining himself the hero of the story.

Now you must know that the people of Tarascon were tremendously keen on hunting, and Tartarin was the chief of the hunters. You may think this funny when you know there was not a living thing to shoot at within miles of Tarascon; scarcely a sparrow to attract sportsmen.

Every Sunday morning off the huntsmen sallied with their guns and ammunition, the hounds yelping at their heels. Each man as he left in the morning took with him a brand new cap, and when they got well into the country and were ready for



TARTARIN WAS KING OF THE CAP-HUNTERS

sport, they took their caps off, threw them high in the air, and shot at them as they fell. In the evening you would see them returning with their riddled caps stuck on the points of their guns, and of all these brave men Tartarin was the most admired, as he always swung into town with the most hopeless rag of a cap at the end of a day's sport. There's no mistake, he was a wonder!

But for all his adventurous spirit, he had a certain amount of caution. There were really two men inside the skin of Tartarin. The one Tartarin said to him, 'Cover yourself with glory.' The other said to him, 'Cover yourself with flannel.' The one, imagining himself fighting the Red Indians, would call for 'An axe! An axe! Somebody give me an axe!' The other, knowing that he was cosy by his fireside, would ring the bell and say, 'Jane, my coffee.'

One evening at Costecalde's, the gunsmith's, when Tartarin was explaining some mechanism of a rifle, the door was opened and an excited voice announced, 'A lion! A lion!' It appeared that the lion was to be seen in a travelling menagerie newly arrived from Beaucaire.

Following him went the cap-hunters. Arrived at the menagerie, where many Tarasconians were already wandering from cage to cage, Tartarin entered with his gun over his shoulder to make inquiries about the king of beasts.



THERE'S A HUNT!' SAID TARTARIN

Here he stood carefully studying the creature, who sniffed and growled in surly temper and then, rising, shook his mane and gave vent to a terrible roar, directed full at Tartarin.

Tartarin alone stood his ground, stern and immovable, in front of the cage, and the valiant cap-hunters, somewhat reassured by his bravery, again drew near and heard him murmur, as he gazed on the lion, "Ah, yes, there's a hunt for you!"

So the notion grew, until that night at his club Tartarin announced, amid tremendous cheering, that he was sick of cap-hunting and meant very soon to set forth in pursuit of the lions of the Atlas.

Now began a great struggle between the two Tartarins. While the one was strongly in favour of the adventure, the other was strongly opposed to leaving his snug little Baobab Villa and the safety of Tarascon. But he had let himself in for this, and would have to see it through.

Tartarin began cutting down his food, taking very watery soup. Early in the morning, too, he walked round the town seven or eight times, and at nights he would stay in the garden from ten till eleven o'clock, alone with his gun, to inure himself to night chills; while so long as the menagerie remained in Tarascon, a strange figure might have been seen in the dark, prowling around the tent, listening to the growling of the lion. This was Tartarin, accustoming himself to be calm when the king of beasts was raging.

The feeling began to grow, however, that the hero was shirking. He shewed no haste to be off. At length, one night Major Bravida went to Baobab Villa and said very solemnly, "Tartarin, you must go!"

It was a terrible moment for Tartarin, but he realized the solemnity of the words and, looking around his cosy little den with a moist eye, he replied at length in a choking voice, "Bravida, I will go!"

Having made this irrevocable decision, he now pushed ahead his final preparations with some show of haste. From Bompard's he had two large trunks, one inscribed with 'Tartarin of Tarascon. Case of Arms,' and he sent to Marseilles all manner of provisions of travel, including a patent camp-tent of the latest style.

II—Tartarin Sets Off to Lion-Land

THEN the great day of his departure arrived. All the town was agog. The neighbourhood of Baobab Villa was crammed with spectators. About ten o'clock the bold hero issued forth.

"He's a Turk! He's wearing spectacles!" This was the astonished cry of the beholders, and, sure enough, Tartarin had thought it his duty to don Algerian costume because he was going to Algeria. He also carried two heavy rifles, one on each shoulder, a huge hunting-knife at his waist and a revolver in a leather case. A pair of large blue spectacles was worn by him, for the sun in Algeria is terribly strong, you know.

Oh, that I had the brush of an artist, that I might paint you some pictures of Tartarin during his three days aboard the *Zouave* on the voyage from Marseilles! But I have no facility with the brush, and mere words cannot convey how he passed from the proudly heroic to the hopelessly miserable in the course of the journey. Worst of all, while he was groaning in his stuffy bunk, he knew that a very merry party of passengers were enjoying themselves in the saloon.

He was still in his bunk when the ship came to her moorings at Algiers, and he got up with a sudden jerk, under the impression that the *Zouave* was sinking. Seizing his many weapons, he rushed on deck, to find it was not foundering, but only arriving.

Soon after Tartarin had set foot on shore, following a great negro porter, he was almost stupefied by the babel of tongues; but, fortunately, a policeman took him in hand and had him directed, together with his enormous collection of luggage, to the European hotel.

He wakened refreshed, and the first thought in his mind was, "I'm in lion-land at last!" But the thought sent a cold shiver through him, and he dived under the bedclothes. A moment later he determined to be up. Exclaiming, "Now for the lions!" he jumped on the floor and began his preparations.

His plan was to get out at once into the country, take ambush for the night, shoot the first lion that came along, and then back to the hotel for breakfast. So off he went, carrying not only his usual arsenal, but the marvellous patent tent strapped to his back. He attracted no little attention as he trudged along, and catching sight of a very fine camel, he thought the lions could not be far off now.

It was quite dark by the time he had got only a little way beyond the outskirts of the town. Side the mighty hunter



"HE'S A TURK!" THEY CRIED

stopped, whispering to himself, "I seem to smell a lion hereabouts." He sniffed keenly in all directions. To his imagination, it seemed a likely place for a lion; so, dropping on one knee, and laying one of his guns in front of him, he waited.

He waited very patiently. One hour, two hours; but nothing stirred. Then he suddenly remembered that great lion-hunters take a little young goat with them to attract the lion by its bleating. Having forgotten to supply himself with one, Tartarin conceived the happy idea of bleating like a kid. He started softly, calling, "Meh, meh!" He was really afraid that a lion might hear him, but as no lion seemed to be paying attention, he became bolder in his "mehs," until the noise he made was more like the bellowing of a bull.

But hush! What was that? A huge black object had for the moment loomed up against the dark blue sky. It stooped,

sniffing the ground; then seemed to move away again, only to return suddenly. It must be the lion at last; so, taking a steady aim, bang went the gun of Tartarin, and a terrible howling came in response. Clearly his shot had told; the wounded lion had made off. He would now wait for the female to appear, as he had read in books.

But two or more hours passed, and she did not come; and the ground was damp, and the night air cold, so the hunter thought he would camp for the night. After much struggling, he could not get his patent tent to open. Finally, he threw it on the ground in a rage, and lay on the top of it. Thus he slept until the bugles in the barracks near by wakened him in the morning. For, behold, instead of finding himself on the Sahara, he was in the garden of some suburban Algerian!

"These people are mad," he growled to



IT WAS THE VOICE OF 'THE FEMALE'

himself, "to plant their artichokes where lions are roaming about. Surely I have not been dreaming. Lions do come here; there's proof positive."

From artichoke to artichoke, from field to field, he followed the thin trail of blood, and came at length to a poor little donkey he had wounded!

Tartarin's first feeling was one of vexation. There is such a difference between a lion and an ass, and the poor little creature looked so innocent. The great hunter knelt down and tried to stanch the donkey's wounds, and it seemed grateful to him, for it feebly flapped its long ears two or three times before it lay still for ever.

Suddenly a voice was heard calling, "Noiraud! Noiraud!" It was 'the female.' She came in the form of an old French woman with a large red umbrella, and it would have been better for Tartarin to have faced a female lion.

When the unhappy man tried to explain how he had mistaken her little donkey for a lion, she thought he was making fun of her, and belaboured him with her umbrella. When her husband came on the scene the matter was soon adjusted by Tartarin agreeing to pay eight pounds for the damage he had done, the price of the donkey being really something like eight shillings. The donkey-owner was an innkeeper, and the sight of Tartarin's money made him quite friendly. He invited the lion-hunter to have some food at the inn with him before he left. And as they walked thither he was amazed to be told by the innkeeper that he had never seen a lion there in twenty years!

Clearly, the lions were to be looked for farther south. "I'll make tracks for the south, too," said Tartarin to himself. But he first of all returned to his hotel in an omnibus. Think of it! But before he was to go south on the high adventure, he loafed about the city of Algiers for some time, going to various places of amusement, where he met Prince Gregory of Montenegro, with whom he made friends.

One day the captain of the *Zouave* came across him in the town, and showed him a note about himself in a Tarascon newspaper. This spoke of the uncertainty that prevailed as to the fate of the great hunter, and wound up with these words:

'Some negro traders state, however, that they met in the open desert a European whose description answers to that of Tartarin, and who was making tracks for Timbuctoo. May Heaven guard for us our hero!'

TARTARIN went red and white by turns as he read this, and realized that he was in for it. He very much wished to return to his beloved Tarascon, but to go there without having shot some lions—one at least—was impossible, and so it was Southward ho!

III—Tartarin's Adventures in the Desert

THE lion-hunter was keenly disappointed, after a very long journey in the stage-coach, to be told that there was not a lion left in all Algeria, though a few panthers might still be found worth shooting.

He got out at the town of Milianah and let the coach go on, as he thought he might as well take things easily if, after all, there were no lions to be shot. To his amazement, however, he came across a real live lion at the door of a café.

Suddenly the truth dawned on Tartarin. Here was a poor, blind, tame lion, which a couple of negroes were taking through the streets, just like a performing dog. His blood was up at the very idea. Shouting, "You scoundrels, to humiliate these noble beasts so!" he rushed and took the degrading bowl from the royal jaws of the lion. This led to a quarrel with the negroes, at the height of which Prince Gregory of Montenegro came upon the scene.

The prince told him a most untrue story about a convent in the north of Africa where lions were kept, to be sent out with priests to beg for money. He also assured him that there were lots of lions in Algeria and that he would join him in his hunt.

Thus it was in the company of Prince Gregory, and with a following of half a dozen negro porters, that Tartarin set off early next morning for the Shereef Plain; but they very soon had trouble, both with the porters and with the provisions Tartarin had brought for his great journey. The prince suggested dismissing the negroes and buying a couple of donkeys, but Tartarin could not bear the thought of donkeys, for a reason with which we are acquainted. He readily agreed, however, to the purchase of a camel, and when he was safely on its hump, he sorely wished the people of Tarascon could see him.

One night in the desert, Tartarin was sure he heard sounds just like those he had studied at the back of the travelling menagerie at Tarascon. He was positive they were in the neighbourhood of a lion at last. He prepared to go forward to stalk the beast. Entrusting his pocket-book, full of documents and bank-notes, to the prince, in case he might lose it in a tussle with the lion, he moved forward.

It must have been two hours before he was sure that the beast was moving quite near him in the dry bed of a river. Firing two shots in the direction whence the sound came, he got up and bolted back to where he had left the camel and the prince —but there was only the camel there now!



ALPHONSE DAUDET, the great Fr[illegible], is born at Nimes, May 14, 1840, and [illegible]ith of seventeen, to Paris, where he began to write verse. At twenty two [illegible] had made his first efforts in the drama and [illegible] as finding his feet as a contributor to the leading journals; 1866 saw the publication of Letters from My Mill, and these were followed in 1868 by further recollections in Le Petit Chose. The Tarascon series came next, then many other works, such as Monday Tales, Kings in Exile, Sapho, The Immortal, and Thirty Years of Paris. Daudet died in Paris, December 17, 1897.

In the morning he realized that he had been robbed by a thief who pretended to be a prince. And here he was in the heart of savage Africa with a little pocket-money only, much useless luggage, a camel, and not a single lion-skin for all his trouble.

Sitting on one of the desert-tombs erected over pious Mahomedans, the great man fell to weeping bitterly. But, even as he wept, the bushes were pushed aside a little in front of him and a huge lion presented itself.

To his honour, be it said, Tartarin never moved a muscle, but, breathing a fervent "At last!" he leapt to his feet, and, levelling his rifle, planted two explosive bullets in the lion's head.

But in another moment he saw two tall,

enraged negroes bearing down upon him. He had seen them before at Milianah, and this was their poor, blind lion! Fortunately for Tartarin, he was not so deeply in the desert as he had thought. A policeman now came up, attracted by the firing, and took full particulars.

The upshot of it was that he had to suffer much delay in Orleansville, and was eventually fined one hundred pounds. How to pay this was a problem which he solved by selling all his extensive outfit, bit by bit. When his debts were paid, he had nothing but the lion's skin and the camel. The former he dispatched to Major Bravida at Tarascon. Nobody would buy the camel, and its master had to face all the journey back to Algiers on foot.

IV—The Home-Coming of the Hero

THE camel showed a curious affection for him, and followed him as faithfully as a dog. When, at the end of eight days' weary tramping, he came at last to Algiers, he did all he could to lose the animal, and hoped he had succeeded. He met the captain of the *Zouave*, who



THE HERO RETURNS IN TRIUMPH

told him that all Algiers had been laughing at how he had killed the blind lion, and he offered Tartarin a free passage home.

The *Zouave* was getting up steam next day as the dejected Tartarin had just stepped into the captain's long-boat, when, lo! his faithful camel came tearing down to the quay and gazed affectionately at its friend. Tartarin pretended not to notice it; but the animal seemed to implore him with its eyes to be taken away. "You are the last Turk," it seemed to say, "I am the last camel. Let us never part again, O my Tartarin!"

But the lion-hunter pretended to know nothing of this ship of the desert.

As the boat pulled off to the *Zouave*, the camel jumped into the water and swam after it, and was taken aboard. At last Tartarin had the joy of hearing the *Zouave* cast anchor at Marseilles, and, having no luggage to trouble him, he rushed off the boat at once and hastened to the railway station, hoping to get ahead of the camel.

He booked third class, and quickly hid himself in a carriage. Off went the train. But it had not gone far when everybody was looking out of the windows and laughing. Behind the train ran the camel holding his own, too!

What a humiliating home-coming! All his weapons left on Moorish soil, not a lion with him; only a silly camel!

'Tarascon! Tarascon!' shout the porters as the train slows up at the station and the hero gets out. He had hoped to slink home unobserved; but, to his amazement, he is received with shouts of 'Long live Tartarin!' 'Three cheers for the lion-slayer!' The people are waving their caps in the air; it is no joke, they are serious. There is Major Bravida, and there the more noteworthy cap-hunters, who cluster round their chief and carry him in triumph down the stairs.

Now, all this was the result of sending home the skin of the blind lion. But the climax was reached when, following the crowd down the stairs of the station, limping from his long run, came the camel. Even this Tartarin turned to good account. He reassured his fellow-citizens, patting the camel's hump.

"This is my camel; a noble beast! It has seen me kill all my lions."

And so, linking his arm with the worthy major, he calmly wended his way to Baobab Villa, amid the ringing cheers of the populace. On the road he began a recital of his hunts.

"Picture to yourself," he said, "a certain evening in the open Sahara——"

ROBERT CHAMBERS

VESTIGES OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CREATION

WHEN, in 1844, he published his Vestiges of Creation, Robert Chambers had already attained considerable repute as an author. His previous works, some thirty in number, did not deal with science, and his labour in preparing his masterpiece was commensurate with the courage which such an undertaking involved. When the book was published, such interest and curiosity as to its authorship were aroused, that we have to go back to the publication of Waverley for a parallel. Darwin spoke of the 'brilliant and powerful style' of the Vestiges, and said that it did great service in 'calling attention to the subject, in removing prejudice, and in thus preparing the ground for the reception of analogous views.' Darwin's idea of selection as the key to the history of species does not occur in the Vestiges, which belongs to the Lamarckian school of unexamined belief in the hereditary transmission of the effects of use and disuse. Cheap editions of the work are published by W. & R. Chambers and by Routledge.

I—The Reign of Universal Law



THE stars are suns, and we can trace among them the working of the laws which govern our sun and his family. In these universal laws we must perceive intelligence: something of which the laws are but as the expressions of the will and power. The laws of nature cannot be regarded as primary or independent causes of the phenomena of the physical world.

We come, in short, to a Being beyond nature—its author, its God: infinite, inconceivable, it may be, and yet one whom these very laws present to us with attributes showing that our nature is in some way a faint and far-cast shadow of His, while all the gentlest and beautifullest of our emotions lead us to believe that we are as children in His care and as vessels in His hand.

Let it then be understood that when natural law is spoken of here, reference is made only to the mode in which the Divine Power is exercised. It is but another phrase for the action of the ever-present and sustaining God.

Viewing nature in this light, the pursuit of science is but the seeking of a deeper acquaintance with the infinite. The endeavour to explain any events in her history, however grand or mysterious these may be, is only to sit like a child at a mother's knee, and fondly ask of the things which passed before we were born; in modesty and reverence we may even inquire if there be any trace of the origin of the marvellous arrangement of the universe presented to our notice.

In this inquiry we first perceive the universe to consist of a boundless multitude of bodies with vast empty spaces between. We know of certain motions among these bodies; of other and grander translations we are beginning to get some knowledge. Besides this idea of locality and movement, we have the equally certain one of a former soft and more diffused state of the materials of these bodies; also a tolerably clear one as to gravitation having been the determining cause of both locality and movement.

From these ideas the general one naturally suggested to us is a former stage in the frame of material things, perhaps only a point in progress from some other, or a return from one like the present—universal space occupied with gasiform matter. This, however, was of irregular constitution, so that gravitation caused it to break up and gather into patches, producing at once the relative localities of astral and solar systems, and the movements which they have since observed, in themselves and with regard to each other—from the daily spinning of single bodies on their own axes to the mazy dances of vast families of orbs which come to periods only in millions of years.

How grand, yet how simple the whole of this process—for a God only to conceive and do, and yet for man, after all, to trace out and ponder upon! Truly must we be in some way immediate to the august Father, who can think all this, and so come into His presence and council, albeit only to fall prostrate and mutely adore.

Not only are the orbs of space inextricably connected in the manner which has been described, but the constitution of the whole is uniform, for all consist of the same chemical elements. And now, in our version of the romance of nature, we descend from the consideration of orb-filled space and the character of the universal elements, to trace the history of our own globe. And we find that this falls significantly into connexion with the primary order suggested by Laplace's theory of the origin of the solar system in a fire-mist which for ages has been condensing under the influence of gravitation and the radiation of its heat.

II—The History of the Earth's Crust

WHEN we study the earth's crust we find that it consists of layers or strata, laid down in succession, the earlier under the influence of heat, the later under the influence of water. These strata in their order might be described as a record of the state of life upon our planet from an early to a comparatively recent period. It is truly such a record, but not one perfectly complete.

Nevertheless, we find a noteworthy and significant sequence. We learn that there was dry land long before the occurrence of the first fossils of land plants and animals. In different geographical formations we find various species, though sometimes the same species is found in different formations, having survived the great earth changes which the record of the rocks indicates. There is an unbroken succession of animal life from the beginning to the present epoch.

Low down, where the records of life begin, we find an era of backboneless animals only, and the animal forms there found, though various, are all humble in their respective lines of gradation. The early fishes were low, both with respect to their class as fishes and the order to which they belong—that of the cartilaginous or gristly fishes. In all the orders of ancient animals there is an ascending gradation of character from first to last.

Further, there is a succession from low to high types in fossil plants, from the earliest strata in which they are found to the highest. Several of the most important living species have left no record of themselves in any formation beyond what are, comparatively speaking, modern. Such are the sheep and the goat, and such, above all, is our own species. Compared with many humbler animals, man is a being, as it were, of yesterday.

Thus concludes the wondrous section of the earth's history which is told by geology. It takes up our globe at an early stage in the formation of its crust—conducts it through what we have every reason to believe were vast spaces of time, in the course of which many superficial changes took place, and vegetable and animal life was gradually evolved—and drops it just at the point when man was apparently about to enter on the scene.

The compilation of such a history, from materials of so extraordinary a character, and the powerful nature of the evidence which these materials afford, are calculated to excite our admiration, and the result must be allowed to exalt the dignity of science as a product of man's industry and his reason.

IT is now to be remarked that there is nothing in the whole series of operations displayed in inorganic geology which may not be accounted for by the agency of the ordinary forces of nature. Those movements of subterranean force which thrust up mountain ranges and upheaved continents stand in inextricable connexion, on the one hand, with the volcanoes which are yet belching forth lavas and shaking large tracts of ground, as, on the other, with the primitive incandescent state of the earth. Those forces which disintegrated the early rocks, of which detritus formed new beds at the bottom of the sea, are still seen at work to the same effect.

To bring these truths the more nearly before us, it is possible to make a substance

resembling basalt in a furnace; limestone and sandstone have both been formed from suitable materials in appropriate receptacles; the phenomena of cleavage have, with the aid of electricity, been simulated on a small scale, and by the same agent crystals are formed. In short, the remark which was made regarding the indifference of the cosmical laws to the scale on which they operated is to be repeated regarding the geological.

A common furnace will sometimes exemplify the operation of forces which have produced the Giant's Causeway; and in a sloping ploughed field after rain we may often observe, at the lower end of a furrow, a handful of washed and neatly deposited mud or sand, capable of serving as an illustration of the way in which nature has produced the deltas of the Nile and Ganges. In the ripple-marks on sandy beaches of the present day we see nature's exact repetition of the operations by which she impressed similar features on the sandstones of the Carboniferous era. Even such marks as wind-slanted rain would produce on tide-deserted sands have been read upon tablets of the ancient strata.

It is the same nature—that is to say, God through or in the manner of nature—working everywhere and in all time, causing the wind to blow, and the rain to fall, and the tide to ebb and flow, inconceivable ages before the birth of our race, as now. So also we learn from the conifers of those old ages that there were winter and summer, before any of us lived to liken the one to all that is genial in our own nature, or to say that the other breathed no airs so unkind as man's ingratitude.

LET no one suppose there is any necessary disrespect for the Creator in thus tracing His laws in their minute and familiar operations. There is really no true great and small, grand and familiar, in nature. Such only appear when we thrust ourselves in as a point from which to start in judging. Let us pass, if possible, beyond immediate impressions, and see all in relation to cause, and we shall chastenedly admit that the whole is alike worshipful.

The Creator, then, is seen to have formed our earth, and effected upon it a long and complicated series of changes, in the same manner in which we find that He conducts the affairs of nature before our living eyes; that is, in the manner of natural law. This is no rash or unauthorised affirmation. It is what we deduce from the calculation of a Newton and a Laplace on the one hand, and from the industrious observation of facts by a Murchison and a Lyell on the other. It is a point of stupendous importance in human knowledge; here at once is the whole region of the inorganic taken out of the dominion of marvel, and placed under an idea of Divine regulation.

III—The History of the Earth's Life

MIXED up, however, with the geognostic changes, and apparently as a final object connected with the formation of the globe itself, there is another set of phenomena presented in the course of our history—the coming into existence, namely, of a long suite of living things, vegetable and animal, terminating in the families we still see occupying the surface.

The question arises: In what manner has this set of phenomena orginated? Can we touch at and rest for a moment on the possibility of plants and animals having likewise been produced in a natural way, thus assigning immediate causes of but one character for everything revealed to our sensual observation; or are we at once to reject this idea, and remain content, either to suppose that creative power here acted in a different way, or to believe unexaminingly that the inquiry is one beyond our powers?

Taking the last question first, I would reply that I am extremely loth to imagine that there is anything in nature which we should, for any reason, refrain from examining. If we can infer aught from the past history of science, it is that the whole of nature is a legitimate field for the exercise of our intellectual faculties; that there is a connexion between this knowledge and our well-being; and that, if we may judge from things once despaired of by our inquiring reason, but now made clear and simple, there is none of nature's mysteries which we may not hopefully attempt to penetrate.

With respect to the other question, the



ROBERT CHAMBERS was born in Peebles, Scotland, July 10, 1802, and died at St. Andrews, March 17, 1871. He was a partner with his brother in the famous publishing firm of W. & R. Chambers, and was editor, for a time, of Chambers's Journal, having gained his journalistic experience on the staff of The Edinburgh Advertiser. Apart from the famous Vestiges of Creation, his principal works include Histories of the rebellions in Scotland, a Life of James I, The Life and Works of Robert Burns and The Book of Days.

idea has several times arisen that some natural course was observed in the production of organic things, and this even before we were permitted to attain clear conclusions regarding inorganic nature. It was always set quickly aside as unworthy of serious consideration. The case is different now, when we have admitted law in the whole domain of the inorganic.

Otherwise, the absurdities into which we should be led must strike every reflecting mind. The Eternal Sovereign arranges a solar or an astral system, by dispositions imparted primordially to matter; He causes, by the same means, vast oceans to form and continents to rise, and all the grand meteoric agencies to proceed in ceaseless alternation, so as to fit the earth for a residence of organic beings.

It is not easy to say what is presumed to be the mode of His operations. The ignorant believe the very hand of Deity to be at work. Among the learned we hear of 'creative fiats,' 'interferences,' 'interpositions of the creative energy,' all of them very obscure phrases, apparently not susceptible of a scientific explanation, but all tending simply to this: that the work was done in a marvellous way, and not in the way of nature.

But we need not assume two totally distinct modes of the exercise of the divine power—one in the course of inorganic nature and the other in intimately connected course of organic nature.

For the history, then, of organic nature, I embrace, not as a proved fact, but as a rational interpretation of things as far as science has revealed them, the idea of progressive development. We contemplate the simplest and most primitive types of being as giving birth to a type superior to it; this again producing the next higher, and so on to the highest. We contemplate, in short, a universal gestation of nature, like that of the individual being, and attended as little by circumstances of a miraculous kind as the silent advance of an ordinary mother from one week to another of her pregnancy.

Thus simple—after ages of marvelling—appears organic creation, while yet the whole phenomena are, in another point of view, wonders of the highest kind, being the undoubted results of ordinances arguing the highest attributes of foresight, skill and goodness on the part of their Divine Author.

It is most interesting to observe into how small a field the whole of the mysteries of nature thus ultimately resolve themselves. The inorganic has been thought to have one final comprehensive law—gravitation. The organic, the other great department of mundane things, rests in like manner on one law, and that is—development. Nor may even these be after all twain, but only branches of one still more comprehensive law, the expression of a unity flowing immediately from the One who is first and last.

IV—The Future and its Meaning

THE question whether the human race will ever advance far beyond its present position in intellect and morals is one which has engaged much attention. Judging from the past, we cannot reasonably doubt that great advances are yet to be made; but, if the principle of development be admitted, these are certain, whatever may be the space of time required for their realization.

A progression resembling development may be traced in human nature, both in the individual and in large groups of men. Not only so, but by the work of our thoughtful brains and busy hands we modify external nature in a way never known before. The physical improvements wrought by man upon the earth's surface I conceive as at once preparations for, and causes of, the possible development of higher types of humanity, beings less strong in the impulsive parts of our nature, more strong in the reasoning and moral, more fitted for the delights of social life, because society will then present less to dread and more to love.

We have seen a system in which all is regularity and order, and all flows from, and is obedient to, a divine code of laws of unbending operation. We are to understand from what has been laid before us that man, with his varied mental powers and impulses, is a natural problem of which the elements can be taken cognisance of by science, and that all the secular destinies of our race, from generation to generation, are but evolutions of a law statuted and sustained in action by an all-wise Deity.

Surely, in such a faith we may well rest at ease, even though life should have been to us but a protracted malady. Thinking of all the contingencies of this world as to be in time melted into or lost in some greater system, to which the present is only subsidiary, let us wait the end with patience and be of good cheer.

Life-Work of Germany's Greatest Genius

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

FAUST

THE greatest of all Goethe's works, Faust may justly be ranked among the world's best literature. It deals with the deepest problems that can engage the mind of man. The inward struggles of Faust, recalling those of Hamlet, and the antagonism of the sensual and moral principles, make an irresistible appeal to all human kind. It was the labour of a life-time, for the idea of adapting the famous legend of Doctor Faustus came to Goethe in early manhood. The first part was accomplished in fragments, and as such was published in 1790. It then attracted little attention, Heine saying of it, 'There are fine passages, but with them there are such things as only he could give to the world who takes other men to be blockheads.' By 1806 the first part was completed, and two years later was published at Tübingen; and it was not until the period between 1825 and 1831 that Goethe finished his great work, begun sixty years before.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Faust	Martha	Mephistopheles	
Valentine, brother	Margaret's	Margaret	Angels
		Spirits	Witches

First Act

Night. **Faust** *is sitting, restless, at his desk.*



FAUST: There, now, I've toiled my way quite through
Law, medicine and philosophy;
And, to my sorrow, also thee,
Theology, with much ado; [fool,
And here I stand, poor human
As wise as when I went to school.
Here like a kennel'd cur I lie!
Therefore, the magic art I'll try,
From spirit's might and mouth to draw,
Mayhap, some key to Nature's law.

[He opens the book, turns it over impatiently, until he beholds the sign of the Spirit of the Earth, which he pronounces with a mysterious air. The spirit appears in a flame, and **Faust** shrinks away. The spirit addresses him scornfully, and vanishes with the words:]

Spirit: Thou'rt like the spirit whom thou comprehendest,
Not me! [*Vanishes.*

Faust: Not thee! Whom, then? I, image of the Godhead, dwarfed by thee!
I, God's own image that already seemed
To gaze where Truth's eternal mirror gleamed,
And, clean divested of this cumbering clay,
Basked in the bliss of heaven's vivific ray.
What sharp reproof my hot presumption found!
One word of thunder smote me to the ground.

But what is this? There, in the corner; why
Does that flask play the magnet to mine eye?
I greet thee, matchless phial; and with devotion
I take thee down, and in thy mellow potion
I reverence human wit and human skill:
Here is a juice intoxicates the soul.

[*There is a sound of bells and of a distant choir-singing which makes* **Faust** *pause as he is about to drink the potion.*]



FAUST IN HIS STUDY
From the painting by Schatter

Faust : What seek ye here, ye gently swaying tones,
Sweet seraph music 'mid a mortal's groans?
This hymn proclaimed the sport of youthful days
And merry-makings when the spring began;
Now memory's potent spell my spirit sways,
And thoughts of childhood rule the full-grown man:
Oh! sound thou on, thou sweet celestial strain,
The tear doth gush, Earth claims her truant son again!

Choir of Angels :
Christ is risen
From Death's corrupting thrall!
Break from your prison
And follow His call!

Second Act

SCENE I. **Faust,** *who has been walking before the gates of the town, enters his studio with a poodle which has attracted his attention by its strange behaviour, and has followed him home. Its behaviour increases in strangeness, and* **Faust,** *asking himself what spectre he has brought into the house, exorcises the poodle, which cringes in fear behind the stove. Clouds appear, and as they vanish,* **Mephistopheles** *steps forward dressed in the costume of an itinerant scholar.*

MEPHISTOPHELES : What's all the noise about?
I'm here at leisure
To work your worship's will and pleasure.

Faust : What is thy name?

Meph : I am a part of that primordial night
Which always wills the wrong, and always works the right.

Faust : You speak in riddles: the interpretation?

Meph. : I am the Spirit of Negation.

Faust : Thou nam'st thyself a part, yet standest wholly here.

Meph. : Part of the part I am that erst was all,
Part of the darkness, from whose primal pall
Was born the light, the proud, rebellious light
Which now disputeth with its mother night
Her rank and room i' the world by ancient right
If 'tis your pleasure so, I will remain,
But on condition that the time be passed
In worthy wise, and you consent to see
Some cunning sleights of spirit-craft from me.

Faust : Thy fancy suits me well. Thou may'st commence,
So that thy dainty tricks but please the sense.

[**Mephistopheles** calls upon the spirits, who sing without until **Faust** fall's into slumber. **Faust** awakens, and finds the room empty.]

SCENE II. **Faust's** *study as before.* **Faust** *and* **Mephistopheles.**

FAUST : Who's there to break my peace once more? Come in!

Meph. : I come to give you good advice,
And hope we'll understand each other.
The idle fancies to expel,
That in your brain make such a pother,
At your service behold one here,
Of noble blood a cavalier;
Here at my side a long, sharp sword.
Now listen to a well-meant word;
Do thou the like, and follow me,
All unembarrassed thus and free,
To mingle in the busy scenes
Of life, and know what living means.

Faust : Too old am I to be content with play,
Too young from every longing to be free.
What can the world hold forth for me to gain?
Abstain, it saith, and still it saith, abstain!
Thus my existence is a load of woes,
Death my best friend, and life my worst of foes.

Meph. : Cease, then, with thine own peevish whim to play,
That like a vulture makes thy life its prey.
Here do I offer, at thy side,
Thy steps through mazy life to guide;
And wilt thou join in this adventure,
I bind myself by strong indenture,
Here, on the spot, with thee to go.
I bind myself to be thy servant here,
And wait with sleepless eyes upon thy pleasure,
If when we meet again in *yonder* sphere,
Thou wilt repay my service in like measure.

Faust : Poor devil, what hast thou to give
By which a human soul can live?
If thou canst trick me with a toy
To say sincerely I *enjoy*,
Then may my latest sand be run
A wager on it!

Meph. : Done !
One thing remains ! Black upon white,
A line or two, to make the bargain tight :
Paper or parchment—any scrap will do ;
Then write in blood your signature thereto.
[**Faust** *signs the paper.*
Blood is a juice of most peculiar virtue.

Third Act

SCENE I.—*Auerbach's wine-cellar, Leipzig. A bout of merry fellows, who are discovered boisterously singing and drinking. Enter* **Faust** *and* **Mephistopheles.**

MEPHISTOPHELES : First thing of all I bring you here,
Into a company of jolly cheer,
That you may learn how men contrive
Without much thought or care to live.

Faust : Be greeted, gentlemen !

[**Faust** and **Mephistopheles** join in the merry proceedings, **Mephistopheles** exchanging banter with the merry fellows, and singing to them at their request. He then complains about the wine, proposes to give them of his own, and asks for a gimlet, with which he bores holes in the edge of one of the tables.] [chooses.

Meph. : Now every man may taste of what he
Fetch me some wax, to make the stoppers
(*having bored and stopped up all the holes*) ; [ready.
Grapes on the vine grow !
Horns on the goat !
The wine is juicy, the vine is of wood,
The wooden table can give it as good.
Now draw the corks and quaff the wine !

All (*drawing the corks and quaffing the liquor*) :
O blessed stream ! O font divine !
[*They drink freely, and sing.*]

Meph. : Look at the fellows now ! Are they not merry ?

Faust : I feel inclined to go ! —'tis getting late.

Meph. : Soon shall we have a glorious revelation
Of the pure beast in man, if you but wait.

[One of the company drinks carelessly, and the wine falls to the ground and becomes flame. Crying, 'Help ! Fire ! The devil's here ! Death and Damnation ! ' they draw their knives and attack **Mephistopheles.**]

Meph. : False be eye, and false be ear !
Change the sense, and change the place !
Now be there, and now be here !

[They look as if thunderstruck, and stare at one another ; then speak of strange visions of vineyards, and seize each other by the nose, lifting knives. **Mephistopheles** vanishes with **Faust.**]

SCENE II.—**Witches'** *kitchen. Apes and fantastic creatures seen in the smoke. Strange implements all around. Enter* **Faust** *and* **Mephistopheles.**

FAUST : I cannot brook this brainless bedlam stuff !
And must it be that I shall cast my slough
In this hot-bed of all unreasoned doing ?
Shall an old beldam give me what I lack ?
Could you not brew the drink yourself as well ?

Mephistopheles : A precious pastime that indeed ! Meanwhile
I had built bridges many a German mile,
Not art, and science strict, are here enough,
But patience too, and perseverance tough.

[While **Mephistopheles** talks to the apes and sits down near the fire by the pot, **Faust** is looking in a mirror, alternately approaching and retiring from it.]

Faust : What see I here ? What heavenly image bright,
Within this magic mirror, chains my sight ?
Alas ! when I would move one step more near,
To breathe her balmy atmosphere,
She seems to melt and disappear.
Oh, she is fair beyond all type of human !
Is't possible ; can this be simple woman ?

Meph. : I know how to procure you such alone,
Whence thou mayst drink delight in brimming measure,
And blest the man for whom Fate shall decide
To lead home such a treasure as his bride !

[**Faust** continues to gaze in the mirror. Meanwhile the kettle boils over. A great flame arises and runs up the chimney, through which the Witch appears with a terrible noise.]

Witch : Now say, what would you have with me ?

Meph. : A glass of your restoring liquor,
That makes an old man's blood run quicker.

Witch : Most willingly. Here I have got a phial
Of which myself at times make trial.

[*She draws a circle, and, after placing many curious things within it, declaims from a large book an incantation. Then she pours the beverage into a cup. While* **Faust** *brings it to his mouth a light flame arises.*]

Meph. : Come, quaff it boldly, without thinking !
The draught will make thy heart to burn with love.

[*The* **Witch** *looses the circle.* **Faust** *steps out.*]

Meph. : Come quickly out ; you must not rest.

Faust (*turning again towards the mirror* : Indulge me with one glance—one moment spare !
It was a virgin's form, surpassing fair !

Meph. : No, no ! With my good aid thou soon shalt see
The paragon of women bodily.
(*Aside*) Anon, if this good potion does its duty,
He'll see in every wench the Trojan beauty.

Scene III.—*A street.* **Faust.** **Margaret** *passes.*

FAUST : My fair young lady, may I dare
To offer you my escort home ?

Margaret : I am no lady, sir, nor fair,
And need no escort going home. [*Exit.*

Faust : By heaven, this child is passing fair !
A fairer never crossed my view ;
Of such a modest, gentle air,
And with a dash of pertness, too.
[*Enter* **Mephistopheles.**

Faust : Hark ! You must get the girl for me.



FAUST: 'MY FAIR LADY. . . . . MAY I DARE TO OFFER YOU MY ESCORT HOME?'

From the painting by J. J. Tissot in the Luxembourg

Meph. : She's only just come from confession,
Where she received a full remission.
'Tis a most guileless thing that goes
For very nothing to the priest.
My power does not extend to those.
Faust : Fetch me something that breathed her air!
Her home, her chamber, plant me there!
Meph. : We shall not lose a single minute;
I know her room—thou shalt enjoy thee in it.
Faust : Can we go now?
Meph. : No; we must wait till night.
Faust : Go fetch a present for my heart's delight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A small, neat chamber.*

MARGARET (*plaiting and putting up her hair*): I wonder who the gentleman could
That on the street accosted me to-day! [be,
He looked a gallant cavalier, and gay,
And must be of a noble family. [*Exit.*

[**Faust** and **Mephistopheles** enter. **Faust** examines the room, while **Mephistopheles** goes to fetch a casket with jewels, which on his return he places in **Margaret's** cupboard. They leave the room, and **Margaret** returns with a lamp.]

Marg. (*opens the cupboard and sees the casket*):
How came the pretty casket here? No doubt
I locked the press when I went out.
What have we here? Good heavens! See!
What a display of finery!
I wonder how the necklace would suit me!
Who may the lord of all this splendour be?
[*She puts on the necklace.*
Were but the earrings mine to wear!
It gives one such a different air.
What boots the beauty of the poor?
'Tis very beautiful, to be sure,
But without riches little weighs;
They praise you, but half pity while they praise.
Gold is the pole to which all point: the whole
Big world hangs on gold. Alas we poor!

SCENE V.—**Martha's** *house.*

MARGARET tells **Martha** of the casket she found in her cupboard, which came to her mother's sight, who offered the jewels to the Church; and of a second casket she has just found in the same place. **Martha** advises her to keep it hidden from her mother. **Mephistopheles** tells **Martha** that he is the bearer of her dead husband's last greetings; he arranges to meet her and **Margaret** in the evening in the garden behind the house, whither he will also bring 'a gallant youth—a perfect cavalier,' his friend, who would bear witness to her husband's death.]

Fourth Act

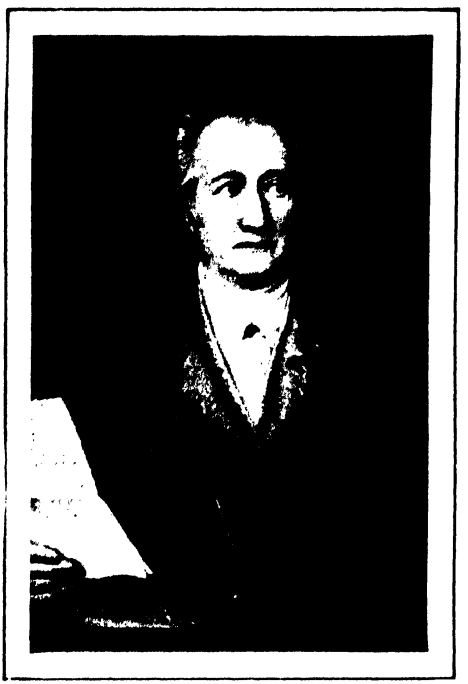
SCENE I.—**Martha's** *garden.* **Margaret** *on* **Faust's** *arm;* **Martha** *with* **Mephistopheles,** *walking up and down.*

MARGARET: I feel it well, 'tis from pure condescension
You pay to one like me so much attention.
Faust : One look from thee, one word delights me more
Than all the world's high-vaunted lore.



MARGARET COMES FROM THE CHURCH
From the painting by Vogel

Martha : And you, sir, will it still
Be your delight from place to place to roam?
Think! As a stiff old bachelor to die
Has never yet done good to anyone.
Mephistopheles : I see ahead, and fear such wretched fate. [late.
Martha : Then, sir, take warning ere it be too
Faust : You are then much alone?
Marg. : Our household is but small, I own,
And yet must be attended to.
We keep no maid, I have the whole to do.
My brother is a soldier; he
Is at the wars; my little sister's dead;
Poor thing! It caused me many an hour of pain
To see it pine, and droop its little head.
Faust : An angel, if like thee!
Meph. : A house and hearth, we have been often told,
With a good wife, is worth its weight in gold.
Martha : I ask, sir, have you never felt the want?
Meph. : A good reception I have always found.
Martha : My meaning still you strangely miss.
Meph. : Alas, that I should be so blind!
One thing I plainly see: that you are very kind.
[*They pass on.*
Faust : You knew me, then, you little angel straight,
When you beheld me at the garden gate?
Marg. : Marked you it not? You saw my downward look.
Faust : And you forgive the liberty I took
When I, with forward boldness more than meet,
Thus ventured to address you in the street?
Marg. : One thing I know, myself I sharply chid



JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE, the bright, particular star of Teutonic literature in the 18th century, was born at Frankfort, August 28, 1749. After being educated at Leipzig and Strasburg he began to show signs of literary genius. His first great work, Goetz von Berlichingen, appeared in 1771, and a great sensation was caused next year by the appearance of Werther. Iphigenia in Tauris appeared in 1787, and Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship in 1796. Goethe died at Weimar, March 22, 1832.

That I could treat you then no harshlier than I did.

Faust : Sweet love!

Marg. : Let go! (*She plucks a star-flower, and pulls the petals off one by one.*) He loves me, yes - he loves me, no. (*She continues murmuring, then, with manifest delight*) He loves me, yes!

Faust : Yes, child, the fair flower-star hath answered yes.
In this the judgement of the gods approves thee;
He loves thee! Know'st thou what it means?
He loves thee!

[*He seizes her by both hands. She presses his hands, frees herself, and runs away. He stands for a moment thoughtfully, then follows.*]

Martha (*coming up*) : 'Tis getting late.

Meph. : Yes, and we must away.

Martha : I fain would have you stay.
But where is our young pair?

Meph. : Like wanton birds of summer, through the air
I saw them dart away.

Martha : He seems well pleased with her

Meph. : And she with him. 'Tis thus the world goes.

SCENE II.—*A summer-house in the garden.* **Margaret** *hides behind the door.*

MARGARET : He comes!

Faust : Ha, ha! Thou cunning soul, and thou
Wouldst trick me thus; but I have caught thee now.
[*Kisses her.*]

Marg. : Thou best of men, with my whole heart I love thee!

[**Mephistopheles** *enters and tells* **Faust** *that it is time for them to go. Exeunt both.*]

Marg. (*alone*) : Dear God! What such a man as this
Can think on all and everything!
I wonder what a man, so learned as he,
Can find in a poor simple girl like me. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—**Margaret's** *room.* **Margaret** *alone at a spinning-wheel.*

MARGARET : My rest is gone, my heart is sore,
Peace find I never, and never more.
My bosom swells, and pants for him.
O that I might clasp him, and cling to him!
And kiss him, and kiss him the live-long day,
And on his kisses melt away!

SCENE IV. - *In this scene,* **Margaret** *and one of her friends, with water-pitchers at the well, discuss a fallen girl, their friend;* **Margaret** *takes up her defence.*

MARGARET (*going homewards*) : How could I once so boldly chide
When a poor maiden stepped aside!
And now myself am what I chid before!
Yet was each step that lured my slipping feet
So good, so lovely, so enticing sweet!

SCENE V. - *An enclosed area.* **Margaret** *kneeling before an image of the* Mater dolorosa.

MARGARET : O Mother rich in sorrows, bend down to hear my cry!
O bend thee, gracious Mother, to my sore agony!
O save me, Mother of Sorrows! Unto my prayer give heed,
By all the swords that pierced thee, O save me in my need!

SCENE VI.—*Night. Street before* **Margaret's** *door. Enter* **Valentine**, *her brother.*

VALENTINE : Shall every boor, with gibe and jeer,
Turn up his nose when I appear?
And though I bruised them in a mortar,
I could not say that they are wrong.
What comes apace? What creeps along?
A pair of them comes slinking by.
If 'tis the man I look for, I
Will dust his coat so well he'll not,
By Jove! go living from the spot. [*Retires.*

[Enter **Faust** and **Mephistopheles** in conversation. Then **Mephistopheles** sings to the guitar, and is set upon by **Valentine**, who smashes his guitar with his sword. **Faust** and **Valentin**

fight, **Mephistopheles** parrying **Valentine's** thrusts. **Valentine** falls with a groan. **Mephistopheles** and **Faust** depart. The noise has attracted a concourse of people, including **Martha** and **Margaret.** They surround the dying soldier, who, with his last breath curses his sister.]

Margaret : Brother, thou mak'st me feel a hell of pain !

Val. : I tell thee, all thy tears are vain !
When with thy honour thou didst part,
Thou dealt the blow that pierced my heart.
I go through death, with fearless mood,
To meet my God, as a soldier should. [*Dies.*

SCENE VII.—*A cathedral. Mass, organ, song.* **Margaret** *amid a crowd,* **Evil Spirit** *behind her.*

EVIL SPIRIT : How different, Margaret, was thy case,
When, in thine innocence, thou didst kneel
Before the altar, and from the well-worn book
Didst lisp thy prayers !

Margaret : Woe, woe, that I might shake away my thoughts ! [*Choir and organ.*

Evil Spirit : Terror doth seize thee ! The trumpet sounds !
The graves quake ! And thy heart,
From its rest of ashes, to fiery pain
Created again, quivers to life. [*Choir.*

Marg. : I feel so straitened ! The pillar shafts
Enclasp me round ! The vault is closing o'er me ! Air ! [*Choir.*

Evil Spirit : The blessèd turn their looks away,
And the pure shudder from touch of thee ! Woe !

Marg. : Neighbour, your smelling-salts ! [*Falls down in a swoon.*

Fifth Act

SCENE I.—*A cloudy day. The fields.* **Faust** *and* **Mephistopheles.**

FAUST : In misery ! In despair ! Wandering in hopeless wretchedness over the wide earth, and at last made prisoner ! Poor, miserable girl ! Thou treacherous and worthless spirit ! A prisoner ! In irredeemable misery ! She is left in hopeless wretchedness to die !

Meph. : She is not the first.

Faust : Dog ! Abominable monster !

Meph. : Art done ?

Faust : Deliver her, or woe thee ! The direst of curses lie on thee for ever !

Meph. : Who was it that plunged her into ruin ? I or thou ?

Faust : Bring me to her ! She shall be free !

Meph. : I'll lead thee thither, and what I can do, that I will do. Mark me ! Have I all power in heaven and on earth ? I will cloud the wits of the warders, and thou mayst seize the keys, and bring her out with the hand of man. I wait for you with the magic horses to ensure your escape.

SCENE II.—*A prison.* **Faust** *with a bundle of keys and a lamp before an iron door.*

FAUST : Here dwells she now behind this damp, cold wall,
And her delusion was her only crime !
Quick ! The delay but brings her death more nigh,

[*He seizes the lock.* **Margaret** *is heard singing from within. He opens the door.*]

Margaret (*hiding herself on the bed*) : Woe, woe, they come ! To bitter death they call !

Faust (*softly*) : Hush, hush ! I come to free thee from their thrall !

Marg. (*on her knees*) : Who gave thee, hangman, such a power
To drag me from my cell at midnight hour ?
[*She stands up.*
So young, so very young, am I,
And must already die !

Faust : That I should live to see such depth of woe !

Marg. : Thou hast me now completely in thy might.
Only first give me time to suckle my sweet child.
I hugged it the whole weary night ;
They took't from me in very spite,
And now they say I murdered the sweet child.

Faust (*aloud*) : Gretchen ! Gretchen !

Marg. (*attentive*) : That was the loved one's voice !

[*She springs up : the chains, which* **Faust** *has unlocked, fall away.*]

Where is he ? Where ? I heard him call on me.

Faust : 'Tis I.

Marg. : 'Tis thou ! O say it yet again ! [*Clasping him.*
And these vile chains thou breakest,
And me again unto thy bosom takest ?

Faust : Come, come ! The night sinks fast. Come, follow me !

Marg. : My mother slept a sleep profound !
I drugged her to't.
My little babe I drowned !
Was it not heaven's boon to me and thee ?
Give me thy hand, thy dear, dear hand !
Alas ! but it is wet ! Wipe it, for it is wet
With blood ! O God ! What hast thou done ?

Mephistopheles (*appearing from without*) : Up ! Or no help can save !
Profitless whining, whimpering, and prating !
Meanwhile my eager steeds are waiting.

Marg. : What's that from the floor uprising there ?
'Tis he ! 'Tis he ! Oh, send his hateful face
Away ! What seeks he in this holy place ?
He comes for me !

Faust : No ! Thou shalt live.

Marg. : Judgement of God ! To Thee my soul I give.

Meph. (*to* **Faust**) : Come, come, else will I leave you to your fate !

Marg. : Thine am I, Father ! Oh, shut not the gate
Of mercy on me ! O ye angels, now
Encamp around me, and protect me now !
Henry, I tremble when I think on thee.

Meph. : She is judged !

Voice (*from above*) : Is saved !

Meph. (*to* **Faust**) : Hither to me !

Voice (*from within, dying away*) : Henry ! Henry !

CHARLOTTE BRONTE

JANE EYRE

OCTOBER 16, 1847, is a notable date in the history of English fiction, for on that day was published Jane Eyre: an Autobiography: Edited by Currer Bell. Written secretly, under the pressure of incessant domestic anxiety, as if with the very life-blood of its author, its intensity and power made a deep and instantaneous impression upon the mind of the reading public, whose imagination was also kindled by its haunting suggestion of sympathy between nature and human emotion. It lifted its author, the most diffident of women, from straitened circumstances to material comfort and from obscurity to fame. Although the experiences of Jane Eyre were not, except in comparatively unimportant episodes, the experiences of the authoress, yet Jane Eyre is Charlotte Brontë, and as the revelation of a woman's emotions, and of the adventures of a woman's soul, this novel, pioneer in a new realm of fiction, is still unrivalled. Outlines of Charlotte Brontë's other great novels, Shirley and Villette, appear elsewhere in the pages of *The World's Great Books*.

I—The Master of Thornfield Hall



THORNFIELD, my new home after I left school, was, I found, a fine old battlemented hall, and Mrs. Fairfax, who had answered my advertisement, a mild, elderly lady, related by marriage to Mr. Rochester, the owner of the estate and the guardian of Adela Varens, my little pupil.

It was not till three months after my arrival there that my adventures began. One day Mrs. Fairfax proposed to show me over the house, much of which was unoccupied. The third storey especially had the aspect of a home of the past—a shrine of memory. I liked its hush and quaintness.

"If there were a ghost at Thornfield Hall this would be its haunt," said Mrs. Fairfax, as we passed the range of apartments on our way to see the view from the roof.

I was pacing through the corridor of the third floor on my return, when the last sound I expected in so still a region struck my ear—a laugh, distinct, formal mirthless. At first it was very low, but it passed off in a clamourous peal that seemed to wake an echo in every lonely chamber.

"Mrs. Fairfax," I called out, "did you hear that laugh? Who is it?"

"Some of the servants very likely," she answered; "perhaps Grace Poole."

The laugh was repeated in a low tone, and terminated in an odd murmur.

"Grace!" exclaimed Mrs. Fairfax.

I didn't expect Grace to answer, for the laugh was preternatural.

Nevertheless, the door nearest me opened, and a servant came out—a set, square-made figure, with a hard, plain face.

"Too much noise, Grace," said Mrs. Fairfax. "Remember directions!"

Grace curtseyed silently, and went in.

Not unfrequently after that I heard Grace Poole's laugh and her eccentric murmurs, stranger than her laugh.

Late one fine, calm afternoon in January I volunteered to carry to the post at Hay, two miles distant, a letter Mrs. Fairfax had just written. The lane to Hay inclined uphill all the way, and having reached the middle, I sat on a stile till the sun went down, and on the hilltop above me stood the rising moon. The village was a mile distant, but in the absolute hush I could hear plainly its murmurs of life.

A rude noise broke on the fine ripplings and whisperings of the evening calm, a metallic clatter. A horse was coming. The windings of the lane hid it as it approached. Then I heard a rush under the hedge, and close by glided a great dog, not staying to look up. The horse followed—a tall steed, and on its back a rider. He passed; a sliding sound, a clattering tumble, and man and horse were down. They had slipped on the sheet of ice which glazed the causeway.

The dog came bounding back, sniffed round the prostrate group, and then ran up

to me: it was all he could do. I obeyed him, and walked down to the traveller struggling himself free of his steed. I think he was swearing, but am not certain.

"Can I do anything?" I asked.

"You can stand on one side," he answered as he rose. Whereupon began a heaving, stamping process, accompanied by a barking and baying, and the horse was re-established and the dog silenced with a "Down, Pilot!"

"If you are hurt and want help, sir," I remarked, "I can fetch someone, either from Thornfield Hall or from Hay."

"Thank you, I shall do. I have no broken bones, only a sprain." And he limped to the stile.

He had a dark face, with stern features and a heavy brow. His eyes and gathered eyebrows looked ireful and thwarted; he was past youth, but had not reached middle age—perhaps he might be thirty-five. I felt no fear of him and but little shyness. His frown and roughness set me at ease.

He waved me to go, but I said:

"I cannot think of leaving you in this solitary lane till you are fit to mount your horse."

"You ought to be at home yourself," said he. "Where do you come from?"

"From just below."

"Do you mean that house with the battlements?"

"Yes, sir."

"Whose house is it?"

"Mr. Rochester's."

"Do you know Mr. Rochester?"

"No, I have never seen him."

"You are not a servant at the Hall, of course. You are——"

"I am the governess."

"Ah, the governess!" he repeated. "Deuce take me if I had not forgotten! Excuse me," he continued, "necessity forces me to make you useful."

He laid a heavy hand on my shoulder, limped to his horse, caught the bridle and, grimacing grimly, sprang into the saddle and, with a "Thank you," bounded away.

When I returned from Hay, after posting Mrs. Fairfax's letter, I went to her room. She was not there, but sitting upright on the rug was a great black-and-white long-haired dog. I went forward and said, 'Pilot,' and the thing got up, came to me, sniffed me, and wagged his great tail. I rang the bell.

"What dog is this?"

"He came with master, who has just arrived. He has had an accident, and his ankle is sprained."

The next day I was summoned to take tea with Mr. Rochester and my pupil. When I entered he was looking at Adela, who knelt on the hearth beside Pilot.

"Here is Miss Eyre, sir," said Mrs. Fairfax, in her quiet way.

Mr. Rochester bowed, not taking his eyes from the group of the dog and the child.

I sat down, disembarrassed. Politeness might have confused me; caprice laid me under no obligation.

Mrs. Fairfax seemed to think someone should be amiable, and she began to talk.

"Madam, I should like some tea," was the sole rejoinder she got.

"Come to the fire," said the master, when the tray was taken away. "When you came on me in Hay lane last night I thought unaccountably of fairy tales and had half a mind to demand whether you had bewitched my horse. I am not sure yet. Who are your parents?"

"I have none."

"I thought not. And so you were waiting for your people when you sat on that stile?"

"For whom, sir?"

"For the men in green. Did I break through one of your rings that you spread that ice on the causeway?"

I shook my head.

"The men in green all forsook England a hundred years ago. I don't think either summer or harvest or winter moon will ever shine on their revels more."

Mrs. Fairfax dropped her knitting, wondering what sort of talk this was, and remarked that Miss Eyre had been a kind and careful teacher.

"Don't trouble yourself to give her a character," returned Mr. Rochester. "I shall judge for myself. She began by felling my horse."

"You said Mr. Rochester was not peculiar, Mrs. Fairfax," I remonstrated, when I rejoined her in her room after putting Adela to bed.

After a time my master's manner towards me changed. It became more uniform. I never seemed in his way. He did not take fits of chilling hauteur. When he met me, the encounter seemed welcome; he always had a word, and sometimes a smile. I felt at times as if he were my relation rather than my master, and so happy did I become that the blanks of existence were filled up. He had now been resident eight weeks, though he seldom stayed longer than a fortnight.

II—The Mystery of the Third Floor

ONE night, I hardly know whether I had been sleeping or musing, I started wide awake on hearing a vague murmur, peculiar and lugubrious. It ceased, but my heart beat anxiously; my inward tranquillity was broken. The clock, far down in the hall, struck two. Just then my chamber door was touched as if fingers swept the panels groping a way along the dark gallery outside. I was chilled with fear. Then I remembered that it might be Pilot, and the idea calmed me.

But it was fated I should not sleep that night, for at the very keyhole of my chamber, as it seemed, a demoniac laugh was uttered. My first impulse was to rise and fasten the bolt, my next to cry: "Who is there?" Ere long, steps retreated up the gallery towards the third floor staircase, and then all was still.

"Was it Grace Poole?" thought I. I hurried on my frock, and with a trembling hand opened the door. There, burning outside, left on the matting of the gallery, was a candle; and the air was filled with smoke, which rushed in a cloud from Mr. Rochester's room. In an instant I was within the chamber. Tongues of fire darted round the bed; the curtains were on fire, and in the midst lay Mr. Rochester, in deep sleep. I shook him, but he seemed stupefied. Then I rushed to his basin and ewer, and deluged the bed with water. He woke with the cry: "Is there a flood? What is it?"

I briefly related what had transpired. He was now in his dressing-gown, and, warning me to stay where I was and call no one, he added: "I must pay a visit to the third floor." A long time elapsed ere he returned, pale and gloomy.

"I have found it all out," said he; "it is as I thought. You are no talking fool. Say nothing about it."

He held out his hand as we parted. I gave him mine; he took it in both his own.

"You have saved my life. I have a pleasure in owing you so immense a debt. I feel your benefits no burden, Jane."

Till morning I was tossed on a buoyant, but unquiet sea. In the morning I heard the servants exclaim how providential that master thought of the water-jug when he had left the candle alight; and passing the room, I saw, sewing rings on the new curtains, no other than—Grace Poole.

Company now came to the hall, including the beautiful Miss Ingram, whom rumour associated with Mr. Rochester.

One day Mr. Rochester had been called away from home, and on his return, as I was the first inmate of the house to meet him, I remarked: "Oh, are you aware, Mr. Rochester, that a stranger has arrived since you left this morning?"

"A stranger! no; I expected no one; did he give his name?"

"His name is Mason, sir, and he comes from the West Indies."

MR. ROCHESTER was standing near me, and as I spoke he gave my wrist a convulsive grip, while a spasm caught his breath, and he turned whiter than ashes.

"Do you feel ill, sir?" I inquired.

"Jane, I've got a blow; I've got a blow, Jane!" and he staggered.

Then he sat down and made me sit beside him.

"My little friend," said he, "I wish I were in a quiet island with only you; and trouble and danger and hideous recollections were removed from me."

"Can I help you, sir? I'd give my life to serve you."

"Jane, if aid is wanted, I'll seek it at your hands."

"Thank you, sir; tell me what to do."

"Go back into the room; step quietly up to Mason, tell him Mr. Rochester has come and wishes to see him; show him in here, and then leave me."

At a late hour that night I heard the visitors repair to their chambers and

Mr. Rochester saying: "This way, Mason; this is your room."

He spoke cheerfully, and the gay tones set my heart at ease.

Awaking in the dead of night I stretched my hand to draw the curtain, for the moon was full and bright. Good God! What a cry! The night was rent in twain by a savage, shrilly sound that ran from end to end of Thornfield Hall.

The cry died and was not renewed. Indeed, whatever being uttered that fearful shriek could not soon repeat it; not the widest-winged condor on the Andes could, twice in succession, send out such a yell from the cloud shrouding his eyrie.

It came out of the third storey. And overhead—yes, in the room just above my chamber, I heard a deadly struggle, and a half-smothered voice shout, "Help! help!"

A chamber door opened; someone rushed along the gallery. Another step stamped on the floor above, and something fell. Then there was silence.

The sleepers were all aroused and gathered in the gallery, which but for the moonlight would have been in complete darkness. The door at the end of the gallery opened, and Mr. Rochester advanced with a candle. He had just descended from the upper storey.

"All's right!" he cried. "A servant has had a nightmare, that is all, and has taken a fit with fright. Now I must see you all back to your rooms." And so, by dint of coaxing and commanding, he contrived to get them back to their dormitories.

I retreated unnoticed and dressed myself carefully, to be ready for emergencies. About an hour passed, and then a cautious hand tapped low at my door.

"Are you up and dressed?"

"Yes."

"Then come out quietly."

Mr. Rochester stood in the gallery holding a light.

"Bring a sponge and some volatile salts," said he.

I did so, and followed him.

"You don't turn sick at the sight of blood?"

"I think not; I have never been tried yet."

We entered a room with an inner apartment, from whence came a snarling, snatching sound. Mr. Rochester went forward into this apartment, and a shout of laughter greeted his entrance. Grace Poole, then, was there. When he came out he closed the door behind him.

"Here, Jane!" he said.

I walked round to the other side of the large bed in the outer room, and there, in an easy-chair, his head leant back, I recognized the pale and seemingly lifeless face of the stranger, Mason. His linen on one side and one arm was almost soaked in blood.

Mr. Rochester took the sponge, dipped it in water, moistened the corpse-like face, and applied my smelling-bottle to the nostrils

Mr. Mason unclosed his eyes and murmured:

"Is there immediate danger?"

"Pooh! a mere scratch! I'll fetch a surgeon now, and you'll be able to be removed by the morning. Jane," he continued, "you'll sponge the blood when it returns, and put your salts to his nose; and you'll not speak to him on any pretext—and, Richard, it will be at the peril of your life if you speak to her."

Two hours later the surgeon came and removed the injured man.

In the morning I heard Rochester in the yard, saying to some of the visitors, "Mason got the start of you all this morning; he was gone before sunrise. I rose to see him off."

III—The Shadowy Walk

A splendid midsummer shone over England. In the sweetest hour of the twenty-four, after the sun had gone down in simple state, and dew fell cool on the panting plain, I had walked into the orchard near the fence that separates the Hall grounds from the fields, when there came to me the warning fragrance of Mr. Rochester's cigar. I was about to retreat when he intercepted me, and said: "Turn back, Jane; on so lovely a night it is a shame to sit in the house."

I did not like to walk alone with my master at this hour in the shadowy orchard, but could find no reason for leaving him.

"Jane," he commenced, as we slowly strayed down in the direction of the horse-chestnut, "Thornfield is a pleasant place in summer, is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you must have become in some degree attached to it?"

"I am attached to it, indeed."

"Pity!" he said, and paused.

"Must I move on, sir?" I asked.

"I believe you must, Jane."

This was a blow, but I did not let it prostrate me.

"Then you are going to be married, sir?"

"In about a month I hope to be a bridegroom. We have been good friends, Jane, have we not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Here is the chestnut-tree; come, we will sit here in peace to-night." He seated me and himself.

"Jane, do you hear the nightingale singing in the wood? Listen!"

In listening, I sobbed convulsively, for I could repress what I endured no longer, and when I did speak, it was only to express an impetuous wish that I had never been born, or never come to Thornfield.

"Because you are sorry to leave it?"

THE vehemence of emotion was claiming mastery and struggling for full sway—to overcome, to live, rise and reign at last; yes—and to speak.

"I grieve to leave Thornfield. I love Thornfield, because I have lived in it a full and delightful life. I have not been trampled on; I have not been petrified. I have talked face to face with what I delight in—an original, a vigorous and expanded mind. I have known you, Mr. Rochester. I see the necessity of departure, but it is like looking on the necessity of death."

"Where do you see the necessity?" he asked suddenly.

"Do you think I can stay to become nothing to you?" I resorted, roused to something like passion. "Do you think, because I am poor, obscure, plain and little, I am soulless and heartless? You think wrong! I have as much soul as you—and full as much heart! I am not talking to you now through the medium of custom, conventionalities, nor even mortal flesh. It is my spirit that addresses your spirit, just as if both had passed through the grave, and we stood at God's feet, equal—as we are!"

"As we are!" repeated Mr. Rochester, gathering me to his heart and pressing his lips on my lips. "So, Jane!"

"Yes, so, sir!" I replied. "I have spoken my mind, and can go anywhere now. Let me go!"

"Jane, be still; don't struggle so, like a wild, frantic bird, rending its own plumage in its desperation."

"I am no bird, and no net ensnares me. I am a free human being, with an independent will, which I now exert to leave you."

ANOTHER effort set me at liberty, and I stood erect before him.

"And your will shall decide your destiny," he said. "I offer you my hand, my heart, and a share in all my possessions."

A waft of wind came sweeping down the laurel walk and trembled through the boughs of the chestnut; it wandered away to an infinite distance—it died. The nightingale's song was the only voice of the hour; listening to it again, I wept.

Mr. Rochester sat looking at me gently, and at last said, drawing me to him again: "My bride is here, because my equal is here, and my likeness. Jane, will you marry me? Give me my name—Edward. Say, 'I will marry you.'"

"Are you in earnest? Do you truly love me? Do you in all sincerity wish me to be your wife?"

"I do. I swear it!"

"Then, sir, I will marry you."

"God pardon me, and man meddle not with me. I have her, and will hold her!"

But what had befallen the night? And what ailed the chestnut-tree? It writhed and groaned, while the wind roared in the laurel walk.

"We must go in," said Mr. Rochester; "the weather changes."

He hurried me up the walk, but we were wet before we could pass the threshold.

IV—The Mystery Explained

THERE were no groomsmen, no bridesmaids, no relatives to wait for or marshal; none but Mr. Rochester and I. I wonder what other bridegroom looked as he did—so bent up to a purpose, so resolutely grim. Our place was taken at the communion rails. All was still; two shadows only moved in a remote corner of the church.

As the clergyman's lips unclosed to ask, "Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?" a distinct and near voice said: "The marriage cannot go on. I declare the existence of an impediment. Mr. Rochester has a wife now living."

My nerves vibrated to those low-spoken words as they had never vibrated to thunder. I looked at Mr. Rochester; I made him look at me. His face was colourless rock; his eye both spark and flint; he seemed as if he would defy all things.

"Mr. Mason, have the goodness to step forward," said the stranger.

"Are you aware, sir, whether or not this gentleman's wife is still living?" inquired the clergyman.

"She is now living at Thornfield Hall," said Mason, with white lips. "I saw her there last April. I am her brother."

I saw a grim smile contract Mr. Rochester's lips.

"Enough," said he. "Wood"—to the clergyman—"close your book; John Green—" to the clerk—"leave the church; there will be no wedding to-day."

"Bigamy is an ugly word," he continued, "but I meant to be a bigamist. This girl thought all was fair and legal, and never dreamt she was going to be entrapped into a feigned union with a defrauded wretch already bound to a bad, mad, and embrutal partner. Follow me. I invite you all to visit Grace Poole's patient and my wife!"

We passed up to the third storey, and there, in the deep shade of the inner room beyond the room where I had watched over the wounded Mason, ran backward and forward, seemingly on all fours, a figure, whether beast or human one could not at first sight tell. It snatched and growled like some wild animal. It was covered with clothing; but a quantity of dark, grizzled hair hid its head and face.

"That is my wife," said Mr. Rochester, "whom I was cheated into marrying fifteen years ago. a mad woman and a drunkard, of a family of idiots and maniacs for three generations. And this is what I wished to have" laying his hand on my shoulder—"this young girl who stands so grave and quiet, at the mouth of hell. Jane," he continued, in an agonised tone "I never meant to wound you thus."

Reader! I forgave him at the moment, and on the spot. I forgave him all; yet not in words, not outwardly; only at my heart's core.

That night I never thought to sleep, but slumber fell on me as soon as I lay down in bed, and in my sleep a vision spoke to my spirit: "Daughter, flee temptation!" I rose with the dim dawn. One word comprised my intolerable duty—Depart!

After three days I found a temporary home at the vicarage of Morton, until the clergyman of that moorland parish, Mr. St. John Rivers, secured for me the mistress-ship of the village school.

At Christmas I left the school. As the spring advanced St. John Rivers, who, with an icy heroism, was possessed by the idea of becoming a missionary, urged me strongly to accompany him to India as his wife. I felt such veneration for him that I was tempted to cease struggling with him—to rush down the torrent of his will into the gulf of his existence, and there lose my own.

V—Reunion

THE time came when he called on me to decide. I fervently longed to do what was right, and only that. "Show me the path, show me the path!" I entreated of Heaven. My heart beat fast and thick; I heard its throb. Suddenly it stood still to an inexpressible feeling that thrilled it through. My senses rose expectant; ear and eye waited, while the flesh quivered on my bones. I saw nothing; but I heard a voice, somewhere, cry "Jane! Jane! Jane!"—nothing more.

It was a loved, well-remembered voice—that of Edward Fairfax Rochester; and it spoke in pain and woe, wildly, urgently.

"I am coming!" I cried. "Wait for me!" I ran out into the garden; it was void.

Thirty-six hours later I was crossing the fields to where I could see the full front of my master's mansion, and, looking with a timorous joy, saw a blackened ruin.

Where, meantime, was the hapless owner?

I returned to the inn, where the host, himself a respectable middle-aged man, brought my breakfast into the parlour. I scarcely knew how to begin my questions.

"Is Mr. Rochester living at Thornfield Hall now?"

"No, ma'am—oh, no! No one is living there. It was burnt down about harvest time. The fire broke out at dead of night."

"Was it known how it originated?"

"They guessed, ma'am; they guessed. There was a lady—a—a lunatic kept in the house. She had a woman to take care of her called Mrs. Poole, an able woman but for one fault—she kept a bottle of gin by her; and the mad lady would take the keys out of her pocket, let herself out of her chamber, and go roaming about the house doing any wild mischief that came into her head. Mr. Rochester was at home when the fire broke out, and he went up to the attics and got the servants out of their beds, and then went back to get his mad wife out of her cell. And then they called out to him that she was on the roof, where she was waving her arms and shouting till they could hear her a mile off. She was a big woman, and had long, black hair; and we could see it streaming against the flames as she stood. We saw Mr. Rochester approach her and call 'Bertha!' And then, ma'am, she yelled and gave a spring, and the next minute lay dead, smashed on the pavement."

"Were any other lives lost?"

"No. Perhaps it would have been better if there had. Poor Mr. Edward! He is stone-blind."

I had dreaded he was mad.

"As he came down the great staircase it fell, and he was taken out of the ruins with one eye knocked out and one hand so crushed that the surgeon had to amputate it directly. The other eye was inflamed, and he lost the sight of that also."

"Where does he live now?"

"At Ferndean, a manor house on a farm he has—quite a desolate spot. Old John and his wife are with him; he would have none else."

To Ferndean I came just ere dusk, walking the last mile. As I approached, the narrow front door of the grange slowly opened, and a figure came out into the twilight; a man without a hat. He stretched forth his hand to feel whether it rained. It was my master, Edward Fairfax Rochester.

He groped his way back to the house, and, re-entering it, closed the door. I now drew near and knocked, and John's wife opened for me.

"Mary," I said, "how are you?"

She started as if she had seen a ghost. I calmed her, and followed her into the kitchen, where I explained in a few words that I should stay for the night, and that John must fetch my trunk from the turnpike house. At this moment the parlour bell rang.

Mary proceeded to fill a glass with water and place it on a tray, together with candles.

"Give the tray to me; I will carry it in."

The old dog Pilot pricked up his ears as I entered the room; then he jumped up with a yelp, and bounded towards me, almost knocking the tray from my hands.

"What is the matter?" inquired Mr. Rochester.

He put out his hand with a quick gesture. "Who is this?" he demanded imperiously.

"Will you have a little more water, sir? I spilt half of what was in the glass," I said.

"What is it? Who speaks?"

"Pilot knows me, and John and Mary know I am here," I answered.

He groped, and, arresting his wandering hand, I prisoned it in both mine.

"Her very fingers! Her small, slight fingers! Is it Jane—Jane Eyre?" he cried.

"My dear master, I am Jane Eyre. I am come back to you!"

JAMES BOSWELL

THE JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES

BOTH Dr. Johnson and his devoted worshipper wrote narratives of their four months' travels together in Scotland, and it is no small tribute to Boswell's literary genius that his book, The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson LL.D., eclipses in vivacity and has outclassed in popularity The Journey to the Western Islands written soon after its completion by the Great Cham. Boswell's book was published in 1785, about nine months after the doctor's death, and it is to be regarded as a first instalment of The Life of Samuel Johnson epitomised in pp. 105, sqq. of *The World's Great Books* which it was his constant purpose to compile. Thus his primary concern was with the impression made upon Dr Johnson by the scenery through which they passed, the historic buildings they visited, and the people they met, and only secondary was his interest in these places and people themselves. Nevertheless all are described with the skill of a great literary artist, and the book is a live classic. It is included in Everyman's Library.

I—The Doctor's Arrival in Edinburgh



DR. JOHNSON had for many years given me hopes that we should go together and visit the Hebrides. In spring, 1773, he talked of coming to Scotland that year with so much firmness that I hoped he was at last in earnest. I knew that if he were once launched from the metropolis he would go forward very well. Luckily, Mr. Justice (now Sir Robert) Chambers conducted Dr. Johnson from London to Newcastle; and Mr. Scott, of University College, Oxford, accompanied him from thence to Edinburgh.

On Saturday, August 14, 1773, late in the evening, I received a note from him, that he had arrived in Boyd's Inn, at the head of the Canongate. I went to him directly. He embraced me cordially, and I exulted in the thought that I had him actually in Caledonia.

He was to do me the honour to lodge under my roof. We walked arm-in-arm up the High Street to my house in James's Court. It was a dusky night; but he acknowledged that the breadth of the street, and the loftiness of the buildings on each side, made a noble appearance. My wife had tea ready, which it is well known he delighted to drink at all hours; and he showed much complacency upon finding that the mistress of the house was so attentive to his singular habit.

On Sunday after dinner, Principal Robertson came and drank wine with us, and there was some animated dialogue. During the next two days we walked out that Dr. Johnson might see some of the things which we have to show at Edinburgh, such as Parliament House, where the lords of session now hold their courts, the Advocates' Library, St. Giles's great church, the Royal Infirmary, the Abbey of Holyrood House and the Palace, where our beautiful Queen Mary lived, and in which David Rizzio was murdered.

We set out from Edinburgh on Wednesday, August 18, crossed the Firth of Forth by boat, touching at the island of Inch Keith, and landed in Fife at Kinghorn, where we took a post-chaise, and had a dreary ride to St. Andrews. We arrived late, and were received at St. Leonard's College by Professor Watson.

We were conducted to see St. Andrews, our oldest university, and the seat of our primate in the days of episcopacy. Dr. Johnson's veneration for the hierarchy affected him with a strong indignation while he beheld the ruins of religious magnificence. I happened to ask where John Knox was buried. Dr. Johnson burst out: "I hope in the highway! I have been looking at his reformations."

We left St. Andrews August 20, and drove through Leuchars, Dundee and Aberbrothick to Montrose. Travelling onwards, we had the Grampian Hills in view, and some good land around us, but void of trees and hedges; and the Doctor observed that it was wonderful to see a land

so denuded of timber. Beyond Lawrence Kirk we visited and dined with Lord Monboddo, and after a tedious journey we came to Aberdeen. Next morning Principal Campbell and other college professors called for us, and we went with them and saw Marischal College.

Afterwards we waited on the magistrates in the Town Hall. They had invited us to present Dr. Johnson with the freedom of the town, which Provost Jopp did with a very good grace. Dr. Johnson was much pleased with this mark of attention, and received it very politely. It was striking to hear the numerous company drinking 'Dr. Johnson! Dr. Johnson!' and then to see him with his burgess ticket, or diploma, in his hat, which he wore as he walked along the streets, according to the usual custom. We dined with the provost and a large company of professors at the house of Sir Alexander Gordon, Professor of Medicine, but there was little or no conversation.

II—Through the Macbeth Country

We resumed our journey northwards on the morning of August 24. Having received a polite invitation to Slains Castle we proceeded thither and were graciously welcomed. Lady Errol pressed us to stay all night, and ordered the coach to carry us to see the great curiosity on the coast at Dunbui, which is a monstrous cauldron, called by the country people the Pot. Dr. Johnson insisted on taking a boat and sailing into the Pot, and we found caves of considerable depth on each side.

Returning to the castle, Dr. Johnson observed that its situation was the noblest he had ever seen, better than Mount Edgcumbe, reckoned the first in England. About nine, the earl, who had been absent, came home. His agreeable manners and softness of address prevented that constraint which the idea of his being Lord High Constable of Scotland might otherwise have occasioned. He talked very easily and sensibly with his learned guest.

We left Slains Castle next morning and, driving by Banff and Elgin, where the noble ruins of the cathedral were examined by Dr. Johnson with a patient attention, reached Forres on the night of August 26. That afternoon we drove over the very heath where Macbeth met the witches, according to tradition. Dr. Johnson solemnly recited:

> How far is't called to Forres? What are these
> So withered, and so wild in their attire?
> They look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
> And yet are on't.

From Forres we came to Nairn, and thence to the manse of the minister of Calder, Mr. Kenneth Macaulay, author of the History of St. Kilda, where we stayed the night, after visiting the old castle, the seat of the Thane of Cawdor. Thence we drove to Fort George, where we dined with the governor, Sir Eyre Coote (afterwards the gallant conqueror of Hyder Ali, and preserver of our Indian Empire), and then got safely to Inverness.

Next day we went to Macbeth's Castle. I had a romantic satisfaction in seeing Dr. Johnson actually in it. It perfectly corresponds with Shakespeare's description, which Sir Joshua Reynolds has so happily illustrated in one of his notes on our immortal poet:

> This castle has a pleasant seat: the air
> Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
> Unto our gentle senses.

Just as we came out of it a raven perched upon one of the chimney-tops and croaked. Then I repeated:

> The raven himself is hoarse,
> That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
> Under my battlements.

On Monday, August 30, we began our equitation. We had three horses for Dr. Johnson, myself and Joseph, my servant, and one which carried our portmanteaus, and two Highlanders walked along with us. Dr. Johnson rode very well. It was a delightful day. Loch Ness and the road upon the side of it, shaded with birch-trees, pleased us much. The night was spent at Fort Augustus. It was dark when we arrived. The inn was wretched. Government ought to build one, or give the resident governour an additional salary; as in the present state of things he must necessarily be put to a great expense in entertaining travellers.

The next two days we travelled through a wild country, with prodigious mountains on each side.

III—In the Misty Hebrides

We came at last to Glenelg, and next morning we got into a boat for Sky and reached the shore of Armidale. Sir Alexander Macdonald, chief of the Macdonalds in the Isle of Sky, came down to receive us. Armidale is situated on a pretty bay of the narrow sea which flows between the mainland of Scotland and the Isle of Sky. In front there is a grand prospect of the rude mountains Moidart and Knoidart. Dr. Johnson and I were now full of the old Highland spirit and were dissatisfied at hearing of racked rents and emigration, and finding a chief not surrounded by his clan. We attempted in vain to communicate to him a portion of our enthusiasm.

On September 6 we set out, accompanied by Mr. Donald M'Leod as our guide, for Corrichatachin, in the district of Strath. This farm is possessed by Mr. M'Kinnon, who received us with a hearty welcome. The company was numerous and cheerful and we, for the first time, had a specimen of the joyous social manners of the inhabitants of the Highlands. They talked in their own language with fluent vivacity and sang many Erse songs.

On September 8 the Rev. Donald M'Queen arrived to take us to the Island of Rasay, in Macgillichallum's carriage. Along with him came, as our pilot, Mr. Malcolm Macleod, one of the Rasay family, celebrated in the year 1745-46. We got into Rasay's carriage, which was a strong open boat. Dr. Johnson sat high on the stern like a magnificent Triton.

The approach to Rasay was very pleasing. We saw before us a beautiful bay, well defended by a rocky coast; a good family mansion, a fine verdure about it, with a considerable number of trees; and beyond it hills and mountains in gradation of wildness. A large company came out from the house to meet us as we landed, headed by Rasay himself, whose family has possessed this island above four hundred years.

From Rasay we sailed to Portree, in Sky, and then rode in wretched weather to Kingsburgh. There we were received by Mr. Allan Macdonald and his wife, the celebrated Flora Macdonald. She is a little woman of a genteel appearance and uncommonly mild and well-bred.

Kingsburgh was completely the figure of a gallant Highlander, exhibiting 'the graceful mien and manly looks' which our popular Scotch song has justly attributed to that character. He had his Tartan plaid thrown about him, a large blue bonnet with a knot of black riband like a cockade, a brown short coat of a kind of duffil, a Tartan waistcoat with gold buttons and gold buttonholes, a bluish philibeg, and Tartan hose. He had jet black hair tied behind, and was a large stately man, with a steady, sensible countenance. Dr. Johnson was rather quiescent and went early to bed. I slept in the same room with him. Each had a neat bed with tartan curtains. Dr. Johnson's bed was the very bed in which the grandson of the unfortunate King James II lay on one of the nights after the failure of his rash attempt in 1745-46.

To see Dr. Samuel Johnson lying in that bed in the Isle of Sky, in the house of Miss Flora Macdonald, struck me with such a group of ideas as is not easy for words to describe as they passed through the mind. He smiled, and said: "I have had no ambitious thoughts in it." On the table I found in the morning a slip of paper on which Dr. Johnson had written with his pencil these words: *Quantum cedat virtutibus aurum* (With virtue weighed, what worthless trash is gold). What the Doctor meant by writing them I could not tell. At breakfast he said he would have given a good deal rather than not have lain in that bed.

Kingsburgh conducted us in his boat across one of the lochs, as they call them, or arms of the sea, which flow in upon all the coasts of Sky, to a mile beyond a place called Grishinish. Our horses had been sent round by land to meet us. By this sail we saved eight miles of bad riding. Dr. Johnson said, "When we take into the computation what we have saved, and what we have gained, by this agreeable sail, it is a great deal." He observed, "It is very disagreeable riding in Sky. The way is so narrow, one

only at a time can travel, so it is quite unsocial, and you cannot indulge in meditation by yourself, because you must be always attending to the steps which your horse takes."

During our sail, Dr. Johnson asked about the use of the dirk, with which he imagined the Highlanders cut their meat. He was told they had a knife and fork besides, to eat with. He asked how did the women do, and was answered, some of them had a knife and fork, too; but in general the men, when they had cut their meat, handed their knives and forks to the women, and they themselves eat with their fingers.

KINGSBURGH sent us on our way by boat and on horseback to Dunvegan Castle. The great size of the castle, which is built upon a rock close to the sea, while the land around presents nothing but wild, moorish, hilly and scraggy appearances, gave a rude magnificence to the scene.

Having dismounted, we ascended a flight of steps which was made by the late Macleod, for the accommodation of persons coming to him by land, there formerly being, for security, no other access to the castle but from the sea; so that visitors who came by the land were under the necessity of getting into a boat, and sailed round to the only place where it could be approached. We were introduced into a stately dining room, and received by Lady Macleod, mother of the laird, who, with his friend Talisker, having been detained on the road, did not arrive till some time after us.

We were a jovial company and the laird, surrounded by so many of his clan, was to me a pleasing sight. They listened with wonder and pleasure while Dr. Johnson harangued.

The weather having cleared, we set out for Ulinish, the house of Mr. Macleod, the sheriff-substitute of the island. From an old tower near the house is an extensive view of Loch Braccadil and, at a distance, of the Isles of Barra and South Uist; and on the land side the Cuillin, a prodigious range of mountains, capped with rocky pinnacles, in a strange variety of shapes.

From there we came to Talisker, which is a beautiful place with many well-grown trees, a wide expanse of sea and mountains and, within a quarter of a mile from the house, no less than fifteen waterfalls. Mr. Donald Maclean, the young laird of Col, was now our guide, and conducted us to Ostig, the residence of Mr. Martin Macpherson, minister of Slate. There were great storms of wind and rain which confined us to the house, but we were fully compensated by Dr. Johnson's conversation.

We then returned to Armidale House, from whence we set sail for Mull on October 3; but encountered during the night a dreadful gale, which compelled the skipper to run his vessel into the Isle of Col for shelter. We were detained in Col by storms till October 14, when we safely crossed to Tobermorie, in the Island of Mull.

Ponies were provided for us and we rode right across the island, and then were ferried to the Island of Ulva, where we were received by the laird, a very ancient chief, whose family has possessed Ulva for nine hundred years. Next morning we took boat for Inchkenneth, where we were introduced by Col to Sir Allan M'Lean, the chief of his clan, and his daughters.

ON Tuesday, October 19, we took leave of the young ladies, and of our excellent companion, Col. Sir Allan obligingly undertook to accompany us to Icolmkill, and we proceeded thither in a boat with four stout rowers, passing the great cave Gribon on the coast of Mull, the island of Staffa, on which we could not land on account of the high surge, and Nuns' Island. After a tedious sail, it gave us no small pleasure to perceive a light in the village of Icolmkill; as we approached the shore, the tower of the cathedral, just discernible in the moonlight, was a picturesque object. When we had landed upon the sacred place, Dr. Johnson and I cordially embraced.

I must own that Icolmkill did not answer my expectations, but Dr. Johnson said it came up to his. We were both disappointed when we were shown what are called the monuments of the kings of Scotland, Ireland and Denmark, and of a king of France. There are only some gravestones flat on the earth, and we could see no inscription. We set sail at midday for Mull, where we bade adieu to our very kind conductor, Sir Allan M'Lean,

and crossed in the ferry-boat to Oban, from whence next day we rode to Inverary.

The Rev. John M'Aulay, one of the ministers of Inverary, accompanied us to Inverary Castle, where I presented Dr. Johnson to the Duke of Argyle. Dr. Johnson was much struck by the grandeur and elegance of this princely seat. At dinner, the duchess was very attentive to Dr. Johnson, who talked a great deal, and was so entertaining that she placed her chair close to his and listened eagerly. Dr. Johnson was all attention to her grace.

From Inverary we passed to Rosedow, the beautiful seat of Sir James Colquhoun, on the banks of Loch Lomond, and after passing a pleasant day boating round the loch and visiting some of the islands, we proceeded to Cameron, the seat of Commissary Smollett, from which we drove in a post-chaise to Glasgow, inspecting by the way Dunbarton Castle.

III—In the West of Scotland

DURING the day we spent in Glasgow, we were received in the college by a number of the professors, who showed all due respect to Dr. Johnson; and Dr. Leechman, Principal of the University, had the satisfaction of telling Dr. Johnson that his name had been gratefully celebrated in the Highlands as the person to whose influence it was chiefly owing that the New Testament was allowed to be translated into the Erse language. On Saturday we set out towards Ayrshire, and on November 2 reached my father's residence, Auchinleck.

My father was not quite a year and a half older than Dr. Johnson. His age, office and character had long given him an acknowledged claim to great attention in whatever company he was, and he could ill brook any diminution of it. He was as sanguine a Whig and Presbyterian as Dr. Johnson was a Tory and Church of England man; and as he had not much leisure to be informed of Dr. Johnson's great merits by reading his works, he had a partial and unfavourable notion of him, founded on his supposed political tenets, which were so discordant to his own that, instead of speaking of him with that respect to which he was entitled, he used to call him 'a Jacobite fellow.'

Knowing all this, I should not have ventured to bring them together had not my father, out of kindness to me, desired me to invite Dr. Johnson to his house. All went very smoothly till one day they came into collision. If I recollect right, the contest began while my father was showing him his collection of medals; and Oliver Cromwell's coin unfortunately introduced Charles the First and Toryism. They became exceedingly warm and violent; and in the course of their altercation Whiggism and Presbyterism, Toryism and Episcopacy were terribly buffeted.

My father's opinion of Dr. Johnson may be conjectured by the name he afterwards gave him, which was 'Ursa Major.' However, on leaving Auchinleck, November 8, for Edinburgh, my father, who had the dignified courtesy of an old baron, was very civil to Dr. Johnson and politely attended him to the post-chaise. We arrived in Edinburgh on Tuesday night, November 9, after an absence of eighty-three days.

MY illustrious friend, being now desirous to be again in the great theatre of life and animated exertion, took a place in the coach, which was to set out for London, on Monday, November 22, but I resolved that we should make a little circuit, as I would by no means lose the pleasure of seeing *Sam* Johnson at the very spot where *Ben* Jonson visited the learned and poetical Drummond.

Accordingly, we drove on the Saturday to Roslin Castle, surveyed the romantic scene around it, and the beautiful Gothic chapel. After that we proceeded to Hawthornden and viewed the caves, and then drove on to Cranston, the seat of Sir John Dalrymple, where we supped, spent the night, and passed on to the inn at Blackshields. There on Monday morning Dr. Johnson joined the coach for London.

Dr. Johnson told me on parting that the time he spent in Scotland was the pleasantest part of his life, and asked me if I would lose the recollection of it for five hundred pounds. I answered that I would not; and he applauded my setting such a value on an accession of new images in my mind.

FRANCIS BACON

NOVUM ORGANUM

ONLY a portion of the Novum Organum was completed by Francis Bacon, and the work itself was intended only as one section of his vast undertaking—Instauratio Magna, or The Great Instauration. This encyclopedic project was planned to consist of six parts: (1) Partitiones Scientiarum, which was to be substantially the same as The Advancement of Learning, of which an outline appears elsewhere in *The World's Great Books;* (2) Novum Organum, or Indications Concerning the Interpretation of Nature; (3) Phenomena Universi, a Natural and Experimental History for the Construction of Philosophy; (4) Scala Intellectus, or Ladder of the Intellect; (5) Prodromi, or Fore runners or Anticipations of the New Philosophy; and (6) Philosophia Secunda, or Active Science. The Novum Organum was begun about 1608, and as published in 1620 consists of two books of aphorisms. The following epitome is restricted to the first of these since it contains Bacon's most mature pronouncements upon scientific methods.

Editions of the Novum Organum are published by Routledge and by George Bell.

I—The First Book of Aphorisms



MAN, as the minister and interpreter of nature, does and understands as much as his observations on the order of nature permit him, and neither knows nor is capable of more.

Knowledge and human power are synonymous, since ignorance of the cause frustrates the effect; for nature is commanded only by submission, and that which in contemplative philosophy corresponds with the cause, becomes in practical science the rule.

Man's operations can only combine or separate natural bodies; nature performs the rest internally.

Those who become practically versed in nature are the mechanic, the mathematician, the physician, the alchemist and the magician; but all, as matters now stand, with but faint efforts and meagre success.

As our present sciences are useless for the discovery of effects, so our present system of logic is useless for the discovery of the sciences. Our present logic does more to confirm and solidify errors than to promote the search after truth.

The syllogism is unfit to cope with the subtlety of nature. It forces assent, but does not touch things. Our only hope is in genuine induction.

There are, and can be, but two ways of investigating truth. The one hurries from the senses and particulars to the most general axioms, and from these, as if they were indisputable principles, it goes on to discover the intermediate axioms. This is the way now in use. The other constructs its axioms from the senses and particulars, ascending gradually through intermediate axioms, until finally it arrives at the most general axioms. This is the true but unattempted way.

For the sake of distinction, we may call that reasoning which is commonly applied to nature the 'anticipation' of nature, as being rash and premature; but that which is properly deduced from things we may call the 'interpretation' of nature.

Anticipations are sufficient to produce unanimity; for even if men were all to become uniformly mad, they might agree tolerably well.

It is vain to expect any great progress in the sciences by the engrafting of new matters upon old. An instauration must be made from the very foundations if we do not wish to revolve for ever in a circle, making only some slight and contemptible progress.

Alexander Borgia said of the expedition of the French into Italy that they came with chalk in their hands to mark up their lodgings, and not with weapons to force their passage. Even so do we wish our philosophy to make its way quietly into those minds that are fit for it, and of good capacity. For we have no need of contention where we differ in first principles, and our very notions, and even in our forms of demonstration.

We have but one simple method of delivering our sentiments; namely, we must bring men to particulars, and their regular series and order, and they must, for a while, renounce their notions and begin to form an acquaintance with things.

II—The Idols of the Human Mind

FOUR kinds of Idols, or false notions, beset the human mind, and to these we have assigned names, calling the first the Idols of the Tribe, the second Idols of the Cave, the third Idols of the Market-place, and the fourth Idols of the Theatre.

The Idols of the Tribe are inherent in human nature and in the very tribe or race of man. The sense of man is falsely asserted to be the standard of things. On the contrary, all the perceptions bear reference to man, not to the universe, and the human mind resembles an uneven mirror which distorts the objects reflected in it.

The Idols of the Cave are those of each individual. Everyone, in addition to the errors common to the race of man, has his own individual cavern, which intercepts and corrupts the light of nature; either because of his own peculiar disposition, or from his education and intercourse with others, or because of the authority of those whom he respects and admires; so that Heraclitus well said that men seek for knowledge in lesser worlds, and not in the greater or common world.

The Idols of the Market-place are formed by the reciprocal intercourse and society of man with man. For men converse by means of language, but words are formed by the minds of the common crowd; and this inapt use of words creates a wonderful obstruction to the mind. Nor can the definitions and explanations with which the learned guard themselves afford a sufficient remedy, for words still force the understanding, throw everything into confusion and lead mankind into vain and innumerable controversies and fallacies.

The Idols of the Theatre have crept into men's minds from the various dogmas of the systems of philosophy and from the perverted rules of demonstration. Indeed, we consider all the systems of philosophy hitherto received or imagined as no better than so many theatrical plays creating fictitious worlds.

III—The Idols of the Tribe

THE human understanding is apt to suppose that there is a much greater degree of order and regularity in things than it really finds; and, although many things in nature be most irregular, will yet invent parallels and relations where there is no such thing.

Again, when it has once laid down any proposition as true, it forces everything else to add fresh support and confirmation; and, although abundant instances may exist to the contrary, it neglects to observe them or despises them.

Again, it is most excited by that which strikes and enters the mind suddenly, filling and inflating the imagination.

Again, it is active and cannot halt or rest, and must still be pressing forward ineffectually; thus, we cannot conceive of any external boundary of the world, but still must think of something beyond.

The human understanding is not like a dry light, but admits a tincture of the will and passions. Man always believes more readily that which he prefers. Therefore he rejects difficulties for want of patience in investigation; the depths of nature, from superstition; the light of experiment, from pride, lest his mind should appear to be occupied with vulgar objects; and paradox, from a fear of public opinion. Feelings corrupt understanding in innumerable and often imperceptible ways.

But by far the greatest impediment and aberration of the human understanding proceeds from the dullness, incompetency and errors of the senses; since whatever strikes the senses preponderates over everything, however superior, which does not immediately strike them. Contemplation mostly ceases with sight, and little or no regard is paid to invisible objects. That is why all the better interpretations of nature are worked out by instances and apt experiments, wherein the senses only judge of the experiment, but the experiment judges of the thing itself. These, then, are some of the Idols of the Tribe.

IV—The Idols of the Cave and the Market-Place

SOME men are attached to particular sciences in such a way that if they apply themselves to contemplations of a universal nature, they wrest and corrupt them by their preconceived fancies; thus, Aristotle made his natural philosophy quite subservient to his logic, rendering it useless and disputatious; and certain chemists have elaborated a fanciful philosophy out of a few experiments of the furnace.

Again, some minds are more vigorous in observing the differences of things, others in observing their resemblances; and each of these kinds readily falls into excess, by catching either at nice distinctions or at shadows of resemblance.

Again, some are inclined to an unbounded admiration of antiquity, others eagerly embrace novelty, and but few can preserve the just medium.

Again, the contemplation of objects in their individual form distracts and weakens the understanding; but the contemplation of them in their composition overwhelms and relaxes it; these two kinds of contemplation should therefore be employed each in its turn. Let us expel these Idols of the Cave, and let every student of nature be suspicious of whatever particularly attracts his sympathies and his understanding.

But the Idols of the Market-place, which have entwined themselves round the understanding from the associations of words and names, are the most troublesome of all. Men imagine that their reason governs words, while, in fact, words react upon the mind. Wherefore the solemn disputes of learned men often terminate in controversies about words; and even definitions cannot remedy this evil, since the definitions themselves consist of words, and these engender others endlessly.

V—The Idols of the Theatre

THE Idols of the Theatre are many, and are likely to increase in number. Some theorists, for instance, have seized upon various common facts of experience, without making certain of them or examining them closely, and have relied, for the rest, upon their own meditation and the activity of their wit. Aristotle is the most eminent instance of this error, being everywhere more anxious as to definitions in teaching and the accuracy of the wording of his propositions than as to the internal truth of things. He first comes to his conclusions, and then drags experience along as a captive in their train. This is the sophistical method.

The empirical school produces dogmas of an even more monstrous nature, founded upon a few obscure experiments, such as those of the alchemists. But the superstitious method, or the corruption of philosophy by the mixing of it up with theology, is a more widespread error, and is the most injurious of all. Pythagoras and Plato are examples of this evil, against which we must use the greatest caution. For the apotheosis of error is the greatest evil of all; the worship of folly is a plague spot upon the understanding.

All these four kinds of Idols must be renounced with a firm and solemn resolution, and the understanding must be wholly freed from them; for admission to the kingdom of man, which is founded on the sciences, is not unlike admission to the kingdom of heaven, where entrance is afforded only to those who become like little children.

VI—The Goal of the Sciences

ONE powerful hindrance to the advancement of the sciences has lain in the fact that their goal has not been properly fixed. The real and legitimate goal of the sciences is the endowment of human life with new inventions and riches, but this has been neglected for other ends, such as the acquirement of fame or the satisfaction of the mind. And this evil has been wonderfully increased by a vainglorious and prejudicial opinion, that the dignity of the human mind is lowered by long and laborious investigation of material objects; especially as these exact researches are arduous, not immediately profitable, endless in

number and of the most delicate subtlety. The true path has therefore not only been deserted, but even blocked up.

But by far the greatest obstacle to the advancement of the sciences, and to the undertaking of any new investigation, is to be found in that despair which makes men think these things impossible. Men of a prudent and exact turn of mind are altogether diffident in matters of this nature, considering the obscurity of nature, the brevity of life, the deception of the senses, and the weakness of the judgement. They think that in the revolutions of ages and of the world there are floods and ebbs of the sciences; that they flourish at one time and fall off at another; and that when they have attained a certain degree of development they can proceed no further.

But stronger than all these considerations are the reasons for hope. Our pursuit clearly proceeds from God, who is Author of good and Father of light; and in all divine operations the smallest beginnings lead assuredly to some result.

ANOTHER potent reason for hope may be found in the errors of the past and in the ways still unattempted. No one has yet arisen so firm and resolute as to abolish all common theories and notions and to apply his mind afresh, thus cleared and levelled, to particular researches; and if a man of mature age, unprejudiced senses and clear mind should betake himself anew to experience, we may hope for much.

Again, many actual inventions are of such a nature that before their discovery they would have been ridiculed as impossible. We may therefore well hope that there are still treasured up in nature many excellent and useful secrets, bearing no relation or analogy to our actual discoveries, and out of the common track of our imagination. These will doubtless be brought to light in the course of years, and we have pointed out how they may be rapidly tracked out.

Surely, too, some ground of hope is afforded by my own example. Let those who distrust their own powers observe myself, one who has been, of all my contemporaries, the most engaged in public business, and a man not very strong in health, which causes a great loss of time, and one who is a pioneer in this adventure, following the guidance of none. Yet, having once firmly entered in the right way, and having submitted my mind to things, I have somewhat advanced the matters which we have been discussing.

Think, then, of what may be hoped from men who enjoy abundant leisure, and from united labours, and from the succession of ages, in a course which is not confined, like theories, to individuals but admits of the best distribution and union of labour.



FRANCIS BACON was born January 22, 1561, younger son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and called to the Bar at Gray's Inn in 1582. Knighted by James I, he became successively solicitor-general, attorney-general, lord keeper of the great seal, and, in 1618, lord chancellor, when he was created Baron Verulam. Two years later he was created Viscount St. Albans. In 1621 charges of corruption and bribery were preferred against him, and he was lodged in the Tower and condemned to pay a heavy fine. The King remitting the fine, he retired from public life and died April 9, 1626. This portrait is in the National Portrait Gallery.

A Living Picture of Immortal Youth

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS

SECOND in chronological order of Thackeray's great masterpieces of fiction, The History of Pendennis, His Fortunes and Misfortunes, His Friends and His Greatest Enemy, with Illustrations by the Author, appeared in monthly instalments from November 1848 to December 1850 with a three months interruption due to illness and was then published in two volumes 8vo. It ranks with Vanity Fair as one of its author's triumphs in the representation of real life and undoubtedly contains more autobiography than any other of his books, although no stress must be laid upon the truth in fact of particular incidents, nor upon the identity of any of the characters with live originals. As a study of the emotional and intellectual development of a young man the story has seldom, if ever, been surpassed, and it will ever be memorable for the wonderful delineation of the worldly minded Major Pendennis and the immortal Captain Costigan. Like all Thackeray's novels Pendennis may be obtained in many reliable cheap editions.

I—First Love and Family Matters



ONE fine morning in the full London season Major Arthur Pendennis came over from his lodgings, according to his custom, to breakfast at a certain club in Pall Mall.

Among the letters which formed Major Pendennis's budget for that morning was one with a country postmark and a homely seal. It was a double letter Fairoaks was engraved upon the seal, and the post mark was Clavering St. Mary's. The major perused the envelope before he attacked the inner epistle.

'MY DEAR MAJOR PENDENNIS,' the letter ran, 'I beg and implore you to come to me *immediately*.' 'Very likely,' thought Pendennis, 'and the Marquis of Steyne's dinner to day.' 'I am in the greatest grief and perplexity. My dearest boy, who has been hitherto everything the fondest mother could wish, is grieving me *dreadfully*. He has formed I can hardly write it a passion, an infatuation for an actress who has been performing here. She is at least twelve years older than Arthur who will not be eighteen till next February and the wretched boy insists upon marrying her. Do, my dear friend, come to me instantly on the receipt of this; and, as Arthur's guardian, entreat, command the wretched child to give up this most deplorable resolution.' The writer concluded by signing herself the major's 'unhappy, affectionate sister, HELEN PENDENNIS.'

"A d d pretty business," said the major. "Now let us see what the boy has to say." And he took up the other letter from Fairoaks.

'MY DEAR UNCLE, In informing you of my engagement with Miss Costigan, daughter of J. Chesterfield Costigan, Esq., but perhaps better known to you under her professional name of Miss Fotheringay, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, I am aware that I make an announcement which cannot, according to the present prejudices of society at least, be welcome to my family. My dearest mother is deeply moved and grieved, I am sorry to say, by the intelligence which I have this night conveyed to her. I beseech you, my dear sir, to come down and reason with her.

'Although Miss Costigan is some years older than myself, that does not operate as a barrier to my affection, and, I am sure, will not influence its duration. A love like mine, sir, I feel is contracted once and for ever, and I should despise myself, and be unworthy of my name as a gentleman, if I did not give all where I felt all, and endow the woman who loves me fondly with my whole heart and my whole fortune.

'I press for a speedy marriage with my Emily, for why, in truth, should it be delayed? I entreat you, my dear uncle, to come down and reconcile my dear mother to our union, and I address you as a man of the world, who will not feel any of the weak scruples and fears which agitate a lady who has scarcely ever left her village.

'Pray come down to us immediately. I am quite confident that—apart from considerations of fortune—you will admire and approve of my Emily.

'Your affectionate nephew,

'ARTHUR PENDENNIS, JR.'

When the major had concluded the perusal of this letter, his countenance assumed an expression of rage and horror. The head of the Pendennises going to marry an actress ten years his senior? The headstrong boy about to plunge into matrimony? 'My nephew marry a tragedy queen! Gracious mercy, people will laugh at me, so that I shall not dare show my head!'

The major ruefully wrote off refusals to the Marquis of Steyne, and all his entertainers, and ordered his servant to take places in the mail-coach for that evening.

The major had a sincere liking and regard for his sister-in-law, whom he pronounced, and with perfect truth, to be as fine a lady as any in England.

That even a woman should be faultless, however, is an arrangement not permitted by nature, and Mrs. Pendennis had one vice, that of pride, which did not vest itself so much in her own person as in that of her family. She spoke about Mr. Pendennis—a worthy little gentleman enough, twenty years her senior, and whose death took place when Arthur was at Greyfriars School—with an awful reverence.

Arthur never went back to school after his father's death. He was about sixteen years old at that time and Mr. Smirke, the curate of Clavering, was engaged to ride over and pass several hours daily with him. Pendennis had a natural taste for reading every kind of book which did not fall into his school course, and he and his tutor rattled through the ancient poets together at a pleasant rate.

It was at this period that he broke out in the Poets' Corner of the County Chronicle with verses signed 'N. E. P.,' and his genius was of a decidedly gloomy cast. But he was not in love, because there was nobody at hand to fall in love with. And Helen Pendennis had made up her mind that he was to marry little Laura Bell, who would be eighteen when Pendennis was six-and-twenty. Laura, the orphan daughter of an old friend of Helen's, whom she had adopted as her own child.

But it chanced that one day, in the cathedral town of Chatteris, Pendennis met his quondam schoolfellow, Mr. Foker, who must needs take him to the theatre where Miss Fotheringay was performing, and Pen returned home as much in love as the best hero in the best romance he ever read.

II—Major Pendennis Negotiates

MAJOR PENDENNIS arrived in due time at Fairoaks, to find that the boy had almost talked over his mother. Let those who have the blessed privilege of an entrée into the best circles admit that he was a man of no ordinary generosity and affection in the sacrifice he now made.

He gave up his London in May! It was beautiful and tragical to see him refuse one party after another—at least, to those who could understand, as Helen didn't, the melancholy grandeur of his self-denial.

Having been a fortnight at Fairoaks, the major felt himself strong enough to go and face Captain Costigan at his lodgings in Chatteris, who was 'deloighted to see him,' and, with Irish hospitality, pressed refreshment upon him. The major declared he should like a biscuit and a glass of wine above all things, and poured out compliments on Miss Fotheringay's acting.

It was time for rehearsal and, as she took up her bonnet and shawl, looking uncommon pretty, good-natured and smiling, the major followed her to the door, where he squeezed her hand with the kindest and most paternal pressure and then came up to the table and drained his glass with a jovial smack.

"Capital Madeira, Captain Costigan," he said. "I drink the health of that charming creature. Faith, captain, I don't wonder the men are wild about her! I never saw such eyes in my life."

"A good girl, sir—a good girl," said the father. "She's the pride and glory of her father, honest old Jack Costigan. The man who gets her will have a jew'l to a wife, sir, and I drink his health; and ye know who I mean, major."

"I'm not surprised at young or old falling in love with her," said the major.

"Your admiration for my girl brings tears to my eyes—tears, sir, manlee tears—and when she leaves me humble home for your own more splendid mansion I hope she'll keep a place for her poor old father, poor old Jack Costigan."

"Your sentiments do you honour," the other said. "But, Captain Costigan, I can't help smiling at one thing you have just said. Speaking about our splendid mansion—my sister's house, I mean."

"I mean the park and mansion of Arthur Pendennis, Esq., of Fairoaks Park," said the captain, with dignity.

"My good sir, I give you my word that my brother did not leave a shilling to his son Arthur!" cried out Major Pendennis.

"Pooh, major! You're laughing at me," said Mr. Costigan. "Me young friend, I make no doubt, is heir to two thousand pounds a year."

"Two thousand fiddlesticks! I beg your pardon, my dear sir, but has the boy been humbugging you? Upon my honour as a gentleman, and an executor to my brother's will, too, he left little more than five hundred a year behind him, and every shilling of that to his widow—who may marry again."

"Are ye joking with me, Major Pendennis?" cried Jack Costigan. "Have a care, sir, how ye trifle with the honour of John Costigan. If I thought any mortal man meant to do so, be heavens, I'd have his blood, sir, were he old or young! Look at that chest of drawers! It contains heaps of letthers that that viper has addressed to that innocent child! There's promises there, sir, enough to fill a bandbox with; and when I have dragged the scoundrel before the courts of law, I have another remedy in yondher mahogany case, sir, which shall set me right, sir—ye mark my words, Major Pendennis—with any individual who has counselled your nephew to insult a soldier and a gentleman."

"Well, well," the major said, with perfect coolness, "these shall be the subjects of future arrangements, but do have the kindness to think in what earthly way I have injured you. I have told you my nephew is dependent on his mother, who has no more than five hundred a year."

"If it be as you say, I have been atrociously deceived by someone, and on that person I'll be revenged," said the captain.

"Is it my nephew?" said the major, starting up. "To tell lies has not been a habit in my family, and I don't think my brother's son has learnt it yet. Try and consider whether you have not deceived yourself. I come here to protest against a marriage, most absurd and unequal; and in preventing it, I conceive I am quite as much your daughter's friend as the friend of my family. And prevent this marriage I will. There, sir, I have said my say."

"Ye said, in the course of conversation, that ye were at the George Hotel, I think," said Mr. Costigan, in a stately manner. "A friend shall wait upon ye there."

"Let him make haste, Mr. Costigan!" cried the major, beside himself with rage. "I wish you a good-morning, sir."

Captain Costigan bowed a magnificent bow of defiance as the major retreated.

As Emily entered, he seized her in his arms, and cried out, "Prepare yourself, me child—me blessed child!"

"Ye're tipsy again, papa," said Miss Fotheringay, as she fled from his embrace.

"It's to forget me sorrows, me poor girl; it's to drown me care that I drain the bowl. That boy whom I loved as the boy of me bosom is only a scoundrel and a deceiver! He's a pauper, Miss Costigan, a depindent on the bounty of his mother—a good woman who may marry again, who is likely to live for ever and who has but five hundred a year."

Emily looked very grave and thoughtful.

"Sure, if he's no money, there's no use marrying him, papa," she said sententiously. "The poor boy always said he was poor. 'Twas you would have it he was rich, and made me agree to take him."

When, over their dinner, Costigan tried to convince himself that the major's statements were unworthy of credence, Miss Emily pointed out clearly that it was her father who had deceived himself and not poor little Pen who had tried to take them in. As for that poor lad, she said she pitied him with all her heart; and she ate an exceedingly good dinner as they devised means to bring this love-matter to a close.

As we all know, Miss Fotheringay went to London and subsequently married Sir Charles Mirabel, G.C.B.

Pendennis went to Oxbridge and, after three reckless years was 'plucked' for his degree, and went down heavily in debt. Helen paid these debts, partly with Laura's money, and the knowledge of this obligation caused Pen to blush very much on his return to Fairoaks.

He went back to Oxbridge later and passed his final examination with ease. Then, being three-and-twenty, he considered it was quite time to begin the serious business of life, and to enter his name at one of the Inns of Court.

III—Four Years Later

WHEN the major returned to London in November he found a card of Arthur's, on which 'Lamb's Court, Temple,' was engraved, and a note from the young gentleman stating that he was reading for the Bar.

"Boys will be boys," thought the mollified uncle. "He's written a devilish good letter. If he has sown his wild oats and will stick to his business he may do well yet. He doesn't like to come here until I give him leave, and puts it in a very manly, nice way. I was deuced angry with him after his Oxbridge escapades. Gad, I'll go and see him; hang me if I don't!"

And having ascertained that he could reach the Temple without much difficulty, the major one day entered a City omnibus and reached the dingy portal about twelve o'clock.

Having read with difficulty his nephew's name on the wall of No. 6, the major groped painfully up the abominable black stairs to the third storey. An Irish charwoman opened the door.

"Is that the beer?" cried out a great voice. "Give us hold of it!" The gentleman who was speaking was seated on a table, unshorn and smoking a short pipe. In a farther chair sat Pen, smoking a cigar.

"Pen, my boy, it's I—it's your uncle," said the major.

Mr. Warrington got up from the table. "Beg your pardon for mistaking you," said he frankly. "Will you take a cigar, sir?"

Pen flung his cigar into the grate, and was pleased with the cordiality with which his uncle shook his hand. The major, as soon as he could speak, for the stairs and the smoke, began to ask Pen about himself and his mother. Pen gave his news and introduced Mr. Warrington—an old Boniface man—whose rooms he shared. The major was quite satisfied when he heard Mr. Warrington was a younger son of Sir Miles Warrington of Suffolk.

The expected beer coming in, Mr. Warrington, with a laugh, said he supposed the major wouldn't take any, and he took a long draught himself, after which he wiped his wrist across his beard with great satisfaction. He was dressed in a ragged old shooting-jacket and was drinking beer like a coalheaver, and yet you couldn't but perceive he was a gentleman. When he had sate a minute or two he went out leaving Pen and his uncle together.

"ROUGH and ready, your chum seems," the major said. "Somewhat different to your dandy friends at Oxbridge."

"Times are altered," Arthur replied, with a blush. "Warrington is only just called, but he knows law pretty well; and until I can afford to read with a pleader I use his books and get his help."

"Is that one of the books?" the major asked, with a smile. A French novel lay at Pen's feet.

"This is not a working day, sir. We were out very late at a party last night at Lady Whiston's," said Pen, knowing his uncle's weakness. "I met an old flame of mine there, sir," he added, with a laugh. "You know whom I mean—Lady Mirabel. She shook hands and was gracious enough. I may thank you for being out of that scrape, sir."

"You were but a lad when that affair with the Fothergill—Fotheringay—(what's her name?) came off. But a man of the world gives up those follies. You may still do very well. You have a good name, good wits, good manners and a good person. And, begad, I don't see why you shouldn't marry a woman with money, get into Parliament, distinguish yourself and—and, in fact, that sort of thing. A woman with a good jointure is a doosid

deal easier profession than the law, let me tell you. Look out; I shall be on the watch for you! And I shall die content my boy, if I can see you with a good ladylike wife, and a good pair of horses and living in society like a gentleman."

"What would my mother and Laura say to this, I wonder?" thought the lad. Indeed, old Pendennis's morals were not their morals, nor their wisdom his.

IV—Pen is Married

It was at his friend Warrington's instigation that Pen became an author and, besides making money by writing in newspapers and reviews, achieved success with his novel, Walter Lorraine.

There came a summer when Pen went to Rosenbad, on a long-planned continental holiday, with his mother and Laura and his friend George Warrington. Helen's health was shaken, but the healing waters did her no good and the poor lady made no progress towards recovery.

Arthur was sitting with his mother. Their talk—or rather his, for she could scarcely speak—was more tender and confidential than it had been for years before.

Suddenly Laura heard Arthur's voice calling from within. She rushed into the room instantly. Pen looked round, scared with a ghastly terror.

"Help, Laura, help!" he said. "She's fainted. She's——"

Laura screamed and fell by the side of Helen. The shriek brought in Warrington. The sainted woman was dead. The last emotion of her soul was joy, to be henceforth unchequered and eternal. Helen's last breath was a benediction.

. . . . . .

Old Major Pendennis now treated his nephew with marked deference and civility as the head of the family, and advised him earnestly to give up living in those dirty chambers in the Temple, to remember he had a certain place in society, and couldn't afford to cut a poor figure in the world. "You don't intend to go on writing for that—what d'ye call 'em—that newspaper? You'll let Fairoaks, of course," said he.

"I hope Laura will live in it for the winter, at least, and will make it her home," said Arthur. At which the major pished and pshaw'd, and said she would mope herself to death alone in that place.

But old Lady Rockminster, who adored her young friend Laura, rushed over and insisted that she should remain six months, twelve months, all her life with her; and to her ladyship's house Pen and Warrington saw her depart. It was difficult to say which of the young men regarded her most tenderly.

"Your cousin is pert, and rather vulgar, my dear, but he seems to have a good heart," said Lady Rockminster. "I like Bluebeard best. Is he *touché au coeur?*"

"Mr. Warrington has been long engaged," Laura said, dropping her eyes.

We have to chronicle the events of but one day more, and that was a day when Mr. Arthur, attired in a new hat, a new blue frock coat and a new fancy waistcoat, made his appearance at a solitary breakfast, where he could scarce eat a single morsel of food. A letter lay on his worship's plate, and he kissed the seal before he broke it.

'I must not let the day pass over without saying a God bless you to both of you. May heaven make you happy, dear Arthur and dear Laura. I think, Pen, that you have got the best wife in the world, and pray that, as such, you will cherish her and tend her. The chambers will be lonely without you, dear Pen; but, if I am tired, I shall have a new home to go to in the house of my brother and sister. Farewell! Make your wedding tour and come back to your affectionate

G.W.'

Pendennis and his wife read this letter together in the churchyard, when the breakfast was over, over Helen's green grass. For which of these two—for grief, was it, or for happiness—that Laura's tears fell abundantly on the paper? And once more, in the presence of that sacred dust, she kissed and blessed her Arthur.

Major Pendennis became very serious in his old age and was never so happy as when Laura was reading to him or listening to his stories. For this sweet lady is the friend of young and old and her life is always passed in making others happy.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

IDYLLS OF THE KING

IN the autumn of 1859 Tennyson published the first series of his Idylls of the King—Enid, Vivien, Elaine, and Guinevere: Enid and Vivien having been privately printed in 1857. At once they became the delight of the most fastidious readers, and the last achieved a popular success far beyond the experience of any English poet save, perhaps, Byron and Scott. Within a month 10,000 copies were sold. The poems were fragments of the great epic of King Arthur and the Round Table, which Tennyson prepared so long and never completed, though he closed it twenty-six years later. From all quarters arose the chorus of praise of the 'sweetness' and 'purity' of treatment. A few, like Ruskin, were doubtful of 'that increased quietness of style,' and some suspected that the 'sweetness' was obtained at a sacrifice of force, and that the 'purity' entailed concessions to contemporary conventions. Yet it remains certain that the Idylls have, with In Memoriam, effected most in securing Tennyson's fame and standing as a poet.

I—Geraint and Enid



THE brave Geraint, a knight of Arthur's court,
A tributary prince of Devon, one
Of that great order of the Table Round,
Had married Enid, Yniol's only child,
And loved her, as he loved the light of Heaven.

And Enid loved the Queen, and with true heart
Adored her as the stateliest and the best
And loveliest of all women upon earth.
But when a rumour rose about the Queen,
Touching her guilty love for Lancelot,
Not less Geraint believed it; and there fell
A horror on him, lest his gentle wife,
Thro' that great tenderness for Guinevere,
Had suffered, or should suffer, any taint
In nature; wherefore, going to the King,
He made this pretext, that his princedom lay
Close on the borders of a territory
Wherein were bandit earls and caitiff knights;
And therefore craved permission to depart,
And there defend his marches; and the King
Allowing it, the prince and Enid rode,
And fifty knights rode with them, to the shores
Of Severn, and they past to their own land;
Where, thinking that 'if ever yet was wife
True to her lord, mine shall be so to me,'
He compass'd her with sweet observances
And worship, never leaving her, and grew
Forgetful of his promise to the King,
Forgetful of his glory and his name,
Forgetful of his princedom and its cares.

[Enid grieved over her husband's uxoriousness, and one morning, before they had risen, some words which she uttered as she lay awake, to the effect that she was no true wife or she would rouse him from his effeminacy, came to his ears; Geraint, hearing but fragments of her speech, feared she was sighing after some gay knight at Camelot, and rousing himself and ordering his charger and her palfrey, to be saddled, said he would ride forth into the wilderness, and bade her ride with him, clad in her worst and meanest dress. So Enid donned a faded silk dress, the very same dress in which Geraint had first met her, when, having taken shelter at her father's castle, he had overthrown her cousin Edyrn, 'the Sparrow-hawk,' in the tourney, and so restored to Yniol the earldom and possessions which his nephew had so long usurped.]

That morning, when they both had got to horse,
Perhaps because he loved her passionately,
And felt that tempest brooding round his heart,
Which, if he spoke at all, would break perforce
Upon a head so dear in thunder, said:
'Not at my side! I charge thee ride before,
Ever a good way on before; and this
I charge thee, on thy duty as a wife,
Whatever happens, not to speak to me,
No, not a word!' And Enid was aghast;
And forth they rode; and then he cried again,
'To the wilds!' and Enid, leading down the tracks
Thro' which he bad her lead him on, they past
The marches, and by bandit haunted holds,
Grey swamps and pools, waste places of the hern,
And wildernesses, perilous paths, they rode:
Round was their pace at first, but slacken'd soon:
A stranger meeting them had surely thought,
They rode so slowly and they look'd so pale,
That each had suffered some exceeding wrong.
For he was ever saying to himself,
'O I that wasted time to tend upon her
To compass her with sweet observances'
And there he broke the sentence in his heart
Abruptly, as a man upon his tongue
May break it when his passion masters him.
And she was ever praying the sweet heavens
To save her dear lord whole from any wound.
And ever in her mind she cast about
For that unnoticed failing in herself
Which made him look so cloudy and so cold;

Till the great plover's human whistle amazed
Her heart, and glancing round the waste she fear'd
In every wavering brake an ambuscade.
Then thought again, 'If there be such in me,
I might amend it by the grace of Heaven,
If he would only speak and tell me of it.'

[As they rode on, Enid, who was, of course, in front, was aware of three tall knights waiting, mounted and armed, behind a rock, and she went back and, disregarding his command that she should keep silence, warned Geraint of his danger. But he answered her wrathfully and, having slain the knights, bound their suits of armour to their horses and bade Enid drive them on before her.

Again they rode on, and presently Enid noticed in the shade of a deep wood three more horsemen waiting wholly armed. Once more she turned back and warned her husband, and he again answered her angrily, encountered the horsemen, slew them, and bound their suits of armour to their horses, and he now bade her drive all six horses on before her.

That night they stopped in a little town where Earl Limours, a former suitor of Enid's, had his palace; and Geraint entertained Limours nobly, who, however, the next day, being desirous of seizing Enid, repaid the kindness of his host by attacking him on the road. But Geraint overthrew Limours and dispersed his followers, not, however, without receiving a wound which obliged Enid and himself to be the guests of another caitiff earl, Doorm, surnamed the Bull.

Doorm, thinking Geraint to be next door to death, kept on insulting Enid by profiers of his love, till at last Geraint, who was but feigning extreme illness, having watched the boor smite her lightly on the cheek, sprang from the hollow shield in which he lay, and, with one sweep of his sword, struck Doorm's head from his shoulders, a feat which caused every man and woman in the hall to fly.]

And the two
Were left alone together, and he said:

'Enid, I have used you worse than that dead man;
Done you more wrong: we both have undergone
That trouble which has left me thrice your own;
Henceforward I will rather die than doubt.
And here I lay this penance on myself,
Not, tho' mine own ears heard you yester-morn—
You thought me sleeping, but I heard you say—
I heard you say that you were no true wife:
I swear I will not ask your meaning in it:
I do believe yourself against yourself,
And will henceforward rather die than doubt.'

And Enid could not say one tender word,
She felt so blunt and stupid at the heart:
She only prayed him, 'Fly, they will return
And slay you; fly, your charger is without,
My palfrey lost.'

[As they were riding away they were met by a horseman who turned out to be Enid's former braggart lover and cousin, Edyrn, now reformed and a knight of the Round Table. He told them that he came as the mouthpiece of the King, who was close behind, to Doorm, bidding him to disband his forces and to submit himself to his liege.

Thereupon Geraint related the story of what had taken place in Doorm's palace, and Edyrn, seeing Enid shrink every now and then from him, confessed to her how his being overthrown in the tourney by Geraint had made a new and a true man of him. This account of Edyrn's reformation was confirmed by the King, whom the three shortly met.

Greeting Enid and Geraint, he said to the latter:]

'Now behold me come
To cleanse this common sewer of all my realm,
With Edyrn and with others: have ye look'd
At Edyrn? Have ye seen how nobly chang'd?
This work of his is great and wonderful.
His very face with change of heart is changed.
The world will not believe a man repents:
And this wise world of ours is mainly right.

'Full seldom *does* a man repent, or use
Both grace and will to pick the vicious quitch
Of blood and custom wholly out of him,
And make all clean and plant himself afresh.
Edyrn has done it, weeding all his heart
As I will weed this land before I go.
I, therefore, made him of our Table Round,
Not rashly, but have proved him every way
One of our noblest, our most valorous,
Sanest and most obedient;
and indeed
This work of Edyrn wrought upon himself
After a *life* of violence, seems to me
A thousand-fold more great and wonderful
Than if some knight of mine, risking his life,
My subject with my subjects under him,
Should make an onslaught single on a realm
Of robbers, tho' he slew them one by one,
And were himself nigh wounded to the death.'

So spake the King; low bow'd the prince, and felt
His work was neither great nor wonderful.
And past to Enid's tent; and thither came
The King's own leech to look into his hurt;
And Enid tended on him there; and there
Her constant motion round him, and the breath
Of her sweet tendance hovering over him,
Filled all the genial courses of his blood
With deeper and with ever deeper love,
As the south-west that blowing Bala Lake
Fills all the sacred Dee. So past the days.

[Then, when Geraint was whole again and the King had cleansed the land of the bandit knights, they passed to Caerleon-upon-Usk, where the great Queen Guinevere again embraced her friend Enid. Afterwards the prince and his wife returned to their own land, where they lived happy and had many children, Geraint at last meeting a fair death in fighting for the King against the heathen of the northern sea.]

II—Merlin and Vivien

ONE day Merlin, the most famous man of all his times—Merlin, the wizard, the bard, who knew the starry heavens and all the arts; Merlin, who had built the King his havens, ships and halls—fell into a great melancholy, and, taking a little boat, he crossed the seas, touched the Breton sands, and made for the wild woods of Broceliande, followed by the wily Vivien, who pretended to be enamoured of the old man in order that she might obtain from him the knowledge of a famous spell which would put him wholly in her power.]

There lay she all her length and kiss'd his feet,
As if in deepest reverence and in love.
A twist of gold was round her hair; a robe
Of samite without price, that more exprest
Than hid her, clung about her lissome limbs.
And while she kiss'd them, crying, 'Trample me,
Dear feet, that I have follow'd thro' the world,
And I will pay you worship; tread me down,
And I will kiss you for it;' he was mute.
So dark a forethought roll'd about his brain.

And lissome Vivien, holding by his heel,
Writhed toward him, slided up his knee and sat,
Behind his ankle twined her hollow feet
Together curved, an arm about his neck,
Clung like a snake; and letting her left hand
Droop from his mighty shoulder, as a leaf,
Made with her right a comb of pearl to part
The lists of such a beard as youth gone out
Had left in ashes: Then adding all at once,
'And lo, I clothe myself with wisdom,' drew
The vast and shaggy mantle of his beard
Across her neck and bosom to her knee,
And call'd herself a gilded summer fly
Caught in a great old tyrant spider's web,
Who meant to eat her up in that wild wood
Without one word.

[Gradually, by very slow degrees, Merlin was won over half to believe in Vivien's sincerity, till at length she saucily told him that, do what he could to prevent her from finding his book of spells, she would read the charm.]

'Then read the book, my pretty Vivien!
Oh, ay, it is but twenty pages long,
But every page having an ample marge
And every marge enclosing in the midst
A square of text that looks a little blot,
The text no larger than the limbs of fleas,
And every square of text an awful charm,
Writ in a language that has long gone by;
So long, that mountains have arisen since
With cities on their flanks—thou read the book!
And every margin scribbled, crost, and crammed
With comment, densest condensation, hard
To mind and eye, but the long, sleepless nights
Of my long life have made it easy to me
And none can read the text, not even I;
And none can read the comment but myself,
And in the comment did I find the charm.'

[And he told her that, though she might keep her oath, and might refrain from practising the charm on him, he would not disclose it to her, lest she might essay it on some knight of the Round Table who she thought gossiped of her



AT MERLIN'S FEET THE WILY VIVIEN LAY
From the drawing by Gustave Doré



LANCELOT CAME TO THE CASTLE OF ASTOLAT, IN THE WEST

From the drawing by Gustave Doré

This declaration led Vivien to denounce various of the knights for conduct unbefitting their order. But Merlin in every case was able to show that the charge was mere slander until Vivien touched on the King :]

Then Merlin to his own heart, loathing, said :
' O true and tender ! O my liege and King !
O selfless man and stainless gentleman,
Who wouldst against thine own eye-witness fain
Have all men true and leal, all women pure :
How in the mouths of base interpreters,
From over-fineness not intelligible
To things with every sense as false and foul
As the poach'd filth that floods the middle street,
Is thy white blamelessness accounted blame ! '

But Vivien deeming Merlin overborne
By instance, recommenced, and let her tongue
Rage like a fire among the noblest names,
Defaming and defacing, till she left
Not even Lancelot brave, nor Galahad clean.

Her words had issue other than she will'd

[For Merlin, disgusted at her railing, muttered to himself ' wanton,' a phrase which brought from her a torrent of reproachful and indignant protest—in the midst of which, a storm coming on, Merlin urged her to come and shelter in the oak in which he lay. But Vivien refused to do so until, as a proof of his love, he told her the charm. A deafening crash of thunder soon forced her, however, to rush into Merlin's arms.]

She call'd him lord and liege.
Her seer, her bard, her silver star of eve.

And Merlin, overtalk'd and overworn,
Soon yielded, told her all the charm, and slept.

Then, in one moment, she put forth the charm
Of woven paces and of waving hands,
And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
And lost to life and use and name and fame.

Then crying, ' I have made his glory mine,'
And shrieking out, ' O fool ! ' the harlot leapt
Adown the forest, and the thicket closed
Behind her, and the forest echo'd ' Fool ! '

III—Lancelot and Elaine

ELAINE the fair, Elaine the loveable,
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,
High in her chamber up a tower to the east
Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot.

How came the lily maid by that good shield
Of Lancelot, she that knew not ev'n his name ?
He left it with her when he rode to tilt
For the great diamond in the diamond jousts,
Which Arthur had ordain'd, and by that name
Had named them, since a diamond was the prize.
For Arthur, long before they crown'd him King,
Roving the trackless realms of Lyonnesse,
Had found a glen, grey boulder and black tarn,
And in a misty moonshine, unawares,
Had trodden a crown'd skeleton, and the skull
Brake from the nape, and from the skull the crown
Roll'd into light. . . .
Thereafter, when a King, he had the gems,
Nine diamonds, one in front and four aside,
Pluck'd from the crown, and show'd them to his knights,
And said to them : ' Henceforward let there be,
Once every year, a joust for one of these :
For so by nine years' proof we needs must learn
Which is the mightiest.'
Thus he spoke,
And eight years past, eight jousts had been, and still
Had Lancelot won the diamond of the year,
With purpose to present them to the Queen,
When all were won ; but, meaning all at once
To snare her royal fancy with a boon
Worth half a realm, had never spoken word.

[But when the joust for the central diamond—the last and the largest—was about to take place, Lancelot, thinking the Queen, who was ill, wanted him to stay with her, declined taking part in the contest, on the plea that he was not yet recovered from an old wound. Finding, however, that the Queen felt uneasy both at his resolve and at the motive that prompted him to make it, he decided, at her suggestion, to go to the lists, not however in his own name, but as an unknown knight.

Riding off, then, to the west he came to the castle of Astolat, where he met the lord of Astolat and his two strong sons : Sir Torre, who had been hurt in his first tilt, and therefore was prevented from going to the jousts, and Sir Lavaine, who intended to enter them with the notion of winning the diamond for his fair sister Elaine. Sir Torre readily agreed to lend Sir Lancelot his blank shield, and in the course of conversation the latter paid a fitting compliment to the lily maid.]

He spoke and ceased : the lily maid Elaine,
Won by the mellow voice before she look'd,
Lifted her eyes, and read his lineaments.
The great and guilty love he bare the Queen,
In battle with the love he bare his lord,
Had marr'd his face, and mark'd it ere his time.
Another sinning on such heights with one,
The flower of all the west and all the world,
Had been the sleeker for it ; but in him
His mood was often like a fiend, and rose
And drove him into wastes and solitudes
For agony, who was yet a living soul.
Marr'd as he was, he seem'd the goodliest man
That ever among ladies ate in hall,
And noblest, when she lifted up her eyes.
However marr'd, of more than twice her years,
Seam'd with an ancient sword-cut on the cheek,
And bruised and bronzed, she lifted up her eyes
And loved him, with that love which was her doom.

Then the great knight the darling of the court,
Loved of the loveliest, into that rude hall



THE DEAD ELAINE COMES IN HER BARGE TO THE COURT OF THE QUEEN

From the painting by Mrs. Sophie Anderson in the Walker Gallery, Liverpool

Stept with all grace, and not with half disdain
Hid under grace, as in a smaller time,
But kindly man moving among his kind:
Whom they, with meats and vintage of their best
And talk and minstrel melody entertain'd.

[After the meal was over, Lancelot, on the invitation of Lavaine, told of Arthur's glorious wars, and, concluding, said, 'I never saw his like: there lives no greater leader.']

While he utter'd this,
Low to her own heart said the lily maid,
'Save your great self, fair lord'; and when he fell
From talk of war to traits of pleasantry
She still took note that when the living smile
Died from his lips, across him came a cloud
Of melancholy severe, from which again,
Whenever in her hovering to and fro
The lily maid had striven to make him cheer,
There brake a sudden-beaming tenderness
Of manners and of nature: and she thought
That all was nature, all, perchance, for her.
And all night long his face before her lived,
Dark-splendid, speaking in the silence, full
Of noble things, and held her from her sleep.

[The next morning she got up early to watch Lancelot and her brother go forth to the jousts, and she persuaded the former, who told her he had never yet worn favour of any lady in the lists, to wear her favour on his helmet, a red sleeve broidered with pearls. He, on his part, committed his shield to her keeping. The jousts now took place, and Lancelot again defeated his competitors and won the diamond. But, being severely wounded, he rode off to be tended by an old hermit, in whose cell he lay long, hovering between life and death.

Meantime the King had summoned his nephew Gawain, and commanded him to search for the stranger knight, and to give him the diamond. But both King and Queen sat through the banquet that concluded the jousts in no merry mood, for he learnt from her that the stranger knight was Lancelot, and that therefore Lancelot had been dallying with the truth, and she learnt from him that her lover had worn a lady's favour in his helm, and that not her own.

In the meantime Gawain stopped on his quest at Astolat, and having discovered in Elaine the owner of the red sleeve, and told her whose shield she guarded, handed over to her the diamond and returned to the court. She, anxious to tend her knight in his illness, obtained permission of her father to go to him, and came to the hermit's cave, and handed over the diamond to Lancelot. Long she waited on him in his sickness day and night, till the hermit, skilled in all the science of the time, told him that her care had saved his life.]

And the sick man forgot her simple blush,
Would call her friend and sister, sweet Elaine,
Would listen for her coming and regret
Her parting step, and hold her tenderly,
And loved her with all love except the love
Of men and women when they love their best,
Closest and sweetest, and had died the death
In any knightly fashion for her sake.
And, peradventure had he seen her first,
She might have made this and that other world
Another world for the sick man; but now
The shackles of an old love straiten'd him—
His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

[When his hurt was at last whole, Sir Lancelot returned to Astolat, where the great knight, anxious to show his gratitude to the lily maid, pressed upon her that she should ask some goodly gift of him. Long she refused, but in the end she asked to be his wife, and on his telling her that he would never marry she swooned.

After his departure Elaine drooped daily, and a few days before her death she gained from her father a promise that when she died her bed should be richly decked, and her body, richly adorned, should be laid in it, and that the bier should be taken to the river, placed in a barge clothed in black, and so be conveyed to court to meet the Queen. And on the very day on which Lancelot gave the ninth diamond to the Queen—who, in her angry jealousy, flung it from her into the river—the dead Elaine, holding in her hand a letter avowing her unreturned love for Lancelot, appeared in her barge under the walls of the palace.

The King opened the letter, and read it to his lords and ladies, who wept. Then he ordered Elaine to be buried in a magnificent tomb.

As for the Queen, she asked Sir Lancelot's forgiveness for her anger, saying that hers was 'jealousy in love.' But Lancelot pondered much over matters, deeming Elaine's love far tenderer than Guinevere's, and wondering whether 'jealousy in love' were not rather 'dead love's harsh heir, jealous pride.'

IV—Guinevere

QUEEN GUINEVERE had fled the court, and sat
There in the holy house at Almesbury
Weeping, none with her save a little maid,
A novice: one low light betwixt them burn'd.
The white mist, like a face-cloth to the face,
Clung to the dead earth, and the land was still

For thus it chanced, Modred, all ear and eye,
Climbed one day to the top of the garden wall
To spy some secret scandal if he might;
He little saw, for Lancelot passing by,
Spied where he couch'd, and as the gardener's hand
Picks from the colewort a green caterpillar,
So from the high wall and the flowering grove
Of grasses Lancelot pluck'd him by the heel.
But when Sir Lancelot told
This matter to the Queen, at first she laugh'd;
Then laugh'd again, but faintlier, for indeed
She half-foresaw that he, the subtle beast,
Would track her guilt until he found, and hers
Would be for evermore a name of scorn.

Henceforward, too, the Powers that tend the soul,
To help it from the death that cannot die,
And save it even in extremes, began
To vex and plague her. Many a time for hours,
Beside the placid breathings of the King,
In the dead night, grim faces came and went
Before her, or a vague, spiritual fear
Held her awake: or if she slept, she dream'd
An awful dream.

[In the end Lancelot and she agreed to part, after having one final meeting.]

Passion-pale they met
And greeted; hands in hands, and eye to eye,
Low on the border of her couch they sat
Stammering and staring. It was their last hour,
A madness of farewells. And Modred brought
His creatures to the basement of the tower
For testimony; and crying with full voice,
'Traitor, come out; ye are trapt at last!' aroused
Lancelot, who, rushing outward lion-like, [fell,
Leapt on him and hurl'd him headlong, and he
Stunn'd, and his creatures took him and bare him off,
And all was still.

[Lancelot then offered to take the Queen to his castle overseas; but she refused, and took refuge in the convent at Almesbury, giving not her name, while he went back to his own land. On an evening when the mist covered the face of the earth a rumour reached the convent that Sir Modred had usurped the realm and leagued himself with the heathen while the King was waging war on Lancelot. And the little maid, who had been wont to amuse Guinevere by her naive garrulity, now so stung her by her frank comments on the wickedness of Lancelot and the Queen that Guinevere dismissed her. She then went off into a reverie, and thought of the golden days in which she first saw Lancelot, until the sudden cry of, 'The King!' made her fall from her seat.]

[hair,
There, with her milk-white arms and shadowy
She made her face a darkness from the King:
And in the darkness heard his armed feet
Pause by her; then came silence, then a voice,
Monotonous and hollow like a ghost's [King's:
Denouncing judgement, but tho' changed, the
'Liest thou here so low, the child of one
I honour'd, happy, dead before thy shame?
Well is it that no child is born of thee.
The children born of thee are sword and fire,
Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,
The craft of kindred, and the godless hosts
Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern Sea . . .
[from him,
And knowest thou now from whence I come—
From waging war with Lancelot: and he,
That did not shun to smite me in worse way,
Had yet that grace of courtesy in him left,
He spared to lift his hand against the King.
But many more, when Modred raised revolt,
Forgetful of their troth and fealty, clave
To Modred, and a remnant stays with me. . .
Bear with me for the last time while I show,
Ev'n for thy sake, the sin which thou hast sinn'd.
I was the first of all the kings who drew
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all
The realms together under me, their head
In that fair Order of my Table Round
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were [king,
Their conscience, and their conscience as their
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander—no, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds
Until they won her.
And all this throve until I wedded thee.'

He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch
Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.
Far off a solitary trumpet blew.
Then, waiting by the doors, the war-horse neighed
As at a friend's voice, and he spoke again:

'Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes.
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
Lo! I forgive thee, as eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest. . .
But how to take last leave of all I loved?
O golden hair, with which I used to play,
Not knowing! O imperial-moulded form,
And beauty such as never woman wore,
Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee—
I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine,
But Lancelot's: nay, they never were the King's.
I cannot take thy hand; that too, is flesh,
And in the flesh thou hast sinn'd: but yet I say
Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Not Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
I charge thee, my last hope.
Farewell!'

And while she grovell'd at his feet,
She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,
Perceived the waving of his hands that blest.

And so the King left Guinevere—to fight the great battle in the West, in which he was doomed to meet death or some mysterious doom. But the Queen, overcome by her meeting with him, and repenting of her grievous sin, revealed herself to the abbess and became one of the nuns. Thus she lived till the abbess died.]

Then she, for her good deeds and her pure life,
And likewise for the high rank she had borne,
Was chosen Abbess, there, an Abbess, lived
For three brief years, and there, an Abbess, past
To where beyond these voices there is peace.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

SUCCESS first came to Jean Paul Richter in 1793 when he published The Invisible Opera Box, and fame followed in 1795, when his Hesperus appeared. Thereafter Richter produced a brilliant series of works embracing literature, art, drama, religion, children's games, etc., which made him world-famous, and among his own countrymen of such high repute that they designated him 'Der Einzige'—the Unique. Admittedly one of the greatest of German writers, his work was not without influence upon the style of Carlyle, who translated two of his works, Quintus Fixlein, and Schmelzle's Journey, and who spread his fame among English-speaking people by two brilliant essays on the great German man of letters. Richter's Autobiography—left unfinished at his death—is a masterpiece of its kind, and very characteristic of the man, charged with all his fertile imagination, his love of nature and of children, and his distinctive humour. This epitome has been prepared from the German text.

I—With the Spring



IT was in the year 1763 that I came into the world, at about the same time that the Peace of Hubertsburg, on February 15, put an end to the great Seven Years' War. The event happened in the same month when the golden and grey wagtail, the robin, the crane, the red-hammer, the snipe and the woodcock appeared also, and the spoonwort and the aspen hung out their tender blossoms. The exact date of my birth was March 21. Thus my life and the spring began at the same time.

I place myself among the dead, for all are out of the world who saw me come into it. My father was John Christian Christopher Richter. He was *tertius* [master of the third class in the gymnasium] and organist in the town of Wunsiedel. My mother was daughter of a cloth-weaver. My father was son of the rector of the gymnasium at Neustadt-on-the-Kulm, of whom we know nothing but that he was very poor and very pious. My father was born in 1727 at Neustadt. He went to the gymnasium at Regensburg to cultivate the flower of his nature as well as the leaves, and this was the science of music. Piano playing and general bass caused him, forty years later, to become a favourite composer of church music in the principality of Baireuth.

Only one false resolution of my father's could we place perhaps to the account of his necessities, that, instead of moving with his whole heart and muse to sweet sounds, he gave himself like a monk to the office of preaching and suffered his genius for music to be buried in a village church.

Had I understood my father as he desired, I should now, instead of lectures, be delivering sermons, and might even have had a place in The Universal Magazine for Preachers.

The Fichtelgebirge, the region in which I was born, almost the highest in Germany, gives splendid health to its inhabitants. I am willing to have been born in thee, Wunsiedel, little city of the high mountains, whose summits look down on us like the heads of eagles. Thy fountains of health give a sick man strength to ascend the wide throne above them. In the year 1765 my father was called to be pastor at Joditz.

Let no poet suffer himself to be born or educated in a metropolis, but, if possible, in a hamlet, or at the highest in a village. The excesses and fascinations of a great city are to the excitable, weak soul of a child like supping at midnight on fiery wine. I am thinking of that which is most inspiring to the poet—love! In a village all the inhabitants love each other, and the Joditzers have accustomed themselves to dwell in each other.

My life in Joditz consisted in learning everything. Like a prince, I revelled in half a dozen teachers, and had scarcely a good one. At length, from a lower

school I entered, in a green taffeta cap, and already in breeches, the high school which was opposite the parsonage.

As usual, I loved all in the school, especially the lean, consumptive and animated schoolmaster, with whom I shared all his patient anxiety when he lay in ambush behind a bird-cage placed in the window to allure some passing goldfinch, or when he spread a net in the snow and caught a yellow-hammer.

A little accident, alas! closed the school door on me. I complained to my father that the tall son of a peasant had cut me a little on a knuckle with a clasp-knife. In his ambitious anger, my father resolved to instruct me and my brother alone. Four hours in the morning and three in the afternoon he devoted to our instruction, which consisted merely in learning by heart sentences, catechisms, Latin words and long grammatical lessons.

Did my father on a lovely summer's day go into the country, such accursed examples as *panis*, *piscis*, were to be learnt by heart next morning. It was not an easy thing on a clear, blue June day, when the omnipotent father was in the house, to make oneself a fast prisoner in a corner and engrave two or three pages of vocables in the head.

My father had a warm, loving heart, with no faults in his whole plan of education except faults of the head, none of the will. He would easily in his tenderness shed tears over any little sign of talent or improvement in me. I learnt to write Latin fairly and Greek tolerably.

My thirst for books grew intensely in this Sahara desert. Every book was to me a fresh, green oasis, especially the Orbis Pictus of Comenius and the Dialogues of the Kingdom of the Dead. Only, my father's library was rarely open (like many public ones), except when he was not in it nor at home. I often crept in to obtain a book for myself.

My intellectual fibres penetrated and wound themselves round anything from which they could extract their aliment. I made clock dials, took to painting fantastic designs, caught gudgeons in the brook and salted them down to turn them into red herrings, and dried halves of pears on bits of broken glass and then served them up as hams ready for eating.

Thus I followed all intellectual and physical experiments with delight inexpressible. I even invented a new language and new characters. To music was my soul, like my father's, everywhere open, and had for it a hundred Argus ears. I devoted whole hours upon an old harpsichord, to thunder out my fantasies. My father had taught me neither note nor fingering, but I was at the height of felicity if I managed to strum out some fragment of melody or harmony, which I ecstatically repeated over and over.

II—Idylls of the Seasons

That which I have never hitherto told may now be mentioned. I shall never forget the thrill I experienced at the birth of my self-consciousness when I discovered the real significance of the word 'philosopher,' and through its meaning looked as if through heaven's gate into gardens of delight. While still a child I stood gazing from the doorway towards the woodstack, when, like a flash of lightning from the firmament, the inner vision, 'I am an Ego,' for the first time shone before me, never from that moment to fade away.

The village life at Joditz may best be illustrated by breaking up a year into four idyllic seasons. In the winter, when all was silent and snowy without, there was life in our abode, with doves, goldfinches, and three dogs; while in the kitchen were two maidservants. The stable, the cattle, the pigs and the chickens made the parsonage lively with many noises, and threshers with their flails added to the animation.

In intervals between studies, and especially on vacation days, many little transactions needed attention in the village. Delightful walks with our father during twilight were followed by the summons of the vesper-bell to evensong and prayer. In the evening we children were permitted to romp in our long nightdresses; while our father, utterly undisturbed by the racket, composed oratorios in his music-book without any

help from external notes. The climax of our winter pleasures was attained when severe frost set in, and we were allowed to bask in the heat of the great clumsy stove, seated on two long forms.

The Joditz spring and summer brought a more protracted idyll, taking up the two seasons, for one period melted into the other. By the time we were beginning to grow weary of being shut up in the parsonage, spring came like an angel from heaven to invite us into the gardens and meadows, to witness the ploughing, sowing, planting, mowing, haymaking and reaping.

Vivid is the memory of the dewy summer mornings when I carried the coffee to my father in the parsonage garden, where he was studying his sermon in the arbour. And in the evening we went again into the garden with our mother to gather salad, and then enjoyed the crowning pleasure of the day by eating supper without the need of candles. The swallows flitted over us as we romped in the walled court of the parsonage before retiring, like them, to our nests.

Part of the summer idyll was the fluttering round me of the loveliest of summer birds, a blue-eyed peasant girl—my first love—named Augustina, who dwelt with her brother Römer, a choral singer and accountant, and a splendid youth. No declaration ever evolved from this passion; never did we two press hands, much less exchange a kiss; but on Sundays I gazed at her from the pastor's pew without ever tiring of the vision, and from the garden wall on many an evening I watched as she drove home her cows. It was a purely spiritual ecstasy of love, associated for long years afterwards with the echo of the mountain cowbells.

PURE love is as potent to create and elevate as base love is to destroy and suppress. Deprive a man who gazes on beautiful scenes, stars, flowers, mountains, of the emotion of love, and he will through life feel that he has lost the tenth muse, the mother of all the muses, through the loss of this sweet and holy intoxication.

One of my peculiarities was that however bashful I might seem ordinarily to be when silent amid company, I was



JOHANN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER—generally known as Jean Paul Richter—was born at Wunsiedel in Bavaria, March 21, 1763, son of a poor but highly accomplished schoolmaster who became a Lutheran pastor at Schwarzenbach, on the Saale. Young Richter entered Leipzig University in 1780 with the intention of studying theology, but quite early he decided to adopt literature as his life work, and while still only twenty found a publisher for his first book. He married in 1800, and in 1804 settled in Baireuth, where he spent the rest of his life, dying there November 14, 1825.

full of courage if ordered to speak or to recite to entertain friends. My father was delighted with my faculty for remembering the substance of his sermons, of which I could always easily recite the outlines.

Once, when my father was out, I even went with his hymn-book to visit a poor sick woman, as if I were a full-grown pastor. To her I began to read hymns, but was soon interrupted by weeping and sobbing not, however, on the part of the old woman, who remained wholly indifferent, but on the part of the youthful reader himself.

Much of my physical vigour in after years was owing to the long walks involved in executing errands on which I was frequently sent, sometimes to my grandparents, sometimes to the town down below in the plain.

Vivid is the recollection of the two hours over the mountain roads and through the woods one summer day when returning from the town. About two in the afternoon, as I gazed down on the slopes on the cornfields, now radiant in the sunshine and now shadowed with fleeting clouds, there came over my soul an indefinite yearning

for something I had never yet known. It was the intense aspiration of the whole being for the heavenly and the infinite, which I have often subsequently described in my works.

The climax of the summer joys was the Monday after St. James's Day. On that day without fail each year my grandfather sent a coach, in which my mother rode to the annual fair, taking me with her. For this great occasion my hair was always specially curled with tongs by the hairdresser. The afternoon at the Kermess was one of deafening noise, chaotic confusion, and unrestrained joy for a boy like myself.

I bought almonds and raisins to take home in order to drop them over the garden wall for the cow-girl Augustina. It was on the evening of the fair that I first heard drums, fifes and cymbals. Even now the intoxicating exhilaration recurs when I hear them again. The notes of the higher octaves of the shrill fifes seem to presage the future, just as deep bass music seems to vibrate the past.

I have kept to the last the Joditz autumn idyll. The poet, being a spiritual painter, loves the autumn as does the landscape painter, and I still in my old age prefer that season. With my proclivities to domesticity I fancied the swallows specially happy as they nestled comfortably in their walled retreats. Climbing to the roof, I felt quite at home in the great pigeon-house, with its many dove-cots. And my childish fancy led me to make out of a ball of clay a home for flies. In this I imprisoned many flies, watching them through a piece of glass that formed a window, as they ran in and out of the tiny rooms, and I imagined to myself the details of their domestic life.

I STILL greet with delight the advent of autumn, joyfully hearing the threshing, the cawing of the crows, the signal notes of birds preparing to migrate and the trumpeting of geese as the prelude of winter. In the autumn evenings my father used to take me and my brother to the potato field on the slope above the river.

Two of the choicest memories of those autumn days are preserved like flowers in my mental store-house. One annual incident was the gathering of pears from a fine tree into which my father climbed by a ladder. Another tree, always blooming in recollection, was the birch felled every year on St. Andrew's Eve. This was our Christmas tree, on which golden fruit was hung for the festival. It was preserved for Christmas by being planted in a great flower-pot in lime and water.

III—A Great Change

THE end of the Joditz idylls was brought about by that actual stage-director and manager of the world, Death. The pastor of Schwarzenbach-on-Saale passed away and the living was awarded to my father. He took the glad news of his promotion to more comfortable circumstances seriously and sadly. As a few drops like tears always hang on a bridal wreath, so did he weep at the thought of leaving his beloved and loving parish, and in the prospect of exchanging the peaceful and simple life of the sequestered village for that of a market town.

In the parsonage in the new parish were many little rooms and two large ones. The schoolhouse was close by, as also was the Saale, with two great bridges. There was a town hall, and a large empty castle.

A new rector, Werner, from Merseburg, happened to enter on his office at the same time as my father upon his duty as pastor. He was a handsome, lively and naturally eloquent man, with a large heart, but was not deeply erudite. His method of teaching was to confine our study of grammar as much as possible to the most essential inflections, and to push us on rapidly with the reading of authors.

I had to jump right away into Cornelius, and the leap was a success. I soon passed on to the Greek grammar and the Greek Testament, and the next year began Hebrew. The course was peculiar. I had to translate the Hebrew and Greek Testaments into Latin, as if writing a Vulgate version. I fell completely in love with the Hebrew analytical trivialities—the points, vowels and accents—and investigated the minutest details in all the different Hebrew text-books I could borrow. Just in the same style I dug into Latin syntax.

Soon after arriving in the new home I enjoyed the advantage of pianoforte lessons from Gressel, the Cantor, but soon cut loose from directions and took to improvising on the piano and to playing any music on which I could lay my hands. Thus, I acquired a knowledge of harmony and a facility in playing at sight much as we learn the grammar of our own language by conversation.

The young curate, Völkel, soon after this, volunteered to spend two hours after dinner each day in reading all sorts of subjects with me. With a course in philosophy, dry though it was, I was refreshingly stimulated; but the curate's geographical instructions seemed to confuse me with names of towns and maps of frontiers.

Far more profitable and interesting was the peculiar instruction by the good curate in German composition, which in reality was simply theology. I was asked to furnish, without the help of the Bible, the evidences of the existence of God, of Providence, etc. These exercises elicited the most glowing enthusiasm in my spirit, and all sense of toil was lost in that of the most absorbing pleasure.

I deserted the curate in a very foolish manner, simply because he one day disappointed me by failing to play a promised game at chess conduct as to which my father maintained inexplicable silence. Yet I continued to love the curate, and nothing gave me greater joy than to see him turn in to spend an evening at our house, as he did after baptisms.

IV—The First Kiss

I HAVE related how I first fell in love in church. The second time happened in a school, where at a carnival Katharine Bärin sat on a bench, with her eyes sparkling in her round, alluring face. The school carnival, the date of which was Shrove Tuesday, consisted in dancing and playing the game of 'How do you like your neighbour?' which, of course, involved some kissing. To this I called Katharine at each opportunity, my love increasing as the game developed.

I enjoyed the bliss of seeing her every day as she ran over the bridge in her little white apron and cap, but could only love her from the window out of which I gazed. This was no mere empty duplication of the love episode at Joditz, for it issued in at least something.

One evening I committed a deed of daring. During a visit from the curate to my father I stole out into the darkness and went to Katharine's house, and made my way into a room down below. By pure chance I found her on the stairs and quickly presented some sweets I had brought, and then for the first time embraced the beloved one, imprinting a kiss on her lips. The incident was like a dream that came and went, and it was never repeated. But the paradise that in that jewelled moment blossomed forth has never faded.

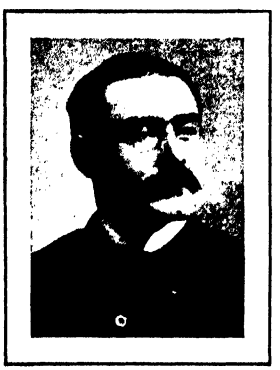
The children of a pastor, having so often witnessed the preparation of others for the solemn ceremony, approach their first communion with special reverence. My own feeling of awe was greatly intensified in view of the event by the fiery preaching of our rector. Often in secret did I kneel in the garret before Confession Sunday, to repent. And sweet was the act on that day of seeking from parents and teachers pardon for all faults.

A blessed sense of peace with God and man took possession of the soul on that evening. That complete rest of heart and mind comes the more easily in childhood, because the sacrifices involved are smaller than under the complex conditions of maturer years. The youth and the maiden, with their ardent enthusiasm, command a shorter road to the highest moral purity than that which the man and woman must traverse, through the wilderness of cares, toils and troubles.

Surely we may permit ourselves the blessedness of still dreaming of the overflowing heaven that would receive us if in a higher and second youth we should love with larger spiritual embrace, widening the heart in sympathy for all. Though the ecstasy did not abide, this spring festivity of the heart revived in later years as a quiet, calm sabbath, when the grand old stoical spirits of Plutarch, Epictetus and Antoninus rose before me and emancipated me from all earthly unrest.

A Note on Rudyard Kipling

THE most prominent figure of English literature in the 1890's was probably Rudyard Kipling (b. 1865), and his appearance was regarded at that time as a phenomenon. It was the day of Meredith and Hardy and the stately pagans of dignified utterance. Imagine then the sensation caused by the irruption of this Anglo-Indian who spoke the rough and racy jargon of the barrack-room. No one that read Barrack Room Ballads when they first appeared in The Scots (afterwards National) Observer will forget the sensation of listening to a new and individual voice in literature. How greedily Departmental Ditties and Plain Tales from the Hills, printed several years before in The Civil and Military Gazette of Lahore, were then absorbed by all who had not been in at the very beginning of the career of this new genius of the pen.



Rudyard Kipling in 1890

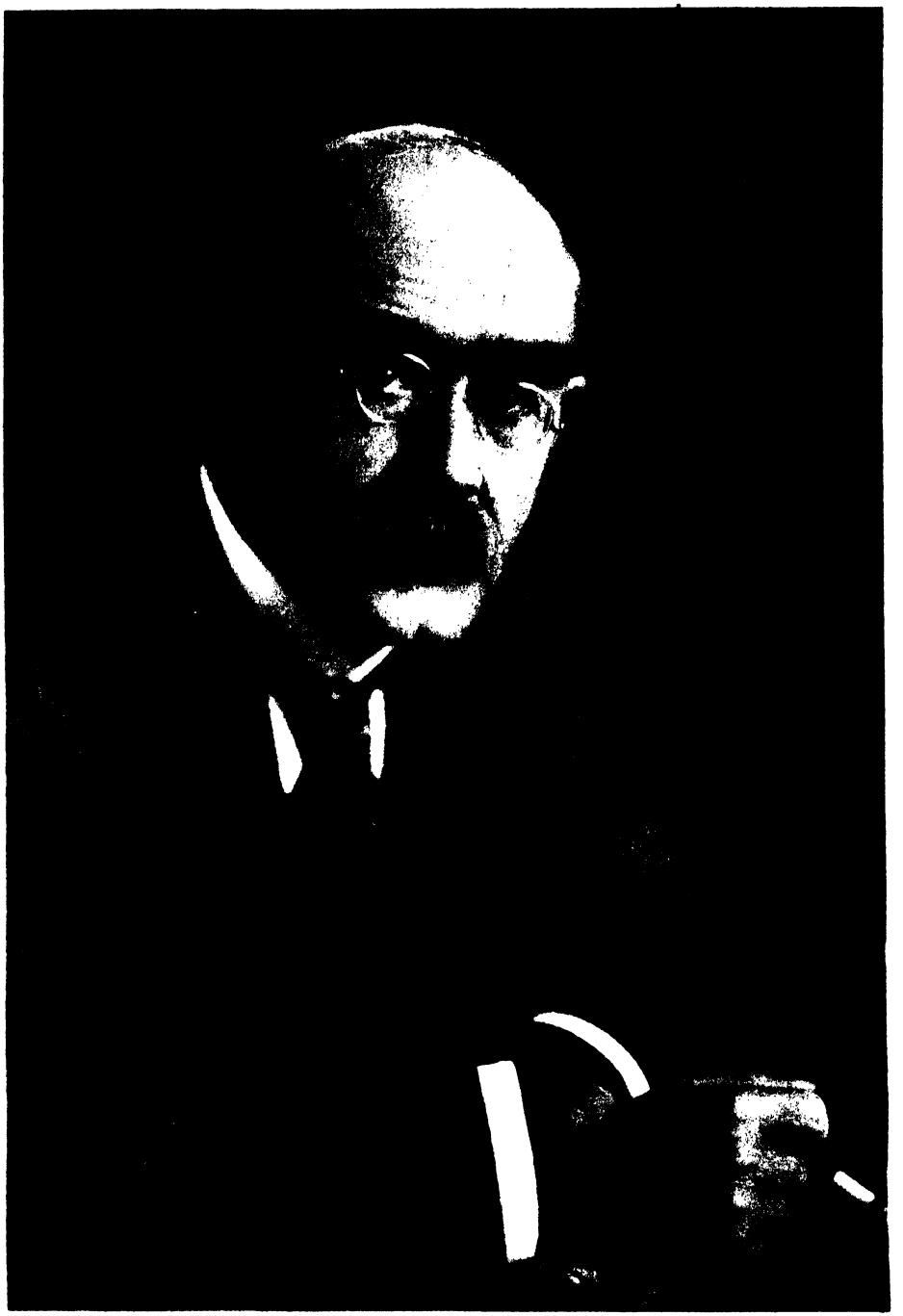
IT is always the fate of one who has a new way of saying anything to be criticised for breaking with the old and condemned for most of the qualities that make him eventually admired. Kipling was no exception to this rule, save in that his ascendancy was quickly established, and only those to whom his political outlook was jingoist remained to scoff. He is of the company of the great, both in prose and in poetry, and the fact that certain of his measures have a lilt that is facile and easily parodied does not detract from the power and rugged beauty with which he can invest them.

Kipling is neither a student, nor yet a portrayer, of individual character, of the glories and frailties, the triumphs and depths of human nature: such subtleties are not his *metier* and in his wisdom he consistently avoided all such analyses. He is, above all, the painter of larger canvases, the voice of a collective character, a national genius, the voice, briefly, of Imperial Britain. No poet of our time has written anything finer than Recessional: genuine patriotism has no grander voice; and even the 'Little Englander' could not give patient ear to Kipling unmoved by the poet's passionate love of the Empire. For there is about all Kipling's most typical work a sublime quality that recalls the Hebrew prophets in their solemn invocations of their tribal God: often he stands like the priest-prophet of old in the presence of the Holy One of Israel.

George Moore, a critic little given to praise of his contemporaries, has paid tribute to an aspect of Kipling's genius that is particularly outstanding: his unusually copious vocabulary. 'Mr. Kipling's,' he says, 'is a barrack full of oaths and clatter of sabres; but his language is copious, rich, sonorous. None since the Elizabethans has written so copiously. Others have written more beautifully, but no one has written so copiously. Shelley and Wordsworth, Landor and Pater, wrote with part of the language; but who else, except Whitman, has written with the whole language since the Elizabethans?'

RUDYARD KIPLING has always been popular and had generous recognition; he was awarded the Nobel prize for Literature in 1907. His strength is essentially literary and artistic and his interventions in politics have sometimes been infelicitous. His imperialism is seen at its best in his pictures of nature, life and heroism at the far-flung outposts. He began writing in 1881, when appeared Schoolboy Lyrics, privately printed by his parents at Lahore. Barrack Room Ballads first appeared in 1892. And 1893 was the year that came between his early and his mature periods. In 1894 and 1895 came the two Jungle Books (studied in the later pages of this work) and, in 1896, that excellent volume of verse, The Seven Seas. Stalky and Co., published in 1890, is a tale of schoolboy days and was largely drawn from the author's recollections of his early days spent in the United Services College at Westward Ho in Devonshire. It is not one of his great works; but it must always be of value as a complementary study of Victorian school life to be read along with the immortal Tom Brown's Schooldays.

KIM is one of the great works of the century, and is chosen for critical appreciation of *The World's Great Books* as Kipling's most representative work. It is a tender and wonderful story and reveals the author's intimate knowledge of Indian life more completely than any other of his works. Mr. E. B. Osborn's 'study' should send all who have not already read the story to the immediate enjoyment of that pleasure. The cheapest edition is published at 6s. by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., St. Martin's Street, London, W.C., who publish all the prose works of Rudyard Kipling in various editions. Kim was published in 1901, and was rapidly succeeded by Just So Stories and The Five Nations. Puck of Pook's Hill, a delightful interpretation of old England, appeared in 1906.



Elliott & Fry

Rudyard Kipling

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RUDYARD KIPLING

KIM OF THE RISHTI

A Study by E. B. Osborn

I—Friends of the World



THERE is no more wonderful tale of adventure in the language than Kim, which represents the genius of Rudyard Kipling at its culmination. It is not only the story of a boy with a quite unique gift for the subtle intelligence work—espionage would be a gross and unjust name for it—which anticipates and arrests the intrigues that might break the peace of India, but also a romance of spirituality, of mankind's unending quest for the divinely ordained road, the strait pathway, leading out of the vast and bewildering illusion of mortal life.

Kim and the old Lama from Tibet, who becomes his travelling companion, are the heroes of the twofold drama of action and the soul's high enterprise. But India, like Egdon Heath in Hardy's Return of the Native, is really the chief character, making or unmaking men and dominating either side of the story. There is the visible India with its wondrous variety of scenery and of human types busy with worldly affairs. But there is also the invisible India, the most ancient of man's spiritual homes, with its old religions and cosmogonies, towering heavenward like the Himalayas and white with the snows of eternal thought. The dust and turmoil of the populous and picturesque scene move the reader—but he is more profoundly stirred by entering into the secret Orient where a man of affairs may give up all worldly honour and glory to meditate and make his soul,

> To learn and discern of his brother the clod,
> His brother the brute, and his brother the god,

and so round off his life into a perfect whole.

KIM'S father was a colour-sergeant of the Mavericks, an Irish regiment, and his mother had been a nursemaid in a colonel's family. Kimball O'Hara had in the end 'gone native altogether,' as the saying is, had learnt to love opium, and had died as poor whites die in India. His whole estate at death consisted of three papers: one he called his *ne varietur*, because those words were written under his signature thereon; his 'clearance-certificate'; and Kim's birth-certificate. In his glorious opium hours he warned Kim not to part with them on any account, for they would some day make a man of him. The half-caste woman with whom he lived sewed these papers after his death into a leather amulet-case, which she strung round Kim's neck. "And some day," she told the little boy, confusedly remembering O'Hara's prophecies, "there will come for you a great Red Bull on a green field, and the Colonel riding on his tall horse, and" dropping into English "nine hundred devils." If any authoritative person had seen those papers, Kim would have been caught and brought up normally, perhaps at the Masonic Orphanage in the Hills. But he escaped and lived in Lahore like a native child, and what he did not know about the customs, stories and proverbs of his associates was really not worth knowing.

All castes and conditions were familiar to him, but he was puzzled at his first sight of the Lama.

> He was nearly six feet high, dressed in fold upon fold of dingy stuff like horse-blanketing. At his belt hung a long open-work iron pen-case and a wooden rosary such as holy men wear. On his head was a gigantic sort of tam-o'-shanter. His face was yellow and wrinkled, like that of Fook Sing, the Chinese bootmaker in the bazaar. His eyes turned up at the corners and looked like little slits of onyx.

A scholar of parts, once a ruler in his Tibetan lamassery, he had come down into

Hind to visit the Holy Places of Buddhism and to find the 'River of the Arrow'—the mystic stream which gushed forth where fell the shaft shot by the young Buddha from a bow none could bend, and which washes away all taint and speckle of sin.

Kim, who is known as the 'Little Friend of all the World,' being kind and tolerant to all people and a born lover of human nature, sees that the good old pilgrim is helpless in a strange environment, four months' journey from his lamassery, and appoints himself as his guide and disciple. It is surprising how he wheedles good living for him out of the people they meet.

Mahbub Ali, an Afghan horse-dealer who dyes his beard scarlet to hide the signs of coming age, is one of the intimate friends Kim falls in with on the way. Kim does not know that he is a sort of super-spy, who gives the Government from time to time invaluable information concerning out-of-the-way mountain principalities, which his caravans visit, explorers of nationalities other than English, and the progress of the gun trade. Just then five confederated kings, who had no right to confederate, were meditating trouble, serious trouble. Mahbub Ali had hurried south, avoiding a halt at the insalubrious city of Peshawur, in order to deliver the report of R.17, another wary watcher, on the peril that threatened. Dynamite was milky and innocuous in comparison with this report which most scandalously betrayed the five kings, a sympathetic Northern Power, a Hindu banker in Peshawur, and a semi-independent Mahomedan ruler in the south.

It falls to Kim's lot to deliver this report into the hands of the Head of the Secret Service, and he assists unseen, out of childish curiosity, at the immediate interview between the latter and the Commander-in-Chief. It is there and then arranged that a punitive expedition of eight thousand men, with the guns required, shall at once be mobilised to deal with the crisis. Not knowing—then—what he had been doing, Kim's act had set in motion a great military demonstration. But he talks about it and prophesies war to those he meets, including an old Ressaldar who had been faithful to his salt and fought in the Mutiny; a fine old veteran with three sons who were Ressaldar-majors in their regiments, and he had come out to show the pilgrims a short lane leading into the chief thoroughfare in Hindustan.

II—The Great Road

And so the feet of the Lama and his *chela* (disciple and servitor) are set upon the Grand Trunk Road, which runs straight, bearing without crowding the traffic of Hindustan, for fifteen hundred miles a river of life that has not its like for colour and picturesque variety and ceaseless flowing anywhere else in the whole wide world. "For the most part it is shaded, as here," says the old retired Ressaldar, "with four lines of trees; the middle road all hard takes the quick traffic. In the days before rail-carriages the Sahibs travelled up and down here in hundreds. Now there are only country carts and such like. Left and right is the rougher road for the heavy carts—grain and cotton and timber, bhoosa, lime and hides. A man goes in safety here—for at every few *kos* is a police-station." When Kim was written, the motor-car had not yet arrived to bring the Sahibs (who are still in a hurry!) back again to the famous thoroughfare.

It was a moving museum of races and castes, trades and professions. The Lama, his soul busied elsewhere, kept his eyes fixed steadily on the ground, but Kim watched the passing pageant with huge delight.

Here and there they met or were overtaken by the gaily dressed crowds of whole villages turning out to some local fair; the women, with their babes on their hips, walking behind the men, the older boys prancing on sticks of sugar-cane, dragging rude brass models of locomotives such as they sell for a halfpenny, or flashing the sun into the eyes of their betters from cheap toy mirrors. . . .

A solid line of blue, rising and falling like the back of a caterpillar in haste, would swing up through the quivering dust and trot past to a chorus of quick cackling. That was a gang of *changars*—the women who have taken all the embankments of all the Northern railways under their charge—a flat-footed, big-bosomed, strong-limbed, blue-petticoated clan of earth-carriers,

hurrying north on news of a job. . . . They belong to the caste whose men do not count.

A little later a marriage procession would strike into the Grand Trunk with music and shoutings, and a smell of marigold and jasmine stronger even than the reek of the dust. One could see the bride's litter, a blur of red and tinsel, staggering through the haze, while the bridegroom's bewreathed pony turned aside to snatch a mouthful from a passing fodder-cart . . . Still more interesting and more to be shouted over it was when a strolling juggler with some half-trained monkeys, or a panting, feeble bear, or a woman who tied goat's horns to her feet and with these danced on a slack-rope, set the horses to shying and the women to shrill, long-drawn quavers of amazement.

Such were a few of the many spectacles to be seen on the Grand Trunk Road, and Kipling's description of the scene has the glow of colour and minute faithfulness of a medieval missal.

III—Friends and Adventures

KIM makes friends for himself and the innocent old Lama in this happy Asiatic confusion in which, if only you have a little patience, all that a simple man needs is forthcoming. One very good friend he finds is an old lady of substance going on a visit to a son-in-law in a gaily ornamented family bullock-cart with a retinue that includes hillmen from the North. Kim's skill in abusive chaff and treasure of stories and songs picked up in Lahore city amuse the old dame; moreover, being from the Hills herself, she reveres the Lama whose blessing, she hopes, will bring her many grandsons. So they all travel together comfortably, master and disciple subsisting on the pious old hill-woman's bounty. And then—he is found by his father's regiment, and the sign of the Red Bull on a green field, which is the crest of the Mavericks, is seen by him on a camp marking-flag! The column crawls in sight, the band plays it to camp, for the men are route-marching with all their baggage, and with wondrous speed a white city of tents, all twinkling with fires, come silently into being. Never before had Kim watched the routine miracle of a seasoned regiment pitching camp in thirty minutes. He crawls to the mess-tent door, and sees the red-gold bull, fashioned from old-time loot from the Summer Palace at Pekin, which is the sole ornament of the officers' table on the line of march, ramping on a field of Irish green. And he is caught by the Church of England chaplain, who finds the amulet case containing the documents that identify the boy. So Kim enters into his racial heritage and his feeling about it is that of the Prodigal Son, as set forth in the lines invented for a chapter heading:

> The fatted calf is dressed for me,
> But the husks have greater zest for me,
> I think my pigs will be best for me,
> So I'm off to the styes afresh.

And the reader, too, resents the fact that the story, like Kim of the Rishti (Ey-Rishti = Irish) now become young Kimball O'Hara, must leave the Road for a while. The sorrow of the old Lama at the loss of his *chela* is contagious.

IV—Kim at School

THE Church of England padre, a stupid man with very little Hindustani and still less knowledge of the innumerable types of native character, has the sense to ask the Roman Catholic chaplain's advice about his captive. Father Victor is learned in human nature, and he feels, if he cannot understand, the beauty of holiness that shines about the Lama and the pain in every sentence of his lamentation over the loss of the child disciple, of whom he says: "My heart went out to thee for thy charity and thy courtesy and the wisdom of thy little years." He bears it patiently, however, thinking he has sinned in allowing himself to be beguiled by yet another phase of the great illusion. But he thinks it right that Kim should learn to be a sahib, and decides to give three hundred rupees a year that the boy may get the best schooling to be had in India.

Meanwhile, before he goes to St. Xavier's in Partibus, the school recommended by Father Victor, Kim becomes an object of wonderment to the regiment. He tells them all that they will not go to Sanawar, but to 'thee war' (talking in 'the tinny, saw-cut English of the native-bred'). As he sits silent as a trapped wild thing,

newly washed all over and dressed in a horrible stuff suit which rasps his limbs, the official opinion of him is declared. "A most amazin' young bird," says the sergeant. "He turns up in charge of a yellow-headed buck-Brahman priest, with his father's lodge-certificates round his neck, talkin' God knows what all of a red bull. The buck-Brahman evaporates without explanations, and the bhoy sets cross-legged on the chaplain's bed prophesyin' bloody war to the men at large."

Next morning, as the Mavericks take a side road to Umballa, the order to go to the front comes along, and a hoarse and joyful clamour rolls down on him through the thick dust, and someone smites Kim on the back, crying: "Tell us how ye knew, ye little limb of Satan."

He is in the custody of a fat, freckled drummer boy, however, and loathes his new life. So he gets a native letter-writer to write him a letter to Mahbub Ali, asking for help or money, and the scarlet-bearded Afghan horse dealer carries him off to Umballa race course, after laying into the detested drummer-boy with a peculiarly adhesive quirt. But he gives the 'Little Friend of all the World' clearly to understand that he cannot honourably connive at his escape. "Once a sahib, always a sahib," sagely observes Mahbub Ali. But they meet Creighton (of the Ethnological Survey) at the psychological moment, and it is decided not to waste the boy's peculiar gifts. Kim thinks his friend has played him false and says bitterly, quoting a proverb: "Trust a Brahman before a snake, and a snake before a harlot, and a harlot before an Afghan, Mahbub Ali."

But it is all settled for the best. The Lama has sent the first three hundred rupees (in one of Gobind Sahai's notes of hand which are 'good from here to China,' says Colonel Creighton to Father Victor), and due attention has been paid to the scarlet-bearded Afghan's metaphorical advice: "As regards that young horse I say that when a horse is born to be a polo-pony, closely following the ball without teaching—when such a colt knows the game by divination—then I say it is a great wrong to break that colt to a heavy cart, sahib."

On the way to St. Xavier's at Lucknow, whither he travels by train in a second-class compartment next to the colonel's first, his future is unfolded to him. He is to enter the Survey as a chain-man, provided he is diligent at school, and it is explained to him what that will mean. "Thou art a sahib and the son of a sahib," the colonel warns him, "therefore do not at any time be led to contemn the black men. I have known boys newly entered into the service of the Government who feigned not to understand the talk or the customs of black men. Their pay was cut for ignorance. There is no sin so great as ignorance. Remember this." He has a farewell meeting with the old Lama, who is living in the Temple of the Tirthankers at Benares and the gates close on him with a clang.

V—The First Holiday

Kim was diligent at St. Xavier's, and he passed an examination in elementary surveying 'with great credit,' his age being fifteen years and eight months. His name does not appear in the year's batch of those who entered for the subordinate Survey of India, but against it stand the words 'removed on appointment.' During those three years the old Lama made many journeys, following the traces of the Blessed Feet through all India, but always casting up at the Temple of the Tirthankers and then visiting Lucknow, to see his beloved *chela*. It became Kim's sanctioned custom to work faithfully during term-time at St. Xavier's, but to spend his holidays among his own people, so that the other side of his special intelligence might be developed. As his feeling is expressed in one of the two stanzas used as a chapter heading:

> I would go without shirts or shoes,
> Friends, tobacco or bread,
> Sooner than for an instant lose
> Either side of my head.

When his first August to October holidays began, it was arranged that he should be kept out of mischief at a barrack school in the hills behind Umballa. But he had himself stained and disguised in a

house of light women, and joyously vanished in the guise of a low-caste Hindu boy, sending a letter of explanation to Mahbub Ali, hoping that 'the Hand of Friendship would turn aside the Whip of Calamity.' Mahbub convinced the colonel that such conduct was as inevitable as that of a horse which needs salt, and if it is not in the mangers, must lick it up from the earth.

After some glorious adventures on his own (with a capital of two rupees and three annas, for the disguising cost him four annas) he falls in with Mahbub, whose life he has the good luck to save. Camping with the horse-dealer's retainers beside the railway, he overhears two would-be assassins whispering behind his horse-truck, and is able to warn him in safety, though the night is full of eyes. They go up from Umballa to Simla together, and Kim finds the journey all pure delight, as the road climbs deviously and the vista of the Plains rolls out far below. He then receives orders from the colonel to lodge in Lurgan Sahib's house until it is time to go back to school.

Lurgan, who keeps a shop full of the most amazing curios, is also a member of the secret service, and he tests Kim's capacity in various unlikely ways. A gramophone, which abuses him at night, does not frighten the stout-hearted boy, and he breaks it by stuffing his coat into the trumpet-like mouth. Other and more perilous magic is tried on him. A water jar is smashed and its contents spilt, and Lurgan tries to hypnotise him into seeing it magically mended and restored to its original shape—it is the same method whereby the great hallucination of the Indian Rope Trick may have been accomplished. The boy sees the shadowy shape of the pot growing like a flower from the ground, but his mind and will are too strong to be convinced by suggestion that the phantasm is real. Afterwards he and the passionate, jealous child who guards Lurgan's jewels, play at the game, excellent for training eye and memory to work together, of looking at a number of unfamiliar objects for a minute, and then making an accurate catalogue of them.

KIM is deeply interested in Lurgan's many and very curious visitors, of whom an obese, fat-legged Babu, Hurree Chunder Mookerjee (R. 17 in the 'Great Game') helps on his special education by showing him how to record distances measured in his own foot-paces by means of a rosary and by presenting him with a brass betel-box filled with little bottles of tabloids, quinine and other 'good departmental drugs.' Later holidays are used, under Mahbub's supervision, to put a fine finish on his special gifts; for example, he makes a secret survey and description of the mysterious capital of an independent native state, which would be useful to the Jung-i-Lat Sahib (Commander-in-Chief) if he went there with an army.

VI—The Finished Expert

AT sixteen Mahbub and Lurgan assured the colonel that Kim was ready for work and ought to be released from school. He is put on the pay-list, has his colour changed, and is protected against devils by the witch-like Huneefa (here we get a glimpse into the India of other-worldly spirits and dark magic, the oldest India of all) and left to follow the Lama for six months with the yellow complexion of a Tibetan *chela* and the other paraphernalia, such as the sand-coloured robe, begging-gourd, rosary and ghost-dagger.

He goes to the Temple at Benares to meet his Master. On the way he falls in with a Jat, bearing his poor little sick son in his arms, who complains that all the priests are most holy and most greedy. "I have walked the pillars and trodden the temples till my feet are flayed, and the child is no whit better." Quinine and dark brown meat-lozenges out of Kim's quaint medicine-chest cure the child, and the pilgrims have not only acquired merit, but also made a new good friend.

It was as well they did, else Kim could never have saved the life of E.23, who has been bringing a most important letter from the 'King's country' in the South and tumbles into the Delhi train, wounded and half-starving and well aware that he will be arrested at Delhi on a charge of murder, for which both the corpse and the witnesses had been provided in a southern

city. When arrested he would be sent back to an independent state where he would be made to die slowly, as a warning to other spies. With the oddments in the Jat's bundle Kim changes the despairing fugitive from a Mahratta trader into an all-but naked ash-smeared, ochre-barred, dusty-haired Saddhu, his legs crossed under him, Kim's brown rosary about his neck, and a scant yard of worn flowered chintz on his shoulders. So E.23 escapes the net and is able to tell one of his chiefs where the letter has been hidden.

No wonder that this feat is described as 'an extraordinary effeecient performance' by the ubiquitous Mookerjee, who turns up at the house in Sahrunpore of the son-in-law of the garrulous, lively, pious, good-hearted old dame met on the road during Kim's first journey. He is disguised as a *hakim*, and so cleverly that Kim does not at first recognize him.

VII—In the High Hills

THE Babu has orders to investigate the doings of two Russian envoys in the Far North, who are posing as sportsmen in quest of wild goats, but are actually engaged in making a military survey of the territory of two of the five confederated kings already mentioned. He asks Kim to help him, being an 'awfully fearful' man ('God made the Hare and the Bengali,' comments Kim, quoting the proverb), and so all three journey towards the long line of the Himalayas flushed in morning gold.

'Who goes to the Hills goes to his mother,' runs the proverb, and the strength of the old Lama mightily increases as he strides up and on towards the snow-peaks afar. He is a power, moreover, in his own steep countryside. 'The Plains had treated him as a holy man among holy men. But the Hills worshipped him as one in the confidence of all the devils.'

This part of the story is full of wonderful pictures of the mountain vastnesses and fastnesses, which are among the finest of Kipling's masterpieces of description. Reading them, we are as dizzy and daunted as any plainsman suddenly thrown among snowy steeps and dark abysms: our wonder at the great artist's power becomes a kind of vertigo. Presently the travellers fall in with the Russian envoys, to whom Mookerjee has attached himself as guide and counsellor. They do not know how to treat the natives, and when one of them strikes the old man full on the face, the horror of the observers is beyond all bounds. "He struck the Holy One—we saw it!" cries a hillsman. "Our cattle will be barren—our wives will cease to bear! The snows will slide on us as we go home." Only because the Lama forbids any killing are their lives spared. But their papers are taken away by Mookerjee, their other belongings being cast down thousands of feet deep into 'Shamlegh midden.' So the object of the secret service is achieved.

But the spirit of the Lama is sad and broken within him, because he has been betrayed into anger—so that he put his hand upon his iron pen-case, the weapon of Tibetan monks quarrelling among one another. The traces of human feelings left in the saintly old man may please the Western reader. We are no more shocked at his momentary wrath with Ignorance and Lust than we were when, in an early chapter, he trailed his rosary on the grass to please a baby and sang a little song to it:

> This is a handful of cardamoms,
> This is a lump of *ghi*:
> This is millet and chillies and rice,
> A supper for thee and me.

SUCH trifling weaknesses, though for the faithful Buddhist they hinder the way to the peace that passes mortal understanding, endear him to us as they endeared him to Kim, his loving disciple and servitor. His quest is accomplished, for his spirit is miraculously disembodied for a time—they think him dead—and plunged into the cleansing flood of his life-long vision, but it returns to the body in order that he may promise the certainty of salvation to his beloved Kim. "Son of my soul," he says at the long last, "I have wrenched my soul back from the Threshold of Freedom to free thee from all sin—as I am free and sinless. Just is the wheel! Certain is our deliverance. Come!"

So ends this twofold romance of mortal journeyings and of the Mystic Way.

JONATHAN SWIFT

JOURNAL TO STELLA

FROM 1689 till 1692 Jonathan Swift was private secretary to Sir William Temple and he lived for several years at Moor Park, Surrey, the residence of the latter. Swift's mother was a distant relative of the wife of Sir William Temple, and it was at Moor Park that he came to know, and became tutor of, Esther Johnson, fourteen years younger than himself, the 'Stella' of the Journal and the sonnets. Than Swift there never was a more witty satirist, and Juvenal, even, was not more scathing. The Journal to Stella, certainly not intended by its author for publication, is in marked contrast to the general tone of his writings, and is clear proof of his high genius for affection. Stella, with her friend Rebecca Dingley, had come to Ireland in 1699 and died there 1728. The Journal to Stella, which extends over the years 1710 to 1713 was first published in 1766, and has often been republished since. The word 'Presto' refers to Swift himself, 'MD' to Stella. Inexpensive editions are published by George Bell and by Routledge.

I—In London



LONDON, September 9, 1710.—I got here last Thursday after five days' travelling, weary the first, almost dead the second, tolerable the third, and well enough the rest; and am now glad of the fatigue which has served for exercise; and I am at present well enough.

The Whigs were ravished to see me, and would lay hold on me as a twig while they are drowning, and the great men making me their clumsy apologies, etc. But my Lord Treasurer received me with a great deal of coldness, which has enraged me so, I am almost vowing revenge. I have not yet gone half my circle; but I find all my acquaintance just as I left them. Everything is turning upside down; every Whig in great office will, to a man, be infallibly put out; and we shall have such a winter as hath not been seen in England.

The Tatler expects every day to be turned out of his employment; and the Duke of Ormond, they say, will be Lieutenant of Ireland. I hope you are now peaceably in Presto's lodgings; but I resolve to turn you out by Christmas, in which time I shall either have done my business, or find it not to be done. Pray be at Trim by the time this letter comes to you; and ride little Johnson, who must needs be now in good case.

I have begun this letter unusually, on the post-night, and have already written to the Archbishop, and cannot lengthen this. Henceforth I will write something every day to MD, and make it a sort of journal; and when it is full I will send it whether MD writes or no; and so that will be pretty: and I shall always be in conversation with MD, and MD with Presto; and so farewell.

LONDON, Oct. 10, 1710. O Faith, I am undone! this paper is larger than the other, and yet I am condemned to a sheet.

To-day I went to Mr. Lewis, at the secretary's office, to know when I might see Mr. Harley; and by and by comes up Mr. Harley himself, and appoints me to dine with him to-morrow. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and went to wait on the two Lady Butlers; but the porter answered, they were not at home; the meaning was, the youngest, Lady Mary, is to be married to-morrow to Lord Ashburnham, the best match now in England, twelve thousand pounds a year, and abundance of money. Tell me how my Shower is liked in Ireland: I never knew anything pass better here. I spent the evening with Wortley Montagu and Mr. Addison, over a bottle of Irish wine. Do they know any thing in Ireland of my greatness among the Tories? Every body reproaches me of it here; but I value them not. Have you heard of the verses about the Rod of Sid Hamet? Say nothing of them for your life. Hardly any body suspects me for them, only they think nobody but Prior or I could write them.

But I doubt they have not reached you. There is likewise a ballad, full of puns, on the Westminster election, that cost me half an hour: it runs, though it be good for nothing. But this is likewise a secret to all but MD. If you have them not, I will bring them over.

I got MD's fourth at the coffee-house. God Almighty bless poor Stella, and her eyes and head: What shall we do to cure them, poor dear life? Your disorders are a pull back for your good qualities. Pray do not write, nor read this letter, nor any thing else, and I will write plainer for Dingley to read, from henceforward, though my pen is apt to ramble when I think who I am writing to. Cannot you dictate to Dingley, and not strain your little dear eyes? I am sure it is the grief of my soul to think you are out of order. Pray be quiet, and if you will write, shut your eyes and write just a line, and no more, thus, *How do you do, Mrs. Stella?* That was written with my eyes shut. Faith, I think it is better written than when they were open.

LONDON, November 13, 1710.—I dined to-day in the city, and then went to christen Will Frankland's child; Lady Falconbridge was one of the godmothers; this is a daughter of Oliver Cromwell, and extremely like him by the pictures I have seen. My business in the city was to thank Stratford for a kindness he has done me. I found Bank stock fallen thirty-four to the hundred, and was mighty desirous to buy it.

I had three hundred pounds in Ireland, and I desired Stratford to buy me three hundred pounds in Bank stock and that he keep the papers, and that I would be bound to pay him for them; and, if it should rise or fall, I should take my chance and pay him interest in the meantime. I was told money was so hard to get here, and no one would do this for me. However, Stratford, one of the most generous men alive, has done this for me; so that three hundred pounds cost me three hundred pounds and thirty shillings. This was done a week ago, and I can have five pounds for my bargain already.



SWIFT AND ESTHER JOHNSON WORKING TOGETHER AT MOOR PARK

From the painting by Margaret Dicksee, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.

I write to your mother to desire Lady Giffard would do the same with what she owes me, but she tells your mother she has no money. I would to God all you had in the world was there. Whenever you lend money, take this rule, to have two people bound, who have both visible fortunes; for they will hardly die together, and, when one dies, you fall upon the other and make him add another security.

So, ladies, enough of business for one night. Paaaaast twelvvve o'clock; nite, nite, deelest MD. I only add, that, after a long fit of rainy weather, it has been fair two or three days, and is this day grown cold and frosty; so you must give poor little Presto leave to have a fire in his chamber morning and evening, too; and he will do as much for you. Shall I send this to-morrow? Well, I will, to oblige MD. 'Tis late, so I bid you good-night.

CHELSEA, June 1711. I went at noon to see Mr. Secretary at his office, and there was Lord Treasurer; so I killed two birds, etc., and we were glad to see one another, and so forth. And the Secretary and I dined at Sir William Wyndham's, who married Lady Catherine Seymour, your acquaintance, I suppose. There were ten of us at dinner.

It seems, in my absence, they had erected a club, and made me one; and we made some laws to-day, which I am to digest and add to, against next meeting. Our meetings are to be every Thursday. We are yet but twelve. Lord Keeper and Lord Treasurer were proposed; but I was against them, and so was Mr. Secretary, though their sons are of it, and so they are excluded; but we design to admit the Duke of Shrewsbury.

THE end of our club is to advance conversation and friendship, and to reward deserving persons with our interest and recommendation. We take in none but men of wit or men of interest; and if we go on as we begin, no other club in this town will be worth talking of. This letter will come three weeks after the last, so there is a week lost; but that is owing to my being out of town.

Well, but I must answer this letter of our MD's. Saturday approaches, and I hadn't



JONATHAN SWIFT, the most powerful satirist in English literature, was born in Dublin, November 30, 1667, and was educated at Kilkenny and Trinity College, Dublin. It was at Moor Park, Surrey, the home of Sir William Temple that he began his literary career with The Tale of a Tub and The Battle of the Books, both these books appearing in 1704. Returning to Ireland, Swift received a prebend in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, where he later became dean. His famous Gulliver's Travels appeared in 1726. Swift died, after several years of insanity, October 19, 1745. This portrait, the work of Jervas, is in the National Portrait Gallery.

written down this side. Oh, faith, Presto has been a sort of lazy fellow; but Presto will remove to town this day se'nnight; the Secretary has commanded me to do so, and I believe he and I shall go some days to Windsor, where he will have leisure to mind some business we have together. To-day our society (it must not be called a club) dined at Mr. Secretary's; we were but eight. We made some laws, and then I went to take my leave of Lady Ashburnham, who goes out of town to-morrow.

Steele has had the assurance to write to me that I would engage my Lord Treasurer to keep a friend of his in an employment. I believe I told you how he and Addison served me for my good offices in Steele's behalf; and I promised Lord Treasurer never to speak for either of them again.

I must rise now and shave, and walk to town, unless I go with the Dean in his chariot at twelve; and I have not seen that Lord Peterborough yet. The Duke of Shrewsbury is almost well again, but what care you? You do not care for my friends.

Farewell, my dearest lives and delights;

I love you better than ever, if possible. God Almighty bless you ever, and make us happy together! I pray for this twice every day; and I hope God will hear my poor hearty prayers.

Remember, if I am used ill and ungratefully, as I have formerly been, 'tis what I am prepared for, and I shall not wonder at it. Yet I am now envied, and thought in high favour, and have every day numbers of considerable men teasing me to solicit for them. And the Ministry all use me perfectly well; and all that know them say they love me. Yet I can count upon nothing, nor will, but upon MD's love and kindness. They think me useful; they pretend they were afraid of none but me, and that they resolved to have me; they have often confessed this; yet all this makes little impression on me—Pox of these speculations! They give me the spleen; a disease I was not born to.

Let me alone, sirrahs, and be satisfied; I am, as long as MD and Presto are well. Little wealth, and much health, and a life by stealth: that is all we want; and so farewell, dearest MD; Stella, Dingley, Presto, all together, now and for ever all together. Farewell again and again.

II—At Court and Church

LONDON, July 1711. I have just sent my twenty-sixth, and have nothing to say, because I have other letters to write (pshaw, I began too high!); but to-morrow I will say more, and fetch up this line to be straight. This is enough at present for two dear, saucy, naughty girls.

Morning. It is a terrible rainy day. Patrick lay out all last night, and is not yet returned; faith, poor Presto is a desolate creature; neither servant, nor linen, nor anything.

I was at court and church to-day. I am acquainted with about thirty in the drawing-room, and I am so proud I make all the lords come up to me; one passes half an hour pleasant enough. We had a dunce to preach before the queen to-day, which often happens. Windsor is a delicious situation, but the town is scoundrel.

The Duke of Hamilton would needs be witty, and hold up my train as I walked upstairs. It is an ill circumstance that on Sundays much company always meet at the great tables. The secretary showed me his bill of fare to encourage me to dine with him. "Show me a bill of company," said I, "for I value not your dinner!"

Tooke and the printer stayed to-day to finish their affair. Then I went to see Lord Treasurer, and chid him for not taking notice of me at Windsor. He said he kept a place for me yesterday at dinner, and expected me there; but I was glad I did not go, because the Duke of Buckingham was there and that would have made us acquainted, which I have no mind to.

I have sent a noble haunch of venison this afternoon to Mrs. Vanhomrigh; I wish you had it, sirrahs. I dined gravely with my landlord, the secretary. The queen was abroad to-day to hunt; but finding it disposed to rain, she kept in her coach, which she drives herself, and drives furiously, like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter, like Nimrod. Dingley has heard of Nimrod, but not Stella, for it is in the Bible. Mr. Secretary has given me a warrant for a buck. I can't send it to MD. It's a sad thing, faith, considering how Presto loved MD, and how MD would love Presto's venison for Presto's sake. God bless the two dear Wexford girls!

III—Parliament Worries

LONDON, December 1, 1711.—To-morrow is the fatal day for the Parliament meeting and we are full of hopes and fears. We reckon we have a majority of ten on our side in the House of Lords; yet I observe Mrs. Masham a little uneasy. The Duke of Marlborough has not seen the queen for some days past. Mrs. Masham is glad of it, because she says he tells a hundred lies to his friends of what she says to him. He is one day humble and the next day on the high ropes.

This being the day Parliament was to meet, and the great question to be determined, I went with Dr. Freind to dine in the city, and we sent our printer to see what was our fate; but he gave us a most melancholy account of things.

The Earl of Nottingham began and spoke against a peace, and desired that in their address they might put in a clause to advise the queen not to make a peace without Spain, which was debated, and carried by the Whigs by about six voices; and this has happened entirely by my Lord Treasurer's neglect, who did not take timely care to make up his strength, although every one of us gave him caution enough. Nottingham has certainly been bribed. The question is yet only carried in the Committee of the whole House, and we hope when it is reported to the House to-morrow we shall have a majority.

I was this morning with Mr. Secretary: we are both of opinion that the queen is false. He gave me reasons to believe the whole matter is settled between the queen and the Whigs. Things are now in a crisis and a day or two will determine. I have desired him to engage Lord Treasurer to send me abroad as queen's secretary somewhere or other, where I will remain till the new ministers recall me; and then I will be sick for five or six months, till the storm has spent itself. I hope he will grant me this, for I should hardly trust myself to the mercy of my enemies while their anger is fresh.

Morning. They say the Occasional Bill is brought to-day into the House of Lords; but I know not. I will now put an end to my letter, and give it into the post-house with my own fair hands. This will be a memorable letter, and I shall sigh to see it some years hence. Here are the first steps toward the ruin of an excellent Ministry, and God knows what may be the consequences.

I now bid my dearest MD farewell, for company is coming, and I must be at Lord Dartmouth's office by noon. Farewell, dearest MD. I wish you a merry Christmas. I believe you will have this about that time. Love Presto, who loves MD above all things a thousand times. Farewell again, dearest MD.

LONDON, December 20, 1711.—I was with the secretary this morning, and, for aught I can see, we shall have a languishing death. I can know nothing, nor themselves neither. I dined, you know, without society, and that odious secretary would make me president next week, so I must entertain them this day se'nnight at the Thatched House Tavern. It will cost me five or six pounds; yet the secretary says he will give me wine.

Saturday night. I have broken open my letter, and tore it into the bargain, to let you know that we are all safe. The queen has made no less than twelve lords to have a majority; nine new ones, the other three peers' sons; and has turned out the Duke of Somerset. She is awaked at last, and so is Lord Treasurer. I want nothing now but to see the duchess out. But we shall do without her. We are all extremely happy. Give me joy, sirrahs! This is written in a coffee-house.

IV—'My Dearest Rogues'

LONDON, February 26, 1712.—I was again busy with the secretary. I dined with him, and we were to do more business after dinner; but after dinner is after dinner—an old saying and a true, 'Much drinking, little thinking.' We had company with us, and nothing could be done, so I am to go there again to-morrow.

Tell Walls that I spoke to the Duke of Ormond about his friend's affairs. I likewise mentioned his own affair to Mr. Southwell But oo must not know zees sings; zey are secrets, and we must keep them flom nauty dallars. I was with Lord Treasurer to-day, and what care oo for zat? Monday is parson's holiday, and oo lost oo money at cards; ze devil's device. Nite, nite, my two deelest logues.

LONDON, April 6, 1713.—I was this morning at the rehearsal of Mr. Addison's play, called Cato, which is to be acted on Friday. There were not above half a score of us to see it. We stood on the stage, and it was foolish enough to see the actors prompted every moment and the poet directing them. I went back and dined with Mr. Addison.

Nothing new to-day, so I'll seal up this to-night. Pray write soon. . . . Farewell, deelest MD, MD, MD. Love Presto.

A Sublime Tragedian's Most Poetic Play

EURIPIDES

ION

IN the Ion of Euripides, as in his Alcestis (of which an epitome appears elsewhere in *The World's Great Books*), the great Greek dramatist makes use of tragic situations without a tragic end, and modern readers will, like the hero himself, feel puzzled over the light in which Apollo is exhibited—as the deserter of a woman and the deliverer of oracles. An explanation is found in the fact that Ion was produced in 425 B.C., during the Peloponnesian war, when Apollo's Delphic oracle was known to favour Sparta against Athens. Thus to Euripides's questioning attitude towards mythology was added the political motive that Apollo had become unpopular with the Athenians. The following epitome has been made by Professor J. Wight Duff from the Greek.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Hermes, the messenger-god
Ion, a youth in the service of the Delphic oracle
Creusa, Queen of Athens
Xuthus, King of Athens
Chorus of Athenian women attendant on Creusa
Old Man, formerly in charge of Creusa
Pythian Prophetess
Athena

SCENE—Before the temple of Phoebus Apollo at Delphi

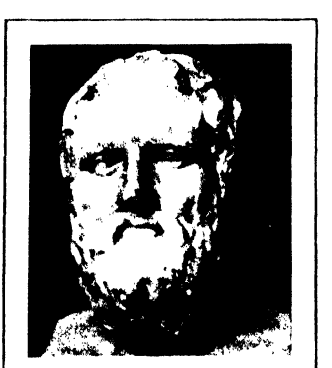


THE prologue is pronounced by **Hermes**. Designed to put the audience in possession of the story underlying the drama, it relates that the Athenian princess **Creusa** had, when young, borne a child to Apollo and exposed it to conceal her shame. The deserted babe had been, at Apollo's request, conveyed by **Hermes** to Delphi. Fostered in the temple, the foundling was eventually attached to its service. **Creusa** afterwards married a foreign warrior, **Xuthus**, who had aided Athens. **Xuthus**, though an alien, was acknowledged as prince consort. Their union proving sterile, the couple are now approaching Delphi on a day of consultation to submit their childlessness for Apollo's advice. **Hermes** prophesies Apollo's intentions for the future of the young servitor, and ends with words which introduce him at his morning duties.]

Hermes: I see the son of Loxias here come forth
To make the temple gateways bright with boughs
Of laurel. By the name which he must win,
'Ion,' I hail him first of all the gods. [*Exit.*

[**Ion** *enters with other Delphians in Apollo's service.*]

Ion: Yon sun, in glittering chariot team
Doth o'er the earth already gleam;
Each star before his fires
To holy night retires;
Parnassus' pathless heights
The daybreak lights,
Finding fit welcome to the earth.
Fumes from myrrh of desert birth
Unto Phoebus' ceiling flit.
On holy tripod now doth sit
The Delphic priestess that to Greeks must sing
The cries of fate Apollo makes to ring.
Ye Delphians who on Phoebus wait,
Fare unto silver-eddying Castaly;
In its pure waters consecrate,
Ye shall approach his shrine in purity.
Meantime the task from childhood mine
I ply with laurel shoots and twine
Of holy wreaths to render bright
Apollo's portals, sprinkling light
His floor with drops; and with my bow
I shall the flocks of birds affright
That mar the gifts of piety.
No sire, no mother do I know,
But for its fostering care I owe
To Phoebus' fane fidelity.



EURIPIDES, the great tragic dramatist, was born at Salamis, near Athens, in 480 B.C. His first play was produced in 455, and he won his first prize as a tragedian in 441. Of his at least seventy-five plays only eighteen remain. Euripides retired from Athens in his old age, and died in Macedonia in 406 B.C.

[The **Chorus** of **Creusa's** Athenian women approach, and are informed by **Ion** of restrictions regulating proper entrance to the holy precincts. The young minister then sees **Creusa**, and is amazed to note her emotion.]

Ion: How cam'st thou, lady, to this depth of care?
Where others all behold God's sanctuary [welling tears.
With joyfulness, thine eyes are
Creusa: Stranger, it argues naught ill-bred in thee
That these my tears should set thee marvelling. [here,
When I beheld Apollo's temple
I traversed once again old memories:

Though I was here, my mind was in the past.
O suffering women! O the outrages [right
Of gods! How then? Where shall we sue for
If those in power do wrong that ruins us?

[An outburst so strange from a professed consultant of the gods awakens **Ion's** curiosity; but **Creusa** will for the moment reveal nothing. Next, he has questions to put concerning ancient Athenian legends. **Creusa** explains her reason for coming to Delphi with **Xuthus**; and examining **Ion** in turn learns he is a cloister-waif.]

Ion: I never knew the breast: one nurtured me—— [its match.
Cre.: Who, child of woe? My sorrow finds
Ion: Apollo's priestess, whom I count a mother. [hood years?
Cre.: How hast maintained thyself to man-
Ion: The altars fed me—and each guest in turn. [she was.
Cre.: Wretched thy mother, then, whoe'er
Ion: My origin was woman's wrong belike.
Cre.: Say, hast thou wealth? For thou art well arrayed. [serve
Ion: We wear the vestments of the god we
Cre.: Didst never press to track thy parentage?
Ion: Lady, I have no clue.
Cre.: Oh, that is sad!
(*Slowly, after a pause.*)
Wronged, like thy mother, there was someone else.
Ion (*impetuously*): Who? Could she share my grief, I should rejoice.
Cre.: For her I came here, ere my lord arrive.

[Stating her own case as that of a friend, **Creusa** tells of a woman betrayed by Apollo, whose child was abandoned, and who would now learn from Apollo's own oracle the child's fate. The dutiful ministrant is shocked at the allegation of outrage against the god; he remarks the resemblance of such misfortune to his own; but holds out no hope that in such circumstances an oracular response could be obtained.]

Ion: How shall the god show what he wills to hide?
Cre.: On Hellas' open tripod he doth sit.
Ion: The deed is shame to him: so ask him not.
Cre.: Yea, but his victim pines for her mishap.
Ion: Seek no response that must offend the god.
If our hot haste wrest boons in heaven's despite,
Such boons reluctant, lady, are in vain.
But heaven's own free gift is benefit.

[Remonstrating against the injustice of Phoebus, **Creusa** asks the youth not to mention to **Xuthus** what she has said. **Xuthus** arrives with an encouraging answer from the cave of Trophonius—neither he nor his queen shall go home destitute of a child. Reverently they depart, **Xuthus** entering the temple to hear the god's prophetic voice. **Ion** soliloquises. He is troubled over the account of the god's sin.]

Ion: Nay, since thou art a mighty one, O lord,
Follow the good. For whosoe'er of men
Is bad at heart, him do the gods chastise.
How were it just that ye whose laws impose
On men, yourselves should practise lawlessness?

[The **Chorus** chants to the goddesses of virginity and birth a prayer that Athens may find an heir to the throne; and then hymn the praises of children.]

My queen, Athena, born without a mother's travail-pains,
Goddess, I pray to thee,
Who by Prometheus' Titan aid didst spring from out the brain,
Of Zeus's head, blest victory,
Come to the Pythian walls!
Leave now Olympus' golden halls,
And wing thee to the earth,
Where at the heart of earth,
Apollo's sacred hearth,
By tripod worshipped in the dance,
Utters a sure deliverance.
Come thou, and Leto's daughter, too,
A pair divine, a virgin pair,
Phoebus' sisters, full of grace;
And, maidens, offer up a prayer
That so Erechtheus' ancient race
May find by divination true
The tardy blessings of an heir.
These mortals do possess a treasure inexhaustible
Of bliss pre-eminent
Whose halls ancestral gleam with promise indefeasible
Of heirs in long descent.
They guarantee continuance
Of family inheritance
For children yet to be.
They help in misery
And add to jollity,
And with the strong, protecting hand
They raise the spear for fatherland.
Dearer to me than halls of kings,
Dearer than gold, at home to rear
Some goodly children that are mine.
The childless life I loathe as drear;
I censure him who deems it fine.
Though small my wealth, my nature clings
Unto the life which children cheer.

[**Xuthus**, coming forth from the oracle, amazes **Ion** by hailing him as his son. He tells how Apollo had declared that the first to meet him on leaving the temple was the desired heir.

Xuthus has the heritage of a sceptre to offer, but **Ion** feels apprehensions about the reception at Athens of a foreigner and a spurious child. With dramatic irony he draws a picture of a dangerous stepmother—the childless queen-consort with malignant eyes. He now properly gets his name of 'Ion,' that is, 'coming' or 'comer,' because he had come to meet his sire in accordance with the oracle. The king, before departing to sacrifice, gives instructions for a farewell banquet in honour of **Ion** and enjoins the **Chorus** on pain of death, to keep **Creusa** in ignorance regarding the turn of events. The **Chorus** sympathetically sings of **Creusa's** grief.]

Chor.: I see a vision of tears, and cries
Of woe, and agonies of grief,
Soon as my lady shall behold
Her husband with an heir elate
While she is childless and bereaved.

[They resolve to inform her despite **Xuthus**. **Creusa** enters with her old manservant.]

Creusa : Say, women, faithful servants of my loom
And shuttle, what response my lord received
Touching the object of our quest—a child

Chor. : Ah, fate!

Old Man : This is no lucky prelude to their tale.

Chor. : O miserable! [at heart.

Old Man : My lord's responses make me ill

Chor. : But what shall we do where the threat is death? [your ground of fears?

Cre. : What means this strain? And what

Chor. : To speak or not to speak—what shall we do? [touches me.

Cre. : Oh, speak! You know some ill that

[Gradually the nature of Phoebus's boon to **Xuthus** is unfolded, and an apparent prospect of hopeless childlessness dawns on the stricken lady. The whole incident is by the old man imagined to prove the king's infidelity and craft.]

Cre. (*sinking to the ground*) : O let me die——

Old Man : Daughter!

Cre. : Ah! hapless me, in such a fate!
A grief, a wound, friends, I can ne'er survive!

Old Man : My queen, we are betrayed (thy griefs are mine);
We—by thy lord, and through contrivances,
Insulted—yea, forth from Erechtheus' house
Expelled! 'Tis not in hatred of thy lord
I speak; but in my greater love of thee.
He knew thee barren, and was ill content
Like thee to bear the selfsame fate; but found
A slavish paramour, from whose embrace
He got this boy—then to some Delphian sent
Abroad for fostering: the lad was reared
Apart, in holy precincts, to be hid
Knowing him grown, the sire prevailed on thee
To come to Delphi for thy childlessness.
So, then, the god lied not; but Xuthus lied,
Who so long reared a child, and wove a plot.

[**Creusa** is then instigated to revenge. She passes through an intense mental struggle, in which she believes herself assailed with treachery by god and man. Bitter over the loss of her own babe, whom she had trusted Apollo to save, and whom she concludes to be dead, she plots to poison **Ion**, the supplanter, as she thinks, of her child's rights. **Creusa** wears in a golden bracelet two magical drops of the Gorgon's blood—one to kill and one to heal. The compact is that at the banquet the old slave shall busy himself with the wine and put the venom in **Ion's** goblet. On the departure of mistress and servant, the **Chorus** pray the Queen of Hell to speed the murderous enterprise.

As the song ends, a servant rushes in with news of failure. He describes the feast, the veteran slave's officious serving of the wine, the presentation of the poisoned cup to **Ion**, the chance words of ill omen which prompted the youth to pour out the wine as a libation instead of drinking it, the death-agonies of the dove, which happened to taste **Ion's** libation, and the fastening of the crime upon the aged stranger. Seized, he had been forced to confess, and summary sentence of death by stoning had been passed on **Creusa**. This is ill news for the **Chorus**, and it breaks into an ode of despondency.]

Chor. : It may not be, it may not be, that I—
Ah, wretched one—from death may fly.
Revealed, revealed is the plot whereby
In Bacchus' cluster-juice were made to fall
Drops of swift-working hydra's gall!

[*Enter* **Ion** *in hot pursuit of* **Creusa**.

Ion : Cephisus, bull-shaped ancestor of hers,
What viper, or what dragon glaring flame
To murder men hast thou begotten here?
Seize her! so that Parnassus' precipice
May card the ringlets of her dainty hair—
Hurled quoit-like, let her bound from rock to rock!

[But she has taken refuge as a suppliant at the altar. Breathing fury, **Ion** declaims against what he deems abuse of sanctuary and is restrained from violence only by the arrival of the Pythian priestess. She brings the chest in which **Ion** had been left as a waif. Inside are the tokens which may aid his search for his mother. The opening of the chest has an astounding effect on **Creusa**. Reckless of **Ion's** hostility, she dashes from the altar, declaring **Ion** to be her missing child. **Ion's** incredulity slowly weakens, while **Creusa** proceeds to describe correctly the contents of the chest.

It is now that **Creusa** reveals to **Ion** that his father is Apollo. He has his doubts. He meditates consulting the oracle, when suddenly there is a manifestation of Pallas Athena. She speaks for Apollo, who thinks well not to appear and risk reproaches. His message to **Ion** is that the god is his sire; his message to **Creusa** is that she shall take her son to Athens, there to be the ancestor of the Ionian tribes. As for **Xuthus**, he must not be undeceived, but left to exult in the idea that he is the stripling's father, while his queen is to enjoy the real bliss of motherhood. **Ion** at last professes himself satisfied.]

Ion : Pallas, sprung from Zeus almighty, in
no sceptic mood shall we
Welcome what thou hast to tell us. I believe
myself to be [believe before.
Son of Loxias and this lady. That one could

[**Creusa's** curses against Apollo are now replaced by orisons, which win **Athena's** blessing.]

Athena : I commend the new-found praises
on the god that thou dost shower.
Though god's will be slow in working, in the end
it works with power!

[And the **Chorus** finally reflect that piety and goodness secure their due reward.]

Chor. : Son of Zeus and Son of Leto, O
Apollo, fare thee well!
Whatso house is pressed with trouble must by
worship gloom repel:
In the end deservéd blessing waiteth for integrity,
But the bad, as nature willeth, find no sure prosperity!

GEORGE ELIOT

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS

IN The Mill on the Floss, published in 1860, George Eliot went to her own early life for the chief characters in the story, and in the relations of Tom and Maggie Tulliver we have a picture of the youth of Mary Ann Evans and her brother, Isaac. Lord Lytton objected that Maggie was too passive in the scene at Red Deeps, and the tragedy of the flood was not adequately prepared. To this criticism George Eliot answered: 'Now that the defect is suggested to me, if the book were still in manuscript, I should alter, or rather expand, that scene at Red Deeps.' She also admitted that there was 'a want of proportionate fullness' in the conclusion. But, with all its faults, The Mill on the Floss deserves the great reputation it won. Its reception at first was disappointing, and we find the author telling her publisher that she does not want to see any newspaper criticism. But the book made its way, and prepared an ever-growing public for Silas Marner.

I—The Tullivers of Dorlcote Mill



"WHAT I want, you know," said Mr. Tulliver, "what I want is to give Tom a good eddication—an eddication as'll be a bread to him. I mean to put him to a downright good school at midsummer. The two years at th' academy 'ud ha' done well enough if I'd meant to make a miller and farmer of him, but I should like Tom to be a bit of a scholard. It 'ud be a help to me wi' these lawsuits, and arbitrations and things. I wouldn't make a downright lawyer o' the lad—I should be sorry for him to be a raskill—but a sort of engineer, or a surveyor, or an auctioneer and vallyer, like Riley, or one o' them smartish businesses as are all profits and no outlay, only for a big watch-chain and a high stool. They're pretty nigh all one, and they're not far off being even wi' the law, I believe; for Riley looks Lawyer Wakem i' the face as hard as one cat looks another. *He's* none frightened at him."

Mr. Tulliver was speaking to his wife, a blonde, comely woman, nearly forty years old.

"Well, Mr. Tulliver, you know best. *I've* no objections. But if Tom's to go to a new school, I should like him to go where I can wash him and mend him, else he might as well have calico as linen. And then, when the box is goin' backwards and forwards, I could send the lad a cake, or a pork pie, or an apple."

"Well, well, we won't send him out o' reach o' the carrier's cart if other things fit in," said Mr. Tulliver. "Riley's as likely a man as any to know o' some school; he's had schooling himself, an' goes about to all sorts o' places arbitratin' and vallyin', and that."

So a day or two later Mr. Riley, the auctioneer, came to Dorlcote Mill and stayed the night, the better that Mr. Tulliver, who was slow at coming to a point, might consult him on the all-important subject of his boy.

"You see, I want to put him to a new school at midsummer," said Mr. Tulliver, when the topic had been reached. "I want to send him to a downright good school, where they'll make a scholard of him. I don't mean Tom to be a miller an' farmer. I see no fun i' that. I shall give Tom an eddication and put him to a business as he may make a nest for himself, an' not want to push me out o' mine."

At the sound of her brother's name, Maggie, the second and only other child of the Tullivers, who was seated on a low stool close by the fire, with a large book open on her lap, looked up eagerly. Tom, it appeared, was supposed capable of turning his father out of doors. This was not to be borne, and Maggie jumped up from her stool and, going up between her father's knees, said, in a half-crying, half-indignant voice, "Father, Tom wouldn't be naughty to you ever; I know he wouldn't."

Mr. Tulliver's heart was touched.

"What! They mustn't say any harm o' Tom, eh?" he said, looking at Maggie with a twinkling eye. Then, in a lower voice, turning to Mr. Riley, "She understands what one's talking about so as never was.

And you should hear her read—straight off, as if she knowed it all beforehand. But it's bad—it's bad. A woman's no business wi' being so clever; it'll turn to trouble, I doubt. It's a pity but what she'd been the lad—she'd ha' been a match for the lawyers, she would."

Mr. Riley took a pinch of snuff before he said, "But your lad's not stupid, is he? I saw him, when I was here last, busy making fishing-tackle; he seemed quite up to it."

"Well, he isn't not to say stupid; he's got a notion o' things out o' doors, an' a sort o' commonsense, as he'd lay hold o' things by the right handle. But he's slow with his tongue, you see, and he reads but poorly, and can't abide the books, and spells all wrong, they tell me, an' as shy as can be wi' strangers. Now, what I want is to send him to a school where they'll make him a bit nimble with his tongue and his pen, and make a smart chap of him. I want my son to be even wi' these fellows as have got the start o' me with having better schooling."

The talk ended in Mr. Riley recommending a country parson named Stelling as a suitable tutor for Tom, and Mr. Tulliver decided that his son should go to Mr. Stelling at King's Lorton, fifteen miles from Dorlcote Mill.

II—School Time

Tom Tulliver's sufferings during the first quarter he was at King's Lorton, under the distinguished care of the Rev. Walter Stelling, were rather severe. It had been very difficult for him to reconcile himself to the idea that his school time was to be prolonged, and that he was not to be brought up to his father's business, which he had always thought extremely pleasant, for it was nothing but riding about, giving orders, and going to market.

Mr. Stelling was not a harsh-tempered or unkind man—quite the contrary, but he thought Tom a stupid boy, and determined to develop his powers through Latin grammar and Euclid to the best of his ability.

As for Tom, he had no distinct idea how there came to be such a thing as Latin on this earth. It would have taken a long while to make it conceivable to him that there ever existed a people who bought and sold sheep and oxen, and transacted the everyday affairs of life through the medium of this language, or why he should be called upon to learn it, when its connexion with those affairs had become entirely latent. He was of a very firm, not to say obstinate disposition, but there was no brute-like rebellion or recklessness in his nature; the human sensibilities predominated, and he was anxious to acquire Mr. Stelling's approbation by showing some quickness at his lessons, if he had known how to accomplish it.

In his secret heart Tom yearned to have Maggie with him, and, before the first dreary half-year was ended, Maggie actually came. Mrs. Stelling had given a general invitation for the little girl to come and stay with her brother; so when Mr. Tulliver drove over to King's Lorton late in October Maggie came too.

"Well, lad," Mr. Tulliver said, "you look rarely! School agrees with you!"

"I don't think I *am* well, father," said Tom; "I wish you'd ask Mr. Stelling not to let me do Euclid—it brings on the toothache, I think."

"Euclid, my lad—why, what's that?" said Mr. Tulliver.

"Oh, I don't know! It's definitions and axioms and triangles and things. It's a book I've got to learn in—there's no sense in it."

"Go, go!" said Mr. Tulliver reprovingly. "You mustn't say so. You must learn what your master tells you. He knows what it's right for you to learn."

In the second term Mr. Stelling had a second pupil—Philip, the son of Lawyer Wakem, Mr. Tulliver's standing enemy.

Philip was a very odd-looking boy, Tom thought. His spine had been deformed through an accident in infancy, and to Tom he was simply a humpback. He had a vague notion that the deformity of Wakem's son had some relation to the lawyer's rascality, of which he had so often heard his father talk with hot emphasis.

There was a natural antipathy of temperament between the two boys; for Tom was an excellent bovine lad, and Philip was

sensitive, and suffered acute pain when the other blurted out offensive things.

Maggie, on her second visit to King's Lorton, pronounced Philip to be 'a nice boy.'

"He couldn't choose his father, you know," she said to Tom. "And I've read of very bad men who had good sons, as well as good parents who had bad children."

"Oh, he's a queer fellow," said Tom curtly, "and he's as sulky as he can be with me because I told him his father was a rogue. And I'd a right to tell him so, for it was true—and he began it with calling me names."

An accident to Tom's foot brought the two boys nearer again, and also threw Philip and Maggie together.

"Maggie," said Philip one day, "if you had had a brother like me, do you think you should have loved him as well as Tom?"

"Oh, yes, better," she answered immediately. "No, not better; because I don't think I could love you better than Tom. But I should be so sorry for you."

Philip coloured. He had meant to imply, would she love him as well in spite of his deformity, and yet when she alluded to it so plainly he winced under her pity. Maggie, young as she was, felt her mistake.

"But you are so very clever, Philip, and you can play and sing," she added quickly. "I wish you were my brother. I'm very fond of you."

"But you'll go away soon, and go to school, Maggie, and then you'll forget all about me, and not care for me any more."

"Oh, no, I shan't forget you, I'm sure." And Maggie put her arm round his neck, and kissed him quite earnestly.

III—The Downfall

When Tom had turned sixteen, and Maggie, three years younger, was at boarding school, came the downfall of the Tullivers. A long law-suit brought by Mr. Tulliver, ended in defeat. Wakem was his opponent's lawyer.

Maggie broke the news to Tom. Not only would mill and lands and everything be lost, and nothing left, but their father had fallen off his horse, and knew nobody, and seemed to have lost his senses.

"They say Mr. Wakem has got a mortgage or something on the land, Tom," said Maggie, on their way home from King's Lorton. "It was the letter with that news in it that made father ill, they think."

"I believe that scoundrel's been planning all along to ruin my father," said Tom, leaping from the vaguest impressions to a definite conclusion. "I'll make him feel for it when I'm a man. Mind you never speak to Philip again!"

For more than two months Mr. Tulliver lay ill in his room, oblivious to all that was taking place around him. From time to time recognition came to him of his wife and family, but there was no remembrance of recent events.

The mill and land of the Tullivers were sold to Wakem the lawyer, and the bulk of their household goods were disposed of by public auction; but the Tullivers were not turned out of Dorlcote Mill. And, indeed, when Mr. Tulliver, known to be a man of proud honesty, was once more able to be up and about, it was proposed that he should remain and accept employment as manager of the mill for Mr. Wakem.

It was with difficulty that poor Tulliver could bring himself to accept the situation, but he saw the possibility, by much pinching, of saving money out of the thirty shillings a week salary promised by Wakem and paying a second dividend to his creditors. The strongest influence of all was the love of the old premises where he had run about when he was a boy, just as Tom had done after him.

Tom, who had at once applied to his Uncle Deane, partner in a wealthy merchant's business, for work, and was now earning a pound a week, had protested against entertaining the proposition; he shouldn't like his father to be under Wakem; he thought it would look nothing but mean-spirited.

But Mr. Tulliver had come to a decision. The first evening of his new life downstairs, he called his family round him, and began to speak, looking first at his wife.

"I've made up my mind, Bessy. I'll stop in the old place, and I'll serve under Wakem, and I'll serve him like an honest

man; there's no Tulliver but what's honest, mind that, Tom. They'll have it to throw up against me as I paid a dividend—but it wasn't my fault—it was because there's raskills in the world. They've been too many for me, and I must give in. But I'll serve him as honest as if he was no raskill. I'm an honest man, though I shall never hold my head up no more! I'm a tree as is broke—a tree as is broke."

He paused, and looked on the ground. Then suddenly raising his head, he said, in a louder yet deeper tone, "But I won't forgive him! I know what they say—he never meant me any harm! I shouldn't ha' gone to law, they say. But who made it so as there was no arbitratin', and no justice to be got? It signifies nothing to him. I know that he's one o' them fine gentlemen as get money by doing business for poorer folks, and when he's made beggars of 'em he'll give 'em charity. I won't forgive him! I wish he might be punished with shame till his own son 'ud like to forget him. And you mind this, Tom—you never forgive him, neither, if you mean to be my son. Now write—write it i' the Bible!"

"Oh, father, what?" said Maggie, "It's wicked to curse and bear malice."

"It isn't wicked, I tell you," said her father fiercely. "It's wicked as the raskills should prosper—it's the devil's doing. Do as I tell you, Tom! Write."

THE big Bible was open at the beginning, where many family entries were put down.

"What am I to write, father?" said Tom, with gloomy submission.

"Write as your father, Edward Tulliver, took service under John Wakem, the man as has helped to ruin him, because I'd promised my wife to make her what amends I could, and because I wanted to die in the old place where I was born. Put that i' the right words, and then write as I don't forgive Wakem for all that; and for all I'll serve him honest, I wish evil may befall him. Write that."

There was a dead silence as Tom's pen moved along the paper.

"Now let me hear what you've wrote," said Mr. Tulliver; and Tom read aloud, slowly.

"Now, write—write as you'll remember what Wakem's done to your father, and you'll make him and his feel it, if ever the day comes. And sign your name—Thomas Tulliver!"

"Oh, no, father, dear father!" said Maggie, trembling like a leaf. "You shouldn't make Tom write that!"

"Be quiet, Maggie!" said Tom impatiently. "I shall write it!"

IV—In Death They Were Not Divided

THE Red Deeps was always a favourite place to Maggie to walk in. An old stone quarry, so long exhausted that both mounds and hollows were now clothed with brambles and trees, and with here and there a stretch of grass which a few sheep kept close nibbled. This was the Red Deeps, and it was here in June that Maggie once more met Philip Wakem, five years after their first meeting at Mr. Stelling's. He told her that she was much more beautiful than he had thought she would be, and assured her, in answer to the difficulties she raised, that there was no enmity in his father's mind.

And Maggie went home with an inward conflict already begun, and Philip went home to do nothing but hope.

In the following April they had met again, after Philip had been abroad.

And now he took her hand and asked her the simple question, "*Do* you love me?"

"I think I could hardly love anyone better; there is nothing that I do not love you for," Maggie answered. But she pointed out how impossible even their friendship was, if it was discovered.

Philip, on his side, refused to give up hope, and before they parted that day she had kissed him.

Tom intervened before the next visit to the Red Deeps. He had heard that Philip Wakem had been seen there with his sister, and Maggie admitted, on his questioning her, that she had told Philip that she loved him.

"Now, then, Maggie," Tom said coldly, "there are but two courses for you to take. Either you vow solemnly to me,

with your hand on father's Bible, that you will never have another meeting or speak another word in private to Philip Wakem, or you refuse, and I tell my father everything!"

In vain Maggie pleaded. Tom was obdurate, and she repeated the words of renunciation.

But that was not enough for Tom Tulliver; he accompanied Maggie to Red Deeps, and in a voice of harsh scorn told Philip that he had been taking a mean, unmanly advantage.

"It was for my father's sake, Philip," said Maggie imploringly. "Tom threatens to tell my father—and he couldn't bear it. I have promised, I have vowed solemnly, that we will not have any meeting without my brother's knowledge."

"It is enough, Maggie. *I* shall not change, but I wish you to hold yourself entirely free. But trust me—remember that I can never seek for anything but good to what belongs to you."

Tom only replied with angry contempt, and led Maggie away. All his sister's remonstrances he answered with cold obstinacy.

For his character in its strength was hard. Tom had laboured to one end in these years: to pay off his father's creditors, and regain Dorlcote Mill. By his industry, and by some successful private ventures in trade, the day came when the first of these objects was realized, and Mr. Tulliver lived to see himself free of debt.

But Mr. Tulliver's satisfaction was short-lived. Excited by the dinner given to celebrate the payment of his creditors he met Mr. Wakem near the mill. From angry words it came to blows, and Tulliver fell on the lawyer furiously, only ceasing from attack when Maggie and Mrs. Tulliver appeared. Wakem went off without serious injury, but Tulliver only lived through the night; the excitement killed him.

"You must take care of her, Tom," said the dying man, turning to his daughter. "You'll manage to pay for a brick grave, Tom, so as your mother and me can lie together? This world's . . .too many . . . honest man . . ."

At last there was total stillness, and poor Tulliver's dimly lighted soul had ceased to be vexed with the painful riddle of this world.

Tom and Maggie went downstairs together, and Maggie spoke. "Tom, forgive me; let us always love each other"—and they clung and wept together.

But they were not to be always united. Tom lived in lodgings in the town, and was anxious to provide for his sister, but Maggie preferred to take up teaching in her old boarding school. She met Philip Wakem again, and though Tom released her from her old promise, he could not regard Philip with any feelings of friendship.

It was when Tom had, by years of steady work, fulfilled his father's wishes and become once more master of Dorlcote Mill that Maggie returned to be no more separated from her brother. She was staying in the town near the river on the night when the flood came, and the river rose beyond its banks. Her first thought, as the water entered the lower part of the house, was of the mill where Tom was. There was no time to get assistance; she must go herself, and alone. Hastily she procured a boat, and at last reached the mill. The water was up to the first storey, but still the mill stood firm.

"Tom, where are you? Here is Maggie!" she called out, in a loud, piercing voice. Tom opened the middle window, and got into the boat. He rowed with vigour, but a new danger was before them in the river.

"Get out of the current!" was shouted at them, but it could not be done at once. Huge fragments of machinery, swept off one of the wharves, blocked the stream in one wide mass, and the current swept the boat swiftly on to its doom.

"It is coming, Maggie!" Tom said in a deep, hoarse voice, loosing the oars and clasping her.

The next instant the boat was no longer seen upon the water, and brother and sister had gone down in an embrace never to be parted; living through again in one supreme moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love.

'In their death they were not divided.'



John Wesley (1703-1791), the founder of Methodism, looms large among the greatest figures of the eighteenth century. From the Charterhouse School he passed as a scholar to Christ Church, Oxford, and in 1726, having already been admitted to Holy Orders, was elected a Fellow of Lincoln College, where he resided until 1735. In that year he went with his brother Charles to Georgia and remained there until the end of 1737. Though always a deeply religious man, his final conversion was only accomplished in 1738 and the next year, at Bristol, he opened that wonderful campaign as an itinerant preacher which he prosecuted for the entire remainder of his long life. By his simple eloquence and poignantly moving appeals to heart and conscience he gathered converts by thousands and his genius for organization was proved by his success in forming these into societies on a system sound enough to withstand storms of persecution and to endure virtually unaltered to the present day. This portrait, by Nathaniel Hone R.A., is in the National Portrait Gallery.

JOHN WESLEY
JOURNAL

EXTENDING over the years 1735-1790, John Wesley's Journal is one of the most notable literary products of the eighteenth century, of which he was a typical—and certainly the most strenuous—figure. As an itinerant clergyman, and as the propagator of that mission of Methodism which he founded, John Wesley travelled on his preaching tours for forty years, mostly on horseback. He paid more turnpike fees than any man who ever bestrode a horse, and 5,000 miles constituted his record for many years, during which he is said to have preached over 40,000 sermons. 'His journal of missionary travel,' it has been well said, 'would serve as a guide-book to the British Isles, and is replete with romantic incident and graphic pictures of life and manners.' The journal was originally published in a series of small volumes, each named an Extract. The standard edition in four volumes is published by the Epworth Press, who also issue a popular condensed edition in two volumes and an abridged edition in one volume.

I—The Holy Club and the Mission to Georgia



IN November 1729, at which time I came to reside at Oxford, Mr. Morgan, my brother, myself, and one more agreed to spend three or four evenings in a week together. Our design was to read over the classics, which we had before read in private, on common nights and on Sunday some book in divinity. In the summer following, Mr. M. told me he had called at the gaol, to see a man who was condemned for killing his wife; and that, from the talk he had with one of his debtors, he believed it would do much good if anyone would be at the pains of now and then speaking with them.

This he so frequently repeated that on August 24, 1730, my brother and I walked with him to the castle. We were so well satisfied with our conversation there that we agreed to go thither once or twice a week; which we had not done long before he desired me to go with him to see a poor sick woman in the town.

I next proposed to Mr. Gerard, the Bishop of Oxford's chaplain, who took care of any prisoners condemned to die, that I intended to preach in the prison once a month, if the bishop approved. Our design was approved and permission was granted. Soon after, a gentleman of Merton College, who was one of our little company, now consisting of five persons, acquainted us that he had been much rallied the day before for being a member of the Holy Club, and that it was become a common topic of mirth at his college, where they had found out several of our customs to which we were ourselves utter strangers.

I corresponded with my father and from him received encouragement, so that we still continued to meet as usual and to do what service we could to the prisoners and to two or three poor families in the town.

1735. OCTOBER 14. Mr. Benjamin Ingham, of Queen's College, Oxford, Mr. Charles Delamotte son of a London merchant, my brother Charles and myself took boat for Gravesend, in order to embark for Georgia. Our end in leaving our country was singly this, to save our souls; to live wholly to the glory of God. In the afternoon we found the *Simmonds* off Gravesend, and immediately went on board.

OCTOBER 17. I began to learn German, in order to converse with the twenty-six Germans on board. On Sunday I preached extempore and then administered the Lord's Supper to seven communicants.

OCTOBER 20. Believing the denying ourselves might be helpful, we wholly left off the use of flesh and wine and confined ourselves to vegetable food, chiefly rice and biscuit.

1736. FEBRUARY 5. After a passage in which storms were frequent, between two and three in the afternoon God brought us all safe into the Savannah

river. We cast anchor near Tybee Island, where the groves of pines along the shore made an agreeable prospect, suggesting the bloom of spring in the depth of winter.

SUNDAY, MARCH 7. I entered upon my ministry at Savannah. I do here bear witness against myself that when I saw the number of people crowding into the church, the deep attention with which they received the Word, and the seriousness that sat on all their faces, I could hardly believe that the greater part of them would hereafter trample under foot that Word and say all manner of evil falsely against him that spake it

MARCH 30. Mr. Delamotte and I began to try whether life might not be as well sustained by one sort as by a variety of food. We chose to make the experiment with bread, and were never more vigorous than while we tasted nothing else.

JUNE 30. I hoped a door was opened for my main design, which was to preach the Gospel to the Indians, and I purposed to go immediately to the Choctaws, the least polished — that is, the least corrupted — of the tribes. On my informing Lieutenant-Governor Oglethorpe of our wish, he objected, alleging not only danger from the French, but also the inexpediency of leaving Savannah without a minister. These objections I related to our brethren, who all agreed we ought not to go yet.

JULY 3. Preaching at Charlestown, immediately after Communion I mentioned to Mrs. Williamson (Mr. Causton's niece) some things I thought reprovable in her behaviour. At this she appeared extremely angry.

AUGUST 7. I repelled Mrs. Williamson from the Holy Communion. And next day, Mr. Recorder, of Savannah, issued out a warrant for my arrest. Mr. Jones, the constable, served the warrant and carried me before Mr. Bailiff Parker and Mr. Recorder. I was told that I must appear at the next court. Mr. Causton came to my house and declared the affront had been offered to him; that he espoused the cause of his niece; and that he would have satisfaction if it was to be had in this world.

To many persons Mr. Causton declared that 'Mr. Wesley had repelled Sophy Holy Communion purely out of revenge, because he had made proposals of marriage to her which she had rejected, and married Mr. Williamson.' But when the case came on the grand jury, having heard the charge, declared themselves thoroughly persuaded that it was an artifice of Mr. Causton's, designed 'rather to blacken the character of Mr. Wesley than to free the colony from religious tyranny, as he had been pleased to term it.'

OCTOBER 7. I consulted my friends whether God did not call me to return to England. I had found no possibility of instructing the Indians. They were unanimous that I ought to go, but not yet. But later they agreed that the time was come and I set sail for England.

II—The New Gospel of Faith

FEBRUARY 1, 1738. Landed at Deal. It is now two years and almost four months since I left my native country. After reading prayers and explaining a portion of Scripture to a large company at the inn, I left Deal and came in the evening to Faversham. I here read prayers and explained the second lesson to a few of those who were called Christians but were indeed more savage in their behaviour than the wildest Indians I have yet met with.

FEBRUARY 26. SUNDAY. I preached at six in the morning at St. Lawrence's, London; at ten, in St. Catherine Cree's; and in the afternoon at St. John's, Wapping. I believe it pleased God to bless the first sermon most, because it gave most offence.

MARCH 4. I found my brother at Oxford, and with him Peter Böhler; by whom, in the great hand of God, I was on Sunday, the 5th, clearly convinced of unbelief, of the want of that faith whereby alone we are saved. Immediately it struck into my mind, 'Leave off preaching. How can you preach to others who have not faith yourself?' I asked Böhler whether he thought I should leave it off.

He answered, "By no means."

I asked, "But what can I preach?"

He said, "Preach faith till you have it; and then, because you have it, you will preach faith."

Accordingly, Monday, 6, I began preaching this new doctrine, though my soul started back from the work. The first person to whom I offered salvation through faith alone was a prisoner under sentence of death.

On Tuesday, 25, I spoke clearly and fully at Blendon to Mr. Delamotte's family of the nature and fruits of faith. Mr. Broughton and my brother were there. Mr. Broughton's great objection was, he could never think that I had not faith who had done and suffered such things. My brother was very angry and told me I did not know what mischief I had done by talking thus. And, indeed, it did please God to kindle a fire which I trust shall never be extinguished.

On May 1 our little society began, which afterwards met in Fetter Lane, May 3. My brother had a long and particular conversation with Peter Böhler. And it now pleased God to open his eyes, so that he also saw clearly what was the nature of that one true living faith, whereby alone 'through grace we are saved.'

SUNDAY, 7. I preached at St. Lawrence's in the morning and afterwards at St. Catherine Cree's. I was enabled to speak strong words at both, and was therefore the less surprised at being informed I was not to preach any more in either of those churches. I was likewise, after preaching the next Sunday at St. Anne's, Aldersgate, and the following Sunday at St. John's, Wapping, and at St. Bennett's, Paul's Wharf, told that at these churches I must preach no more.

1739. MARCH 28. A letter from Mr. Whitefield and another from Mr. Seward pressed me to come to Bristol. I reached Bristol March 31 and met Mr. Whitefield there. I could scarcely at first reconcile myself to the strange way of preaching in the fields, of which he set me the example for all my life. I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not been done in a church; but now I proclaimed in the highways the glad tidings of salvation, speaking in the open air.

MAY 9. We took possession of a piece of ground in the Horse Fair, Bristol, where it was designed to build a room large enough to contain both the societies of Nicholas and Baldwin Street, and on May 12 the first stone was laid with thanksgiving. The responsibility of payment I took entirely on myself. Money I had not, it is true, nor any human prospect of securing it; but I knew 'the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.'

JUNE 5. There was great expectation at Bath of what a noted man was to do to me there. Many appeared surprised and were sinking apace into seriousness when their champion came up to me and asked by what authority I did these things. I replied, "By the authority of Jesus Christ, conveyed to me by the Archbishop of Canterbury when he laid his hands on me." He said, "This is contrary to the Act of Parliament; this is a conventicle. Besides, your preaching frightens people out of their wits."

"Give me leave, sir, to ask, is not your name Nash?"

"My name is Nash." An old woman said, "You, Mr. Nash, take care of your body; we take care of our souls, and for the food of our souls we come here." He replied not a word, but walked away.

III—'All the World My Parish'

ALL this time I had many thoughts concerning my manner of ministering, but after frequently laying it down before the Lord, I could not but adhere to what I had some time since written to a friend—'I look on all the world as my parish; thus far I mean that, in whatever part I am of it, I judge it meet to declare to all who are willing to hear the glad tidings of salvation.'

JUNE 14. I went with Mr. Whitehead to Blackheath, where were, I believe, 12,000 people. He desired me to preach in his stead; and I was greatly moved with compassion for the rich that were there, to whom I made a particular application. Some of them seemed to attend, while others drove away their coaches from so uncouth a preacher.

SUNDAY, 24. As I was riding to Rose Green, near Bristol, my horse suddenly pitched on its head and rolled over and over. I received no other hurt than a little bruise on my side, which for the

present I felt hot, but preached without pain to seven thousand people.

SEPTEMBER 16. I preached at Moorfields to about ten thousand, and at Kennington Common to near twenty thousand. At both places I described the real difference between what is generally called Christianity and the real old Christianity, which under the new name of Methodism is now everywhere spoken against.

NOVEMBER 25. Few persons have lived in the West of England who have not heard of the colliers of Kingswood, famous for neither regarding God nor man. The scene is changed. Kingswood does not now, as a year ago, resound with cursing and blasphemy. Peace and love reign there since the preaching of the Gospel in the spring. Great numbers of the people are gentle, mild and easy to be entreated.

1745. JULY 3. At Gwennap, in Cornwall, I was seized for a soldier. As I was reading my text a man rode up and cried, 'Seize the preacher for his majesty's service.' As the people would not do it, he leapt off his horse, and caught hold of my cassock, crying, 'I take you to serve his majesty.' He walked off with me and talked with me for some time, but then let me go.

1748. APRIL 9. I preached in Connaught, a few miles from Athlone. Many heard, but, I doubt, felt nothing. The Shannon comes within a mile of the house where I preached. I think there is not such another river in Europe. It is here ten miles wide, though only thirty from its source. There are many islands in it, now mostly desolate. In almost every one is a ruined church; in one, the remains of no fewer than seven.

1750. MAY 31. I rode to Rathcormack. There being a great burying in the afternoon, to which people came from all parts, I preached after Mr. Lloyd had read the service. I was exceedingly shocked at (what I had only heard of before) the Irish howl that followed. It was not a song, as I supposed, but a dismal, inarticulate yell, set up at the grave by four shrill-voiced women hired for the purpose. But I saw not one that shed a tear; for that, it seems, was not in their bargain.

1759. OCTOBER 1. At Bristol. I had ridden in about seven months not less than 2,400 miles. On Monday, October 15, I went to Knowle, a mile from Bristol, to see the French prisoners. About 1,100 were there confined, with only a little dirty straw to lie on so that they died like rotten sheep. I was much affected, but after I had preached the sum of £18 was contributed immediately, which next day we made up to £24. With this we bought linen and woollen cloth and this was made up into clothing for the prisoners. Presently after, the Corporation of Bristol sent a large quantity of mattresses and blankets. And it was not long before contributions were set on foot in London and other parts of the country; so that from this time they were pretty well provided with the necessaries of life.

1766. SEPTEMBER 14. I preached in the natural amphitheatre at Gwennap, far the finest I know in the kingdom. It is a round, green hollow, gently shelving down, about 50 feet deep; but I suppose it is 200 feet across one way, and nearly 300 the other. I believe there were full 20,000 people and all could hear.

1770. APRIL 21. I rode slowly on this and the following days through Staffordshire and Cheshire to Manchester.

IN this journey, I observed a mistake that almost universally prevails. Near 30 years ago I was thinking, 'How is it that no horse ever stumbles while I am reading?' (History, poetry and philosophy I commonly read on horseback, having other employment at other times.) No account can possibly be given but this: because then I throw the reins on his neck. I then set myself to observe; and I aver that in riding above 100,000 miles I scarce ever remember my horse—except two, that would fall head over heels anyway—to fall, or make a considerable stumble, while I rode with a slack rein. To fancy, therefore, that a tight rein prevents stumbling is a capital blunder.

1771. JANUARY 23. For what cause I know not to this day, my wife set out for Newcastle, purposing 'never to return.' *Non eam reliqui: non dimisi: non revocabo* [I did not desert her: I did not send her away: I will not recall her.]

IV—The City Road Chapel

APRIL 21, 1777. The day appointed for laying the foundation of the new chapel. The rain befriended us much, by keeping away thousands who proposed to be there. But there were still such multitudes that it was with great difficulty I got through them to lay the first stone. Upon this was a plate of brass—covered with another stone—on which was engraved: 'This was laid by Mr. John Wesley, on April 21, 1777.' Probably this will be seen no more by any human eye; but will remain there till the earth and the works thereof are burnt up.

1778. DECEMBER 17. Having been many times desired, for near forty years, to publish a magazine, I at length complied, and now began to collect materials for it. If it once begin, I incline to think it will not end but with my life. Just at this time there was a combination among many of the postchaise drivers on the Bath Road, especially those that drove in the night, to deliver their passengers into each other's hands. One driver stopped at the spot they had appointed, where another waited to attack the chaise. In consequence of this many were robbed, but I had a good Protector still. I have travelled all roads, by day and by night, for these forty years and never was interrupted yet.

1779. JULY 21. When I came to Coventry, I found notice had been given for my preaching in the park, but the heavy rain prevented. I sent to the mayor, desiring the use of the town hall. He refused, but the same day gave the use of it to a dancing-master. I then went to the women's market. Many soon gathered together and listened with all seriousness. I preached there again the next morning and again in the evening. Then I took coach for London. I was nobly attended—behind the coach were ten convicted felons, loudly blaspheming and rattling their chains; by my side sat a man with a loaded blunderbuss and another upon the coach.

1780. MAY 20. In Scotland. But I am not a preacher for the people of Edinburgh. Hugh Saunderson and Michael Fenwick are more to their taste. I took one mere walk through Holyrood House, the mansion of ancient kings. But how melancholy an appearance does it make now! The stately rooms are dirty as stables; the colours of the tapestry are quite faded; several of the pictures are cut and defaced. The roof of the chapel is fallen in, and the bones of James V and Darnley are scattered like those of sheep or oxen. Such is human greatness!

V—In His Eightieth Year

JUNE 26. I preached at Thirsk; 27, at York. Friday, 28, I entered my 80th year, but, blessed be God, my strength is not 'labour and sorrow.' I find no more pain or bodily infirmities than at 25. This I still impute: (1) To the power of God fitting me for what He calls me to; (2) to my still travelling four or five thousand miles a year; (3) to my still sleeping, night or day, whenever I want it; (4) to my rising at a set hour; and (5) to my constant preaching.

1783. DECEMBER 18. I spent two hours with that great man Dr. Johnson, who is sinking into the grave by a gentle decay.

1784. JUNE 28 (Epworth). To-day I entered on my 82nd year, and found myself just as strong to labour and as fit for any exercise of body and mind as I was forty years ago. I am as strong at 81 as I was at 21, but abundantly more healthy, being a stranger to the headache, toothache and other ills which attended my youth.

1786. JANUARY 24. I was desired to go and hear the king deliver his speech in the House of Lords. But how agreeably I was surprised. He pronounced every word with exact propriety. I doubt whether there be any other king in Europe that is so just and natural a speaker.

1789. DECEMBER 25. Being Christmas Day, we began the service in the new chapel at four in the morning, as usual; where I preached again in the evening, after having officiated in West Street at the common hour. Sunday, 27, I preached in St. Luke's to a very numerous congregation. So are the tables turned, that I have now more invitations to preach in churches than I can accept.

MACHIAVELLI

THE PRINCE

THE fame of Niccolo Machiavelli rests mainly on his celebrated Il Principe, written probably about 1514, but not published until 1532, five years after the death of the author The great question with which the work is concerned is: how a prince may establish and maintain the strongest possible government. Machiavelli regarded the secular state as the supreme end, and all means to preserve it as justified. Moral principles must yield entirely to the dictates of pure expediency, and it follows that the world regarded by the prince must be always the same; the men in it growing neither better nor worse. For centuries Machiavelli's name has been used in terms of reproach, due largely to incomplete understanding of his method. But there is no division among the critics as to the precision of his thought and the clarity of his style. Translations into English have been made at different times. Reliable moderately-priced editions are included in The World's Classics and also in Everyman's Library.

I—Of Princedoms Won by Merit



ALL states and governments are either republics or princedoms. Princedoms are either hereditary or new. Hereditary states are maintained with far less difficulty than new states, but in new princedoms difficulties abound.

And first if the princedom be joined on to ancient dominions of the prince, so as to form a mixed princedom, rebellion is a danger, for men are always ready to change masters. When a state rebels and is again got under it will not afterwards be lost so easily; for the prince will use the rebellion as a pretext to make himself more secure.

Such new states, when they are of the same province and tongue as the ancient dominions of the prince, are easily retained. It is enough to have rooted out the line of the reigning prince. But where the language and usages differ the difficulty is multiplied. One expedient is for the prince himself to dwell in the new state, as the Turk has done in Greece. Another is to send colonies into one or two places which may become keys to the province; for the cost of troops is far greater.

In such provinces, moreover, the prince should always make himself the protector of his weaker neighbours, without adding to their strength; but should humble the great, and never suffer a formidable stranger to acquire influence, as was the rule with the Romans. Whereas King Louis of France has in Italy done the direct opposite in every single respect. In especial we may draw from the French king's actions the general axiom, which never or rarely errs, that 'he who is the cause of another's greatness is himself undone.'

Now, all princedoms are governed in one of two ways: either by a sole prince served by ministers, or by a prince with barons who hold their rank not by favour but by right of descent. The Turk is an example of the first, the French king of the second. A state of the first kind is difficult to win, but when won is easily held, since the prince's family may be easily rooted out; but in such a state as France you may gain an entry, but to hold your ground afterwards is difficult, since you cannot root out the barons.

Hence we need not wonder at the ease wherewith Alexander was able to lay a firm hold on Asia, albeit he died before he had well entered on possession; since the dominion of Darius was of the same character as that of the Turk.

When the newly acquired state has hitherto lived under its own laws and in freedom there are three ways of holding it. The first is to destroy it; the second to reside in it; the third to leave it under its own laws, choosing for its governors from the inhabitants such as will be friendly to

you. But the safest course is either to destroy it or to go and live in it.

Where the prince himself is new, either merit or good fortune is implied, and if we consider the most excellent examples, such as Moses, Cyrus, Romulus and the like, we shall see that they owed to fortune nothing beyond the opportunity which they seized. Those who, like these, come to the princedom by virtuous paths acquire with difficulty, but keep with ease. Their difficulties arise because they are of necessity innovators. If, then, they have force of their own to employ, they seldom fail. Hence it comes that all armed prophets have been victorious and all unarmed prophets have been destroyed, as was the case with Savonarola.

II—Of Princedoms Won Otherwise than by Merit

THOSE who rise to princedom by mere good fortune have much trouble to maintain themselves; some lack both knowledge and the power to do so. Yet even if such a one be of great parts, he may lose what he has won, like Cesare Borgia.

It was impossible for the duke to aggrandise himself unless the states of Italy were thrown into confusion so that he might safely make himself master of some part of them. This was made easy for him as concerned Romagna by the conduct of the French and Venetians. The next step was to weaken the factions of the Orsini and the Colonnesi. Having scattered the Colonnesi, the Orsini were so won over as to be drawn in their simplicity into his hands at Sinigaglia. Having thus disposed of the leaders, he set about ingratiating himself with the population of Romagna and Urbino. He first set over the country a stern ruler to restore order. This end being accomplished, that stern but unpopular ruler was beheaded.

Next, as a new pope might be dangerous, he set himself to exterminate the kindred of those lords whom he had despoiled of their possessions, to win over the Roman nobility, and to secure a majority among the cardinals. But before the duke had completely consolidated his power his father, Pope Alexander VI, died. Even so, the skill with which he had laid the foundations of his power must have resulted in success had he not himself been almost at death's door at that critical moment. The one mistake he made was in the choice of the new pope, Julius II, and this error was the cause of his ultimate downfall.

A man may rise, however, to a princedom by paths of wickedness and crime; that is, not precisely by either merit or fortune. We may take as example first Agathocles the Sicilian. To slaughter fellow citizens, to betray friends, to be devoid of honour, pity and religion cannot be counted as merit. But the achievements of Agathocles can certainly not be ascribed to fortune. We cannot, therefore, attribute either to fortune or to merit what he accomplished without either.

For a modern instance we may consider Oliverotto of Fermo, who seized upon that town by a piece of monstrous treachery and merciless butchery; yet he established himself so firmly that he could not have been unseated had he not let himself be over-reached by Cesare Borgia.

Our lesson from these examples is that on seizing a state the usurper should make haste to inflict what injuries he must at one stroke, and afterwards win men over by benefits.

NEXT is the case of those who are made princes by the favour of their countrymen, which they owe to what may be termed a fortunate astuteness. If he be established by the favour of the people, to secure them against the oppression of the nobles, his position is stronger than if he owe it to the nobles; but in either case it is the people whom he must conciliate, and this I affirm in spite of the old saw, 'He who builds on the people builds on mire.'

Merit, or good fortune, is needed to acquire ecclesiastical princedoms, but not to maintain them, for they are upheld by the authority of religion. It is due to the policy of the Popes Alexander VI and Julius II that the temporal power of the pope has become so great; and from his holiness Pope Leo we may hope that as his predecessors made the papacy great with arms he will render it still greater and more venerable by his benignity and other countless virtues.

III—Of Maintaining a Princedom

A PRINCE must defend his state with either his own subjects or mercenaries, or auxiliaries. Mercenaries are utterly untrustworthy; if their captain be not an able man the prince will probably be ruined, whereas if he be an able man he will be seeking a goal of his own. This has been perpetually exemplified among the cities and states of Italy which have sought to maintain themselves by taking foreigners into their pay.

But he who would deprive himself of every chance of success should have recourse to auxiliaries; that is, to the troops of a foreign potentate. For these are far more dangerous than mercenary arms, bringing ruin with them ready made. The better such troops are the more dangerous they are. From Hiero of Syracuse to Cesare Borgia, princes have become powerful in proportion as they could dispense with such aid and place their dependence upon national troops.

A prince, then, who would be powerful should have no care or thought but for war, lest he lose his dominions. If he be ignorant of military affairs he can neither be respected by the soldiers nor trust them. Therefore, he must both practise and study this art. For the practice, the chase in many respects provides an excellent training both in knowledge of the country and in vigour of the body. As to study, a prince should read histories, note the actions of great men and examine the causes of their victories and defeats, imitating those who have been renowned.

Anyone who would act up to a perfect standard of goodness in everything must be ruined among so many who are not good. It is essential therefore for a prince to have learnt how to be other than good and to use, or not to use, his goodness as necessity requires.

It may be a good thing to be reputed liberal, but liberality without the reputation of it is hurtful. Display necessitates the imposition of taxes, whereby the prince becomes hateful; whereas through parsimony his revenue will be sufficient. Hence we have seen no princes accomplish great results save those who have been accounted miserly by the world.

Every prince should desire to be accounted merciful, not cruel; but a new prince cannot escape a name for cruelty, for he who quells disorder by a few signal examples will, in the end, be the more merciful.

Men are less careful how they offend him who makes himself loved than him who makes himself feared; yet should a prince inspire fear in such a fashion that, if he do not win love, he may escape hate; remembering that men will sooner forget the slaying of their father than the loss of their patrimony.

Princes who set little store by their word but have known how to over-reach men by their cunning have accomplished great things, and in the end got the better of those who trusted to honest dealing. The prince must be a lion, but he must also know how to play the fox. He who wishes to deceive will never fail to find willing dupes. The prince, in short, ought not to quit good courses if he can help it, but should know how to follow evil courses if he must.

A PRINCE must avoid being despised as well as being hated; therefore courage, wisdom and strength must be apparent in all his actions. Against such a one conspiracy is difficult. That prince is wise who devolves on others those matters that entail responsibility, and may therefore make him odious either to the nobles or to the commons, but reserves to himself the matters that relate to grace and favour.

What I have said is not contradicted by the history of the Roman emperors; for they had to choose between satisfying the soldiers and satisfying the people. It was imperative that at any cost they should maintain control of the soldiery, which scarce any of them could do without injustice to the people. If we examine their histories we shall find that they fully bear out the principles I have laid down.

But in our time the standing armies of princes have not the same power as the armies of the Roman Empire, and except under the Turk and the Soldan it is more needful to satisfy the people than to satisfy the soldiery.

IV—Of Artifices

A NEW prince will never disarm his subjects, but will rather arm them, at least in part. For thus they become his partisans, whereas without them he must depend on mercenaries.

But a prince who adds a new state to his old possessions should disarm its inhabitants, relying on the soldiers of his own ancient dominions. Some have fostered feuds among their new subjects in order to keep them weak, but such a policy rarely proves useful in the end. The prince who acquires a new state will gain more strength by winning over and trusting those who were at first opposed to him than by relying on those who were at first his friends.

The prince who is more afraid of his subjects than of strangers ought to build fortresses, while he who is more afraid of strangers than of his subjects should leave them alone. The best fortress you can have is in not being hated by your subjects.

Nothing makes a prince so well thought of as to undertake great enterprises and give striking proofs of his capacity. Ferdinand of Aragon, in our own time, has become the foremost king in Christendom. If you consider his achievements, you will find them all great and some extraordinary. First he made war on Granada, and this was the foundation of his power. Under the cloak of religion, with what may be called pious cruelty, he cleared his kingdom of the Moors, made war on Africa, invaded Italy and finally attacked France; while his subjects, occupied with these great actions, had neither time nor opportunity to oppose them.

To retain a good minister the prince will bind him to himself by benefits. Above all, he will avoid being deceived by flatterers, and while he consults his counsellors should reflect and judge for himself. A prince who is not wise himself cannot be well advised by others.

The Italian princes who in our own times have lost their dominions have either been deficient in respect of arms, or have had the people against them, or have not known how to secure themselves against the nobles. As to the influence



NICCOLO DI BERNARDO DEI MACHIAVELLI was born at Florence, May 3, 1469, and died June 22, 1527. At an early age he took an active part in Florentine politics, and in 1498, four years after the expulsion of the Medici, was appointed secretary to the Ten, a chancery combining the duties of war office and ministry of home affairs. Afterwards he was employed on diplomatic missions, and he held office until the return of the Medici, in 1512, caused the downfall of his patron Gonfaloniere Soderini. The retirement that followed was occupied by writing The Prince, Discourses, The Art of War, A History of Florence, and several plays, among which was La Mandragola, one of the finest comedies of the Italian stage.

of fortune it may be the case that she is the mistress of one half of our actions, but leaves the control of the other half to ourselves. That prince will prosper most whose mode of acting best adapts itself to the character of the times; so that at one time a cautious temperament, and at another an impetuous temperament, will be the more successful.

Now, at this time the whole land of Italy is without a head, without order, beaten, spoiled, torn in pieces, overrun, and abandoned to destruction in every shape. She prays God to send someone to rescue her from these barbarous cruelties; she is eager to follow anyone who could undertake the part of a deliverer; nor does this seem too hard a task for you, the Magnificent Lorenzo of the illustrious house of Medici. The cause is just; we have before us unexampled proofs of Divine favour. Everything has concurred to promote your greatness. What remains to be done must be done by you, for God will not do everything Himself.

MADAME SARAH GRAND

THE HEAVENLY TWINS

Retold by the Author

THE first published novel of Madame Sarah Grand was Ideala, written when the author was twenty-six. It met with a fair measure of success, but it was not until The Heavenly Twins appeared, in 1893, that the assumed name of the author became familiar to the general reading public. In this work Madame Grand struck a new vein in fiction by touching a presentment of character, unusual in itself, with exceptional cleverness. Modernism was the keynote of Madame Sarah Grand's point of view and it is heard in all she wrote. The following version of her famous book was prepared especially for *The World's Great Books* by the author, and is included by permission of its publishers, the firm of William Heinemann.

I—Evadne and the Twins



THE scene of the story is laid in and about the ancient city of Morningquest, an old cathedral town set at the junction of two rivers, in the midst of a fertile land, possessed for the most part by a few families of large estate. Morningquest, with the sunset glow upon it, might have made you think of Arthur's 'dim rich city'; but Morningquest had flourished a thousand years longer than Caerlyon, and was as many times more wicked.

The castle of the old Duke of Morningquest dominates the city, and various members of his family take part in the life of it and of the neighbourhood, with varying purpose and effect.

The Heavenly Twins are grandchildren of the duke, whom they resemble in some respects as he was in his youth. They had arrived somewhat late in the married lives of their parents, Mr. and Lady Adeline Hamilton-Wells, and had been welcomed as angel visitants, under which fond delusion they were christened respectively Angelica and Theodore. But before they were well out of the nurse's arms, society had changed Theodore's name to Diavalo; 'Angelica' was sanctioned, the irony being obvious.

It was easier to distinguish them apart than is often the case with twins, the one being dark and the other fair. Angelica was the dark one, and she was also the elder, taller, stronger and wickeder of the two, the organizer and commander of every expedition. Before they were five years old everybody with whom they came in contact was upon the alert, both in self-defence, and also to see that the twins did not kill themselves.

Evadne Frayling was the only person in the neighbourhood who could manage the twins at all at this period. She was the daughter of a country gentleman of comfortable means, a girl of strong will and high intelligence, who had formed advanced opinions for herself by reading and observation on the position of women and the questions relating thereto, which were beginning to agitate society towards the end of the nineteenth century.

It was her father's influence which forced Evadne to draw conclusions in regard to life quite unlike any of his own, and very distasteful to him. He was the most conservative of men, and yet he was continually setting her mind off at a tangent in search of premises upon which to found ultra-liberal conclusions. His primitive theories about women and 'all that they are fit for,' for one thing, which differed so materially from the facts as she observed them every day, formed a constant mental stimulus.

It was that remark of her father's about 'all that women are fit for' which set her mind off on a long and patient inquiry into the condition and capacity of women. She had no foregone conclusion to arrive at, no expectation of finding evidence in favour of the women which should prove the men wrong. Only, coming across so many sneers at the incapacity of women, she fell insensibly into the habit of asking why. The

question to begin with was always, 'Why are women such inferior beings?' But by degrees, as her reading extended, it changed its form, and then she asked herself doubtfully, 'Are women such inferior beings?'—a position which carried her in front of her father at once by a hundred years, and led her rapidly on to the conclusion that women had no congenital defect of inferiority, and that, although they have still much way to make up, it now rests with themselves to be inferior or not, as they choose.

Throughout this period noticeably prominent in her were two desirable characteristics—viz. the provisional acceptance of what she was taught by those whom she delighted to honour and obey, and the large-minded absence of prejudice which enabled her to differ without antagonism when she saw good cause.

Evadne, as she said herself on the eve of her marriage, had the happiest girlhood that girl ever had. She was devoted to her father and mother and, being one of a large family, had plenty of young life about her to take her out of herself and prevent her serious pursuits from having any ill effect on her health. She saw a good deal of the children whom Dr. Galbraith, a landed proprietor in the neighbourhood, called in derision, 'The Heavenly Twins.' They had been a source of interest, and also of concern, to her from the first. She took a grave view of their vagaries, and entertained doubts on the subject of their salvation should an 'all-wise Providence,' catching them peering into a sewer, resolve itself into a poisonous gas, and cut them off suddenly—a fate which had actually overtaken a small brother of her own. She told the twins the story of his sad end once in the orthodox way as a warning.

"And, do you know," she said, solemnly, "there were some green apples found in his pocket after he was dead, actually!"

"What a pity!" Diavolo exclaimed. "If they'd been found in his stomach it would have been more satisfactory."

II—A Disreputable Husband

EVADNE passed from her happy childhood to early maturity. Intellectual pursuits ceased to satisfy her. Emotional experiences drew her from her books—religion first, then love. Instead of sitting up late to read, she got up early and went to church. The vicar in charge was a young man whom she liked, and whom her parents would approve as a suitor; but she herself did not think of him at all from that point of view, and when he proposed she looked at him as if she had never seen him before. Then she said, not knowing that she was cruel, and only desiring to be frank, "I have never thought of you as a man, you know, only as a priest. I respect and reverence you. I even love you, but——"

"But what?" he asked eagerly, his face flushing, his whole being in suspense.

"But I could not marry a priest. It would seem to be a sort of sacrilege."

Soon afterwards she became engaged to Major Colquhoun.

'It has been the prettiest idyll to us onlookers,' Mrs. Frayling writes to Lady Adeline Hamilton-Wells. 'Love at first sight with both of them, and their first glimpse of each other in church, which we all take to be the happiest omen that God's blessing is upon them, and will sanctify their union. . . . George is senior major, and will command the regiment in a short time; and his means are quite ample enough for them to begin on. . . . He is twenty years older than Evadne, and was rather wild as a young man, I am sorry to say; but he has been quite frank about all that to Mr. Frayling, and there is nothing now that we can object to.'

That there should be anything in 'all that' to which Evadne could object did not occur to her parents. She had, however, in the course of her studies learnt enough to show her the risk of marrying a man with 'all that' in his past; and she was determined to take no man for her husband and the father of the children she hoped to have who was not sound in character and constitution. In this she was a new sort of woman altogether, one of the first harbingers of the coming summer of the human race, when children will no longer be born with hereditary diseases in their blood, but with every prospect of inheriting good constitutions.

With this idea in her mind, and never suspecting that her parents' principles on the subject could be other than her own, she had a long talk with her father, following upon a still longer talk which he had had with Major Colquhoun.

"And you are satisfied with my choice, father?" she said. "You consider George a suitable husband for me?"

"In all respects, my dear," he answered heartily. "He is a fine, manly fellow."

"There was nothing in his past to which I could object?" she ventured.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" he assured her. "He has been perfectly straightforward about himself; I am satisfied that he will make an excellent husband."

So the marriage took place in London. Immediately after the ceremony Evadne received a letter which opened her eyes to the fact that there had been in Major Colquhoun's past everything to which she most objected. They drove together to the station on their way to the Continent, but in the crowd she managed to make her escape, and took refuge in Morningquest with her aunt, Mrs. Orton Beg, in whom she confided. Mrs. Orton Beg asked why she did not go home.

"For several reasons," Evadne answered; "the best being that I never thought of going home. I wanted to be alone, and think. I fancied that at home they either could not or would not tell me anything about Major Colquhoun's past life, and I was determined to know the truth exactly. And I can't tell you how many sayings of my father's recurred to me with a new significance, and made me fear that there was some difference between his point of view and mine on the subject of a suitable husband. He told me himself that Major Colquhoun had been quite frank about his past career, and then, when I came to think, it appeared to me clearly that it was the frankness which had satisfied my father. The career itself was nothing. You heard how pleased they were about my engagement?"

"Yes," Mrs. Orton Beg answered slowly, "and I confess I was a little surprised when I heard from your mother that your *fiancé* had been 'wild' in his youth, for I remembered some remarks you made last year about the kind of man you would



FRANCES ELIZABETH M'FALL, whose pen name is Madame Sarah Grand, was born at Donaghadee, Co. Down, Ireland, in 1855, her father being an officer in the Royal Navy. At the early age of sixteen she was married to an army officer and, in company with him, travelled extensively in the East. A life-long worker for the woman's movement, she wrote, from her teens, in strong support of the feminist point of view. Apart from The Heavenly Twins, her most notable works are The Beth Book and Babs the Impossible.

object to marrying, and it seemed to me from the description that Major Colquhoun was very much that kind of man."

"Then why didn't you warn me?" Evadne exclaimed.

"I don't know that I quite thought it was a subject for warning." Mrs. Orton Beg answered, "and, at any rate, girls *do* talk in that way sometimes, not really meaning it. I thought it was mere *youngness* on your part. And I don't know now whether I quite approve of your having been told—of this new departure," she added, indicating the letter.

"*I* do," said Evadne decidedly. "I would stop the imposition, approved of custom, connived at by parents, made possible by the state of ignorance in which we are wrongly kept—the imposition upon a girl's innocence and inexperience of a disreputable man for a husband."

The fact of her flight was carefully concealed from the world, and there was a hard struggle to induce her to return to her husband, but Evadne firmly refused, until at last her mother worked upon her feelings by going down on her knees to beg that she would at all events consent to live in the same house with him.

III—The Twins Grow Up

THE twins, meanwhile, had never ceased from troubling. They were mounting from one trick to another to maturity, until at last their parents, worn out with worry and anxiety, played them a trick. Taking advantage of their absence on a visit to their grandfather, their father and mother made their escape, and went for a tour round the world. The children were furious, but there was nothing to be done, and they had to remain at Morne for a year with the old duke and their uncle and aunt.

It was an important year for them, as well as a happy one, for in the course of it their future careers were determined. As they grew up, Angelica arrived, but by quite a different route, at much the same conclusion with regard to the position of her own sex that Evadne had already reached. What she suffered from were the restrictions. She felt them first when she found that Diavolo was to have a much better education than was considered necessary for her. They both rebelled against this injustice in their own peculiar way, and the result was that they had to be educated together. Diavolo was lazy, but Angelica was keen to learn, and remained in advance of everything. She began to look grown up, while Diavolo still looked a boy.

Eventually Diavolo went into the Army, and Angelica, refused the right to choose an independent career for herself, and hampered by restrictions in every direction, saw and seized upon the only hope of escape.

After a quarrel with Diavolo, she went out to walk off the irritation, and encountered her good friend of many years' standing, Mr. Kilroy of Ilverthorpe.

"What is the matter, Angelica?" he asked her, in his peculiarly kindly way.

"Marry me," said Angelica, stamping her foot at him. "Marry me, *and let me do as I like.*"

. . . . . .

THE Bishop of Morningquest had an only daughter, Edith Beale, a flower of a girl, most carefully educated in everything but knowledge of the world. Kept in ignorance of the facts of life, she was defenceless against the dangers, and so fell a victim to the first man who proposed to marry her, Sir Mosley Menteith, a man of the worst character but highly eligible from the point of view of position

The Beales were spending the winter in Malta, where Colonel Colquhoun's regiment was quartered. Sir Mosley was an officer in the regiment, and Evadne knew his character, and did her best to prevent the match, but to no purpose. Mrs Beale and Edith thought her perverted on the subject.

But you cannot reform a rotten constitution and, a year after the marriage, Edith was a wreck and returned to her parents with a poor little diseased child. Angelica, by accident, made her aware of one of her husband's worst misdeeds. The shock of it unhinged her mind. The poison now in her blood attacked her brain and she died a dreadful, lingering death. When the news of this tragedy reached Evadne her first impulse was to throw herself into a strenuous movement for the prevention of such catastrophes in future. She had by this time made acquaintance with society at its worst, and the wisdom of her own determination was painfully apparent to her.

Her arrangement with Colonel Colquhoun continued, but they had become excellent friends. He was a man of his word, a gentleman in every particular, with no grave fault of character except the insurmountable one of his moral turpitude, and there was both pity and affection in her attitude towards him. He had flattered himself all along that she would get over the objections when she had more experience of the world, and, at what seemed to be a favourable moment, he spoke and found his mistake.

"I suppose you consider that I have spoilt your life," he said.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "Don't say that. I have never blamed you since I was cool enough to reflect. It is the system that is at fault, the laxity which permits anyone, however unfit, to enter the most sacred of relations."

She was much touched by his kindly consideration for her, and in that moment of weakness he was able to exact her promise never to take part publicly during his life in any question of the day.

"It would be too deuced ridiculous for me, you know, to have my name appearing in the papers in connexion with measures of reform," he said.

The moment followed when her every impulse was to act, to do something. She had been formed for a life of usefulness, but she was cramped by her promise into a narrow groove. She could do nothing, and began to ask, Why should she trouble herself?

From that time she entered upon a new phase of life altogether. By degrees there grew upon her a horror of disturbing emotion. Her mind became sluggish, her bodily health decreased, the climate began to tell upon her, she fell a victim to Maltese fever, and was sent home seriously ill.

Colonel Colquhoun was, at the same time, sent off on active service. On his return the regiment was quartered at Morningquest, and Dr. Galbraith took up the tale. The Heavenly Twins came into Evadne's life again—Diavolo as a devoted admirer, and Angelica, who had been shocked into right-mindedness by a terrible tragedy for which she was indirectly responsible, as a good wife and sens ble friend.

IV—Dark Days

DR. GALBRAITH made Evadne's acquaintance, first in society, and then as a patient, and became deeply interested in her. He perceived a strange anomaly between her high intelligence and naturally active mind and her curiously apathetic attitude towards life; and, knowing nothing of her history, he was puzzled to account for it. She attended conscientiously to the duties of her station, but obviously without inclination or pleasure. There was nothing in them to take her out of herself, or even to occupy her time, and she spent long hours of every day over her embroidery frame, with busy fingers but wandering thoughts, growing gradually morbid.

At last the sudden death of Colonel Colquhoun left her free to marry again, but by that time her naturally strong and healthy mind had become seriously affected by the friction and pressure of the restraint imposed upon her liberty of action. She had everything to make her happy in her second marriage—with Dr. Galbraith; but the thought of the awful, needless suffering everywhere rife in the world, by which she had become obsessed during the dark days of her captivity, had destroyed her confidence in her fellow-creatures, and with that confidence her sense of the value of life and of her own obligations had also been injured or distorted to a degree which could not fail to be dangerous on occasion.

Just before the birth of her first child her impulse was to commit suicide lest she should bring another woman into the world to be doomed to the torture of Edith's horrible fate. Her husband did his best to restore her sense of proportion, and began to flatter himself that he had succeeded, but an old friend, Sir Shadwell Rock, a distinguished medical specialist, warned him not to be too sanguine. Evadne improved so much, however, that at last husband and doctor believed her cured.

But the day on which they expressed to each other their satisfaction, she went to pay some calls. On her return her husband found her lying on a sofa, her face grey, her eyelids swollen with weeping, her hair disordered, a mere wreck of the healthy, happy, smiling woman who had driven off, kissing her hand to them only a few hours before.

"Tell me the trouble, my sweetheart," he said, kneeling down beside her. "Where did you go to-day?"

"Only to Mrs. Guthrie Brimston," she answered. "But Mrs. Beale was there with Edith's boy, and we talked—— Oh, Don!" she broke off, "I wish my children had never been born! The suffering! The awful, needless suffering! How do I know that they will escape?"

Up to that time her husband had not given up hope, but now he feared that the balance of her fine intelligence had been too rudely shaken ever to be perfectly restored. There are injuries which set up carcinoma of the mind, cancer-spots confined to a small area at first, but gradually extending with infinite pain until the surrounding tissue is more or less involved, and the whole beautiful fabric is absorbed in the morbid growth, for which there is no certain palliative in time, and no prospect of cure except in eternity.

EDWARD GIBBON

HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE—IV

THE scheme of the Decline and Fall resolved itself in Gibbon's mind into three parts. The first brought the story of Rome down to the extinction of the Western Empire; the second continued the narrative from the reign of Justinian—who, by his Laws as well as by his victories, restored a transient splendour to the Eastern Empire—to the elevation of Charlemagne, who in the year 800 established the second, or German, Empire in the West; the third section ended with the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. Much new light has been thrown on Byzantine history since Gibbon wrote, and modern research has served to fill in the great canvas that the historian attempted to paint alone. But such was the genius of Gibbon that his impression of the events of the period is quite trustworthy, and most of his conclusions have since been substantiated. This section deals with the second of Gibbon's divisions of his work, and covers the Eastern Empire from the fifth century up to A.D. 800.

I—Theodoric the Ostrogoth



AFTER the fall of the Roman Empire in the West, an interval of fifty years, until the memorable reign of Justinian, is faintly marked by the obscure names and imperfect annals of Zeno, Anastasius and Justin, who successively ascended the throne of Constantinople. During the same period Italy revived and flourished under the government of a Gothic king, who might have deserved a statue among the best and bravest of the ancient Romans.

Theodoric the Ostrogoth, the fourteenth in lineal descent of the royal line of the Amali, was born in the neighbourhood of Vienna two years after the death of Attila. Sent, at the age of eight (463), as a hostage to the court of Leo, emperor of the East, he was educated at Constantinople, and succeeded, after his father's death, to the vacant throne of his people. In the domestic troubles that disturbed the reign of Leo's successor, Zeno (474–491), Theodoric alternately served or cruelly oppressed the subjects of the emperor.

The murmurs of the Goths, who complained that they were exposed to intolerable hardships while their king was dissolved in the luxury of Greece, determined Theodoric to attempt an adventure worthy of his courage and ambition. He boldly demanded the privilege of rescuing Rome from Odoacer and at the head of his people forced his way, between the years 488 and 489, through hostile country into Italy. In three battles he triumphed over Odoacer, forced that monarch to capitulate on favourable terms at Ravenna (493), and after pretending to allow him to share his sovereignty of Italy, assassinated him in the same year.

The long reign of Theodoric (493–526) was marked by a transient return of peace and prosperity to Italy. His domestic and foreign policy were dictated alike by wisdom and necessity. His people were settled on the land, which they held by military tenure. A series of matrimonial alliances secured him the support of the Franks, the Burgundians, the Visigoths, the Vandals and the Thuringians, and his sword preserved his territory from the incursions of rival barbarians and the two disastrous attacks (505 and 508) that envy prompted the Emperor Anastasius to attempt.

Himself an Arian, Theodoric treated with tolerance and justice his Catholic subjects. A Catholic rising against the Jews, which was immediately suppressed, and a mandate issued by the Emperor Justinian threatening the Arians by dread of punishment to come within the pale of the Church, drove Theodoric to the brink of persecution. Boetius, the last of the Romans whom Cato could have acknowledged for a countryman, and the virtuous



JUSTINIAN, PATRON OF BYZANTINE ART IN THE SIXTH CENTURY

This Byzantine mosaic at Ravenna dates approximately from the days of Justinian, and shows the emperor with his entourage

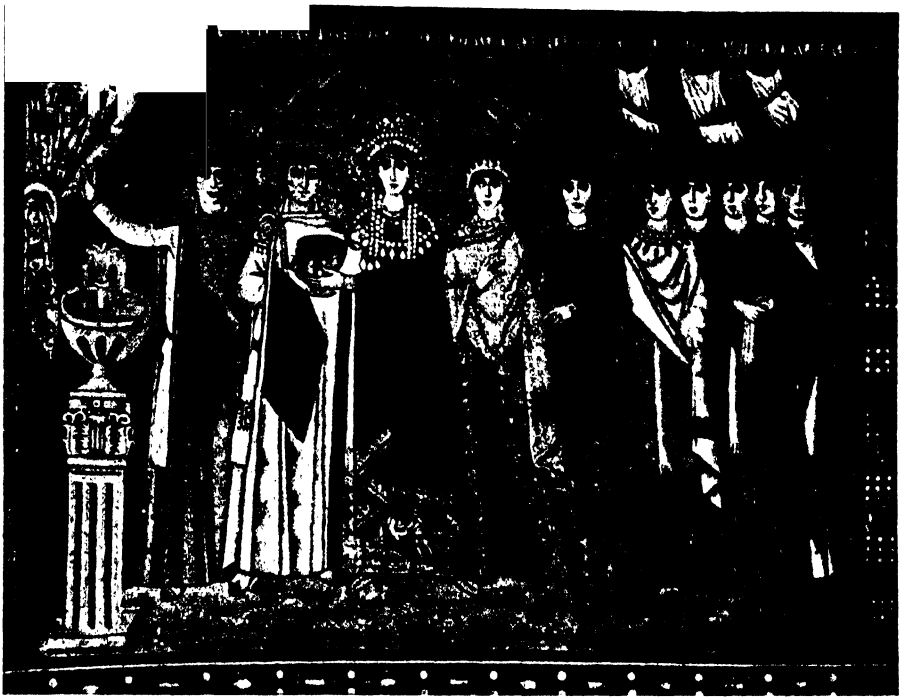
Symmachus were sacrificed by a monarch who was driven from his position of tolerance by his subjects; and on August 30, 526, Theodoric expired in the palace of Ravenna, full of remorse and justly alarmed by the invisible terrors of futurity.

II—Justinian the Great

THE death of the emperor Anastasius had raised to the throne a Dardanian peasant, who by his arts secured the suffrage of the guards, despoiled and destroyed his more powerful rivals, and reigned as emperor under the name of Justin I from 518 to 527. He was succeeded by the great Justinian, who for thirty-eight years directed the government of the Roman Empire.

The Empress Theodora, who before her marriage had been a theatrical wanton, was seated, by the fondnesss of the emperor, on the throne as an equal and independent colleague in the sovereignty. Her rapacity, her cruelty and her pride were the subject of contemporary writings, but her benevolence to her less fortunate sisters, and her courage amidst the factions and dangers of the court, justly entitle her to a certain nobility of character.

Constantinople in the age of Justinian was torn by the factions of the circus. The rival bands of charioteers, who wore respectively liveries of green and blue, created in the capital of the East, as they had created in Rome, two factions among the populace. Justinian's support of the blues led to a serious sedition in the capital. At first opposed, the two factions were united by a common desire for vengeance. With the watchword 'Nika' (vanquish), which has given a name to this memorable sedition (January 532), the blues and greens raged in tumult through Constantinople for five days. The greens even dared to raise a new emperor, and Justinian might have perished had it not been for the heroic firmness of Theodora. At her command 3,000 veterans who could be trusted marched through the burning streets to the Hippodrome and



THEODORA, THE DANCING-GIRL WHO BECAME JUSTINIAN'S QUEEN
This mosaic, which is complementary to that shown opposite, was also executed at Ravenna by artists from Constantinople, in the sixth century A.D.

there massacred the unresisting mob. But the disorders revived later, and the blue and green factions continued to afflict Justinian and to disturb the Eastern Empire.

That empire, after Rome was barbarous, still embraced the nations whom she had conquered beyond the Adriatic, and as far as the frontiers of Ethiopia and Persia. Justinian reigned over 64 provinces and 935 cities. The arts and agriculture flourished under his rule, but the avarice and profusion of Justinian oppressed the people. His expensive taste for building almost exhausted the resources of the empire. Heavy customs tolls, taxes on the food and industry of the poor, the exercise of intolerable monopolies, were not excused or compensated for by the parsimonious saving in the salaries of court officials, and even in the pay of the soldiers. His stately edifices were cemented with the blood and treasures of his people, and the rapacity and luxury of the emperor were imitated by the civil magistrates and officials.

The schools of Athens, which still kept the ancient philosophy, were suppressed by Justinian. The academy of the Platonics, the Lyceum of the Peripatetics, the Portico of the Stoics and the Garden of the Epicureans had long survived.

With the death of Simplicius and his six companions, who terminate the long list of Grecian philosophers, the golden chain, as it was fondly styled, of the Platonic succession was broken, and the Edict of Justinian (529) imposed a perpetual silence on the schools of Athens.

The Roman consulship was also abolished by Justinian in 541; but this office, the title of which admonished the Romans of their ancient freedom, still lived in the minds of the people. They applauded the gracious condescension of successive princes by whom it was assumed in the first year of their reign, and three centuries elapsed after the death of Justinian before that obsolete office, which had been suppressed by law, could be abolished by custom.

The usurpation by Gelimer (530) of the Vandalic crown of Africa, which belonged

of right to Hilderic, first encouraged Justinian to undertake the African war. Hilderic had granted toleration to the Catholics, and for this reason was held in reproach by his Arian subjects. His compulsory abdication afforded the emperor of the East an opportunity of interfering in the cause of orthodoxy.

A large army was entrusted to the command of Belisarius, one of those heroic names which are familiar to every age and to every nation. Proved in the Persian war, Belisarius was given unlimited authority. He set sail from Constantinople with a fleet of six hundred ships in June 533. He landed on the coast of Africa in September, defeated the degenerate Vandals, reduced Carthage within a few days, utterly vanquished Gelimer, and completed the conquest of the ancient Roman province by 534. The Vandals in Africa fled; and in the heart of a Moorish tribe a traveller has discovered the white complexion and flaxen hair of a Northern race.

III—Gothic Italy

In Italy, Amalasontha, the daughter of Theodoric, reigned on behalf of her son, Athalaric. On his death at the age of sixteen, she contracted a marriage with Theodatus, whose mother was the sister of Theodoric, and, attempting to subvert that law of her country which declared that the succession can never pass from the lance to the distaff, proclaimed that she and her husband reigned jointly in Italy. The discontent of the Goths led to her exile and death in 535.

These domestic dissensions excited the ambition of Justinian. Belisarius was sent with another army to Sicily in 535 and, after subduing that island and suppressing a revolt in Africa, he invaded Italy in 536. The murder of Theodatus and the accession of Vitiges confronted him with a more worthy opponent. Policy dictated the retreat of the Goths, and Belisarius entered Rome (December 536). In March, Vitiges returned with a force of one hundred and fifty thousand men. The valour of the Roman general supported a siege of forty-one days and the intrigues of the Pope Silverius, who was exiled by his orders; and, finally, with the assistance of a seasonable reinforcement, Belisarius compelled the barbarians to retire in March of the following year. The conquest of Ravenna and the suppression of the invasion of the Franks completed the subjugation of the Gothic kingdom by December 539.

The success of Belisarius and the intrigues of his secret enemies had excited the jealousy of Justinian. He was recalled and the eunuch Narses was sent to Italy, as a powerful rival, to oppose the interests of the conqueror of Rome and Africa. The infidelity of Antonina, which excited her husband's just indignation, was excused by the Empress Theodora, and her powerful support was given to the wife of the last of the Roman heroes, who, after serving again against the Persians, returned to the capital, to be received not with honour and triumph, but with disgrace and contempt and a fine of £120,000.

The incursions of the Lombards, the Sclavonians, and the Avars and the Turks, and the successful raids of the king of Persia were among the number of the important events of the reign of Justinian. To maintain his position in Africa and Italy taxed his resources to their utmost limit. The victories of Justinian were pernicious to mankind; the desolation of Africa was such that in many parts a stranger might wander whole days without meeting the face of either a friend or an enemy.

The revolts of the Goths, under their king, Totila (541), once more demanded the presence of Belisarius and, a hero on the banks of the Euphrates, a slave in the palace of Constantinople, he accepted with reluctance the painful task of supporting his own reputation and retrieving the faults of his successors. He was too late to save Rome from the Goths, by whom it was taken in December 546; but he recovered it in the following February. After his recall by his envious sovereign in September 548, Rome was once more taken by the Goths. The successful repulse of the Franks and Alemanni finally restored the kingdom to the rule of the emperor.

The last victory of the hero Belisarius was gained over the Bulgarians, who had crossed the frozen Danube and invaded the

empire. A conspiracy against the life of the emperor was discovered. There were not wanting persons who accused Belisarius of being an accomplice; he was judged guilty, and from December to July he was guarded as a prisoner in his own palace. At length his innocence was acknowledged and his freedom and honours were restored, but he died about eight months after his deliverance (March 13, 565).

The emperor survived his death only eight months, and passed away, in the eighty-third year of his life and the thirty-eighth of his reign, on November 14, 565. The most lasting memorial of his reign is to be found neither in his victories nor his monuments, but in the immortal words of the Code, the Pandects and the Institutes, in which the civil jurisprudence of the Romans was digested, and by means of which the public reason of the Romans has been silently or studiously transfused into the domestic institutions of the whole of Europe.

IV—Gregory the Great

JUSTINIAN was succeeded by his nephew, Justin II, who lived to see the conquest of the greater part of Italy by Alboin, king of the Lombards (568–570), the disaffection of the exarch, Narses, and the ruin of the Roman world.

During a period of 200 years Italy was unequally divided between the king of the Lombards and the exarchate of Ravenna. Rome relapsed into a state of misery. The Campania was reduced to the state of a dreary wilderness.

The name of Rome, indeed, might have been erased from the earth had not a vague tradition declared that two Jewish teachers, a tent-maker and a fisherman, had formerly been executed in the circus of Nero. At the end of 500 years their genuine or fictitious relics were adored as the paladium of Christian Rome.

The power as well as virtue of the apostles resided, with living energy, in the breast of Gregory the Great, whose pontificate lasted from 590 to 604, and in whose administration of his spiritual and temporal duties his virtues and his success justified the appellation of Great. He reconciled the Arians of Italy and Spain to the Catholic Church, conquered Britain in the name of the Cross, and established his right to interfere in the management of the episcopal provinces of Greece, Spain and Gaul. The merits of Gregory were treated by the Byzantine court with reproach and insult, but in the attachment of a grateful people he found the best right of a sovereign.

The short and virtuous reign of Tiberius (578–582), which succeeded that of Justin, made way for that of Maurice. For twenty years Maurice ruled with his honour. But parsimony led to his undoing, and in 602 he was murdered.

A LIKE fate befell the Emperor Phocas who succumbed in 610 to the fortunes of Heraclius, the son of Crispus, exarch of Africa. For thirty-two years Heraclius ruled the Roman world. In three campaigns he chastised the rising power of Persia, drove the armies of Chosroes from Syria, Palestine and Egypt, rescued Constantinople from the joint siege of the Avars and Persians (626), and finally reduced the Persian monarch to the defence of his kingdom. The murder of Chosroes by his son Siroes (628) concluded the successes of the emperor. A treaty of peace was arranged and Heraclius returned in triumph to Constantinople.

The next year he made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem to restore the true Cross to the Holy Sepulchre. But while his triumphs were being proclaimed, an obscure town on the confines of Syria was pillaged by the Saracens, and some troops who had advanced to its release were cut in pieces—an ordinary and trifling occurrence had it not been the prelude of a mighty revolution. These robbers were the apostles of Mahomed; their fanatic valour had emerged from the desert, and in the last eight years of his reign Heraclius lost to the Arabs the same provinces which he had rescued from the Persians.

Heraclius died in 612. His descendants continued to fill the throne in the persons of Constantine III (641), Heracleonas (641), Constans II (641), Constantine IV (668), Justinian II (685), until 711, when an interval of six years, divided into three reigns, made way for the Isaurian dynasty.

V—The New Era of Charlemagne

LEO III ascended the throne on March 25, 718, and the purple descended to his family, by the rights of heredity, for three generations. The Isaurian dynasty is most notable for the part it played in ecclesiastical history.

The introduction of images into the Christian Church had confused the simplicity of religious worship. The education of Leo, his reason, perhaps his intercourse with Jews and Arabs, had inspired him with a hatred of images. By two edicts he proscribed the existence, as well as the use of religious pictures. This heresy of Leo and of his successors and descendants, Constantine V (741), Leo IV (775), and Constantine VI (780), whose blinding by his mother Irene is one of the most tragic stories of Roman history, justified the popes in rebelling against the authority of the emperor and in restoring and establishing the supremacy of Rome.

The first of the iconoclast (image-breaker) sovereigns had attempted to establish his heresy by force in Italy in 727, but the failure of the expedition confirmed the safety of the Catholics, the worship of images and the freedom of Roman Italy. The ancient capital, whose people were now so degraded that whenever a Frank or Lombard expressed contempt of a foe he called him a Roman, had been formed in the model of republican government.

Gregory II saved the city from the attacks of the Lombards, who had seized Ravenna and extinguished the series of Greek exarchs in 751. He secured the assistance of Pepin, and the real governor of the French monarchy - Charles Martel, who, by this signal victory over the Saracens, had saved Europe from the Mahomedan yoke. Twice in 754 and 750 Pepin marched to the relief of the city. His son Charlemagne, in 774, seemed to secure the permanent safety of the ancient capital by the conquest of Lombardy, and for twenty six years he ruled the Romans as his subjects. Nothing was lacking except the title of emperor.

Charlemagne, in the first transports of his victory, had presented the pope with the cities and islands which had formerly been annexed to the exarchate. In a cooler moment he eluded this gift, and claimed Rome as well as Ravenna as his own inalienable property. Robbed of their temporal power by force, the popes resorted to fraud. A document, known as the Forged Decretals, which assigned the free and perpetual sovereignty of Rome, Italy and the provinces of the West to the popes by Constantine, was presented by Pope Hadrian I to Charlemagne. This document served to absolve the popes from their debt of gratitude to the French monarch and excused the revolt of Rome from the authority of the Eastern Empire.

THOUGH Constantinople returned, under Irene, to the employment of images, and the seventh general council of Nicea, September 24, 787, pronounced the worship of the Greeks as agreeable to scripture and reason, the division between the East and the West could not be avoided. The pope was driven to revive the Western Empire in order to secure the gift of the exarchy, to eradicate the claims of the Greeks and to restore the majesty of Rome from the debasement of a provincial town. The emperors of the West would receive their crown from the successor of St. Peter, and the Roman Church would require a zealous and respectable advocate.

Inspired by these motives, Pope Leo, who had nearly fallen a victim to a conspiracy (788), and had been saved and reinstated by Charlemagne, took the opportunity presented by the French king's visit to Rome to crown him emperor. On the festival of Christmas (800), in the church of St. Peter, Leo, after the celebration of the Holy Mysteries, suddenly placed a precious crown on his head. The dome resounded with the acclamations of the people, his head and body were consecrated with the royal unction, and he was saluted, or adored, by the pontiff after the example of the Caesars.

The dignity of his person, the length of his reign, the prosperity of his arms, the vigour of his government and the reverence of distant nations, distinguish Charlemagne from the royal crowd, and Europe dates a new era from his restoration of the Western Empire.

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK

VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY

ALTHOUGH as the son of an agricultural labourer James Cook as a boy received no more education than was procurable at a village school in the intervals of scaring crows, his capacity for learning was inexhaustible, and by the time he was thirty he was a good mathematician, an expert in astronomical navigation, a most accurate cartographer and a lucid writer. The bibliography of his voyages is very extensive and includes An Account of a Voyage Round the World in the Years 1768–1771 (in the *Endeavour*), A Voyage Towards the South Pole, and Round the World in the Years 1772–1775 (in the *Resolution* and the *Adventure*), both written by Cook himself while a lieutenant, and A Voyage to the Pacific Ocean in the Years 1776–1780 (in the *Resolution* and the *Discovery*), of which the first two volumes were written by Captain Cook, and the third by Captain King. This last was published in 1784. All three works are drawn upon in this epitome.

A cheap edition of Captain Cook's Voyages of Discovery is included in Everyman's Library.

I—To the South Seas



E left Plymouth Sound on August 26, 1768, and spent five days at Madeira, where nature has been very liberal with her gifts, but the people lack industry. On reaching Rio de Janeiro, the captain met with much incivility from the viceroy, who would not let him land for a long time; but when we walked through the town the females showed their welcome by throwing nosegays from the windows. Dr. Solander and two other gentlemen of our party received so many of these love tokens that they threw them away by hatfuls.

When we came in sight of Tierra del Fuego, the captain went ashore to discourse with the natives, who rose up and threw away the small sticks which they held in their hands, as a token of amity. Snow fell thick, and we were warned by the doctor that 'whoever sits down will sleep, and whoever sleeps will wake no more.' But he soon felt so drowsy that he lay down, and we could hardly keep him awake.

Setting sail again, we passed the strait of Le Maire and doubled Cape Horn, and then, as the ship came near to Otaheite, where the transit of Venus was observed, the captain issued a new rule to this effect: 'That in order to prevent quarrels and confusion, every one of the ship's crew should endeavour to treat the inhabitants of Otaheite with humanity, and by all fair means to cultivate a friendship with them.'

On New Year's Day 1770, we passed Queen Charlotte's Sound, calling the point Cape Farewell. We found the natives of New Zealand modest and reserved in their behaviour, and, sailing northward for New Holland, we called a bay Botany Bay because of the number of plants discovered there, and another Trinity Bay because it was found on Trinity Sunday.

After much dangerous navigation, the ship was brought to in Endeavour River to be refitted. On a clear day, Mr. Green, the astronomer, and other gentlemen had landed on an island to observe the transit of Mercury, and for this reason this spot was called Mercury Bay.

Later, we discovered the mainland beyond York Islands, and here the captain displayed the English colours and called it New South Wales, firing three volleys in the name of the King of Great Britain. After we had left Booby Island in search of New Guinea, we came in sight of a small island, and some of the officers strongly urged the captain to send a party of men on shore to cut down the coconut trees for the sake of the fruit. This he peremptorily refused as unjust and cruel, sensible that the poor Indians, who could not brook even the landing of a small party on their coast, would have made vigorous efforts to defend their property.

Shortly afterwards, we were surprised at the sight of an island W.S.W., which we flattered ourselves was a new discovery. Before noon we had sight of houses, groves of trees, and flocks of sheep, and after the boat had put off to land, horsemen were seen from the ship, one of whom had a lace hat on, and was dressed in a coat and waistcoat of the fashion of Europe. The Dutch colours were hoisted over the town, and the rajah paid us a visit on board, accepting gifts of an English dog and a spying-glass. During a short stay on shore for the purchase of provisions, we found that the Dutch agent, Mr. Lange, was not keeping faith with us. At his instigation the Portuguese were driving away such of the Indians as had brought palm syrup and fowls to sell.

At this juncture Captain Cook, happening to look at the old man who had been distinguished by the name of Prime Minister, imagined that he saw in his features a disapprobation of the present proceedings, and, willing to improve the advantage, he grasped the Indian's hand, and gave him an old broadsword. The prime minister was enraptured at so great a mark of distinction, and, brandishing his sword over the head of the impertinent Portuguese, he made both him and the men who commanded the party sit down behind him on the ground, and the whole business was accomplished.

This island of Savu is between twenty and thirty miles long; the women wear a kind of petticoat held up by girdles of beads, the king and his minister a night-gown of coarse chintz, carrying a silver-headed cane.

On October 10, 1770, the captain and the rest of the gentlemen went ashore on reaching the harbour of Batavia. Here the *Endeavour* had to be refitted; and intermittent fever laid many of our party low. Our surgeon, Dr. Monkhouse, died, our Indian boy, Tayeto, paid the debt to nature, and Captain Cook himself was taken ill.

We were glad to steer for Java, and on our way to the Cape of Good Hope the water was purified with lime and the decks washed with vinegar to prevent infection of fever. After a little stay at St. Helena we sighted Beachy Head, and landed at Deal, where the ship's company indulged freely in that mirth and social jollity common to all English sailors upon their return from a long voyage, who as readily forget hardships and dangers as with alacrity and bravery they encounter them.

II—Round the World via the Antarctic

The King's expectation not being wholly answered, Captain Cook was appointed to the *Resolution*, and Captain Furneaux to the *Adventure*, both ships being fully equipped, with instructions to find Cape Circumcision, said to be in latitude 54° S. and about 11° 20′ E. longitude from Greenwich. Captain Cook was to endeavour to discover whether this was part of the supposed continent or only the promontory of an island, and then to continue his journey southward and then eastward.

On Monday, July 13, 1772, the two ships sailed from Plymouth, passing the Eddystone, and, after visiting the islands of Canaria, Teneriffe and others, reached the Cape of Good Hope on September 29. Here we stayed until November 22, when we directed our course towards the Antarctic circle, meeting on December 8 with a gale of such fury that we could carry no sails, and were driven by this means eastward of our course, not the least hope remaining of our reaching Cape Circumcision.

We now encountered in 51° 50′ S. latitude and 21° 3′ E. longitude some ice islands. The dismal scene, a view to which we were unaccustomed, was varied as well by birds of the petrel kind as by several whales which made their appearance among the ice, and afforded us some idea of a southern Greenland. But though the appearance of the ice with the waves breaking over it might afford a few minutes' pleasure to the eye, yet it could not fail to fill us with horror when we reflected on our danger, for the ship would be dashed to pieces in a moment were she to get against the weather side of these islands, where the sea runs high.

Captain Cook had directed the *Adventure*, in case of separation, to cruise three days in that place, but in a thick fog we lost

sight of her. This was a dismal prospect, for we now were exposed to the dangers of the frozen climate without the company of our fellow voyagers, which before had relieved our spirits when we considered we were not entirely alone in case we lost our vessel.

The spirits of our sailors were greatly exhilarated when we reached Dusky Bay, New Zealand. Landing a shooting party at Duck Cove, we found a native with his club and some women behind him, who would not move. His fears, however, were all dissipated by Captain Cook going up to embrace him. After a stay here we opened Queen Charlotte's Sound and found the *Adventure* at anchor; none can describe the joy we felt at this most happy meeting. They had experienced terrible weather and, having made no discovery of land, determined to bear away from Van Diemen's Land, which was supposed to join New Holland and was discovered by Tasman, in A.D. 1642. Here they refitted their ship, and after three months' separation met us again.



JAMES COOK was born at Marton, in Yorkshire, October 27, 1728. After some years' service in the Norway and Baltic Trades he volunteered for the navy in 1755 and in 1759 was appointed master of the *Mercury* and employed in the survey of the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts. In 1768 he was made lieutenant and given command of the expedition to the Pacific to observe the transit of Venus, and in 1775, after some intermediate voyages, he was promoted captain and employed in further voyages of exploration. His murder by hostile natives of Hawaii took place February 14, 1779. This portrait, by James Webber, R.A., is in the National Portrait Gallery.

During all this arduous experience of seamanship it was astonishing that the crew of the *Resolution* should continue in perfect health. Nothing can redound more to the honour of Captain Cook than his paying particular attention to the preservation of health among his company.

After a lengthened stay with the New Zealanders, and all hopes of discovering a continent having now vanished, we were induced to believe that there is no southern continent between New Zealand and America, and, steering clear the island, we made our way to Otaheite, where the *Resolution* lost her lower anchor in the bay.

On January 30, 1774, we sailed from New Zealand, and reaching latitude 67° 5′ S., we found an immense field of ice with ninety-seven ice-hills glistening white in the distance. Captain Cook says: 'I will not say it was impossible anywhere to get farther to the south, but the attempting it would have been a dangerous and rash enterprise, and what I believe no man in any situation would have thought of.'

We therefore sailed northward again, meeting with heavy-storms, and the captain, being taken ill with a colic, and in the extremity of the case, the doctor fed him with the flesh of a favourite dog.

On the discovery of Palmerston Island—named after one of the Lords of the

Admiralty—and Savage Island, as appropriate to the character of the natives, we had some adventures with the Mallicos, who express their admiration by hissing like a goose.

We stayed some time in Tanna, with its vulcano furiously burning, and then steering south-west, we discovered an uninhabited island, which Captain Cook named Norfolk Island. We reached the Straits of Magalhaes, and, going north, the captain gave the names of Cumberland Bay and the Isle of Georgia, and then we found a land ice-bound and inhospitable. At last we reached home, landing at Portsmouth on July 30, 1775.

III—The Pacific Isles and the Arctic Circle

FORMER navigators had returned to Europe by the Cape of Good Hope; the arduous task was now assigned to Captain Cook of attempting it by reaching the high northern latitudes between Asia and America. He was then ordered to proceed to Otaheite, or the Society Islands, and then, having crossed the Equator into the northern tropics, to hold such a course as might most probably give success to the attempt of finding out a northern passage.

On the afternoon of July 11, 1776, Captain Cook set sail from Plymouth in the *Resolution*, giving orders to Captain Clerke to follow in the *Discovery*. After a short stay at Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe, we were joined by the *Discovery* at Cape Town.

Leaving the Cape, we passed some islands, which Captain Cook named Princes Islands, and made for the land discovered by M. de Kerguelen. Here, in a bay, we celebrated our Christmas rejoicings amid desolate surroundings. The captain named it Christmas Harbour, and wrote on the other side of a piece of parchment, found in a bottle, these words: *Navis Resolution et Discovery de Rege Magnae Britanniae Decembris* 1776, and buried the same beneath a pile of stones, waving above it the British flag.

Having failed to see a human being on shore, he sailed to Van Diemen's Land, and took the ships into Adventure Bay for water and wood. The natives, with whom we were conversant, seemed mild and cheerful, with little of that savage appearance common to people in their situation, nor did they discover the least reserve or jealousy in their intercourse with strangers.

On our landing at Annamooka, in the Friendly Islands, we were entertained with great civility by Toobou, the chief, who gave us much amusement by a sort of pantomime, in which some prize-fighters displayed their feats of arms, and this part of the drama concluded with the presentation of some laughable story which produced among the chiefs and their attendants the most immoderate mirth.

This friendly reception was also repeated in the island of Hapaee, where Captain Cook ordered an exhibition of fireworks, and in return the king, Feenou, gave us an exhibition of dances in which twenty women entered a circle, whose hands were adorned with garlands of crimson flowers, and many of their persons were decorated with leaves of trees, curiously scalloped, and ornamented at the edges. In the island of Matavai it is impossible to give an adequate idea of the joy of the natives on our arrival. The shores everywhere resounded with the name of Cook; not a child that could lisp 'Toote' was silent.

BEFORE proceeding to the northern hemisphere we passed a cluster of isles which Captain Cook distinguished by the name of Sandwich Islands, in honour of the Earl of Sandwich. They are not inferior in beauty to the Friendly Islands, nor are the inhabitants less ingenious or civilized.

When in latitude 44° N., longitude 234° 30′, the long expected coast of New Albion, so named by Sir Francis Drake, was descried at a distance of ten leagues, and pursuing our course we reached the inlet which is called by the natives Nootka, but Captain Cook gave it the name of King George's Sound; here we moored our vessels for some time.

The inhabitants are short in stature, with limbs short in proportion to the other parts; they are wretched in appearance and lost to every idea of cleanli-

ness. In trafficking with us some displayed a disposition to knavery, and the appellation of thieves is certainly applicable to them.

Between the promontory which the captain named Cape Douglas after Dr. Douglas, the Dean of Windsor, and Point Banks is a large, deep bay, which received the name of Smoky Bay; and northward he discovered more land composed of a chain of mountains, the highest of which obtained the name of Mount St. Augustine. But the captain was now fully convinced that no passage could be discovered by this inlet.

Steering N.E., we discovered a passage of waves dashing against rocks; and, on tasting the water, it proved to be a river, and not a strait, as might have been imagined. This we traced to the latitude of 61° 30′ and the longitude of 210°, which is upwards of 210 miles from its entrance, and saw no appearance of its source.

[Here the captain having left a blank in his journal, which he had not filled up with any particular name, the Earl of Sandwich very properly directed it to be called Cook's River.]

The time we spent in the discovery of Cook's River ought not to be regretted if it should hereafter prove useful to the present or any future age, but the delay thus occasioned was an effectual loss to us, who had a greater object in view. The season was far advanced, and it was now evident that the continent of North America extended much farther to the west than we had reason to expect from the most approved charts. A bottle was buried in the earth containing some English coins, and the point was called Point Possession, being taken under the flag in the name of His Majesty.

AFTER passing Foggy Island, which we supposed from its situation to be the island on which Behring had bestowed the same appellation, we were followed by some natives in a canoe who sent on board a small wooden box which contained a piece of paper in the Russian language. To this was prefixed the date 1778, and a reference made therein to the year 1776, from which we were convinced that others had preceded us in visiting these regions.

While staying at Conalaska we observed to the north of Cape Prince of Wales neither tide nor current either on the coast of America or that of Asia. This circumstance gave rise to an opinion which some of our people entertained, that the two coasts were connected either by land or ice, and that opinion received some degree of strength from our never having seen any hollow waves from the northward, and from our seeing ice almost all the way across.

We were now by the captain's intention to proceed to Sandwich Islands in order to pass a few of the winter months there, if we should meet with the necessary refreshments, and then direct our course to Kamtchatka in the ensuing year.

IV—Life's Voyage Suddenly Ended

WE reached the island called by the natives Owhyhee with the summits of its mountains covered with snow. Here an eclipse of the moon was observed. We discovered the harbour of Karakakooa, which we deemed a proper place for refitting the ships, our masts and rigging having suffered much.

On going ashore Captain Cook discovered the habitation of the Society of Priests, where he was present at some solemn ceremonies and treated with great civility. Afterwards the captain conducted the king, Terreeoboo, on to the ship with every mark of attention, giving him a shirt, and on our visits afterwards on shore we trusted ourselves among the natives without the least reserve.

Some time after, however, we noticed a change in their attitude. Following a short absence in search of a better anchorage, we found our reception very different, in a solitary and deserted bay with hardly a friend appearing or a canoe stirring. We were told that Terreeoboo was absent, and that the bay was tabooed. Our party on going ashore was met by armed natives, and a scuffle arose about the theft of some articles from the *Discovery*, and Pareea, our friendly native, was, through a misunderstanding, knocked down with an oar. Then Terreeoboo came

and complained of our having killed two of his people.

On Sunday, February 14, 1779, that memorable day, very early in the morning, there was excitement on shore, and Captain Cook, taking his double-barrelled gun, went ashore to seize Terreeoboo and keep him on board, according to his usual practice, until the stolen boat should be returned. He ordered that every canoe should be prevented from leaving the bay, and the captain then awoke the old king and invited him to visit the ship.

After some disputation he set out with Captain Cook, when a woman near the waterside, the mother of the king's two boys, entreated him to go no farther, and two warriors obliged him to sit down. The old king, filled with terror and dejection, refused to move, and Captain Cook, seeing further attempts would be risky, came to the shore. At the same time two principal chiefs were killed on the opposite side of the bay.

A native armed with a long iron spike threatened Captain Cook who at last fired a charge of small shot at him, but his mat prevented any harm. A general attack upon the marines in the boat was made, and with fury the natives rushed upon them, dangerously wounding several.

The last time the captain was distinctly seen he was standing at the water's edge, ordering the boats to cease firing and pull in, when a base assassin, coming behind him and striking him on the head with his club, felled him to the ground, where he lay with his face prone to the water.

A general shout was set up by the islanders on seeing the captain fall, and his body was dragged on shore, where he was surrounded by the enemy, who, snatching daggers from each other's hands, displayed a savage eagerness to join in his destruction. It would seem that vengeance was directed chiefly against our captain, by whom they supposed their king was to be dragged on board and punished at discretion; for, having secured his body, they fled without much regarding the rest of the slain, one of whom they threw into the sea.

Thus ended the life of the greatest navigator that this or any other nation could ever boast of, who led his crews of gallant British seamen twice round the world, reduced to a certainty the non-existence of a southern continent, about which the learned of all nations were in doubt, settled the boundaries of the earth and sea, and demonstrated the impracticability of a north-west passage from the Atlantic to the great southern ocean, for which our ablest geographers had contended, and in pursuit of which vast sums had been spent in vain and many mariners had miserably perished.



THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK ON THE SHORE OF OWHYHEE

BERNARDIN DE SAINT PIERRE

PAUL AND VIRGINIA

IN 1773, two years after his return from Mauritius, Saint Pierre published his first work, Voyage to the Isle of France. It was followed in 1784 by his Nature Studies, an important work in which the author set up a philosophy of sentiment to oppose the realism of the Encyclopedists and sought to prove the existence of God from the phenomena of nature, which he described with a faithfulness to truth and in a language void of academic pedantry, both new in French literature. Five years later, in 1789, he issued a supplementary volume of Nature Studies, and in this his masterpiece, Paul and Virginia, was included. Despite its undeniably exuberant sentimentality, characteristic of the age in which it was written but too cloying for most modern palates, this story, which is a tragic variant of Longus's immortal idyll Daphnis and Chloe, retains an imperishable charm. It was followed in 1790 by The Indian Hut, a story less marred by sentimentality and brightened by considerable humour. Translations of Paul and Virginia are published by Routledge and by Stanley Paul.

I—The Home Among the Rocks



ON the eastern declivity of the mountain which rises behind Port Louis, in the Isle of France, are still to be seen on a spot of ground formerly cultivated the ruins of two little cottages. They are situated almost in the midst of a basin formed by enormous rocks, with only one opening, from which you may look upon Port Louis and the sea.

I took pleasure in retiring to this place, where one can at once enjoy an unbounded prospect and profound solitude. One day, as I was sitting near the cottages, an elderly man approached me. His hair was completely white, his aspect simple and majestic. I saluted him, and he sat down beside me.

"Can you inform me, father," I asked, "to whom these two cottages belonged?"

"My son," replied he, "these ruins were inhabited by two families, which there found the means of true happiness. But who will deign to take an interest in the history, however affecting, of a few obscure individuals?"

"Father," I replied, "relate to me, I beseech you, what you know of them; and be assured that there is no man, however depraved by prejudices, but loves to hear of the felicity which nature and virtue bestow."

Upon this the old man related the tale that follows.

In the year 1735 there came to this spot a young widow named Madame de la Tour. She was of a noble Norman family, but her husband was of obscure birth. She had married him portionless, and against the will of her relations, and they had journeyed here to seek their fortune. The husband soon died, and his widow found herself destitute of every possession except a single negro woman. She resolved to seek a subsistence by cultivating a small plot of ground, and this was the spot that she chose.

Providence had one blessing in store for Madame de la Tour—the blessing of a friend. Inhabiting this spot was a sprightly and sensible woman of Brittany, named Margaret. She, like madame, had suffered from the sorrows of love; she had fled to the colonies, and had here established herself with her baby and an old negro.

When Madame de la Tour had unfolded to Margaret her former condition and her present wants, the good woman was moved with compassion; she tendered to the stranger a shelter in her cottage and her friendship. I knew them both, and went to offer them my assistance. The territory in the rock basin, amounting to about twenty acres, I divided equally between them. Margaret's cottage was on the boundary of her own domain, and close at hand I built another cottage for Madame de la Tour. Scarcely had I completed it when a daughter was born

to madame. She was called Virginia ; the infant son of Margaret was named Paul.

The two friends, so dear to each other in spite of their difference in rank, spun cotton for a livelihood. They seldom visited Port Louis, for fear of the contempt with which they were treated on account of the coarseness of their dress. But if they were exposed to a little suffering when abroad, they returned home with so much more additional satisfaction.

They had but one will, one interest, one table. They had everything in common. Their mutual love redoubled at the sight of their two children. Nothing was to be compared with the attachment which the babes showed for each other. If Paul complained, they brought Virginia to him ; at the sight of her he was pacified. If Virginia suffered, Paul lamented ; but Virginia was wont to conceal her pain, that her sufferings might not distress him. Thus passed their early infancy like a beautiful dawn which seems to promise a still more beautiful day.

Madame de la Tour had moments of uneasiness during her daughter's childhood ; sometimes she used to say to me : " If I should die, what would become of Virginia, dowerless as she is ? "

She had an aunt in France, a woman of quality, rich, old and a devotee, to whom she had written at the time of Virginia's birth. Not until 1746—eleven years later—did a reply reach her. Her aunt told her that she merited her condition for having married an adventurer ; that the untimely death of her husband was a just chastisement of God ; that she had done well not to dishonour her country by returning to France ; and that, after all, she was in an excellent country, where everybody made fortunes except the idle.

Madame read the letter tearfully to all the family. Margaret clasped her to her arms ; Virginia, weeping, kissed her hands ; Paul stamped with rage ; the servants, hearing the noise, ran in to comfort her.

Such marks of affection soon dissipated madame's anguish.

" Oh, my children ! " she cried. " Misfortune only attacks me from afar ; happiness is ever around me ! "

II—The Dawn of Love in Nature's Children

As the years went on, Paul and Virginia grew up together in purity and contentment. Every succeeding day was to them a day of happiness. They were strangers to the torments of envy and ambition. By living in solitude, so far from degenerating into savages, they had become more humane. If the scandalous history of society did not supply them with topics of discourse, nature filled their hearts with transports of wonder and delight. They contemplated with rapture the power of that Providence which, by aid of their hands, had diffused amid these barren rocks abundance, beauty and simple and unceasing pleasures.

When the weather was fine, the families went on Sundays to mass at the church of Pamplemousses. When mass was over, they ministered to the sick or gave comfort to the distressed.

Paul and Virginia had no clocks nor almanacs, nor books of history or philosophy ; the periods of their lives were regulated by those of nature. They knew the hour of the day by the shadow of the trees ; the seasons, by the times when the trees bore flowers or fruits ; and years by the number of the harvests.

When asked about her age and that of Paul, " My brother," she would answer, " is the same age as the great coconut tree of the fountain, and I the same age as the small one. The mango trees have yielded their fruit twelve times, and the orange trees have opened their blossoms twenty-four times since I came into the world."

Thus did these two children of nature advance in life ; hitherto no care had wrinkled their foreheads, no intemperance had corrupted their blood, no unhappy passion had depraved their hearts ; love, innocence, piety were daily unfolding the beauties of their souls in graces ineffable, in their features, their attitude and their movements.

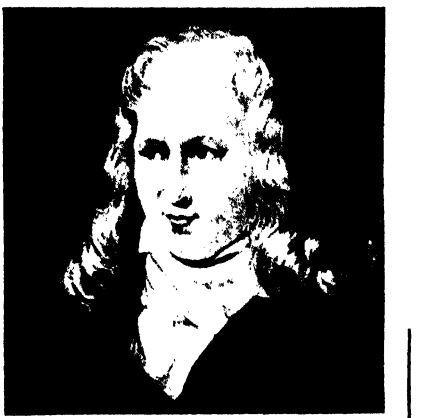
Nevertheless, in time Virginia felt herself disturbed by a strange malady. Serenity no longer sat upon her forehead, nor smiles upon her lips. She withdrew herself from her innocent amusements, from her sweet

occupations and from the society of her family. Sometimes, at the sight of Paul, she ran up to him playfully, when all of a sudden an unaccountable embarrassment seized her ; a lively red coloured her cheeks, and her eyes no longer dared to fix themselves on his.

Meanwhile, Margaret said to Madame de la Tour, " Why should we not marry our children ? Their passion for each other is extreme, although my son is not sensible of it as yet."

" Not yet," answered madame ; " they are too young and too poor. But if we send Paul to India for a short time, commerce will supply him with the means of buying some slaves. On his return we will marry him to Virginia, for I am certain that no one can make my daughter so happy as your son Paul. Let us consult our neighbour about it."

So they discussed the matter with me, and I approved of their plan. But when I opened the business to Paul, I was astonished when he replied, " Why would you have me quit my family for a visionary project of fortune ? If we wish to engage in trade, cannot we do so by carrying our superfluities to the city, without any necessity for my rambling to India ? What if any accident should befall my family during my absence, especially Virginia, who even now is suffering ? No! I could never make up my mind to quit them."



JACQUES HENRI BERNARDIN DE SAINT PIERRE was born at Havre, January 19, 1737. He was educated at Caen and at Rouen, became an engineer, and for some years led a roving and adventurous life, serving in the Hesse campaign of 1760 and wandering over many parts of Europe. From 1768 to 1771 he held a government appointment in Mauritius, an experience which he turned to great literary advantage. On his return to France he became an intimate friend and disciple of Jean Jacques Rousseau, whom he succeeded as representative of the movement for the return to nature. Saint Pierre died at Eragny near Pontoise, January 21, 1814.

III—The Enforced Separation of the Young Lovers

JUST at this time a letter came to Madame de la Tour from her aunt, who had just recovered from a dangerous illness, and whose obdurate heart had been softened by the fear of death. She requested her niece to return to France ; or, if the state of her health prevented her from undertaking the voyage, to send Virginia thither, on whom she intended to bestow a good education, a place at court and a bequest of all her possessions The return of her favour, she added, depended on compliance with these injunctions.

The letter filled the family with utter consternation.

" Can you leave us ? " Margaret asked, in deep anxiety.

" No," replied madame. " I will never leave you. With you I have lived, and with you I mean to die."

At these words tears of joy bedewed the cheeks of the whole household, and the most joyous of all, although she least betrayed her pleasure, was Virginia.

But next morning they were surprised to receive a visit from the governor. He too, had heard from madame's aunt.

" Surely," he said, " you cannot without injustice deprive your young and beautiful daughter of so great an inheritance." Taking madame aside, he told her that a vessel was on the point of sailing, and that a lady who was related to him would take care of her daughter. He then placed upon the table a large bag of piastres, which one of his slaves had brought. " This," he said, " is what your aunt has sent to make the preparations for the voyage."

After the governor had left, madame urged her daughter to go. But wealth had no temptations for Virginia. She thought only of her family, and of her love for Paul. " Oh, I shall never have the resolution to quit you ! " she cried.



THE CHILDHOOD OF PAUL AND VIRGINIA
From the painting by Lecy

But in the evening came her father confessor, sent by the governor. "My children," said he as he entered, "there is wealth in store for you now, thanks to Heaven. You have at length the means of gratifying your benevolent feelings by ministering to the unhappy. We must obey the will of Providence," he continued, turning to Virginia. "It is a sacrifice, I grant, but it is the command of the Almighty."

Virginia, with downcast eyes and trembling voice replied, "If it is the command of God that I should go, God's will be done," and burst into tears.

I was with the family at supper that evening. Little was eaten, and nobody uttered a syllable.

After supper Virginia rose first, and went out. Paul quickly followed her. The rest of us went out soon afterwards, and we sat down under the banana trees. Paul and Virginia were not far off, and we heard every word they said.

"You are going to leave us," began Paul, "for the sake of a relation whom you have never seen!"

"Alas!" replied Virginia. "Had I been allowed to follow my own inclinations, I should have remained here all my days. But my mother wishes me to go. My confessor says it is the will of God."

"Ah!" said Paul. "And do you say nothing of the attractions of wealth? You will soon find another on whom you can bestow the name of brother among your equals—one who has riches and high birth, which I cannot offer you. But whither can you go to be more happy than where you are? Cruel girl! How will our mothers bear this separation? What will become of me? Oh, since a new destiny attracts you, since you seek fortune in far countries, let me at least go with you! I will follow you as your slave."

Paul's voice was stifled with sobs.

"It is for your sakes that I go!" cried Virginia tearfully. "You have laboured daily to support us. By my wealth I shall seek to repay the good you have done to us all. And would I choose any brother but thee! Oh, Paul, Paul, you are far dearer to me than a brother!"

At these words he clasped her in his arms. "I shall go with her. Nothing shall shake my resolution!" he declared, in a terrible voice.

We ran towards them. Madame de la Tour said to Paul, "My son, if you leave us, what will become of us?"

He turned savagely on her. "Do you act the part of a mother," he cried, "you who separate brother and sister? Pitiless woman! May the ocean never give her back to your arms!" His eyes sparkled; sweat ran down his countenance.

"Oh, my friend," cried Virginia to him in terror, "I swear by all that could ever unite two unhappy beings that if I remain here I will only live for you; and if I depart, I will one day return to be yours!"

His head drooped; a torrent of tears gushed from his eyes.

"Come to-night to my home, my friend," I said to Paul. "We will talk this matter over to-morrow."

"I cannot let her go!" cried madame in distraction.

Paul accompanied me in silence. After a restless night he rose at daybreak, and returned to his own home. Virginia had gone! The vessel had sailed at daybreak, and she was on board.

By intricate paths Paul climbed to the summit of a rock cone, from which a vast area of sea was visible. From here he perceived the vessel that bore away Virginia; and here I found him in the evening, his head leaning against the rock, his eyes fixed on the ground.

When I had persuaded him to return home, he bitterly reproached madame with having so cruelly deceived him. She told him that a breeze had sprung up in the early morning, and that the governor himself, his officers and the confessor had come and carried Virginia off in spite of all their tears and protests, the governor declaring that it was for their good that she was thus hurried away.

Paul wandered miserably among all the spots that had been Virginia's favourites. He looked at her goats, and at the birds that came fluttering to be fed by the hand of her who had gone.

He cherished little things that had been hers—the last nosegay she had worn, the coconut cup out of which she was accustomed to drink.

At length he began to labour in the plantation again. He also besought me to teach him reading and writing, so that he might correspond with Virginia; and geography and history, that he might learn the situation and character of the country whither she had gone.

We heard a report that Virginia had reached France in safety; but for two years we had no other news of her.

IV—How Paul and Virginia were Reunited

When at length a letter arrived from Virginia it appeared that she had written several times before, but as she had received no replies, she feared that her great-aunt had intercepted her former letters.

She had been placed in a convent school, and although she lived in the midst of riches, she had not the disposal of a single farthing. She was not allowed to mention her mother's name, and was bidden to forget the land of savages where she was born; but she would sooner forget herself.

To Paul she sent some flower-seeds in a small purse, on which were embroidered the letters P and V formed of hair that he knew to be Virginia's.

But reports were current that gave him great uneasiness. The people of the vessel that had brought the letter asserted that Virginia was about to be married to a great nobleman; some even declared that the wedding was already over.

But soon afterwards his disquietude ceased at the news that Virginia was about to return.

On the morning of December 24, 1752, Paul saw a signal indicating that a vessel was descried at sea, and he hastened to the city. A pilot went out to reconnoitre her according to the custom of the port; he came back in the evening with the news that the captain hoped to bring to anchor off Port Louis on the following afternoon. Virginia was on board, and sent by the pilot a letter to her mother, which Paul, after kissing it with transport, carried hurriedly to the plantation.

Virginia wrote that her great-aunt had tried to force her into marriage, had disinherited her on her refusal and had sent her back to the island. Her only wish now was once more to see her dear family.

Paul, in his excitement, rushed to tell me the news, although it was late at night. As we walked together we were overtaken by a breathless negro.

"A vessel from France has just cast anchor under Amber Island," he said. "She is firing distress guns, for the sea is very heavy."

"That will be Virginia's vessel," I said. "Let us go that way to meet her."

In the distance we heard the boom of the distress gun. We quickened our pace without saying a word, not daring to communicate our anxiety to each other.

Soon after dawn the governor arrived with a detachment of soldiers, who immediately fired a volley. Close at hand came the answering boom of the ship's

gun ; in the dim light we could see her masts and yards, and hear the voices of the sailors. She had passed through the channel, and was secure—safe from anything short of a hurricane.

But the hurricane came. Fearful noises as of torrents were heard from the sea ; the mists of the morning were swept away, and the storm was upon us.

The vessel was now in deadly peril, and ere long what we had feared took place. The cables on her bows snapped, and she was dashed upon the rocks half a cable's length from the shore. A cry of grief burst from every breast.

Paul was about to fling himself into the sea, when I seized him by the arm.

"Oh, let me go to her rescue," he cried, "or let me die!"

I tied a rope round his waist, and he advanced toward the ship, sometimes walking, sometimes swimming. He hoped to get on board the vessel, for the sea in its irregular movements left her almost dry. But presently it returned with redoubled fury, and Paul was hurled back upon the shore, bleeding and senseless.

The ship was now going to pieces, and the despairing crew were flinging themselves into the sea. On the stern galley stood Virginia, stretching out her arms towards the lover who sought to save her.

One sailor remained with her, striving to persuade her to undress and try to swim ashore. With a dignified gesture she repelled him. Then a prodigious mountain of water swept towards the vessel. The sailor sprang off, and was carried ashore. Virginia vanished from our sight.

We found her body on the beach of a bay near at hand. Her eyes were closed, but her countenance showed perfect calm ; only the pale violet of death blended itself upon her cheeks with the rose of modesty. One of her hands was firmly closed. I disengaged from it, with much difficulty, a little casket ; within the casket was a portrait of Paul—a gift from him which she had promised never to part with while she lived.

Paul was taken home stretched on a palanquin. It was three weeks ere he was sufficiently recovered to walk. Day after day, when his strength was restored, he wandered among the places endeared to him by memories of Virginia. His eyes grew hollow, his colour faded, his health gradually but visibly declined.

Paul died two months after his beloved Virginia, whose name was ever on his lips to the last. Margaret survived her son only by a week, and Madame de la Tour lived but another month.

By the side of Virginia, at the foot of the bamboos near the church of Pamplemousses, Paul was laid to rest. Close at hand the two mothers were buried. No marble is raised over their humble graves, no inscriptions record their virtues, but in the hearts of those who loved them they have left a memory that time can never efface.

With these words the old man, tears flowing from his eyes, arose and went away.



WE FOUND VIRGINIA'S BODY ON THE BEACH OF A BAY NEAR AT HAND
From the painting by P. Berthand

HOMER

ILIAD

THE original home of the immortal Greek epics, the Iliad and the Odyssey, was the west coast of Asia Minor, in Aeolic Smyrna and Ionic Chios, where a clan called the Homeridae devoted themselves to recitation of the poems. At the outset these were certainly not written compositions, but were transmitted orally. Pisistratus (*c.* 540 B.C.) set up a commission to edit the complete text in a definite form for recitation at the national festival of the Panathenaea. The Iliad, which comprises about 15,500 lines, relates the events of 51 days of the tenth and last year of the siege of Troy, its central incident being the wrath of Achilles, his withdrawal from and subsequent re-entry into battle after the death of his friend Patroclus. In the following epitome use has been made of the famous sixteenth century translation by George Chapman, an edition of which is now published by Chatto and Windus. Pope's verse translation, included in The World's Classics, is fine poetry, but much less close to Homer. The prose translation by Lang, Leaf and Myers, published by Macmillan, is to be recommended

I—Of the Wrath of Achilles; and of Hector



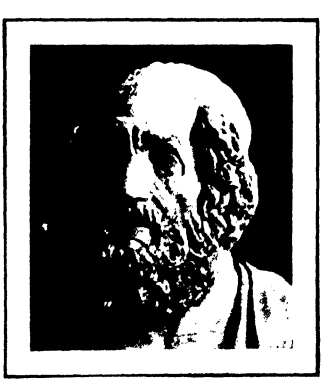
ACHILLES' baneful wrath resound, O goddess, that impos'd
Infinite sorrows on the Greeks, and many brave souls loos'd
From breasts heroic; sent them far to that invisible cave
That no light comforts; and their limbs to dogs and vultures gave;
To all which Jove's will gave effect; from whom strife first begun
Betwixt Atrides, king of men, and Thetis' godlike son.

[To appease Phoebus, Agamemnon restored the captive daughter of the sun-god's priest, allotted to him for spoil; but took Briseis from Achilles to replace her. Achilles vowed to render no more aid to the Greeks, telling his mother, the sea-nymph Thetis, what had befallen, and calling on Jove to aid his vengeance.]

So Peleus' son, swift-foot Achilles, at his swift ships sate,
Burning in wrath, nor ever came to councils of estate
That make men honour'd; never trod the fierce embattled field;
But kept close, and his lov'd heart pined, what fight and cries could yield,
Thirsting at all parts to the host.

[To satisfy Thetis, Jupiter sent a false dream to Agamemnon, the king of men, persuading him that Troy should now fall to his attack. Beguiled by the dream, Agamemnon set forth in battle array the whole Greek host, save that Achilles and his followers were absent. And the whole host of Troy came forth to meet them. Then Menelaus challenged Paris to single combat; for the twain were the cause of the war, seeing that Paris had stolen away Helen, the wife of Menelaus. Truce was struck while the combat should take place. Paris hurled his javelin, but did not pierce his foe's shield; Menelaus, having called on Jove,]

Shook and threw his lance; which struck through Paris' shield, [curets yield,
And with the strength he gave to it, it made the
His coat of mail, his breast; yet he prevented sable death.
This taint he followed with his sword, drawn from a silver sheath,
Which lifting high, he strook his helm full where the plume did stand,
On which it piecemeal brake, and fell from his unhappy hand . . .
'Lo, now my lance hath missed his end, my sword in shivers flew,
And he 'scapes all.' With this again he rushed upon his guest,
And caught him by the horse-hair plume that dangled on his crest,
With thought to drag him to the Greeks; which he had surely done,
And so, besides the victory, had wondrous glory won.
But Cyprian Venus brake the string; and so the victor's palm
Was, for so full a man at arms, only an empty helm.
That then he swung about his head, and cast among his friends,
Who scrambled and took 't up with shouts. Again then he intends



HOMER, the reputed author of the Iliad and the Odyssey, lived at a period variously placed between 1200 and 850 B.C. Seven cities claimed the honour of having been his birthplace, but no facts of his life are certainly known, and it is still in dispute whether he was an European or an Asiatic Greek. This bust is in the National Museum, Naples.

To force the life-blood of his foe, and ran on him amain,
With shaken jav'lin ; when the queen that lovers love, again
Attended and now ravish'd him from that encounter quite,
With ease, and wondrous suddenly ; for she, a goddess, might.
She hid him in a cloud of gold, and never made him known
Till in his chamber fresh and sweet she gently set him down.

[The truce was treacherously broken by Pandarus, who, incited by Minerva, wounded Menelaus with an arrow ; and the armies closed with each other. Great deeds were done by Diomedes on the Greek side. But Hector had gone back to Troy to rouse Paris ; on the walls his wife Andromache saw him.]

She ran to Hector, and with her, tender of heart and hand,
Her son borne in his nurse's arms ; when like a heavenly sign
Compact of many golden stars, the princely child did shine.
Hector, though grief bereft his speech, yet smiled upon his joy.
Andromache cried out, mix'd hands, and to the strength of Troy
Thus wept forth her affection : 'O noblest in desire !
Thy mind inflamed with others' good will set thyself on fire.
Nor pitiest thou thy son, nor wife, that must thy widow be [thee.'
If now thou issue ; all the field will only run on
'Nay,' answered he ; 'but in this fire must Hector's trial shine :
Here must his country, father, friends, be made, in him, divine.
Yet such a stormy day shall come (in mind and soul I know),
When sacred Troy shall shed her towers for tears of overthrow ;
When Priam, all this birth and power, shall in those tears be drown'd.
But neither Troy's posterity so much my soul doth wound,
Priam nor Hecuba herself, nor all my brother's woes,
(Who, though so many and so good must all be food for foes),
As thy sad state ; when some rude Greek shall lead thee weeping hence,
These free days clouded, and a night of captive violence
Loading thy temples, out of which thine eyes must ever see,
But spin the Greek wives webs of task, and their fetch-water be.'

This said, he reached to take his son ; who of his arms afraid,
And then the horse-hair plume, with which he was so overlaid, [and cried.
Nodded so horribly, he cling'd back to his nurse
Laughter affected his great sire, who doff'd and laid aside
His fearful helm, that on the earth cast round about its light ;
Then took and kiss'd his loving son. 'Afflict me not, dear wife,
With these vain griefs. He doth not live that can disjoin my life
And this firm bosom, but my fate ; and fate whose wings can fly ?
Noble, ignoble, fate controls. Once born, the best must die.'

II—*Of the Battle by the Ships*

After this, Hector fought with Ajax, and neither had the better. And after that the Greeks set a rampart and a ditch about their ships. Also, Agamemnon would have bidden the Greeks depart altogether, but Diomedes withstood him. And in the fighting that followed, Agamemnon showed himself the best man among the Greeks, seeing that neither Achilles nor Diomedes joined the fray ; and the Trojans had the better, driving the Greeks back to the rampart, and bursting through, so that they were like to have burnt the Greek ships where they lay, led on by Hector. To and fro swayed the tide of battle ; for while Jove slept, Neptune and Juno gave force and courage to the Greeks, and the Trojans were borne back, Hector being sore hurt with a stone cast by Ajax. But Jove, awaking, restored Hector's strength, sending Apollo to him. Then Apollo and Hector led]

The Trojan forces. The Greeks stood. A fervent clamour spread
The air on both sides as they joined. Out flew the shafts and darts,
Some falling short, but other some found butts in breasts and hearts. [so long
As long as Phoebus held but out his horrid shield,
The darts flew raging either way, and death grew both ways strong.
But when the Greeks had seen his face, and who it was that shook
The bristled targe, knew by his voice, then all their strengths forsook
Their nerves and minds. And then look how a goodly herd of neat,
Or wealthy flock of sheep, being close, and dreadless at their meat,
In some black midnight, suddenly, and not a keeper near, [and there
A brace of horrid bears rush in, and then fly here
The poor affrighted flocks or herds ; so every way dispersed
The heartless Grecians, so the Sun their headlong chase reversed
To headlong flight, and that day rais'd with all grace Hector's head.

When Hector saw his sister's son lie slaughtered in the sand,

He called to all his friends, and prayed they would not in that strait
Forsake his nephew, but maintain about his corse the fight,
And save it from the spoil of Greece.

[The archery of Teucer, brother of Ajax, was dealing destruction among the Trojans, when Jove broke the bowstring; and thereafter the god stirred]

With such addition of his spirit the spirit Hector bore [before.
To burn the fleet, that of itself was hot enough
But now he fared like Mars himself, so brandishing his lance
As through the deep shades of a wood a raging fire should glance, [foam
Held up to all eyes by a hill; about his lips a
Stood, as when th' ocean is enraged; his eyes were overcome
With fervour, and resembled flames, set off by his dark brows,
And from his temples his bright helm abhorred lightnings throws.
He, girt in fire borne for the fleet, still rushed at every troop,
And fell upon it like a wave, high raised, that then doth stoop
Out from the clouds, grows as it stoops with storms, then down doth come
And cuff a ship, when all her sides are hid in brackish foam,
Strong gales still raging in her sails, her sailors' minds dismay'd,
Death being but little from their lives; so Jove-like Hector fray'd
And plied the Greeks, who knew not what would chance, for all their guards.
And as the baneful kings of beasts, leapt in to oxen herds
Fed in the meadows of a fen exceeding great, the beasts
In number infinite, 'mongst whom (their herdsmen wanting breasts [life)
To fight with lions for the price of a black ox's
He here and there jumps first and last, in his bloodthirsty strife;
Chased and assaulted, and at length down in the midst goes one,
And all the rest 'sperst through the fen; so now all Greece was gone.

[On the Grecian side Ajax]
Stalked here and there, and in his hand a huge great bead-hook held,
Twelve cubits long, and full of iron. And then again there grew
A bitter conflict at the fleet. You would have said none drew [on
A weary breath, nor ever did, they laid so freshly

[It seemed that even Ajax would be overborne. But Patroclus, the loved friend of Achilles, saw this destruction coming upon the Greeks, and he earnestly besought Achilles, if he would not be moved to sally forth to the rescue himself, to suffer him to go out against the Trojans, bearing the arms of Achilles and leading his Myrmidons into the fray. Which leave Achilles granted him.]

III—Of Patroclus, and the Rousing of Achilles

BEARING the armour of Achilles, save the spear which none other could wield, Patroclus led forth the Myrmidons.]

. . . . And when ye see upon a mountain bred
A den of wolves about whose hearts unmeasured strengths are fed,
New come from currie of a stag, their jaws all blood-besmeared,
And when from some black water-fount they all together herd,
There having plentifully lapped with thin and thrust-out tongues
The top and clearest of the spring, go, belching from their lungs
The clottered gore, look dreadfully, and entertain no dread,
Their bellies gaunt, all taken up with being so rawly fed;
Then say that such in strength and look, were great Achilles' men
Now ordered for the dreadful fight. . . .

[The Trojans, taking Patroclus for Achilles, were now driven before him and the other Grecian chiefs. Patroclus slew Sarpedon, king of Lycia, and the fight raged furiously about the corse. The Trojans fled. Patroclus pursued. At last Phoebus Apollo smote his armour from him; Euphorbus thrust him through from behind, and Hector slew him. Ajax and Menelaus came to rescue Patroclus' body; Hector fled, but had already stripped off the armour of Achilles, which he now put on in place of his own. Again the battle waxed furious about the dead Patroclus until Menelaus and Meriones bore the corpse while the two Ajaces stood guard.

Now, when the ill news was brought to Achilles, he fell into a great passion of grief; which lamentation Thetis, his mother, heard from the sea-deeps; and came to him, bidding him not go forth to the war till she had brought him new armour from Vulcan. Nevertheless, at the bidding of Iris, he arose.]

And forth the wall he stepped and stood, and sent abroad his voice;
Which Pallas far-off echoed, who did betwixt them noise
Shrill tumult to a topless height. His brazen voice once heard,
The minds of all were startled, so they yielded. Thrice he spake,
And thrice, in heat of all the charge, the Trojans started back.

[On this wise was the dead Patroclus brought back to Achilles. But Thetis went to Vulcan and besought him, and he wrought new armour for Achilles—a shield most marvellous, and



THETIS ORDERS VULCAN TO FORGE NEW ARMOUR FOR ACHILLES

From the painting by Velasquez

a cuirass and helmet which she bore to her son. And the wrath of Achilles against Agamemnon was assuaged; and they two were reconciled at a gathering of the chiefs. And when by the counsel of Ulysses they had all well broken their fast, the Greeks went forth to the battle, Achilles leading. Now, in this contest, by Jove's decree, all the Olympian gods were suffered to take part:

And thus the bless'd gods both sides urged; they all stood in the midst
And brake contention to the hosts. And over all their heads [rattled out
The gods' king in abhorred claps his thunder
Beneath them, Neptune tossed the earth; the mountains round about
Bowed with affright and shook their heads; Jove's hill the earthquake felt
(Steep Ida), trembling at her roots and all her fountains spilt,
With crannied brows; the infernal king, that all things frays, was fray'd
When this black battle of the gods was joining; thus array'd:
'Gainst Neptune, Phœbus with winged shafts, 'gainst Mars, the blue-eyed maid,
'Gainst Juno, Phœbe, whose white hands bore stinging darts of gold, [birth two-fold
Her side armed with a sheaf of shafts, and (by the
Of bright Latona) sister-twin to him that shoots so far. [peace and war
Against Latona Hermes stood, grave guard in
Of human beings. Against the god whose empire is in fire, [whose pow'r entire
The wat'ry godhead, that great flood, to show
In spoil as th' other, all his streams on lurking whirlpits trod.
Xanthus, by gods, by men Scamander called, Thus god 'gainst god
Entered the field.

IV—Of Achilles and Hector

Now Achilles fell upon the Trojan host, slaying one after another of their mighty men; but Æneas and Hector the gods shielded from him. Twelve he took captive, to sacrifice at the funeral of Patroclus. And he would have stormed into Troy itself but that Phœbus deceived him, and all the Trojans fled within the walls save Hector. But when he saw Achilles coming, fear shook Hector from his post.]

No more stay now, all ports were left: he fled in fear the hand [swiftest passenger,
Of that Fear-Master, who, hawk-like, air's
That holds a timorous dove in chase, and with command doth bear [whizzing on.
His fiery onset, the dove hastes, the hawk comes
This way and that he turns and winds and cuffs the pigeon;
So urged Achilles Hector's flight.

[They ran thrice about the walls, until Hector, beguiled by Athena in the form of his brother, Deiphobus, stayed to fight Achilles. Having cast his lance in vain,]

Then forth his sword flew, sharp and broad, and bore a deadly weight,
With which he rushed in. And look how an eagle from her height
Stoops to the rapture of a lamb, or cuffs a timorous hare;
So fell in Hector; and at him Achilles.

[Achilles smote Hector through with his javelin, and thus death closed his eyes. Then, in his wrath for the death of Patroclus, Achilles bound the dead Hector by his feet to his chariot,]

And scourged on his horse that freely flew;
A whirlwind made of startled dust drave with them as they drew,
With which were all his black-brown curls knotted in heaps and fill'd.

[The piteous sight was seen from the walls by Priam and Hecuba; but Andromache did not know that Hector had stayed without, until the clamour flew]

Up to her turret; then she shook; her work fell from her hand,
And up she started, called her maids; she needs must understand
That ominous outcry. 'Come,' said she; then fury-like she went, [quick ascent
Two women, as she willed, at hand, and made her
Up to the tower and press of men, her spirit in uproar. Round
She cast her greedy eye, and saw her Hector slain, and bound
T'Achilles' chariot, manlessly dragged to the Grecian fleet.
Black night struck through her, under her, trance took away her feet.

[Thus all Troy mourned; but Achilles dragged the slain Hector to the slain Patroclus, and did despite to his body in his wrath; and made ready to hold high obsequies for his friend. And on the morrow]

THEY raised a huge pile, and to arms went every Myrmidon,
Charged by Achilles; chariots and horse were harnessèd, [march led,
Fighters and charioteers got up, and they the sad
A cloud of infinite foot behind. In midst of all was borne
Patroclus' person by his peers.

[Fit feastings were held, and games with rich prizes, racings and wrestlings, wherein the might of Ajax could not overcome the skill of Ulysses, nor his skill the might of Ajax. Then Thetis by the will of the gods bade Achilles cease from his wrath against Hector; and suffer the Trojans to redeem his body for a ransom. And Iris came to Priam where the old king sate; the princesses his seed, the princesses his sons' fair wives, all mourning by. She bade him offer ransom to Achilles; and then, guided by Hermes, Priam came to the tent of Achilles, bearing rich gifts, and he kneeled before him, clasping his knees, and besought him, saying:]



ANDROMACHE IN CAPTIVITY

Portion of the painting by Lord Leighton, P.R.A., in the Manchester Art Gallery

'Pity an old man like thy sire, different in only this, [miseries
That I am wretcheder, and bear that weight of
That never man did, my cursed lips enforced to kiss that hand
That slew my children.' At his feet he laid his reverend head.
Achilles' thoughts now with his sire, now with his friend were led.

[Moved by compassion, and by the message which Thetis had brought him, Achilles accepted the ransom, and suffered Priam to bear away the body, granting a twelve days' truce. And Troy mourned for him, Andromache lamenting and Hecuba, his mother. And on this wise spake Helen herself:]

'O Hector, all my brothers more were not so loved of me as thee,
As thy most virtues. Not my lord I held so dear
That brought me hither; before which, I would I had been brought
To ruin, for what breeds that wish, which is the mischief wrought
But my access, yet never found one harsh taunt, one word's ill
From thy sweet carriage. Twenty years do now their circles fill [only bear
Since my arrival; all which time thou didst not
Thyself without check, but all else, that my lord's brothers were.
Their sisters' lords, sisters themselves, the queen, my mother-in-law
(The king being never but most mild) when thy man's spirit saw [bitterness
Sour and reproachful, it would still reprove their
With sweet words and thy gentle soul.'

[So the body of Hector was laid upon the fire, and was burnt; and his ashes were gathered into an urn of gold and laid in a grave.]

A Play That Made History

PIERRE DE BEAUMARCHAIS

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO

Adapted from the French by Edward Wright

NOT only is The Marriage of Figaro a fine and entertaining piece, but it is also a work of high historic importance, for this play, more than any other contemporary work, accelerated the advent of the French Revolution. Louis XVI's ban on the play made all Paris agog to see it, and many noblemen held private readings of it in their houses: even Tsar Paul I of Russia attended readings in Paris. Finally the king had to yield, and the play was presented on April 27, 1784. 'What have you done to earn your high rank, your immense wealth, your great power? You have taken the trouble to be born — nothing more.' Such sallies as these were, in the mouth of Figaro, the expression of the French bourgeoisie for the aristocracy. Beaumarchais's work is chiefly known in England through the operas of Mozart and Rossini. The Barber of Seville appears in page 580 and the following pages of *The World's Great Books*.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Count Almaviva — Doctor Bartholo — Figaro — Don Bazile
Cherubino — Marceline — Countess Rosina — Suzanne

First Act



FIGARO, Marceline, and Bartholo are talking together in a room in Count Almaviva's castle, Aguas Frescas, about three leagues from Seville:

Figaro: Good day, my good doctor! What brings you to the castle? My marriage with Suzanne?

Bartholo: I have come to prevent it, as you prevented my marriage with Rosina.

Fig.: I see! You mean to force me to marry Marceline? Good-bye. While you are discussing my breach of promise with your old housekeeper, I will dress for the wedding. [*He goes out.*

Bar.: The rascal is as impudent as ever. Well, Marceline, when is Count Almaviva going to have your case against Figaro tried?

Marceline: To-day at twelve o'clock. I am sure I shall win. Some time ago I lent Figaro two thousand piastres, on the condition that he should repay the money on demand, and marry me. Now, the villain is going to marry Suzanne, the maid of the Countess Rosina, without giving me back my money.

Bar.: But I thought that Count Almaviva was flirting with Suzanne?

Mar.: So he is. But here she comes with Cherubino, the shameless little page of Count Almaviva, who is always trying to make love to Countess Rosina. Don't let them see us together.

[*They go out, and* **Suzanne** *and* **Cherubino** *enter.*

Cherubino: The count is sending me away. He saw me speaking to you yesterday, and came up to me in a fury, and said that I must go into

the army at once. If my beautiful godmother, Countess Rosina, does not intercede for me, I shall be deprived for ever of the happiness of seeing you, Suzanne!

Suzanne: Of seeing me? So it's my turn now? You've deserted the mistress for the maid?

Cher.: Ah, Suzanne, she is beautiful and noble, but so unapproachable!

[*He tries to kiss her.*

Suz.: I will box your ears, senor! I will go at once and complain to my mistress! Far from pleading for you, I shall tell the count.

Cher.: I am lost!

[He sees the Count entering the room, and throws himself in dismay behind an armchair.]

Suz.: What do you want with me, my lord? If someone found you with me——

Almaviva: I should be sorry, my dear, if we were discovered together just before your marriage, but you know what interest I take in you. The king has just appointed me ambassador at London. I will consent to your marriage with Figaro, and take you with me to London, and give him an excellent post, if you will only promise——

Suz.: I will promise nothing; nothing. Can't you be content with your own wife, and permit Figaro and me to live happily together?

Bazile: (*speaking outside in the passage*): Where has the count got to? I must speak to him.

Alma.: Bazile, the singing-master! What a nuisance! If he sees us together he is sure to gossip to Rosina. Where can I hide?

[He runs towards the armchair, but **Suzanne** gets between him and **Cherubino**. While he is gently pushing her aside, the page creeps into the chair and crouches down, and **Suzanne** throws a cover over him, just as **Bazile** enters the room.]

Baz.: Ah, Suzanne! What a happy girl you are! But you must not let the count see that little rascal, Cherubino, making love to you.

Suz. (*angrily*): And you are an incorrigible scandalmonger! I am sure that——

Baz.: He makes love both to the maid and the mistress. The way he follows Countess Rosina——

Alma. (*jumping up*): Bazile! How dare you bring the name of my wife into—— Ah!

[He sees **Cherubino's** feet, and pulls the cover off the page, and angrily drags him from the chair.]

Alma.: So, Suzanne, this is why you did not want me to stay with you? Nice goings on for a young lady on her marriage-day! I certainly shall not allow the marriage to take place. Figaro is a man I esteem and love, and I cannot permit him to waste himself on a shameless little hussy like you. As for you, senor (*turning to* **Cherubino**), leave the castle at once!

Cher.: I only came here to ask Suzanne to get the countess to intercede with you for me. I am too young yet to join the army.

Alma.: If you are old enough to make love to two women at once, you are old enough to be a soldier.

[Poor little **Cherubino** begins to cry, and **Suzanne** tries to comfort him. **Count Almaviva** stalks out of the room, followed by **Bazile**.]

Second Act

[COUNTESS ROSINA and **Suzanne** are talking together in the countess's bed-chamber in the castle of Aguas Frescas.]

Rosina (*just sorrowfully, and then in anger*): Ah, it's clear from what you say, my husband no longer loves me! I have wearied him with kindness and fatigued him with affection. That is my only fault. But you, my dear girl, shall not suffer for it. I will see that you are married to your Figaro. Here he is at last.

[**Figaro** *enters.*

Suzanne: What a time you have been, dear! We have been waiting impatiently for you. Have you got some clever plan ready?

Figaro: Yes, and I have carried it out. In order to make my master leave my wife alone, I have given him that which will make him watch over his own.

Ros.: Over me? This is going too far!

Fig.: It is the only way with a man of this sort. I have sent him an anonymous letter warning him that some gallant will be after you, madame, at the ball this evening. He is upset about it already. He does not know what to do, but I'm sure he will not try to stop my marriage.

Suz.: Marceline will do that.

Fig.: No. The count will decide against her at the trial. For you must promise to meet him in the evening in the garden. Then, we will dress up Cherubino in your clothes, and surprise the count with him. I will go at once and send Cherubino to you, and you can fit your dress on him.

[**Figaro** *goes out.*

Ros.: But how can I receive this young man in my bedroom?

Suz.: There will be two of us, madame. I will go and get my dress.

[*She departs, and returns with* **Cherubino.**

Cher.: Ah, my dear godmother! Has Suzanne told you? The count has sent me away.

Ros.: No, you must stay till this evening. Then I will make my husband forgive you. Now, we want you to try one of Suzanne's dresses.

[**Suzanne** takes his coat off, and begins to dress him. But, finding that she has not brought the collar of the dress, she goes out to fetch it, locking the door behind her. She has scarcely been gone a moment when **Count Almaviva** arrives.]

Almaviva (*knocking furiously at the door*): Why have you locked yourself in, madame?

Ros.: My husband! Whatever shall I do! And after Figaro writing him that letter! He will be mad with jealousy.

Alma.: Open your door, I say!

Cher.: After the scene this morning, he will kill me on the spot.

[He runs into a wardrobe in the corner of the bedroom and the **Countess Rosina** locks him in, and takes out the key. Then she admits her husband into the room.]

Alma.: You are not in the habit of locking your door. Why did you not let me in at once?

Ros. : I was—er—sewing, yes, sewing with Suzanne. She has gone out to get a dress.

Alma. (*looking at her closely*) : What is the matter ? You seem to be upset

[**Cherubino** *knocks over a chair in the wardrobe.*

Alma. (*in a furious voice*) : I thought so ! Who is in that wardrobe, madame ? (*He springs across the room and tries to open the wardrobe.*)

Ros. : Suzanne is in there. She was all undressed when you knocked at the door. That is why I did not let you in at once.

Alma. : But you said just now that she had gone out to get a dress. Suzanne, are you in here ? Speak up, at once !

Ros. : Suzanne, I forbid you to reply. (*To* **Almaviva**) I have never heard of such tyranny !

[During the quarrel, **Suzanne** has quietly returned. Grasping the situation, she creeps into an alcove and draws the curtain, and hides herself.]

Alma. : I am resolved to see at once who is in this wardrobe. Give me the key, or I will call the servants, and have the door smashed in !

Ros. : That would be a pretty scandal.

Alma. : I will get a hammer, and I break the door open myself. Come with me, and then I shall know that nothing has been changed while I am gone.

[He leads his wife out of the room, and locks the door. **Suzanne** runs from the alcove and unlocks the wardrobe, from which **Cherubino** comes out, pale and weeping.]

Suz. : Leave the room at once !

Cher. (*trembling with fear*) : But how can I leave ? The door's locked !

Suz. : The window ! Jump it ! Even if you break a bone or two, that will be better than being killed. And you will save the countess

Cher. (*opening the window, and looking terrified at the drop of twenty feet*) : Yes ! I will do it for her sake.

[He jumps out of the window, and **Suzanne** runs and shuts herself in the wardrobe just as **Count Almaviva** and **Countess Rosina** return with a key to the wardrobe.]

Alma. : Ah this explains the strange letter I have just received. There is a man in there !

Ros. : No. Only a child. Suzanne and I were dressing him up for a masquerade. It is—Cherubino.

Alma. : The key ! The key ! I will kill him !

[He snatches the key from her hand and draws his sword. His wife sinks to the ground and clasps his knees.]

Ros. : Spare him ! I swear he is innocent.

[The count roughly springs away from her, unlocks the wardrobe and flings the door open and then recoils in utter amazement.]

Alma. : Heavens ! It is Suzanne !

Suz. (*coming out laughing*) : I will kill him ! Kill him, then, this wicked little page !

Alma. (*utterly confused*) : Is this a comedy ?

Ros. (*who was just as much astonished as her husband, but has quickly recovered herself*) : No, my lord, I am weary of your base infidelity, and your insane jealousy. I have tried you for the last time. This outrage is unpardonable. As soon as I have seen Suzanne and Figaro properly married, I intend to retire to the Convent of Ursulines. To think that you are the same man that loved me so passionately when I was the ward of Doctor Bartholo !

Alma. : Oh, Rosina ! Won't you forgive me ?

[He looks with pleading eyes at his wife ; she turns away, and he walks slowly out of the room. When he is gone, **Suzanne** begins to laugh merrily, but the Countess remains pale and sorrowful.]

Third Act

[**Count Almaviva** is thoughtfully walking up and down the hall of audience in the castle of Aguas Frescas.]

Almaviva (*speaking to himself*) : The justices of the peace and the lawyers will soon arrive to try the case between Figaro and Marceline. I do not know whether it would be better to force the rascal to marry the old woman, or let him have Suzanne. I feel sure he is at the bottom of the trick Rosina and Suzanne played on me just now. Here he comes. I must try and sound him. (**Figaro** *enters.*) I've been waiting for you. Servants take longer to dress than their masters do.

Figaro : They haven't any valets to help them.

Alma. : I thought of taking you with me to London, but, on second thoughts, I don't think you'll suit me.

Figaro : Well, I dare say I should be happier if I remained in Spain with my wife.

Alma. (*aside*) : Suzanne has told him all. He will have to marry the old woman. (*Aloud.*) Tell the servants to arrange the hall at once for the trial. It's time it began.

[**Figaro** *goes out,* **Suzanne** *enters, and runs up to the count.*

Suzanne : Can you lend me your smelling-salts ? The countess has the vapours. I will bring them back in an instant.

Alma. (*giving her the scent bottle*) : Don't trouble to return it to me. You may want it yourself.

Suz. : I ? Girls in my position are not troubled with the vapours. It is a noble malady which only fine ladies get.

Alma. : But when you find that the man you are in love with cannot marry you— —

Suz. : Are you going to force Figaro to wed an old woman like Marceline ? Why, I can pay the debt with the dowry you promised me !

Alma. : Which I promised you ? Yes, if you will meet me in the garden to-night. No meeting, no dowry.

Suz. (*making a curtsey*) : And no marriage, no meeting.

[He gives her the scent-bottle, and tries to kiss her, but she evades him with a laugh.]

Alma. She is mine at last !

[*He steps aside, and* **Figaro** *returns.*

Suz. (*to* **Figaro**) : You will win the breach of promise suit, my dear. I have arranged it all.

[*She goes out, and* **Figaro** *follows her.*

Alma. : I have arranged it all ! Have you indeed, miss ? So it was a plot, was it ? Ah, Marceline, after all, shall win her case.

[While he is speaking the justices, the lawyers, **Marceline, Bartholo,** and a crowd of spectators enter the hall. **Count Almaviva** takes his position on the platform among the other justices, and the case begins.]

The Clerk : Barbe Agar Madeleine Nicole Marceline of Aguas Frescas *versus* Figaro—surname in blank. How's that ?

Fig. (*rising up in court*) : If you please, gentlemen, I do not know my surname. I am a foundling. I do not know the name either of my father or my mother.

Bartholo (*rising up as* **Figaro** *sits down*) : I appear on behalf of my old housekeeper, Marceline. This is the document on which my client founds her case. (*He reads*) : 'I, the undersigned, acknowledge to have received from Senora Marceline of the castle of Aguas Frescas the sum of two thousand piastres; and I agree to repay her this sum on demand, and to marry her.'

Fig. (*starting up*) : No ! You read it incorrectly. It should be : 'or to marry her.'

Alma. : Is it 'or' or 'and' ? Let me see the paper. (*He takes it and studies it intently.*) It is impossible to make out the word ; there is a blot over it. (*He confers for a short time with the other judges.*) The verdict is that the defendant shall pay the plaintiff two thousand piastres at once, or marry her forthwith.



A NEGLECTED CLIENT OF FIGARO
From the painting by Antonio Casanova y Estorach

Fig. : I will not marry her without the consent of my noble parents.

Bar. : Ha, ha, ha ! Your noble parents ! You beggar's foundling !

Fig. : If the fine lace and rich embroidery, and jewellery, which were found on me, are not sufficient to mark my noble birth, the precaution which was taken to tattoo me in a peculiar way shows how a precious a child I was. Look at this hieroglyphic on my right arm.

[*He turns up his sleeve and shows* **Bartholo** *a spatula tattooed there.*]

Marceline : Heavens, it's he—Emmanuel ! Were you carried away by gipsies ?

Fig. : Yes, as I was playing near a great castle.

Bar. (*pointing to* **Marceline**) **:** Behold your mother !

Mar. (*pointing to* **Bartholo**) **:** Behold your father !

Fig. (*in a chap-fallen manner*) : Oh, dear, dear, dear ! I made sure I was of noble birth.

Alma. : Well, it's clear he can't marry her. (*To himself.*) However shall I be able to stop Suzanne's wedding now ?

Suzanne (*running into the hall with a purse in her hand*) : Stop ! Stop ! Do not marry her, Figaro. I can pay the debt at once with the dowry which my mistress has just given me.

[She recoils, however, as she sees **Figaro** with his arms around **Marceline,** kissing her.]

Suz. : Oh, you villain ! Marry her at once then, since you are so fond of her.

Fig. : (*laughing*) : I am fond of her, it is true ; but I shall not marry her. Isn't she a dear creature ?

Suz. : She is a fright, and you are a scoundrel. (*She begins to cry.*)

Mar. : Don't mind that tease, my little one. Come into my arms, and let me embrace both of you. I am Figaro's mother.

Suz. : His mother! Oh, then we can marry at once.

[*She runs to* **Marceline** *and clasps her in her arms.*

Fourth Act

A GALLERY in the castle of Aguas Frescas adorned with flowers and garlands for the festival of the marriage of **Figaro** and **Suzanne.** The bride and the bridegroom are talking together pending the arrival of the marriage guests.]

Figaro (*with his arm round* **Suzanne's** *waist*): Well, my darling, aren't you content with the way things have turned out? My mother has brought the doctor round, and he is going to marry her at once.

Suzanne : Who would have thought that my furious rival would suddenly be changed into the best and kindest of mothers?

Fig. : Ah, my dear! Blind chance has done more for us than we could do ourselves. So it always happens. We plot, and plan, and work; but it is mere hazard that accomplishes everything. Yes, all of us—from the fierce conqueror who sweeps over the earth at the head of his armies, to the blind beggar who is led along by his dog—all of us are the playthings of chance. And the blind beggar with his dog is often better directed and clearer sighted than the victorious king blinded by pride and ambition. As for that blind creature that men call Love . . .

Suz. (*caressing him*) : Ah, he is the only one who interests me!

Fig. : I will be his faithful dog, and will lead him straight to your door, my darling, and we three shall live happily together all our life.

Suz. : You and Love and I?

Fig. : You and Love and I.

Suz. : And you'll seek no other nest?

Fig. : Rather let a thousand million . . . .

Suz. : Come, now! You're going to exaggerate; speak the good truth!

Fig. : My truest truth?

Suz. : For shame, sir! Have you several varieties, then?

Fig. : But certainly! Ever since it has been discovered that old follies become wisdom in time, and that forgotten little white lies, carelessly planted, have grown into great, big truths, there have been thousands of varieties. There is that truth which one knows, but dare not divulge for all truths won't bear the light of day; there's what one boasts of, without exactly swearing to it—for all truths are not strong plants; the passionate oaths; the menaces of mothers; the protestations of wine-bibbers; the promises of people in authority; the 'solemn word' of the merchants . . . . Oh, there's no end to them! But the only *true* truth left is my love for my Suzanne.

Suz. : And mine for Figaro.

Fig. : Is that the good truth?

Suz. : Oh, I'm no pedant! I've only one variety. I shall love only my husband.

Fig. : Ha! Then we shall have another fine exception to the rule!

Suz. : How happy we shall be! Your mother has given us a dowry, and so has the countess. If we could only get one from the count! I told him that I would meet him in the garden to-night. But what shall we do now that we can't dress Cherubino up in my clothes?

Fig. : You must not meet him—that's certain. You promise me that, dear, don't you?

Suz. : Of course I do. I tell you there's only one man in the world that I love—my husband.

[*As* **Figaro** *stoops to kiss her,* **Countess Rosina** *enters the gallery.*]

Rosina : Your friends are waiting outside to congratulate you, Figaro. Go and speak to them; I want to have a talk to Suzanne. (**Figaro** *goes out.*) Suzanne, we cannot make use of Cherubino, after the frightful scene this morning. But I have another plan. Sit down at the writing-table there, and write a letter for me.

Suz. (*going to the table*) : Very well, madame.

Ros. (*dictating*) : 'Do you still want to meet me in the garden to-night? I shall wait for you under the chestnut trees.—Suzanne.'

Suz. : But I cannot! I cannot! It is too dangerous. I have promised Figaro not to.

Ros. : There will be no danger. You will not go there. Can't you guess my plan? I will go there dressed up in your clothes, and you will wear mine, and play the part of the Countess Rosina for a time.

Suz. (*laughing and clapping her hands*) : I won't tell Figaro. He will have a bad quarter of an hour, until he discovers our ruse.

Ros. : Now you must give the letter to the count as soon as he enters the gallery. Here he is.

[The lackeys have flung the folding doors wide open, and **Count Almaviva, Figaro, Marceline** and **Bartholo** enter, followed by a procession of all the tenants on the estate, clad in holiday attire. The musicians strike up a merry air, and after crowding round the bride and bridegroom, and cheering them, the marriage-guests take up their positions for the dance. **Count Almaviva** offers his arm to **Suzanne**, and **Countess Rosina** goes up to **Figaro.** But as he is about to take her arm, **Marceline** pulls his sleeve.]

Marceline (*in a whisper*) : Look, my son! Suzanne and the count!

Fig. : She has given him a letter. What can it mean?

Ros. (*who has vainly tried to get in front of* **Figaro**, *and prevent him seeing what has happened*) : Come! You look as gloomy as if this were the funeral of the girl you loved instead of the celebration of your happy marriage with her.

Fig. : Look how she is laughing! She does not seem to be annoyed by the attentions he is paying her. Still, I will trust in her. She is a good girl, and I am sure she loves me.

Fifth Act

FIGARO is walking along the dark grove of chestnut-trees in the castle grounds of Aguas Frescas, and peering into the two pavilions built among the trees. He carries a

lighted paper lantern, and his face is pale with anxiety. **Bartholo** and several friends are following him.]

Bartholo : What! You still think that Susanne is carrying on with the count? Very well, we will wait here with you.

[*They conceal themselves, leaving* **Figaro** *alone.*

Figaro : Oh, woman, woman! What a weak creature you are! But no, Count Almaviva, you shall not have her! You are a great lord. But what have you done to earn your high rank, your immense wealth, your great power? You have taken the trouble to be born—nothing more. For the rest, you are just an ordinary mediocre creature. Why, merely in order to live, I have to use more knowledge and talent than men of your sort have shown for the last hundred years in governing the Spanish Empire. And now—now you think you are going to trick me!

[He gets behind the tree, and **Suzanne** and **Countess Rosina** enter. **Suzanne** is dressed in the **Countess's** attire, and the **Countess** is wearing **Suzanne's** bridal dress.]

Rosina (*in a whisper*): My husband has been following me for ten minutes. He can't be far off. Get behind the trees. (*Just as she does so the* **Count** *arrives, and* **Figaro** *sees him.*)

Almaviva (*going up to* **Rosina**, *whom he takes for* **Suzanne**, *and kissing her*): Ah, my dear! How soft and fine your skin is! Even the countess's is not smoother or lovelier.

Rosina (*imitating the voice of* **Suzanne**): The countess's! Don't you love her any longer?

Alma. : Oh, yes, I still love her! My wife is admirable, but——

Ros. : Too respectable, eh?

Alma. (*kissing her again, and giving her a bag of gold, and putting a diamond ring on her finger*): Yes, I suppose that's it. All the delightful anxieties of love are ended by marriage.

Ros. : But how? What would you have your wife be?

Alma : Well, I keep thinking that if we sought elsewhere that happiness that eludes us at home, our wives might study the art of reviving the strength of their conquest by the charm of variety.

Ros. (*piqued*): Then the wives have all the blame?

Alma (*laughs*): And the husbands none? Well, would you change the scheme of things? *Our* task is to obtain *them.*

Ros. : And theirs?

Alma : To retain us! They *will* forget that.

Ros. : *I* shan't!

Alma : Nor I!

Fig. : (*aside*): Nor I!

Suz. (*also aside*): Nor I!

Alma. : What a wild dance you led me! Here is the dowry I promised you, and a little gift besides.

Ros. (*with a curtsey*): You are very kind.

Fig. (*in an aside*): This is going too far.

Suzanne (*also in an aside*): Good! She has got me a dowry.

Alma. : Now let us enter this little pavilion.

Fig. (*rushing out, mad with anger*): No, you don't, my lord!

Alma. : It is Figaro! (*He runs away, and his wife hides behind the pavilion.*)

Fig. : Where has Suzanne got to? (*In turning round he sees* **Suzanne**, *and takes her for the* **Countess**) Oh, madame, your husband is running off with my wife! She is in that pavilion, and he is with her. I will call my friends, and expose them both. (*He opens his mouth to cry out, and* **Suzanne** *forgets the part she is playing, and speaks in her natural voice.*)

Suz. : Don't be silly.

Fig. : Suzanne! Ah, I see! You have carried out my old plan in a different way. Look! There is Count Almaviva watching us. He mistakes you for his wife. Now for a pretty vengeance. (**Figaro** *puts his arm around* **Suzanne's** *waist, and leads her towards the pavilion.*)

Alma. : Rosina with a strange man! Ah, that letter I received this morning! (*He springs forward and seizes* **Figaro**, *while* **Suzanne** *enters the pavilion hastily, and shuts the door.*)

Alma. : Figaro! What are you doing with my wife?

Fig. : What were you doing with mine?

Alma. (*beside himself with anger*): Oh, if I had my sword! Where are all my servants? Hola, hola! Come here, all of you, all of you!

[In answer to his cries the guests crowd into the chestnut-grove. **Almaviva** forces open the door of the pavilion, and drags **Suzanne** out. As she keeps her face covered with her hands, he still takes her for the **Countess.**]

Alma. : All your efforts are useless. You have disgraced me publicly with one of my own servants. I will avenge myself publicly!

[**Suzanne** throws herself at his feet, and **Figaro** pretends to be overcome with fear and shame. In the meantime, **Countess Rosina** has crept out from behind the pavilion, and, covering her face with her hands to conceal her merriment, is enjoying the strange scene.]

Ros. (*showing herself clearly*): Have you gone so far as to marry Suzanne, then?

[**Count Almaviva** looks at the two women in astonishment. They begin to laugh. **Figaro** roars outright, and all the spectators' faces break out into smiles.]

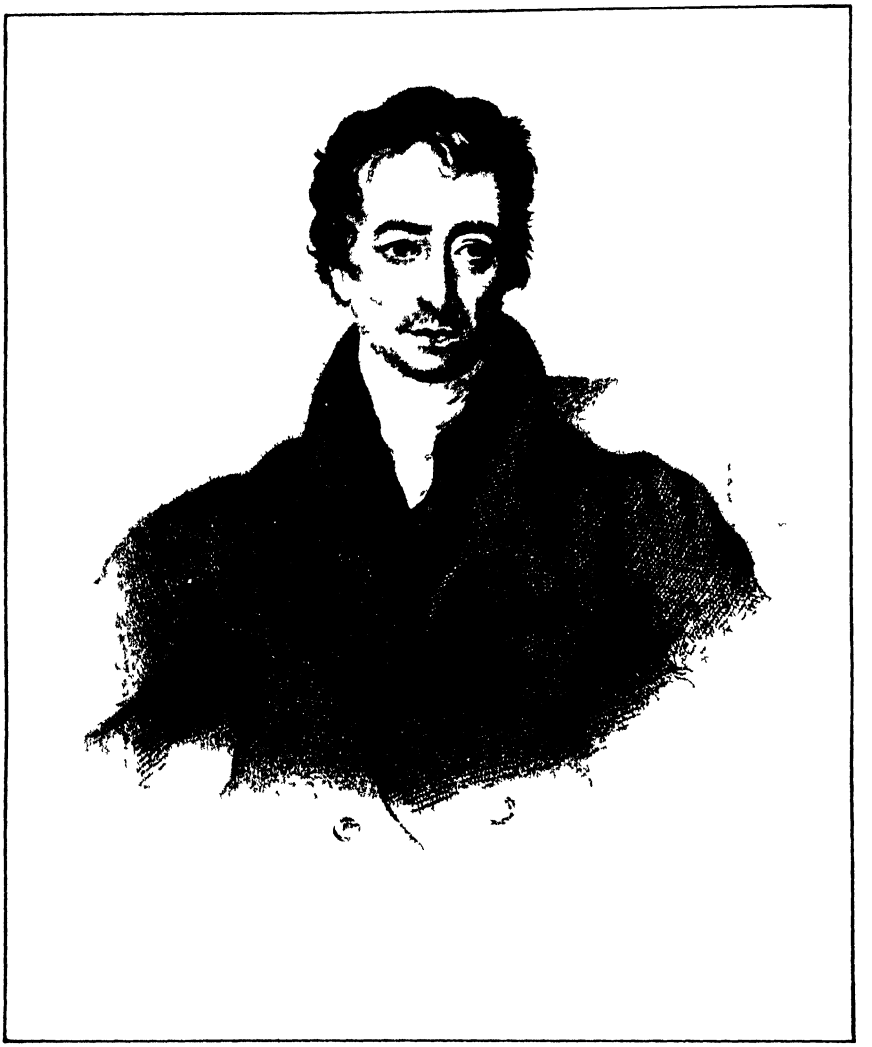
Alma. : What a lesson! No more intrigues for me! In these matters the cleverest of men is a mere child compared with a woman

Ros. (*laughing*): Don't regret the lesson. A day such as this is just the thing to give a 'prentice ambassador an inkling into the arts of political intrigue. We will divide the spoil. (*She gives the bag of gold to* **Figaro** *and the diamond ring to* **Suzanne.**) And now we will go on with the festival.

[*They all dance merrily, and* **Figaro**, *finding a guitar, sings, as they whirl around him :*]

Men are made by chance of birth,
One a king, and one a clown;
Rank is not the best of worth,
Titles do not bring renown.

Only inborn genius can
True nobility impart
Many a clown's a kingly man,
Many a king's a clown at heart.



Charles Lamb (1775-1834) is one of the greatest as he is one of the least pretentious of English prose writers. His character is written in his essays, his autobiography in his letters. All his writings are full of revelations of the most confidential kind, and these make it plain why he was a man of so many friends. He had an infinite capacity for affection and his life long devotion to his often afflicted sister, his courage in poverty and time of trial, and his cheerfulness in happier times make his life story as inspiring as that of Scott. In the history of English prose Lamb stands as much alone as Landor or Sir Thomas Browne. He was master of as many styles as he possessed moods. Besides being an essayist of unique charm he was also a critic of rare insight and surprising accuracy. Embodying a quality of heart that seems to belong to a lost golden age Lamb lives in the memory of posterity as one of the most lovable personalities in English letters. This portrait is after the engraving by Henry Mayer.

CHARLES LAMB

ESSAYS OF ELIA

THE first literary work that brought Charles Lamb into public notice was Tales from Shakespeare, published in 1807 by William Godwin. For the introduction which resulted in the commission to write this book Lamb was indebted to Hazlitt, whose acquaintance he had made in 1805. In 1820 The London Magazine was started, and Hazlitt, who was on the staff, introduced Lamb—now much more successful and widely known—to the editor, John Scott, with the result that between 1820 and 1822 Lamb contributed 25 essays to that periodical. These were reprinted in volume form in 1823 under the title Elia—Essays that have Appeared under that Signature in The London Magazine. Ten years later appeared The Last Essays of Elia, composed mainly of contributions to the same magazine. Both volumes are represented in the following pages. The name Elia—'Call him Ellia,' Lamb wrote to his publisher—was appropriated from a man who had served as a fellow clerk with Lamb in the South Sea House many years before.

Many popular editions of the Essays of Elia are procurable.

I—The Superannuated Man



IT is now six-and-thirty years since I took my seat at the desk in Mincing Lane. Melancholy was the transition at fourteen, from the abundant playtime and the frequently-intervening vacations of school days to the eight, nine, and sometimes ten hours' a day attendance at the counting-house. But I gradually became content—doggedly contented, as wild animals in cages.

It is true I had my Sundays to myself; but Sundays, admirable as the institution of them is for purposes of worship are, for that very reason, the very worst adapted for days of unbending and recreation. Besides Sundays I had a day at Easter and a day at Christmas, with a full week in the summer to go and air myself in my native fields of Hertfordshire. This last was a great indulgence; and the prospect of its recurrence, I believe, alone kept me up through the year.

Then one evening, just as I was about quitting my desk to go home (it might be about eight o'clock) I received an awful summons to attend the presence of the whole assembled firm in the formidable back-parlour. To my utter astonishment the eldest partner began a formal harangue to me on the length of my services and my meritorious conduct, and ended with a proposal that I should accept a pension for life to the amount of two-thirds of my accustomed salary—a magnificent offer! I do not know what I answered between surprise and gratitude, but it was understood that I accepted their proposal, and at just ten minutes after eight I went home for ever.

For the first day or two I felt stunned, overwhelmed. I could only apprehend my felicity: I was too confused to taste it sincerely. I wandered about, thinking I was happy, and knowing that I was not. It was like passing out of Time into Eternity—for it is a sort of Eternity for a man to have his Time all to himself.

Now that those first raptures have subsided I have a quiet home-feeling of the blessedness of my condition. Having all holidays, I am as though I had none. I walk, read, or scribble just when the fit seizes me. I no longer hunt after pleasure; I let it come to me.

At the commencement of my freedom I missed my old chains, forsooth, as if they had been some necessary part of my apparel. I am now as if I had never been other than my own master. It is natural to me to go where I please, to do what I please. I find myself at eleven o'clock in the day in Bond Street, and it seems to me that I have been sauntering there at that very hour for years past. I digress into Soho to explore a bookstall. Methinks I have been thirty years a collector. There is nothing new or strange in it. What is become of Fish-street Hill? Where is Fenchurch Street? Stones of old Mincing Lane, which I have worn with my daily pilgrimage for six-and-thirty years, to the footsteps of

what toil-worn clerk are your everlasting flints now vocal? I indent the gayer flags of Pall Mall. It is 'Change time, and I am among the Elgin Marbles.

It was no hyperbole when I ventured to compare the change in my condition to a passing into another world. I have time for everything. A man can never have too much time to himself, nor too little to do. Man, I verily believe, is out of his element as long as he is operative. I am altogether for the life contemplative. I am no longer . . . clerk to the Firm of . . . etc. I am Retired Leisure. I grow into gentility perceptibly. I have done all that I came into this world to do. I have worked task-work, and have the rest of the day to myself.

II—Mackery End, in Hertfordshire

BRIDGET ELIA has been my housekeeper for many a long year. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits - yet so 'as with a difference.' We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings as it should be among near relations. We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive; and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this that in matters of fact, dates and circumstances, it turns out that I was in the right and my cousin in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points; upon something proper to be done or let alone; I am sure always, in the long run, to be brought over to her way of thinking.

Her education in youth was not much attended to; and she happily missed all that train of female garniture which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it; but I can answer for it that it makes most incomparable old maids. In a season of distress she is the truest comforter; upon the pleasanter occasions of life she is sure always to treble your satisfaction. She is excellent to be at a play with, or upon a visit; but best, when she goes a journey with you.

We made an excursion together a few summers since, into Hertfordshire, to beat up the quarters of some of our less-known relations in that fine corn country.

The oldest thing I remember is Mackery End; or Mackarel End as it is spelt in some old maps of Hertfordshire; a farm-house, delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheathampstead. I can just remember having been there on a visit to a great-aunt when I was a child, under the care of Bridget, who is older than myself by some ten years. I wish I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division. The house was at that time in the occupation of a substantial yeoman who had married my grandmother's sister. His name was Gladman. My grandmother was a Bruton. More than forty years had elapsed since that visit and who or what sort of persons inherited Mackery End we determined to explore.

By somewhat a circuitous route we arrived at the spot of our anxious curiosity about noon. The sight of the old farm-house, though every trace of it was effaced from my recollection, affected me with a pleasure which I had not experienced for many a year. For though *I* had forgotten it, *we* had never forgotten being there together, and we had been talking about Mackery End all our lives, till memory on my part became mocked with a phantom of itself and I thought I knew the aspect of a place which, when present, O how unlike it was to that which I had conjured up so many times instead of it!

BRIDGET'S was more a waking bliss than mine, for she easily remembered her old acquaintance again—some altered features, of course, a little grudged at. At first, indeed, she was ready to disbelieve for joy; but the scene soon reconfirmed itself in her affections—and she traversed every out-post of the old mansion, to the wood-house, the orchard, the place where the pigeon-house had stood (house and birds

were alike flown)—with a breathless impatience of recognition which was more pardonable perhaps than decorous at the age of fifty-odd. But Bridget in some things is behind her years.

The only thing left was to get into the house—and that was a difficulty which to me singly would have been insurmountable; for I am terribly shy in making myself known to strangers and out-of-date kinsfolk. Love, stronger than scruple, winged my cousin in without me; but she soon returned with a creature that might have sat to a sculptor for the image of Welcome. It was the youngest of the Gladmans, who by marriage with a Bruton had become mistress of the old mansion.

She was born too late to have remembered me. She just recollected in early life to have had her cousin Bridget once pointed out to her, climbing a stile. But the name of kindred, and of cousinship, was enough. Those slender ties, that prove slight as gossamer in the rending atmosphere of a metropolis, bind faster in hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire. In five minutes we were as thoroughly acquainted as if we had been born and bred up together; were familiar, even to the calling each other by our Christian names. So Christians should call one another. To have seen Bridget and her—it was like the meeting of the two scriptural cousins!

We were made welcome by husband and wife equally. The fatted calf was made ready, or rather was already so, as if in anticipation of our coming: and how Bridget's memory warmed itself into a thousand half-obliterated recollections of things and persons, to my utter astonishment and her own—old effaced images of more than half forgotten names and circumstances still crowding back upon her, as words written in lemon come out upon exposure to a friendly warmth. When I forget all this, then may my country cousins forget me; and Bridget no more remember that in the days of weakling infancy I was her tender charge—as I have been her care in foolish manhood since—in those pretty pastoral walks, long ago, about Mackery End, in Hertfordshire.

III—*Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist*

A CLEAR fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game. This was the celebrated *wish* of old Sarah Battle (now with God), who, next to her devotions, loved a good game of whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamesters, your half-and-half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or no; and will desire an adversary, who has slipped a wrong card, to take it up and play another. These insufferable trifflers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them from her heart and soul, and would not, willingly, seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took, and gave, no concessions. She hated favours. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held not her good sword (her cards) 'like a dancer.' She sate bolt upright, and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their superstitions; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that hearts was her favourite suit.

Quadrille, she has often told me, was her first love; but whist had engaged her maturer esteem. The former, she said, was showy and specious, and likely to allure young persons.

But whist was the *solider* game; that was her word. It was a long meal; not, like quadrille, a feast of snatches. One or two rubbers might co-extend in duration with an evening. They gave time to form rooted friendships, to cultivate steady enmities. She despised the capricious and ever fluctuating alliances of the other.

A grave simplicity was what she chiefly admired in her favourite game. There was nothing silly in it, like the nob in cribbage—nothing superfluous. No *flushes*—that most irrational of all pleas that a reasonable being can set up: that any one should

claim four by virtue of holding cards of the same mark and colour, without reference to the playing of the game, or the individual worth or pretensions of the cards themselves! She held this to be a solecism; as pitiful an ambition at cards as alliteration is in authorship.

Piquet she held the best game at the cards for two persons, though she would ridicule the pedantry of the terms—such as pique—repique—the capot—they savoured (she thought) of affectation. But games for two, or even three, she never greatly cared for. She loved the quadrate, or square.

In square games (*she meant whist*) all that is possible to be attained in card-playing is accomplished. There are the incentives of profit with honour, common to every species. The parties in whist are spectators and principals too. You glory in some surprising stroke of skill or fortune, not because a cold—or even an interested—bystander witnesses it, but because your *partner* sympathises in the contingency. You win for two. You triumph for two. Two are exalted. Two again are mortified; which divides their disgrace, as the conjunction doubles (by taking off the invidiousness) your glories. Two losing to two are better reconciled than one to one in that close butchery. The hostile feeling is weakened by multiplying the channels. War becomes a civil game. By such reasonings the old lady was accustomed to defend her favourite pastime.

IV—Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading

At the hazard of losing some credit I must confess that I dedicate no inconsiderable portion of my time to other people's thoughts. I dream away my life in others' speculations. I love to lose myself in others' minds. When I am not walking I am reading; I cannot sit and think. Books think for me.

I have no repugnances. Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read anything which I call *a book*. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such.

In this catalogue of *books which are no books—biblia a-biblia*—I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket Books, Draught Boards bound and lettered on the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacs, Statutes at Large; the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns and generally all those volumes which 'no gentleman's library should be without'; the Histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew), and Paley's Moral Philosophy. With those exceptions I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding.

To be strong-backed and neat-bound is the desideratum of a volume. Magnificence comes after. This, when it can be afforded, is not to be lavished upon all kinds of books indiscriminately. I would not dress a set of Magazines, for instance, in full suit. A Shakespeare or a Milton (unless the first editions) it were mere foppery to trick out in gay apparel. Thomson's Seasons, again, looks best (I maintain it) a little torn and dog's-eared.

In some respects the better the book is the less it demands from binding. Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and all that class of perpetually self-reproductive volumes—Great Nature's Stereotypes—we see them individually perish with less regret because we know the copies of them to be 'eterne.' But where a book is at once both good and rare, for instance the Life of the Duke of Newcastle, by His Duchess, no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honour and keep safe such a jewel.

Much depends upon *when* and *where* you read a book. In the five or six impatient minutes before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the Fairy Queen for a stop-gap, or a volume of Bishop Andrewes' Sermons?

Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him. But he brings his music, to which who listens had need bring docile thoughts and purged ears.

Winter evenings—the world shut out—with less of ceremony the gentle Shakespeare enters. At such a season the Tempest or his own Winter's Tale——

These two poets you cannot avoid reading aloud—to yourself, or (as it chances) to some single person listening. More than one—and it degenerates into an audience.

CHARLES DICKENS

BARNABY RUDGE

FIFTH in chronological order of Dickens's novels, Barnaby Rudge appeared serially in Master Humphrey's Clock during 1841, following The Old Curiosity Shop, and was published in volume form in 1849. It is in part a romance of private life and in part a historical novel, and while open to criticism on the technical ground that the two parts are not well knit together, Barnaby Rudge must yet be bracketed with A Tale of Two Cities as Dickens's best constructed novel. It also contains some of his most life-like creations of character and, taken all in all, is certainly the best written of his novels, the closely-woven narrative being presented in a style at once simple, direct and forcible, and containing some master-passages of descriptive prose. The underlying purpose of the story was to express the author's abhorrence of capital punishment, and the passages describing the day and night before the gaol delivery of the condemned rioters contain some of the finest actual and imaginative detail that Charles Dickens's great genius ever accomplished.

I—Barnaby and the Robber



IN the year 1775 there stood upon the borders of Epping Forest, in the village of Chigwell, about twelve miles from London, a house of public entertainment called the Maypole, kept by John Willet, a large-headed man with a fat face, of profound obstinacy and slowness of apprehension, combined with a very strong reliance upon his own merits.

From this inn, Gabriel Varden, stout-hearted old locksmith of Clerkenwell, jogged steadily home in his chaise, half-sleeping and half-waking, on a certain rough evening in March.

A loud cry roused him with a start, just where London begins, and he descried a man extended in an apparently lifeless state, wounded, upon the pathway, and, hovering round him, another person, with a torch in his hand, which he waved in the air with a wild impatience.

"What's here to do?" said the old locksmith. "How's this? What, Barnaby! You know me, Barnaby?"

The bearer of the torch nodded, not once or twice, but a score of times, with a fantastic exaggeration.

"How came it there?" demanded Varden, pointing to the body.

"Steel, steel, steel!" Barnaby replied fiercely, imitating the thrust of a sword.

"Is he robbed?" said the locksmith.

Barnaby caught him by the arm, and nodded "Yes," pointing towards the city.

"Oh!" said the old man. "The robber made off that way, did he? Now let's see what can be done."

They covered the wounded man with Varden's great-coat and carried him to Mrs. Rudge's house hard by. On his way home Gabriel congratulated himself on having an adventure which would silence Mrs. Varden on the subject of the May pole for that night, or there was no faith in woman.

But Mrs. Varden was a lady of uncertain temper, and she was, on this occasion, so ill-tempered, and put herself to so much anxiety and agitation, aided and abetted by her shrewish hand-maiden, Miggs, that next morning she was, she said, too much indisposed to rise. The disconsolate locksmith had, therefore, to deliver himself of his story of the night's experiences to his daughter, buxom, bewitching Dolly, the very pink and pattern of good looks, and the despair of the youth of the neighbourhood.

Calling next day in the evening, Gabriel Varden learnt the wounded man was better and would shortly be removed.

Varden chatted as an old friend with Barnaby's mother. He knew the Maypole story of the widow Rudge—how her husband, employed at Chigwell, and his master had been murdered; and how her son, born upon the very day the deed was



BARNABY RUDGE AND HIS RAVEN. GRI
From the painting by Fred Barnard

known, bore upon his wrist a smear of blood but half washed out.

"Why, what's that?" said the locksmith suddenly. "Is that Barnaby tapping at the door?"

"No," returned the widow; "it was in the street, I think. Hark! 'Tis someone knocking softly at the shutter."

"Some thief or ruffian," said the locksmith. "Give me a light."

"No, no," she returned hastily. "I would rather go myself, alone."

She left the room, and Varden heard the sound of whispers without. Then the words "My God!" came, uttered in a voice dreadful to hear.

Varden rushed out. A look of terror was on the woman's face, and before her stood a man, of sinister appearance, whom the locksmith had passed the night before.

The man fled, but the locksmith was after him and would have held him but for the widow, who clutched his arms.

"The other way—the other way!" she cried. "Do not touch him! He carries other lives besides his own. Don't ask what it means. He is not to be followed or stopped! Come back!"

"The other way!" said the locksmith. "Why, there he goes!"

The old man looked at her in wonder, and let her draw him into the house. Still that look of terror was on her face, as she implored him not to question her.

Presently she withdrew, and left him in his perplexity, and Barnaby came in.

"I have been asleep," said the idiot, with widely opened eyes. "There have been great faces coming and going—close to my face, and then a mile away. That's sleep, eh? I dreamt just now that something—it was in the shape of a man—followed me and wouldn't let me be. It came creeping on to worry me, nearer and nearer. I ran faster, leapt, sprang out of bed and to the window, and there in the street below——"

"Halloa, halloa, halloa! Bow, wow, wow!" cried a hoarse voice. "What's the matter here? Halloa! Never say die! Bow, wow, wow!"

The locksmith started, and there was Grip, a large raven, Barnaby's close companion, perched on the top of a chair.

The locksmith said 'Good-night,' and went his way home, disturbed in thought.

"In league with that ill-looking figure that might have fallen from a gibbet. He listening and hiding here. Barnaby first upon the spot last night. Can she, who has always borne so fair a name, be guilty of such crimes in secret?" said the locksmith, musing. "Heaven forgive me if I am wrong, and send me just thoughts."

II—Barnaby is Enrolled

IT was seven in the forenoon, on June 2, 1780, and Barnaby and his mother, who had travelled to London to escape that unwelcome visitor whom Varden had noticed, were resting in one of the recesses of Westminster Bridge.

A vast throng of persons was crossing the river to the Surrey shore in unusual haste and excitement, and nearly every man in this great concourse wore in his hat a blue cockade.

When the bridge was clear, which was not till nearly two hours had elapsed, the widow inquired of an old man what was the meaning of the great assemblage.

"Why, haven't you heard?" he returned. "This is the day Lord George Gordon presents the petition against the Catholics, and his lordship has declared he won't present it to the House of Commons at all unless it is attended to the door by forty thousand good men and true, at least. There's a crowd for you!"

"A crowd, indeed!" said Barnaby. "Do you hear that, mother? That's a brave crowd he talks of. Come!"

"Not to join it!" cried his mother. "You don't know what mischief they may do, or where they may lead you. Dear Barnaby, for my sake——"

"For your sake!" he answered. "It *is* for your sake, mother. Here's a brave crowd! Come—or wait till I come back! Yes, yes, wait here!"

A stranger gave Barnaby a blue cockade and bade him wear it, and while he was still fixing it in his hat Lord George Gordon and his secretary, Gashford, passed, and then turned back.

"You lag behind, friend, and are late," said Lord George. "It's past ten now. Didn't you know the hour of assembly was ten o'clock?"

Barnaby shook his head, and looked vacantly from one to the other.

"He cannot tell you, sir," the widow interposed. "It's no use to ask him. We know nothing of these matters. This is my son—my poor afflicted son, dearer to me than my own life. He is not in his right senses—he is not, indeed."

"He has surely no appearance," said Lord George, whispering in his secretary's ear, "of being deranged. We must not construe any trifling peculiarity into madness. You desire to make one of this body?" he added, addressing Barnaby. "And intended to make one, did you?"

"Yes, yes," said Barnaby, with sparkling eyes. "To be sure, I did. I told her so."

"Then follow me," replied Lord George, "and you shall have your wish."

Barnaby kissed his mother tenderly and telling her their fortunes were made now did as he was desired.

They hastened on to St. George's Fields, where the vast army of men was drawn up in sections. Doubtless there were honest zealots sprinkled here and there, but for the most part the throng was composed of the very scum and refuse of London.

BARNABY was acclaimed by a man in the ranks, Hugh, the rough hostler of the Maypole, whom Barnaby in his frequent wanderings had long known.

"What! you wear the colour, do you? Fall in, Barnaby. You shall march between me and Dennis, and you shall carry," said Hugh, taking a flag from the hand of a tired man, "the gayest silken streamer in this valiant army."

"In the name of God, no!" shrieked the widow, who had followed in pursuit and now darted forward. "Barnaby, my lord, he'll come back—Barnaby!"

"Women in the field!" cried Hugh, stepping between them, and holding her off with his outstretched hand. "It's against all orders—ladies carrying off our gallant soldiers from their duty. Give the word of command, captain."

The words, 'Form! March!' rang out.

She was thrown to the ground; the whole field was in motion; Barnaby was whirled away into the heart of a dense mass of men, and the widow saw him no more.

Barnaby himself, heedless of the weight of the great banner he carried, marched proud, happy, and elated past all telling. Hugh was at his side, and next to Hugh came a squat, thick-set personage called Dennis, who, unknown to his companions, was no other than the public hangman.

"I wish I could see her somewhere," said Barnaby, looking anxiously around.

"She would be proud to see me now, eh, Hugh? She'd cry with joy, I know she would."

"Why, what palaver's this?" asked Mr. Dennis, with supreme disdain. "We ain't got no sentimental members among us, I hope."

"Don't be uneasy, brother," cried Hugh, "he's only talking of his mother."

"His mother!" growled Mr. Dennis, with a strong oath, and in tones of deep disgust. "And have I combined myself with this here section, and turned out on this here memorable day, to hear men talk about their mothers?"

"Barnaby's right," cried Hugh, with a grin, "and I say it. Lookee, bold lad, if she's not here to see it's because I've provided for her, and sent half-a-dozen gentlemen, every one of 'em with a blue flag, to take her to a grand house all hung round with gold and silver banners, where she'll wait till you come and want for nothing. And we'll get money for her. Money, cocked hats and gold lace, will all belong to us if we are true to that noble gentleman, if we carry our flags and keep 'em safe. That's all we've got to do.

"Don't you see, man," Hugh whispered to Dennis, "that the lad's a natural, and can be got to do anything if you take him the right way? He's worth a dozen men in earnest, as you'd find if you tried a fall with him. You'll soon see whether he's of use or not."

HUGH was right. It was Barnaby who stood his ground, and grasped his pole more firmly when the Guards came out to clear the mob away from Westminster.

One soldier came spurring on, cutting at the hands of those who would have forced his charger back, and still Barnaby, without retreating an inch, waited for his coming. Some called to him to fly, when the pole swept the air above the people's heads and the man's saddle was empty in an instant.

Then he and Hugh turned and fled, the crowd opening and closing so quickly that there was no clue to the course they had taken.

III—The Storming of Newgate

FOR several days London was in the hands of the rioters. Catholic chapels were burnt, the private residences of Catholics were sacked. From the moment of the first outbreak at Westminster every symptom of order vanished. Fifty resolute men might have turned the rioters; a single company of soldiers could have scattered them; but no man interposed, no authority restrained them.

But Barnaby, bold Barnaby, had been taken. Left behind at the resort of the rioters by Hugh, who led a body of men to Chigwell, he had been captured by the soldiers, a proclamation of the Privy Council having at last encouraged the magistrates to set the military in motion for the arrest of certain ringleaders.

He was placed in Newgate and heavily ironed, and presently Grip, with drooping head and plumes rough and tumbled, was thrust into his cell.

Another man was also taken and placed in Newgate on that day, and presently he and Barnaby stood staring at each other. Suddenly Barnaby laid hands upon him, "Ah, I know! You are the robber!"

The other struggled with him silently, but finding the young man too strong for him, raised his eyes and said, "I am your father."

Barnaby released his hold, fell back and looked at him aghast. Then he sprang towards him, put his arms about his neck and pressed his head against his cheek. He never learnt that his father, supposed to have been murdered, was himself a murderer. This was the widow's secret.

And now Hugh, with a huge army, was at the gates of Newgate, bent on rescue. He had returned, to find Barnaby taken, and at once announced that the prison must be stormed. In vain the military commanders tried to rouse the magistrates; no orders were given, and the soldiers could do nothing within the city precincts without the warrant of the civil authorities.

In a dense mass the rioters halted before the prison gate. All those who had already been conspicuous were there, and others who had friends or relatives within the jail hastened to the attack.

Hugh had brought, by force, old Gabriel Varden to pick the lock of the great door,

but this the sturdy locksmith resolutely refused to do.

"You have got some friends of ours in your custody, master," Hugh called out to the head jailer, who had appeared on the roof. "Deliver up our friends, and you may keep the rest."

"It's my duty to keep them all. I shall do my duty," replied the jailer, firmly.

A shower of stones compelled the keeper of the jail to retire.

Gabriel Varden was urged by blows, by offers of reward, and by threats of instant death to do the office the rioters required of him, and all in vain. He was knocked down, was up again, buffeting with a score of them. He had never loved his life so well as then, but nothing could move him.

The cry was raised, 'You lose time. Remember the prisoners! Remember Barnaby!' And the crowd left the locksmith to gather fuel, for an entrance was to be forced by fire. Furniture from the prison lodge was piled up in a monstrous heap and set blazing, oil was poured on, and at last the great gate yielded to the flames. It settled deeper in the red-hot cinders, tottered, and was down.

Hugh leaped upon the blazing heap and dashed into the jail. The hangman followed. And then so many rushed upon their track that the fire got trodden down. There was no need of it now, for, inside and out, the prison was soon in flames.

Barnaby and his father were quickly released, and passed from hand to hand into the street. Soon all the wretched inmates of the jail were free, except four condemned to die whom Dennis kept under guard. And these Hugh roughly insisted on liberating, to the sullen anger of the hangman.

"You won't let these men alone, and leave 'em to me? You've no respect for nothing, haven't you?" said Dennis, and with a scowl he disappeared.

Three hundred prisoners in all were released from Newgate, but many of these returned to haunt the place of their captivity, and were retaken. The day after the storming of Newgate, the mob having now had London at its mercy for a week, the authorities at last took serious action, and at nightfall the military held the streets.

HUGH and Barnaby and old Rudge had taken refuge in a rough out-house in the outskirts of London, where they were wont to rest, when Dennis stood before them; he had not been seen since the storming of Newgate.

A few minutes later, and the shed was filled with soldiers, while a body of horse galloping into the field drew up before it.

"Here!" said Dennis, "it's them two young ones, gentlemen, that the proclamation puts a price on. This other's an escaped felon. I'm sorry for it, brother," he added, addressing himself to Hugh; "but you've brought it on yourself; you forced me to do it; you wouldn't respect the soundest constitutional principles, you know; you went and violated the very framework of society."

Barnaby and his father were carried off by one road in the centre of a body of foot-soldiers; Hugh, fast bound upon a horse, was taken by another.

IV—The Fate of the Rioters

THE riots had been stamped out and once more the city was quiet.

Barnaby sat in his dungeon. Beside him, with his hand in hers, sat his mother; worn and altered, full of grief, and heavy-hearted, but the same to him.

"Mother," he said, "how many days and nights—shall I be kept here?"

"Not many, dear. I hope not many."

"If they kill me—they may; I heard it said—what will become of Grip?"

The sound of the word suggested to the raven his old phrase, "Never say die!" But he stopped short in the middle of it as if he lacked the heart to get through the shortest sentence.

"Will they take his life as well as mine?" said Barnaby. "I wish they would. If you and I and he could die together, there would be none to feel sorry, or to grieve for us. Don't you cry for me. They said that I am bold, and so I am, and so I will be."

The turnkey came to close the cells for the night, the widow tore herself away, and Barnaby was alone.

He was to die. There was no hope. They had tried to save him. The locksmith had carried petitions and memorials to the fountain-head with his own hands. But the well was not one of mercy, and Barnaby was to die. From the first, his mother had never left him, save at night; and, with her beside him, he was contented.

"They call me silly, mother. They shall see—to-morrow."

Dennis and Hugh were in the courtyard.

"No reprieve, no reprieve! Nobody comes near us. There's only the night left now!" moaned Dennis. "Do you think they'll reprieve me in the night, brother? I've known reprieves come in the night afore now. Don't you think there's a good chance yet? Don't you?"

"You ought to be the best instead of the worst," said Hugh, stopping before him. "Ha, ha, ha! See the hangman when it comes home to him."

THE clock struck. Barnaby looked in his mother's face, and saw that the time had come. After a long embrace they carried her away, insensible.

"See the hangman when it comes home to him!" cried Hugh, as Dennis, still moaning, fell down in a fit. "Courage, bold Barnaby. A man can die but once. If you wake in the night, sing that out lustily, and fall asleep again."

The time wore on. Five o'clock had struck six seven—and eight. They were to die at noon, and in the crowd without it was said they could tell the hangman, when he came out, by his being short; that the man who was to suffer with him was named Hugh; and that it was Barnaby Rudge who would be hanged in Bloomsbury Square.

At the first stroke of twelve the prison bell began to toll, and the three were brought forth into the yard together.

Barnaby was the only one who had washed or trimmed himself that morning. He still wore the broken peacock's feathers in his hat; and all his usual scraps of finery were carefully disposed about his person.

"What cheer, Barnaby?" cried Hugh. "Don't be downcast, lad. Leave that to *him*," he added, with a nod in the direction of Dennis, held up between two men.

"Bless you!" cried Barnaby. "I'm not frightened, Hugh. I'm quite happy. Look at me! Am I afraid to die? Will they see *me* tremble?"

"I'd say this," said Hugh, wringing Barnaby by the hand, and looking round at the officers and functionaries gathered in the yard, "that if I had ten lives to lose I'd lay them all down to save this one that will be lost through me."

"Not through you," said Barnaby mildly. "Don't say that. You were not to blame. You have always been very good to me. Hugh, we shall know what makes the stars shine *now!*"

Hugh spoke no more, but moved onward. As soon as he had passed the door, his miserable associate was carried out; and the crowd beheld the rest. Barnaby would have mounted the steps at the same time, but he was restrained, as he was to undergo the sentence elsewhere.

It was only just when the cart was starting that the courier reached the jail with the reprieve. All night Gabriel Varden and his friends had been at work; they had gone to the young Prince of Wales, and even to the antechamber of the king himself. Successful, at last, in awakening an interest in his favour, they had an interview with the minister in his bed as late as eight o'clock that morning. The result of a searching inquiry was that, between eleven and twelve o'clock, a free pardon to Barnaby Rudge was made out and signed, and Gabriel Varden had the grateful task of bringing him home in triumph with an enthusiastic mob.

"I NEEDN'T say," observed the locksmith, when his house in Clerkenwell was reached at last, and he and Barnaby were safe within, "that except among ourselves, *I* didn't want to make a triumph of it. But directly we got into the street, we were known, and the hub-bub began. Of the two, and after experience of both, I think I'd rather be taken out of my house by a crowd of enemies than escorted home by a mob of friends!"

At last the crowd dispersed. And Barnaby stretched himself on the ground beside his mother's couch and fell into a deep sleep.

HUGH MILLER

THE OLD RED SANDSTONE

WHILE still a boy Hugh Miller was a great reader and displayed real literary talent. In 1829 he published a volume of Poems Written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason, and in 1835 Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland. Appointed editor of The Witness in 1840 he published serially in that paper articles which in 1841 were collected and issued as The Old Red Sandstone or New Walks in an Old Field, with illustrations from his own pencil. The book had an immediate success, and is remarkable for the imaginative power with which the author reinforces his scientifically accurate reconstruction of the remote past. A popular edition of this work is included in Everyman's Library. Other scientific books by Miller were Footprints of the Creator (1847)—a reply to Chambers's Vestiges of Creation—and The Testimony of the Rocks (1857). An epitome of Miller's autobiography, My Schools and Schoolmasters, appears elsewhere in *The World's Great Books*.

I—A Stonemason's Researches



MY advice to young working men desirous of bettering their circumstances and adding to the amount of their enjoyment is to seek happiness in study. Learn to make a right use of your eyes, the commonest things are worth looking at—even stones, weeds and the most familiar animals. There are none of the intellectual or moral faculties the exercise of which does not lead to enjoyment; hence it is that happiness bears so little reference to station.

Twenty years ago I made my first acquaintance with a life of labour and restraint. I was but a slim, loose-jointed boy at the time, fond of the pretty intangibilities of romance and of dreaming when broad awake; and, woful change! I was now going to work in a quarry. I was going to exchange all my day-dreams for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they may be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they may be enabled to toil!

That first day was no very formidable beginning of the course of life I had so much dreaded. To be sure, my hands were a little sore and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing among the rocks; but I had wrought and been useful, and had yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual. That night, arising out of my employment, I had food enough for thought without once thinking of the unhappiness of a life of labour.

In the course of the day I picked up a nodular mass of blue limestone and laid it open by a stroke of the hammer. Wonderful to relate, it contained inside a beautifully finished piece of sculpture, one of the volutes, apparently, of an Ionic capital. Was there another such curiosity in the whole world? I broke open a few other nodules of similar appearance, and found that there might be. In one of these there were what seemed to be scales of fishes and the impressions of a few minute bivalves, prettily striated; in the centre of another there was actually a piece of decayed wood.

Of all nature's riddles these seemed to me to be at once the most interesting and the most difficult to expound. I treasured them carefully up, and was told by one of the workmen to whom I showed them that there was a part of the shore, about two miles farther to the west, where curiously shaped stones, somewhat like the heads of boarding-pikes, were occasionally picked up, and that in his father's days the country people called them thunderbolts. Our first half-holiday I employed in visiting the place where the thunderbolts had fallen so thickly, and found it a richer scene of wonder than I could have fancied even in my dreams.

My first year of labour came to a close, and I found that the amount of happiness had not been less than in the last of my boyhood. My knowledge had increased in more than the ratio of former seasons; and as I had acquired the

skill of at least the common mechanic, I had fitted myself for independence.

My curiosity, once fully awakened, remained awake, and my opportunities of gratifying it have been tolerably ample, for my profession has been a wandering one. I have been an explorer of caves and ravines, a loiterer along sea-shores, a climber among rocks, a labourer in quarries.

I advise the stonemason to acquaint himself with geology. Much of his time must be spent amid the rocks and quarries of widely separated localities, and so, in the course of a few years, he may pass over the whole geological scale, and this, too, with opportunities of observation at every stage which can be shared with him by only the gentleman of fortune who devotes his whole time to study.

Nay, in some respects, his advantages are superior to those of the amateur, for the man whose employments have to be carried on in the same formation for months, perhaps years, enjoys better opportunities of arriving at just conclusions. There are formations which yield their organisms slowly to the discoverer, and the proofs which establish their place in the geological scale more tardily still.

I was acquainted with the old red sandstone of Ross and Cromarty for nearly ten years ere I ascertained that it is richly fossiliferous; I was acquainted with it for nearly ten years more ere I could assign its fossils to their exact place in the scale. Nature is vast and knowledge limited, and no individual need despair of adding to the general fund.

II—Bridging Life's Gaps

'THE old red sandstone,' says a Scottish geologist in a digest of some recent geological discoveries, 'has hitherto been considered as remarkably barren of fossils.' Only a few years have gone by since men of no low standing in the science disputed the very existence of this formation—or system, rather, for it contains at least three distinct formations. There are some of our British geologists who still regard it as a sort of debatable tract, entitled to no independent status, a sort of common which should be divided.

It will be found, however, that this hitherto neglected system yields in importance to none of the others, whether we take into account its amazing depth, the great extent to which it is developed both at home and abroad, the interesting links which it furnishes in the geological scale, or the vast period of time which it represents. There are localities in which the depth of the old red sandstone fully equals the elevation of Mount Etna over the level of the sea, and in which it contains three distinct groups of organic remains, the one rising in beautiful progression over the other.

My first statement regarding the system must be much the reverse of the one just quoted, for the fossils are remarkably numerous and in a state of high preservation. I have a hundred solid proofs by which to establish the truth of the assertion within less than a yard of me.

Half my closet walls are covered with the peculiar fossils of the lower old red sandstone; and certainly a stranger assemblage of forms has rarely been grouped together—creatures whose very type is lost, fantastic and uncouth, which puzzle the naturalist to assign them even to their class; boat-like animals, furnished with oars and a rudder; fish, plated over, like the tortoise, above and below, with a strong armour of bone, and furnished with but one solitary rudder-like fin; other fish with membranes of their fins thickly covered with scales; creatures bristling over with thorns; others glistening in an enamelled coat, as if beautifully japanned; the tail in every instance among the less equivocal shapes formed not equally, as in existing fish, on each side the central vertebral column, but chiefly on the lower side—the column sending out its diminished vertebrae to the extreme termination of the fin.

All the forms testify of a remote antiquity. The figures on a Chinese vase or an Egyptian obelisk are scarce more unlike what now exists in nature than are the fossils of the lower old red sandstone.

Lamarck, on the strength of a few striking facts which prove that to a certain extent the instincts of species may be

improved and heightened, has concluded that there is a natural progress from the inferior orders of being towards the superior, and that the offspring of creatures low in the scale may belong to a different and nobler species a few thousand years hence. Never was there a fancy so wild and extravagant. The principle of adaptation still leaves the vegetable a vegetable and the dog a dog. It is true that it is a law of nature that the chain of being is in some degree a continuous chain, and the various classes of existence shade into each other. All the animal families have their connecting links. Geology abounds with creatures of the intermediate class.

Fishes seem to have been the master existences of two great geological systems, mayhap of three, ere the age of reptiles began. Now, fishes differ very much among themselves, some ranking nearly as low as worms, some nearly as high as reptiles; and we find in the old red sandstone a series of links which are wanting in the present creation, and the absence of which occasions a wide gap between the two grand divisions of fishes, the bony and the cartilaginous.

Of all the organisms of the system one of the most extraordinary is the pterichthys, or winged fish, which the writer had the pleasure of introducing to the acquaintance of geologists. Had Lamarck been the discoverer he would unquestionably have held that he had caught a fish almost in the act of wishing itself into a bird. There are wings which want only feathers, a body which seems to have been as well adapted for passing through the air as through water, and a tail with which to steer.

My first idea regarding it was that I had discovered a connecting link between the tortoise and the fish. I submitted some of my specimens to Mr. Murchison and they furnished him with additional data by which to construct the calculations he was then making respecting fossils, and they added a new and very singular link to the chain of existence in its relation to human knowledge. Agassiz confirmed the conclusions of Murchison in almost every particular, deciding at once that the creature must have been a fish.

Next to the pterichthys of the lower old red sandstone I shall place its contemporary the coccosteus of Agassiz—a fish which in some respects must have resembled it. Both were covered with an armour of thickly tubercled bony plates, and both had a vertebrated tail. The coccosteus seems to have been most abundant.

Another of the families of the ichthyolites of the old red sandstone—the cephalaspis—seems almost to constitute a connecting link between fishes and crustaceans. In the present creation fishes are either osseous or cartilaginous, that is, with bony skeletons, or with a framework of elastic, semi-transparent animal matter, like the shark; and the ichthyolites of the old red sandstone unite these characteristics, resembling in some respects the osseous and in others the cartilaginous tribes. Agassiz at once confirmed my suspicion that the ichthyolites of the old red sandstone were intermediate.

III—Place-fixing in the Dim Past

The next step was to fix the exact place of the ichthyolites in the geological scale, and this I was enabled to do by finding a large and complete bed *in situ*. Its true place is a little more than a hundred feet above the top, and not much more than a hundred yards above the base of the great conglomerate.

The old red sandstone in Scotland and in England has its lower, middle and upper groups—three distinct formations. As the pterichthys and coccosteus are the characteristic ichthyolites of the lower old red formation, so the cephalaspis distinguishes the middle or coronstone division of the system in England. When we pass to the upper formation we find the holoptychius the most characteristic fossil.

These fossils are found in a degree of entireness which depends less on their age than on the nature of the rock in which they occur. Limestone is the preserving salt of the geological world, and the conservative qualities of the shales and stratified clays of the lower old red sandstone are not much inferior to limestone itself; while in the upper old red the beds of

consolidated sands are much less conservative of organic remains. The older fossils, therefore, can be described almost as minutely as the existence of the present creation, whereas the newer fossils exist, except in a few rare cases, as fragments, very difficult to reconstruct.

On the other hand, while the organisms of the lower old red are numerous and well preserved, those of the upper old red are much greater in individual size. In short, the fish of the lower ocean must have ranged in size between a stickleback and a cod; whereas some of the fish of the ocean of the upper sandstone were covered with scales as large as oyster shells, and were armed with teeth that rivalled in size those of the crocodile.

IV—Fish as Nature's Last Word

I WILL now attempt to present to the reader the old red sandstone as it existed in time—during the succeeding periods of its formation, and when its existences lived and moved as the denizens of primeval oceans. We pass from the cemetery with its heaps of bones to the ancient city full of life and animation in all its streets and dwellings.

Before we commence our picture, two great geological periods have come to their close, and the floor of the widely spread ocean is occupied to the depth of many thousands of feet by the remains of bygone existences. The rocks of these two earlier periods are those of the Cambrian and Silurian groups. The lower Cambrian, representative of the first glimmering twilight of being must be regarded as a period of uncertainty. It remains for future discoverers to determine regarding the shapes of life that burrowed in its ooze or careered through its waters.

There is less doubt respecting the existences of the Silurian rocks. Four distinct platforms of being range in it, the one over the other, like the storeys of a building. Life abounded on all these platforms, and in shapes the most wonderful. In the period of the upper Silurian, fish, properly so called, and of a very perfect organization, had taken precedence of the crustacean. These most ancient beings of their class were cartilaginous fishes, and they appear to have been introduced by myriads. Such are the remains of what seem to have been the first vertebrata.

The history of the period represented by the old red sandstone seems, in what now forms the northern half of Scotland, to have opened amid confusion and turmoil. The finely laminated tilestones of England were deposited evidently in a calm sea. During the contemporary period the space which now includes Orkney, Lochness, Dingwall, Gamrie, and many a thousand square miles besides, was the scene of a shallow ocean, perplexed by powerful currents and agitated by waves. A vast stratum of water-rolled pebbles, varying in depth from a hundred feet to a hundred yards, remains in a thousand different localities to testify to the disturbing agencies of this time of commotion, though it is difficult to conceive how the bottom of any sea could have been so violently and so equally agitated for so greatly extended a space.

The period of this shallow and stormy ocean passed, and the bottom, composed of the identical conglomerate which now forms the summit of some of our loftiest mountains, sank to a depth so profound as to be little affected by tides and tempests. During this second period there took place a vast deposit of coarse sandstone strata, and the subsidence continued until fully ninety feet had overlaid the conglomerate in waters perfectly undisturbed. And here we find the first proof that this ancient ocean literally swarmed with life—that its bottom was covered with miniature forests of algae, and its waters darkened by immense shoals of fish. I have seen ichthyolite beds as thickly covered with fossil remains as I have ever seen a fishing-bank covered with herrings.

AT this period some terrible catastrophe involved in sudden destruction the fish of an area at least a hundred miles from boundary to boundary, perhaps much more. The same platform in Orkney as in Cromarty is strewn thick with remains which exhibit unequivocally the marks of violent death. In what could it have originated? By what quiet but potent

agency of destruction could the innumerable existences of an area perhaps ten thousand miles in extent be annihilated at once, and yet the medium in which they lived be left undisturbed by its operations?

The thought has often struck me that calcined lime, cast out as ashes from some distant crater, and carried by the winds, might have been the cause of the widely spread destruction to which the fossil organisms testify. I have seen the fish of a small trouting stream, over which a bridge was in the course of building, destroyed in a single hour, for a full mile below the erection, by a few troughfuls of lime that fell into the water when the centring was removed.

The period of death passed, and over the innumerable dead there settled a soft muddy sediment. For an unknown space of time, represented in the formation by a deposit about fifty feet in thickness, the waters of the depopulated area seem to have remained devoid of animal life. A few scales and plates then begin to appear. The fish that had existed outside the chasm seem to have gradually gained upon it as their numbers increased.

The work of deposition went on, and sandstone was overlaid by stratified clay. This upper bed had also its organisms, but the circumstances were less favourable to the preservation of entire ichthyolites than those in which the organisms were wrapped up in their stony coverings. Age followed age, generations were entombed in ever-growing depositions. Vast periods passed, and it seemed as if the power of the Creator had reached its extreme limit when fishes had been called into existence, and our planet was destined to be the dwelling-place of no nobler inhabitants.

THE curtain rises, and the scene is new. The myriads of the lower formation have disappeared, and we are surrounded on an upper platform by the existences of a later creation. Shoals of cephalaspides, feathered with fins, sweep past. We see the distant gleam of scales, that some of the coats glitter with enamel, that others bristle over with minute thorny points. A huge crustacean, of uncouth proportions, stalks over the weedy bottoms, or burrows in the hollows of the banks.



HUGH MILLER was born at Cromarty, October 10, 1802. While apprentice to a stonemason he developed his interest in geology, and as a journeyman mason he pursued his scientific studies with his craft in the highlands and lowlands of Scotland. In 1834 he became a clerk in a bank at Cromarty, and from that time onwards he took an active part in the strenuous conflict that preceded the Disruption of 1843. In this he exercised a powerful influence through the non-intrusionist paper, The Witness, of which he was appointed editor in 1840. As journalist, author and scientist Miller was indefatigably industrious and, his mind suddenly giving way under pressure of ill health, he died by his own hand December 24, 1856.

The curtain again rises. A last day had at length come to the period of the middle formation, and in an ocean roughened by waves and agitated by currents we find new races of existences. We may mark the clumsy bulk of the holoptychius conspicuous in the group. The shark family have their representatives as before; a new variety of the pterichthys spreads out its spear-like wings at every alarm, like its predecessor of the lower formation. Fish still remained the lords of creation, and their bulk, at least, had become immensely more great. We began with an age of dwarfs, we end with an age of giants, which is carried on into the lower coal measures. We pursue our history no further.

Has the last scene in the series arisen? Cuvier asked the question, hesitated, and then decided in the negative, for he was too intimately acquainted with the works of the Creator to think of limiting His power, and he could anticipate a coming period in which man would have to resign his post of honour to some nobler and wiser creature, the monarch of a better and happier world.

The Standard English Work of Christian Apologetics

WILLIAM PALEY

VIEWS OF THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY

IN 1790 William Paley's Horae Paulinae, an outstanding work of Christian apologetics, appeared, and the author's repute as a religious writer was established with this book. His Views of the Evidences of Christianity was published in 1794, and Natural Theology, or Evidences of the Existence and Attributes of the Deity, in 1802. Paley's works in defence of theistic belief and of the Christian religion have had a very great reputation ever since their appearance, and they are still used in universities and theological colleges. But they hardly touch the difficulties of the modern mind with respect to these matters. The Evidences of Christianity was brilliantly successful on its appearance, Paley's astonishing reasoning faculties and amazing power of marshalling arguments and facts bringing him into the front rank of expositors. This celebrated work is published in a cheap edition by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

I—The Historical Evidence: First Proposition



I DEEM it unnecessary to prove that mankind stood in need of a revelation, because I have met with no serious person who thinks that, under the Christian revelation, we have too much light, or any degree of assurance which is superfluous. I desire, moreover, that in judging of Christianity it may be remembered that the question lies between this religion and none; for if the Christian religion be not credible, no one with whom we have to do will support the pretensions of any other.

The first of the two propositions which I shall endeavour to establish is, 'That there is satisfactory evidence that many professing to be original witnesses of the Christian miracles passed their lives in labours, dangers and sufferings, voluntarily undergone in attestation of the accounts which they delivered, and solely in consequence of their belief of the truth of those accounts; and that they also submitted, from the same motives, to new rules of conduct.'

If the first announcing of this religion by its Founder had not been followed up by the zeal and industry of His immediate disciples, the attempt must have expired in its birth. Their life was one of frequent and laborious preaching, of sequestration from common pleasures and engagements and of addiction to one serious object. I do not say that this mode of life is without enjoyment, but I say that the enjoyment springs from sincerity. Nothing can overcome the indolence of mankind, the love of cheerful society and scenes, or the desire of personal ease and freedom, but conviction.

Further, the propagation of the new religion was attended with difficulties and danger. As addressed to the Jews, it was a system averse from those opinions on which their hopes, their partialities, their pride and their consolations were founded. The ruling party at Jerusalem had crucified the Founder of this religion; the Roman authority was suspicious of His title of King; and the preachers of Christianity had therefore to contend with prejudice backed by power.

So bold a design could not be attempted with impunity. Thus, the younger Pliny could gravely pronounce this monstrous sentence: 'Those who persisted in declaring themselves Christians I ordered to be led away to punishment, for I did not doubt, whatever it was that they confessed, their contumacy and inflexible obstinacy ought to be punished.' Suetonius, a writer contemporary with Tacitus, says, 'The Christians, a set of men of a new and mischievous superstition, were punished.'

The constancy, and therefore the sufferings, of the Christians of this period are referred to by Epictetus, who imputes their intrepidity to madness; and later

by Marcus Aurelius, who ascribes it to obstinacy. These sufferings are also frequently referred to in the Epistles of the New Testament, as they had been foretold in the Gospels. And it is certain, also, that both the teacher and converts of this religion, in consequence of their new profession, took up a new course of life.

The next great question is, What did they do this *for?* It was for a miraculous story; because, to their fundamental article, that a particular person ought to be received as a messenger from God, they neither had, nor could have, anything but miracles to stand upon.

That the exertions and sufferings of the apostles were for the story which we have now is proved by the consideration that this story is transmitted to us in the Gospels by two of their own number and by two others personally connected with them. The writers claimed to possess circumstantial information, and from their situation they had full opportunity of acquiring such information. Each of these books contains enough to prove the truth of the religion; and the genuineness of all of them is proved, not only by the general arguments which evince the genuineness of the most undisputed remains of antiquity, but also by peculiar and specific proofs, as follows.

There are citations from them in writings belonging to a period contiguous to that in which they were published. Early Christians paid distinguished regard to the authority of these books, agreeing universally with regard to them, while doubts were entertained concerning some others. Even the adversaries of this religion did not dispute their genuineness.

WHOEVER were the authors of these books, they exhibit the story which the apostles told and for which, consequently, they acted and suffered. If it be so, the religion must be true. These men could not be deceivers. By only not bearing testimony they might have avoided all these sufferings and have lived quietly. Would men in such circumstances pretend to have seen what they never saw; assert facts which they had no knowledge of; go about lying, to teach virtue; and so persist in an imposture as to bring upon themselves, for nothing, and with a full knowledge of the consequence, enmity and hatred, danger and death?

II—The Historical Evidence: Second Proposition

OUR second proposition is, 'That there is *not* satisfactory evidence that persons pretending to be original witnesses of any other similar miracles have acted in the same manner, in attestation of the accounts which they delivered, and solely in consequence of their belief of the truth of those accounts.'

Let me say how far my belief in miraculous accounts goes. If the reformers in the time of Wycliffe, or of Luther, or the founders of our religious sects, such as Whitefield and Wesley, had undergone the life of toil, danger and sufferings, which many of them did undergo, for a miraculous story; if they had founded their public ministry upon the allegation of miracles wrought within their own knowledge, I should have believed them.

Or if Socrates had professed to perform public miracles at Athens, and his followers had, at the hazard of their lives, gone about Greece to propagate his doctrine, more especially if their mission had testified anything which it behoved mankind to know from authority, and the foundation had been laid of a system of doctrines which had since overspread the greatest part of the world, I should then have believed the testimony.

We may justly refuse belief to such accounts of supernatural events as are found only in histories some ages posterior to the transaction, and of which it is evident that the historian could know little more than his reader.

We may neglect transient rumours, for it is in the future confirmation, or contradiction, of the account; in its permanency, or its disappearance; its dying away into silence, or its increasing in notoriety; its being followed up by subsequent accounts, and being repeated in different and independent accounts, that solid truth is distinguished from fugitive lies. We may lay aside accounts of prodigies which are found only in isolated fragments of history, unsupported by collateral evidence;



WILLIAM PALEY, born at Peterborough in July 1743, was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, where, in 1763, he became senior wrangler, and later (in 1768) fellow and tutor of his college. He lectured there on ethics and developed the utilitarian theory of morals which is set forth in his Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy, published in 1785. His preferment in the church was rapid; from rector of Appleby he became prebendary of St. Paul's in 1794, sub-dean of Lincoln, and rector of Bishop Wearmouth in 1795. He died at Lincoln, where he was sub-dean, May 25, 1805.

or, again, stories of supernatural events upon which nothing depends, nothing is to be done or changed in consequence of believing them.

In all these cases the distinction is altogether on the side of Christianity.

Further, we may neglect those accounts of miracles which come merely in affirmance of opinions already formed. It has long been observed that popish miracles happen in popish countries, and that they make no converts; but miracles of this kind, like any other argument which only confirms what was before believed, are admitted with little examination.

These distinctions with regard to the evidence are important in appreciating the credit of any miraculous story. But there are also distinctions of great moment relating to the miracles themselves.

For instance, it is not necessary to admit as a miracle what can be resolved into a false perception. Of this nature were the demon of Socrates, the visions of St. Antony, and many others, all of which may be accounted for by a momentary insanity; for the characteristic symptom of human madness is the rising up in the mind of images not distinguishable by the patient from impressions upon the senses.

Again, we may dismiss from the question all accounts in which, allowing the fact to be true, it still remains doubtful whether a miracle were wrought. There are instances of reputed miracles which were natural operations, though not known to be such at the time.

The above distinctions remove from the comparison the great majority of reputed miracles other than those which are recorded in Scripture; and to those which remain we apply this final distinction: 'That there is not satisfactory evidence that persons, pretending to be original witnesses of the miracles, passed their lives in labours, dangers and sufferings, voluntarily undergone in attestation of the accounts which they delivered, and properly in consequence of their belief of the truth of those accounts.'

III—The Auxiliary Evidences of Christianity

OUR two propositions which we have considered above constitute the main defence of the Christian religion. But their argument is supported also by auxiliary lines of evidence, of which the most important are the following.

Prophecy, such as that of the Prophet Isaiah in the fifty-third chapter, or such as our Lord's predictions concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, wherein the words were actually spoken or written before the fact to which they applied could by any natural means be foreseen; and wherein the application of the prophecy to the evangelical history is plain and appropriate, and without double sense or figurative language.

Morality was not indeed the primary design of the mission, nor can morality, either in the Gospel or in any other book, be a subject, properly speaking, of discovery. The direct object of Christianity is to supply motives and not rules, sanctions and not precepts. And these were what mankind stood most in need of. Yet the Christian morality is different from that which preceded it; and is such as, without allowing some degree of reality to the character of the religion, it is difficult to account for.

Two facts are especially noticeable. First, the Gospel omits some qualities which have usually engaged the praises and admiration of mankind, but which in reality have been prejudicial to human happiness; such as friendship, patriotism and active courage. Secondly, it has brought forward some virtues which possess the highest intrinsic value, but which have commonly been overlooked and contemned: such as passive courage in the endurance of sufferings, patience under affronts and injuries, humility, irresistance and placability.

Candour, in the degree in which it is shown by the writers of the New Testament, is another auxiliary evidence of the truth of the Christian religion. They insert many passages and notice many circumstances which no writer whatever was likely to have forged; and which no writer would have chosen to appear in his book who had been careful to present the story in the most unexceptionable form, or who had thought himself at liberty to carve and mould the particulars of that story according to his choice, or according to his judgement of the effect. For instance, the evangelists unanimously state that after Christ was risen, He appeared to the disciples alone.

THE *Identity* of Christ's character in the first three Gospels, and in that of St. John, considered in relation to the differences of these books in other respects, indicates that the action and discourses proceeded from the same person.

In the originality of our Saviour's character; in the conformity of the Scripture narrative with contemporary history; in the undesigned coincidences between the Epistles of St. Paul and the Acts of the Apostles; in the history of the Resurrection; and in the manner and success of the propagation of Christianity, we may find other striking auxiliary evidences of the truth of the Christian religion.

IV—Some Popular Objections

THE chief popular objections depend upon discrepancies between the several Gospels, on erroneous opinions imputed to the Apostles, and on the fact that the Christian miracles are not recited, or appealed to, by early Christian writers so fully or frequently as might have been expected. Others have contended that this religion, so far as it has been believed, has produced not a good, but rather a bad effect upon public happiness; and yet another adverse argument is based upon the fact that the Christian religion, although it converted great numbers, did not produce a universal or even general conviction in the minds of men of the age and countries in which it appeared.

All these objections, and others, may be individually refuted. But, after all, the truth of Christianity depends upon its leading facts, and upon them alone. Of these we have evidence which ought to satisfy us, we have uncontested and incontestable points, to which the history of the human race has nothing similar to offer. A Jewish peasant changed the religion of the world, and that without force, without power, without support, without one natural source or circumstance of attraction, influence or success. Such a thing has not happened in any other instance.

The companions of this Person, after He had been put to death, asserted His supernatural character, founded upon his supernatural operations, and in testimony of the truth of their assertions, and in order to communicate the knowledge of it to others, voluntarily entered upon lives of toil and hardship and committed themselves to the last extremities of persecution. This has not a parallel.

A very few days after this Person had been publicly executed these companions declared with one voice that His body was restored to life, that they had seen and conversed with Him, and they carried this intelligence abroad in spite of difficulties and opposition, and where the nature of their errand gave them nothing to expect but derision, insult and outrage. This is without example.

These three facts are certain, and these propositions alone lay a foundation for our faith. They prove the existence of a transaction which cannot, even in its most general parts, be accounted for upon any reasonable supposition except that of the truth of the mission.

The World's Greatest Mine of Romance

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO

THE DECAMERON

IT was for the amusement of his beloved Fiammetta and for the Queen of Naples that Boccaccio composed many of the tales in his Il Decamerone, or The Ten Days' Entertainment. He returned to Florence in 1350, soon after the great plague, which he has described in so vivid a fashion in the opening chapter of this great work, had begun to show signs of abatement: and it was some three or four years afterwards he published his famous collection of a hundred stories destined to be for all time one of the world's greatest books. Many writers of the first order have gone to it for inspiration. Petrarch, the great poet of the Italian vernacular, was so entranced by the tale of Griselda, with which the work concludes, that he learnt it by heart. Chaucer developed it into the finest of all his stories. Dryden, Keats and Tennyson were also inspired by Boccaccio. There are numerous editions of translations into English of The Decameron published at moderate prices.

The Seven Beautiful Maidens



IN the year of our Lord 1348 a terrible plague broke out in Florence, which from being the finest city in Italy, became the most desolate. It was a strange malady that no drugs could cure; and it was communicated, not merely by conversing with those strickened by the pestilence, but even by touching their clothes, or anything they had worn. As soon as the purple spots, which were the sign of the disease, appeared on the body, death was certain to ensue within three days.

So great were the terror and disorder and distress, that all laws, human and divine, were disregarded. Everybody in Florence did just as he pleased. The wilder sort broke into the houses of rich persons and gave themselves over to riotous living, exclaiming that, since it was impossible to avoid dying from the plague, they would at least die merrily. Others shut themselves up from the rest of the world, and lived on spare diet, and many thousands fled from their houses into the open country, leaving behind them all their goods and wealth, and all their relatives and friends.

At that time brother fled from brother, wife from husband and, what was more cruel, even parents forsook their own children. It was perilous to walk the streets, for they were strewn with the bodies of plague-strickened wretches, and I have even seen with my own eyes the very dogs perish that touched their rags.

Between March and July a hundred thousand persons died in Florence, though, before the calamity, the city was not supposed to have contained so many inhabitants. But I am weary of recounting our late miseries and, passing by everything that I can well omit, I shall only observe that, when the city was almost depopulated, seven beautiful young ladies, in deep mourning, met one Tuesday evening inside Saint Mary's Church, where indeed they themselves composed the whole of the congregation.

They were all related to each other, either by the ties of birth, or by the more generous bonds of friendship. Pampinea, the eldest, was twenty-eight years of age; Fiammetta was a little younger; Filomena, Emilia, Lauretta and Neifile were still more youthful; and Elisa, the youngest of them all, was only eighteen years old.

After the service was over, they got into a corner of the church and began to devise what they should do, for they were now alone in the world.

"I would advise," said Pampinea, "that we should leave Florence, for the city is now dangerous to live in, not merely by reason of the plague, but because of the lawless men that prowl about the streets and break into our houses. Let us retire together into the country, where the air is pleasanter, and the green hills and the waving cornfields afford a more agreeable prospect than these desolate walls that do but serve to remind us of sad things."

"I doubt," said Filomena, "if we could do this unless we got some man to help us."

"But how can we?" exclaimed Elisa. "Nearly all the men of our circle are dead, and the rest have gone away."

While they were talking, three handsome young cavaliers—Pamfilo, Filostrato and Dioneo—came into the church, looking for their sweethearts, who by chance were Neifile, Pampinea and Filomena.

"See," said Pampinea with a smile, "fortune is on our side. She has thrown in our way three worthy gentlemen, who, I am sure, will come with us if we care to invite them."

SHE then acquainted the cavaliers with her design and begged them to help her to carry it out. At first they took it all for a jest; but when they found that the ladies were in earnest, they made arrangements to accompany them. So the next morning, at the break of day, the ladies and their maids, and the cavaliers and their men-servants, set out from Florence, and after travelling for two miles they came to the appointed place. It was a little wooded hill, remote from the highway, on the top of which was a stately palace with a beautiful court, and fine galleries and splendid rooms adorned with excellent paintings. And around it were fair green meadows, a delightful garden, fountains of water and pleasant trees.

Finding that everything in the palace had been set in order for their reception, the ladies and their cavaliers took a walk in the garden, and diverted themselves by singing love-songs and weaving garlands of flowers. At three o'clock, dinner was laid in the banqueting hall, and when this was over, Dioneo took a lute and Fiammetta a viol and played a merry air, while the rest of the company danced to the music. When the dance was ended, they began to sing, and so continued dancing and singing until nightfall. The cavaliers then retired to their chambers and the ladies to theirs, after arranging that Pampinea should be the queen of their company for the following day and direct all their feasts and amusements.

The next morning queen Pampinea called them all up at nine o'clock, saying it was unwholesome to sleep in the daytime, and led them into a meadow of deep grass shadowed by tall trees.

"As the sun is high and hot," she continued, "and nothing is to be heard but the chirping of grasshoppers among the olives, it would be folly to think of walking. So let us sit down in a circle and tell stories. By the time the tales have gone round, the heat of the sun will have abated and we can then divert ourselves as best we like. Now, Pamfilo," she said, turning to the cavalier on her right hand, "pray begin your tale."



LISTENING TO A TALE FROM BOCCACCIO

From the painting by Amos Cassioli

Cymon and Iphigenia: A Tale of Love

OF all the stories that have come into my mind, said Pamfilo, there is one which I am sure you will all like, for it shows how strange and wonderful is the power of love. Some time ago, there lived in the island of Cyprus a man of great rank and wealth, called Aristippus, who was very unhappy because his son Cymon, though very tall and handsome, was feeble in intellect. Finding that the most skilful teacher could not beat any knowledge into the head of his son, Aristippus made Cymon live out of his sight, among the slaves in his country-house.

There Cymon used to drudge like one of the slaves, whom, indeed, he resembled in the harshness of his voice and the uncouthness of his manners. But one day, as he was tramping round the farm, with his staff upon his shoulder, he came upon a beautiful maiden sleeping in the deep grass of a meadow, with two women and a man-servant slumbering at her feet. Cymon had never seen the face of a woman before and, leaning upon his staff, he gazed in blank wonder at the lovely girl, and strange thoughts and feelings began to work within him. After watching her for a long time, he saw her eyes slowly open, and there was a sweetness about them that filled him with joy.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" said the young maiden. "Please go away. You frighten me!"

"I will not go away," he answered; "I cannot!"

And though she was afraid of him, he would not leave her until he had led her to her own house. He then went to his father and said he wanted to live like a gentleman, and not like a slave. His father was surprised to find that his voice had grown soft and musical and his manners winning and courteous. So he dressed him in clothes suitable to his high station and let him go to school. Four years after he had fallen in love, Cymon became the most accomplished young gentleman in Cyprus. He then went to the father of Iphigenia, for such was her name, and asked for her in marriage. But her father replied that she was already promised to Pasimondas, a young nobleman of Rhodes, and that their nuptials were about to be celebrated.

"O Iphigenia," said Cymon to himself, on hearing the unhappy news, "it is now time for me to show you how I love you! Love for you has made a man of me, and marriage with you would make me as happy and as glorious as a god! Have you I will, or else I will die!"

He at once prevailed upon some young noblemen, who were his friends, to help him in fitting out a ship of war. With this he waylaid the vessel in which Iphigenia embarked for Rhodes. Throwing a grappling iron upon this ship, Cymon drew it



CYMON GAZES UPON IPHIGENIA ASLEEP IN THE MEADOW

From the painting by Lord Leighton, P.R.A., by permission of the Fine Art Society

close to his own. Then, without waiting for anyone to second him, he jumped among his foes and drove them before him, till they threw down their arms.

"I have not come to plunder you," said Cymon, "but to win the noble maiden, Iphigenia, whom I love more than aught else in the world. Resign her to me and I will do you no harm!"

Iphigenia came to him all in tears.

"Do not weep, my sweet lady," he said to her tenderly. "I am your Cymon, and my long and constant love is worth more than all Pasimondas's promises."

She smiled at him through her tears, and he led her on board his ship and sailed away to Crete, where he and his friends had relations and acquaintances. But in the night a violent tempest arose, and blotted out all the stars of heaven, and whirled the ship about, and drove it into a little bay upon the island of Rhodes, a bow-shot from the place where the Rhodian ship had just arrived.

Before they could put out to sea again, Pasimondas came with an armed host and took Cymon prisoner, and led him to the chief magistrate of the Rhodians for that year, Lysimachus, who sentenced him and his friends to perpetual imprisonment, on the charge of piracy and abduction.

While Cymon was languishing in prison, with no hope of ever obtaining his liberty, Pasimondas prepared for his nuptials with Iphigenia. Now Pasimondas had a younger brother called Hormisdas, who wanted to marry a beautiful lady, Cassandra, with whom the chief magistrate Lysimachus was also in love. Pasimondas thought it would save a good deal of trouble and expense if he and his brother were to marry at the same time. So he arranged that this should be done. Thereupon Lysimachus was greatly angered. After a long debate with himself, honour gave way to love and he resolved to carry off Cassandra.

But whom should he get as companions in this wild enterprise? He at once thought of Cymon and his friends, and he fetched them out of prison and armed them, and concealed them in his house. On the wedding-day he divided them into three parties. One went down to the shore and secured a ship; one watched at the gate of Pasimondas's house; and the third party, headed by Cymon and Lysimachus, rushed with drawn swords into the bridal chamber and killed the two bridegrooms, and bore the tearful but by no means unwilling brides to the ship and sailed joyfully away for Crete.

There they espoused their ladies, amidst the congratulations of their relatives and friends; and though, by reason of their actions, a great quarrel ensued between the two islands of Cyprus and Rhodes, everything was at last amicably adjusted. Cymon then returned with Iphigenia to Cyprus, and Lysimachus carried Cassandra back to Rhodes, and all of them lived very happily to the end of their days.

Gisippus and Titus: A Tale of Friendship

As Pamfilo has told us so excellent a tale about the force of love, said Filomena, I will now relate a story showing the great power of friendship.

At the time when Octavius Caesar, who afterwards became the Emperor Augustus, was governing Rome as a triumvir, a young Roman gentleman, Titus Quintus Fulvius, went to Athens to study philosophy. There he became acquainted with a noble young Athenian named Gisippus, and a brotherly affection sprang up between them, and for three years they studied together and lived under the same roof.

In the meantime, Gisippus fell in love with a young and beautiful Athenian maiden named Sophronia and a marriage was arranged between them. Some days before the marriage, Gisippus took his friend with him on a visit to his lady. It was the first time that Titus had seen Sophronia, and as he looked upon her beauty he grew as much enamoured as ever a man in the world was with a woman. So great was his passion that he could neither eat nor sleep, and he grew so sick that at last he was unable to rise from his bed. Gisippus was extremely grieved at his illness and, knowing that it must have been caused by some secret malady of the mind, he pressed him to reveal the cause of his grief. At length Titus, unable to restrain himself any longer, said, with his face streaming with tears:

"O Gisippus, I am unworthy of the name of friend! I have fallen in love with Sophronia, and it is killing me. How base I am! But pardon me, my dear friend, for I feel that I shall soon be punished for my disloyalty by death!"

Gisippus stood for some time in suspense by the bedside of Titus, divided between the claims of love and the claims of friendship. But at last he resolved to save his friend's life at the cost of his own happiness. Some days afterwards, Sophronia was brought to his house for the bridal ceremony to be consummated. Going softly into the bridal chamber where the bride was lying, he put out the candles, and then went silently to Titus and told him that he might be the bridegroom. Titus was so overcome with shame that he refused to go; but Gisippus so passionately entreated him that at last he consented. Going into the dark bridal chamber, he softly asked Sophronia if she would be his wife. She, thinking it was Gisippus, replied, "Yes." Then, taking a ring of value and putting it upon her finger, Titus said: "And I will be your husband."

In the morning, Sophronia discovered the trick that had been put upon her. Stealing out of the house, she went to her father and mother and told them that Gisippus had deceived her and married her to Titus. Great was the resentment against Gisippus throughout Athens, for Sophronia came of a very ancient and noble family.

But seeing that what had been done could not be undone, the parents of the bride at last allowed Titus to lead her to Rome, where the scandal would not be known. But when Titus was gone, they resolved to take vengeance upon Gisippus. A powerful party was formed against him, which succeeded in getting him stripped of all his possessions, driven from Athens and condemned to perpetual exile.

Friendless and beggared, Gisippus slowly travelled on foot to Rome, intending to ask Titus to help him. He found that his friend was now a rich and powerful man, enjoying the favour of the young Prince Octavius, and living in a splendid palace. Gisippus did not dare to enter it, as his clothes were now worn to rags, so he stood humbly by the gate like a beggar, hoping that his friend would recognize him and speak to him. But Titus came out in a hurry, and never even stopped to look at him; and Gisippus, thinking that he was now despised, went away confounded.

Wandering at random about the streets, he came at nightfall to a cavern where thieves were wont to gather, and lay down on the hard ground and wept himself to sleep. While he was sleeping, two thieves entered with their booty and began to quarrel about it, whereupon one killed the other and fled. In the morning some watchmen found Gisippus sleeping beside the dead body and arrested him.

"Yes, I killed him," said Gisippus, who was now resolved to die, and thought that this would be a better way than taking his own life. Thereupon, the judge sentenced him to be crucified, which was the usual manner of death in these cases. By a strange chance, however, Titus came into the hall to defend a poor client. He instantly recognized Gisippus and, wondering greatly at the sad change of his fortune, he determined at all costs to save him. But the case had gone so far that there was only one way of doing this. And Titus took it. Stepping resolutely up to the judge, he greatly astonished everyone by exclaiming:

"Recall thy sentence. This person is innocent; I killed the man!"

Gisippus turned round in astonishment and, seeing Titus, he concluded that he was trying to save him for friendship's sake. But he was determined that he would not accept the sacrifice.

"Do not believe him, sir. I was the murderer. Let the punishment fall on me," he said to the judge.

The judge was amazed to see two men contending for the torture of crucifixion with as much eagerness as if it had been the highest honour in the world; and suddenly a notorious thief, who had been standing in the court, came forward and made this surprising declaration:

"This strange debate has so moved me that I will confess everything," he said. "You cannot believe, sir, that either of these men committed the murder. What

should a man of the rank and wealth of Titus have to do in a thieves' cavern? He was never there. But this poor, ragged stranger was sleeping in a corner when I and my fellow entered. Thieves, you know, sometimes fall out, especially over their booty. This was what happened last night; and, to put an end to the quarrel, I used a knife."

The appearance of a third self-accuser so perplexed the judge that he put the case before Octavius Caesar, and Caesar called the three men up before him. Thereupon Titus and Gisippus related to him at length the strange story of their friendship, and he forthwith set the two friends at liberty, and even freely pardoned the thief for their sakes.

Titus then took Gisippus to his house and forced him to accept a half of his great wealth, and married him to his sister Fulvia, a very charming and lovely young noblewoman.

For the rest of their lives Titus and Sophronia, and Gisippus and Fulvia, lived very happily together in the same palace in Rome, and every day added something to their contentment and felicity.

The Three Rings: A Tale of Ingenuity

It was now Neifile's turn to tell a story, and she said that as there had been much controversy at Florence during the plague concerning religion, this had put in her mind of the tale of Melchizedeck.

This man was a very rich Jew, who lived at Alexandria in the reign of the great Sultan Saladin. Saladin, being much impoverished by his wars, had a mind to rob Melchizedeck. In order to get a pretext for plundering the Jew, he sent for him.

"I hear that thou art very wise in religious matters," said Saladin, "and I wish to know which religion thou judgest to be the true one—the Jewish, the Mahomedan, or the Christian?"

The Jew saw that Saladin wanted to trap him. If he said that the Jewish or the Christian faith was the true one, he would be condemned as an infidel. If, on the other hand, he agreed that the Mahomedan religion was preferable to the others, the sultan would say that a wealthy believer ought to contribute largely to the expenses of the state. After considering how to avoid the snare, the Jew replied:

"Some time ago, your majesty, there was a man who had a ring of great beauty and value. And he declared in his will that the son to whom this ring was bequeathed should be the head of the family, and that his descendants should rule over the descendants of the other sons. For many generations his wishes were carried out; but at last the ring came into the possession of a man who had three sons, all virtuous and dutiful to their father, and equally beloved by him,

"Being at a loss which son to prefer above the others, the good man got a skilful craftsman to make two rings, which were so like the first that he himself scarcely knew the true one. On his deathbed he gave one of these rings privately to each of his sons. Each of them afterwards laid claim to the government of the family, and produced the ring which his father had given him. But the rings were so much alike that it was impossible to tell which was the true one, and even to this day no one has been able to decide upon the matter. Thus has it happened, sire, in regard to the three laws of faith derived from God—Jew, Mahomedan and Christian. Each believes himself to be the true heir of the Almighty; but it is just as uncertain which of them has received the true law as it is which has received the true ring."

Saladin was mightily pleased at the ingenious way in which Melchizedeck escaped from the snare that had been spread for him. Instead of taking by force the money that he wanted from the Jew, he desired him to advance it on loan. This Melchizedeck did, and Saladin soon afterwards repaid the money and gave him presents, besides maintaining him nobly at court and making him his friend.

For some days the ladies and cavaliers entertained one another with dancing and singing and story-telling. And then, as the plague had abated in Florence, they returned to the city. But before they went Dioneo told them a very strange and moving tale.

Griselda: A Tale of Wifely Patience

MEN, said Dioneo, are wont to charge women with fickleness and inconstancy; but there comes into my mind a story of a woman's constancy and a man's cruelty which, I think you will agree, is worth the telling. Gualtieri, the young Marquis of Saluzzo, was a man who did not believe that any woman could be true and constant all her life. And for this reason he would not marry, but spent his whole time in hawking and hunting. His subjects, however, did not want him to die without an heir and leave them without a lord, and they were always pressing him to marry. They went so far at last as to offer to provide a lady for him. This made him very angry.

"If I want a wife, my friends," he said, "I will choose one myself. And, look you, whatever her birth and upbringing are, pay her the respect due to her as my lady, or you shall know to your cost how grievous it is to me to have taken a wife when I did not want one."



GRISELDA, FLOWER OF WIFELY PATIENCE
From the painting by George W. Joy, with the artist's permission

A few days afterwards he was riding through a village, not far from his palace, when he saw a comely shepherd girl carrying water from a well to her father's house.

"What is your name?" said the young marquis.

"Griselda," said the shepherd girl.

"Well, Griselda," said the Marquis of Saluzzo, "I am looking for a wife. If I marry you, will you study to please me and carry out all my demands, whatever they are, without a murmur or a sullen look?"

"Yes, my lord," said Griselda.

Thereupon, the marquis sent his servants to fetch some rich and costly robes and, leading Griselda out by the hand, he clothed her in gorgeous apparel and set a coronet upon her head and, putting her on a palfrey, he led her to his palace. And there he celebrated his nuptials with as much pomp as if he had been marrying the daughter of the King of France.

Griselda proved to be a good wife. She was so sweet-natured and so gentle and kind in her manners that her husband thought himself the happiest man in the world; and her subjects honoured her and loved her very dearly, and great were the rejoicings when a daughter was born to her.

UNFORTUNATELY, her husband got a strange fancy into his head. He imagined she was good and gentle merely because everything went well with her; and, with great harshness, he resolved to try her patience by suffering. So he told her that the people were greatly displeased with her by reason of her mean parentage, and murmured because she had given birth to a daughter.

"My lord," said Griselda, "I know I am meaner than the meanest of my subjects, and that I am unworthy of the dignity to which you have advanced me. Deal with me, I pray, as you think best for your honour and happiness, and waste no thought upon me."

Soon afterwards one of his servants came to Griselda, and said: "Madam, I must either lose my own life, or obey my lord's



THE SEVENTH DAY OF THE DECAMERON
From the painting by P. F. Poole, R.A.

commands. He has ordered me to take your daughter, and——"

He would not say anything more, and Griselda thought that he had orders to kill the child. Taking it out of the cradle, she kissed it and tenderly laid it in the servant's arms. The marquis sent the little girl to one of his relatives at Bologna, to be brought up and educated. Some years afterwards Griselda gave birth to a boy. The marquis, naturally enough, was mightily pleased to have an heir; but he took also this child away from his wife.

"I am not able to live any longer with my people," he said. "They say they will not have a grandson of a poor shepherd as their future lord. I must dispose of this child as I did the other."

"My lord," replied Griselda, "study your own ease and happiness without the least care for me. Nothing is pleasing to me that is not pleasing to you."

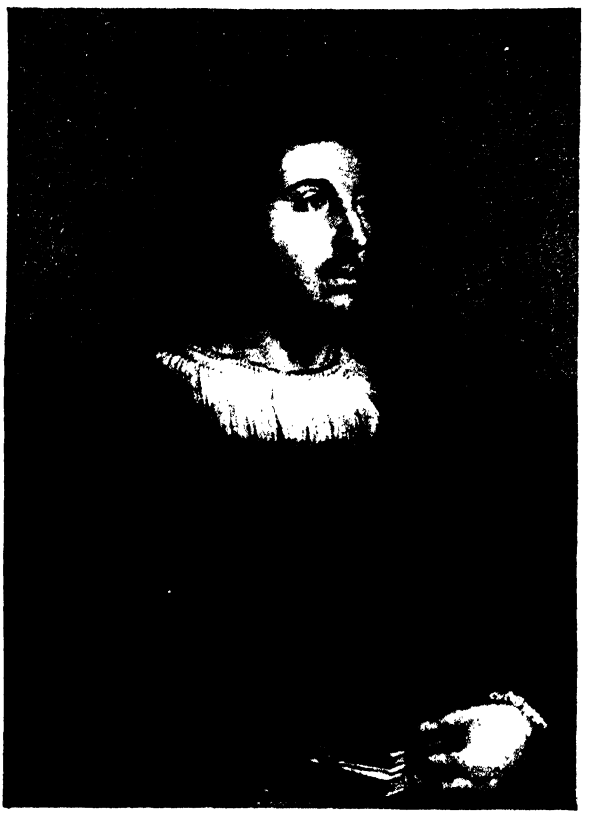
The next day the marquis sent for his son in the same way as he had sent for his daughter, and had him brought up with her at Bologna. His people thought that the children had been put to death, and blamed him for his cruelty and showed great pity for his wife. But Griselda would not allow them to attack her husband, but found excuses for him.

In spite of this, the marquis did not yet believe in the constancy and fidelity of his wife, and about sixteen years after their marriage he resolved to put her to a test.

"Woman," he said, "I am going to take another wife. I shall send you back to your father's cottage in the same state as I brought you from it, and choose a young lady of my own rank in life."

With the utmost difficulty Griselda kept back her tears, and humbly consented to be divorced. The marquis stripped her of her fine raiment and sent her back to her father's hut dressed in a smock. Her husband then gave it out that he was about to espouse the daughter of the Count of Panago; and, sending for Griselda, he said:

"I am about to bring home my new bride, but I have no woman with me to set out the rooms and order the ceremony. As you are well acquainted with the government of my palace, I wish you to act as mistress for a day or two. Get everything in order, and invite what ladies you will to the festival. When the marriage is over, you must return to your father's hut."



GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO, the father of Italian prose literature, was born in 1313, probably at Certaldo, a small town about twenty miles from Florence, where he was brought up. When he was about twenty-six he went to Naples, where he fell in love with Maria d'Aquino, believed to be a natural daughter of King Robert, and she inspired much of his work, becoming known to posterity as the Fiammetta of Boccaccio's writings. When he returned to Florence in 1350, the Decameron was half written, and this work was published in 1353 or 1354. About 1362, influenced by his friend Petrarch, he changed his moral views and afterwards his writings were devoid of much of the licence that had marked his earlier work. He settled at Certaldo in 1365 and died at Florence in 1375. This portrait is after the Van Dalen painting.

These words pierced like daggers to the heart of Griselda. She was unable to part with her love for her husband as easily as she had parted with her high rank and great fortune.

She went into the palace in her coarse attire and worked with the servants, sweeping the rooms and cleaning the furniture. After this was done, she invited all the ladies in the country to come to the festival. And on the day appointed for the marriage she received them, still clad in her coarse attire, but with smiling and gentle looks. At dinner-time the marquis arrived with his new lady—who was indeed a very beautiful girl. After presenting her to all the guests, many of whom congratulated him on making so good an exchange, he said, with a smile, to Griselda:

"What do you think of my bride?"

"My lord," she replied, "I like her extremely well. If she is as wise as she is fair, you may be the happiest man in the world with her. But I very humbly beg that you will not take with this lady the same heart-breaking measures you took with your last wife, because she is young and tenderly educated, while the other was from a child used to hardship."

"Pardon me! Pardon me! Pardon me!" said the marquis. "I know I have tried you harshly, Griselda. But I did not believe in the goodness and constancy of women, and I would not believe in them until you proved me in the wrong. Let me restore, in one sweet minute, all the happiness that I have spent years in taking away from you. This young lady, my dear Griselda, is your daughter and mine! And look! Here is our son waiting behind her!"

He led Griselda, weeping for joy, to her children. Then all the ladies in the hall rose up from the tables and, taking Griselda into a chamber, they clothed her in fine and noble raiment, and stayed with her many days, feasting and rejoicing. And the marquis sent for Griselda's father, the poor shepherd, and gave him a suite of rooms in the palace, where he lived in great happiness with his daughter and his grandchildren and his noble son-in-law.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

THE third of Scott's poems, The Lady of the Lake was first published in 1810, and the author nominally received 2,000 guineas for the copyright, though the publishers retained three-fourths of the property. Its success equalled that of its predecessors, and, according to John Gibson Lockhart, no fewer than 20,000 copies were sold before the year was out. Critics who had condemned The Lay of the Last Minstrel and Marmion now joined in the chorus of applause. The Perthshire Highlands became the fashionable resort for tourists, and Cadell, the publisher, affirmed that the post-horse duty to Scotland regularly rose from that year; crowds travelled to view the beauties of Loch Katrine. The success that attended Scott's poems was due not so much to their purely poetic qualities -although they include many touches of genuine poetry—as to the romantic spirit which he afterwards used to such excellent purpose in his novels. Scott himself never formed an exalted opinion of his own verse.

I—The Lady Ellen Douglas



A HUNTSMAN, leading a stag-hunt in the Highlands of Perthshire, pursued the chase with such ardour and impetuosity that his horse, overcome with fatigue, stumbled and died in a rocky valley. After wandering farther through the ravine he climbed up a precipitous rock, as]

The western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way.

And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,
In all her length far-winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, impurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land.

[After gazing with rapture on the scene, the huntsman sounded his horn in the hope of calling some attendant or straggler of the train, when, to his surprise, he saw a little skiff, guided by a beautiful damsel, touch the shore beneath him.]

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A nymph, a naiad, or a grace,
Of finer form or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served, too, in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow.
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace:
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue—
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear!

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid:
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch such birth betrayed.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild, luxuriant ringlets hid;
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
Mantled a plaid with modest care,
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye.
Not Katrine in her mirror blue
Gives back the shaggy banks more true
Than every free-born glance confessed
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth
The indignant spirit of the North.
One only passion unrevealed
With maiden pride the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame;
Oh, need be told that passion's name?

[Impatient of hearing no second blast from the horn the damsel called out, 'Father,' and then asked, 'Malcolm, was thine the blast?' At this point the huntsman came forward.]

On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly pressed its signet sage,
Yet had not quenched the open truth

And fiery vehemence of youth;
Froward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare,
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,
Of hasty love, or headlong ire.
His limbs were cast in manly mould,
For hardy sports or contest bold;
And though in peaceful garb arrayed,
And weaponless, except his blade,
His stately mien as well implied
A high-born heart, a martial pride,
As if a baron's crest he wore,
And sheathed in armour trod the shore.
Slighting the petty need he showed,
He told of his benighted road;
His ready speech flowed fair and free
In phrase of gentlest courtesy;
Yet seemed that tone and gesture bland
Less used to sue than to command.

AFTER holding a short parley with him, Ellen took him in her skiff to a woody island and led him to a lodge constructed of tree trunks. Here he was entertained to supper, and introduced to an elderly lady. But though he announced himself as 'James Fitz-James, the Knight of Snowdoun,' it was in vain that he endeavoured to elicit the name and history of the two ladies. He retired to rest without having been told anything about them, though their manners showed them to be of gentle birth; and he departed the next day having learnt nothing more. In truth, the younger lady was the daughter of the great Douglas, now a fugitive from the wrath of the king, and protected by the fierce marauder, Sir Roderick Dhu, while the elderly lady, who for years had acted a mother's part to Ellen Douglas, was Sir Roderick's mother, the Lady Margaret. Sir Roderick loved Ellen, and on the very day of the stranger's departure he proposed that her hand should be given him in marriage, and that Douglas and he should form a league against the king, who was coming to the Highlands on the pretence of hunting the game. Douglas, however, refused both of these alliances, and offered to find refuge elsewhere; for Ellen's heart was given to the gallant young Malcolm Graeme. The next day Sir Roderick sent round the Fiery Cross to all his vassals. He slew a goat, the patriarch of the flock; and a priest, called Brian, having formed a cross of a cubit's length from rods of yew, first scathed it in a fire made of juniper and rowan branches, and then quenched its flames in the blood of the goat, meanwhile invoking curses on all clansmen who disobeyed the signal:

'When flits this cross from man to man,
Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,
Burst be the ear that fails to heed!
Palsied the foot that shuns to speed!
May ravens tear the careless eyes,
Wolves make the coward heart their prize!
As sinks that blood-stream in the earth,
So may his heart's blood drench his hearth!
As dies in hissing gore the spark,
Quench thou his light, destruction dark,
And be the grace to him denied,
Brought by this sign to all beside!'

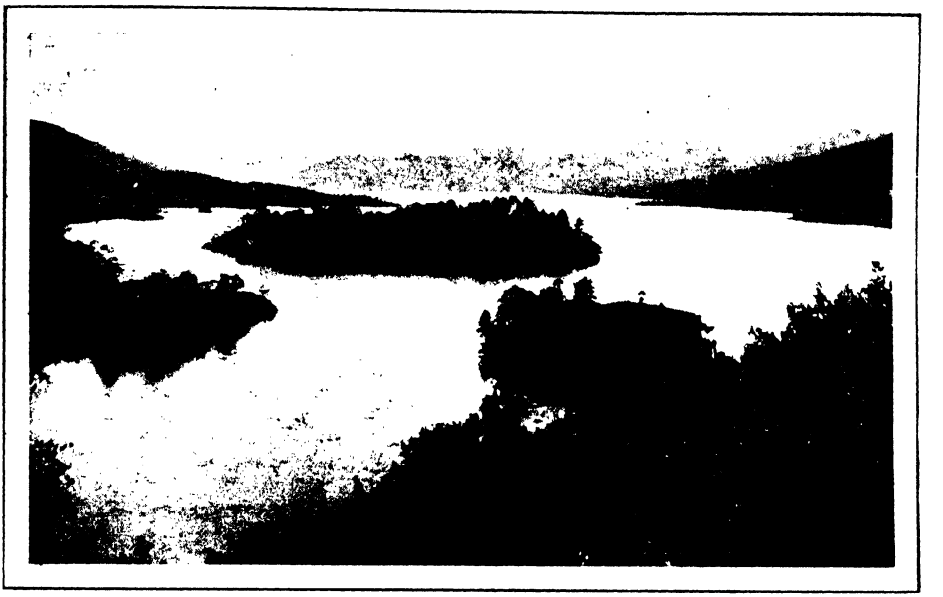
THEN Roderick, with impatient look,
From Brian's hand the symbol took:
'Speed, Malise, speed!' he said, and gave
The crosslet to his henchman brave.
'The muster-place be Lanrick mead—
Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed!'
Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,
A barge across Loch Katrine flew;
High stood the henchman on the prow;
So rapidly the bargemen row,
The bubbles, where they launched the boat,
Were all unbroken and afloat,
Dancing in foam and ripple still,
When it had neared the mainland hill;
And from the silver beach's side
Still was the prow three fathoms wide,
When lightly bounded to the land
The messenger of blood and brand.

Speed, Malise, speed! The dun deer's hide
On fleeter foot was never tied.
Speed, Malise, speed! Such cause of haste
Thine active sinews never braced.
Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,
Burst down like torrent from its crest;
With short and springing footsteps pass
The trembling bog and false morass;
Across the brook like roebuck bound,
And thread the brake like questing hound;
The crag is high, the scaur is deep,
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap:
Parched are thy burning lips and brow,
Yet by the fountains pause not now;
Herald of battle, fate and fear,
Stretch onward in thy fleet career!
The wounded hind thou track'st not now,
Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough,
Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace
With rivals in the mountain race;
But danger, death and warrior deed,
Are in thy course—speed, Malise, speed!

[Douglas and his daughter meantime withdrew from the island and took up their abode in a wild and lonely grotto on Mount Benvenue, called the Goblin's Cave.]

II—The Last Stand of Roderick Dhu

BUT Douglas did not remain long at the Goblin's Cave. One morning, soon afterwards, he left this hiding place, appointing Ellen to meet him at Cambus Kenneth Abbey if he did not return by evening; and she could not but believe that, conceiving himself to be the cause of the coming strife, he had gone to give himself up to the king as a hostage for Malcolm Graeme and Roderick Dhu. Meantime, during the Douglas's absence, the Knight of Snowdoun, still dressed in Lincoln green, returned, declared his love for Ellen and, having been told that her heart was already bestowed on another, handed her a ring given him by



PROMONTORY, CREEK AND BAY OF FAR-WINDING KATRINE

the king, which he said, would secure for its holder such recompense as he—the holder—might name. On his way back the knight would have been lured by his guide into an ambush prepared for him by Roderick Dhu's clansmen, had not a crazed and captive Lowland maid, named Blanche of Devon, warned him of it in a song. He saved his own life, but though he could not save that of poor Blanche, who fell mortally wounded by an arrow-shot from the treacherous guide, he managed to avenge her by killing her assassin and, having dipped a tress of her hair in her blood, placed it in his helm. At last, as evening came on, he found a mountaineer sitting by a watch fire, and having asked for rest, food, a fire and a guide, was promised all four, though he frankly avowed himself no friend to Roderick Dhu. The next day, at dawn, the Gael, according to his promise, proceeded to put his guest safely on the way to Stirling; but as they went along the knight inveighed so severely against Sir Roderick, and expressed such an ardent desire to confront that rebel chieftain and his clan that his guide could no longer restrain himself.]

HAVE, then, thy wish!' He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream from the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles grey their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of bloom gives life
To plaided warriors armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood, and still.
Like the loose crags, whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain side they hung.
The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James. 'How say'st thou now?
These are Clan Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu!'

FITZ-JAMES was brave—though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:
'Come one, come all! This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.'
Sir Roderick marked—and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood—then waved his hand;
Down sank the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,

In osiers pale and copses low;
It seemed as if their mother earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.

Fitz-James looked round, yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied:
'Fear naught—nay, that I need not say—
But doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest; I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford;
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife, lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on; I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.'

They moved. I said Fitz-James was brave
As ever knight that belted glaive,
Yet dare not say that now his blood
Kept on its wont and temper'd flood,
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome pathway through.

'Greatly impressed by this display, the knight followed his guide, who conducted him safely to Coilantogle Ford; here Roderick challenged the knight to fight. The knight, being generously disinclined to engage in mortal combat with one who had saved his life, urged that as he had slain the treacherous guide, Red Murdoch, Roderick should yield to fate and go to King James at Stirling, where he the knight would guarantee that matters in dispute could be adjusted.]

DARK lightning flashed from Roderick's eye—
'Soars thy presumption then so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:
My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared? By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valour light
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care.'
'I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this brand to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and ruth, begone!'

[In the combat that ensued the expert but weaker Fitz-James brought Roderick to his knee and called on him to surrender. But the Gael—]

Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass and triple steel!
They tug; they strain! down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The chieftain's grip his throat compressed,
His knee was planted in his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight.
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!
But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.
Down came the blow! But in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

[Fitz-James then blew a blast on his bugle, and four mounted squires appeared clad in Lincoln green. Bidding them attend to Roderick and to bring him on to Stirling, he mounted one of the horses they led and rode at full speed for the northern capital. Meantime, Douglas had arrived at Stirling, resolved to give himself up to the king; but, finding that the burghers were holding their sports that day, he resolved to take part in them, and to show his sovereign how little age had tamed his sinews. So successful was he that he overcame all rivals at archery, at wrestling and at throwing the stone. But the king handed him the prizes with a cold glance; and when he proclaimed his identity and offered himself as a victim to atone the war, he was merely ordered into arrest. This harsh action stirred the burghers to a riot, which Douglas had some difficulty in allaying. But eventually the crowd's wild fury subsided; and, in order to prevent the useless shedding of blood, a minstrel who brought King James news of the gathering of Roderick's clansmen was bidden tell them that their chief had been brought in a prisoner and that Douglas had made his submission. The messenger, having asked to see his master's face, was shown into a prison-room, where he found not the Douglas but the wounded Roderick Dhu. Having been assured that Ellen, his mother and the Douglas were safe and well, the chief of the Clan Alpine besought the minstrel to give him an account of the battle in which his vassals had been engaged; he was just proceeding to tell how fighting was stopped by the arrival of the king's herald, when Roderick died. Meantime Ellen, having met Fitz-James again at the castle, was conducted by him to the king's court, where, to her consternation, she quickly discovered that the Knight of Snowdoun was none other than her sovereign. With joy she was re-united to her father—now reconciled to King James—and with deep happiness she again met her lover, receiving the royal sanction of their betrothal.]

SIR CHARLES LYELL

PRINCIPLES OF GEOLOGY

IT was in 1827, the year after he became a fellow of the Royal Society, that Lyell began to devote his energies to the planning of his great treatise on geology. The full title of the work, Principles of Geology, Being an Attempt to Explain the Former Changes of the Earth's Surface by Reference to Causes Now in Action, provides the student with the keynote of the life-work of the author, and explains the theory which Lyell defends. The doctrine of uniformitarianism in animal as in geological life was not generally held before Lyell's masterly thesis appeared, but since then it became one of the fundamental principles of the science of geology, and his argument that the forces that produced changes in the organic and inorganic worlds of the past are still in action is now universally approved. Lyell was a firm supporter of Darwin's theories. His Principles of Geology is published by the firm of John Murray.

I—Uniformity in Geological Development



ACCORDING to the speculations of some writers, there have been in the past history of the planet alternate periods of tranquillity and convulsion, the former enduring for ages, and resembling the state of things now experienced by man; the other brief, transient and paroxysmal, giving rise to new mountains, seas and valleys, annihilating one set of organic beings and ushering in the creation of another. These theories, however, are not borne out by a fair interpretation of geological monuments: nature indicates no such cataclysms, but rather progressive uniformity.

Igneous rocks have been supposed to afford evidence of ancient paroxysms of nature, but we cannot consider igneous rocks proof of any exceptional paroxysms. Rather, we find ourselves compelled to regard igneous rocks as an aggregate effect of innumerable eruptions, of various degrees of violence, at various times, and to consider mountain chains as the accumulative results of these eruptions. The incumbent crust of the earth is never allowed to attain that strength and coherence which would be necessary in order to allow the volcanic force to accumulate and form an explosive charge capable of producing a grand paroxysmal eruption. The subterranean power, on the contrary, displays, even in its most energetic efforts, an intermittent and mitigated intensity. There are no proofs that the igneous rocks were produced more abundantly at remote periods.

In palaeozoic strata the entire want of plants of the most complex organization is very striking, for not a single dicotyledonous angiosperm has yet been found, and only one undoubted monocotyledon. In secondary, or mesozoic, times, palms and some other monocotyledons appeared; but not until the upper cretaceous era do we meet with the principal classes and orders of the vegetable kingdom as now known. Through the tertiary ages the forms were perpetually changing, but always becoming more and more like, generically and specifically, to those now in being. On the whole, therefore, we find progressive development of plant life in the course of the ages.

In the case of animal life, progression is equally evident. Palaeontological research leads to the conclusion that the invertebrate animals flourished before the vertebrate, and that in the latter class fish, reptiles, birds and mammalia made their appearance in a chronological order analogous to that in which they would be arranged zoologically according to an advancing scale of perfection in their organization.

It is true that in passing from the older to the newer members of the tertiary system we meet with many chasms, but

none which separates entirely, by a broad line of demarcation, one state of the organic world from another. There are no signs of an abrupt termination of one fauna and flora, and the starting into life of new and wholly distinct forms.

Although we are far from being able to demonstrate geologically an insensible transition from the eocene to the miocene, or even from the latter to the recent fauna, yet the more we enlarge and perfect our general survey the more nearly do we approximate to such a continuous series, and the more gradually are we conducted from times when many of the genera and nearly all the species were extinct to those in which scarcely a single species flourished which we do not know to exist at present.

We must remember, too, that many gaps in animal and floral life were due to ordinary climatic and geological factors. We could, under no circumstances, expect to meet with a complete ascending series.

The great vicissitudes in climate which the earth undoubtedly experienced, as shown by geological records, have been held to be themselves proof of sudden violent revolutions in the life-history of the world. But all the great climatic vicissitudes can be accounted for by the action of factors still in operation—subsidences and elevations of land, alterations in the relative proportion and position of land and water, variations in the relative position of our planet to the sun and other heavenly bodies.

Altogether, the conclusion is inevitable that from the remotest period there has been one continuous system of change in the animate and inanimate world and, accordingly, every fact collected respecting the factors at present at work in forming and changing the world affords a key to the interpretation of its part.

And thus, although we are mere sojourners on the surface of the planet, chained to a mere point in space, enduring but for a moment of time, the human mind is enabled not only to number worlds beyond the unassisted ken of mortal eye, but to trace the events of indefinite ages before the creation of our race and to penetrate into the dark secrets of the ocean and the heart of the solid globe.

II—Changes in the Inorganic World Now in Progress

THE great agents of change in the inorganic world may be divided into two principal classes—the aqueous and the igneous. To the aqueous belong rain, rivers, springs, currents and tides, and the action of frost and snow; to the igneous, volcanoes and earthquakes. Both these classes are instruments of degradation as well as of reproduction. But they may also be regarded as antagonist forces, since the aqueous agents are incessantly labouring to reduce the inequalities of the earth's surface to a level; while the igneous are equally active in restoring the unevenness of the external crust, partly by heaping up new matter in certain localities, and partly by depressing one portion of the earth's envelope and forcing out another.

When one considers that in some parts of the world as much as 500 or 600 inches of rain may fall annually, it is easy to believe that rain *qua* rain may be a denuding and plastic agent, and in some parts of the world we find evidence of its action in earth pillars or pyramids. The best example of earth pillars is seen near Bozen, in Tirol, where there are hundreds of columns of indurated mud, varying in height from 20 feet to 100 feet. These columns are usually capped by a stone, and have been separated by rain from the terrace of which they once were part.

As a rule, however, rain acts through rivers. The power of rivers to denude and transport is exemplified daily. Even a comparatively small stream when swollen by rain may move rocks tons in weight, and may transport thousands of tons of gravel. The greatest damage is done when rivers are dammed by landslips or by ice.

The rivers of unmelted ice called the glaciers act more slowly, but they also have the power of transporting gravel, sand and boulders to great distances, and of polishing and scoring their rocky channels. Icebergs, too, are potent geological agents. Many of them are loaded with 50,000 to 100,000 tons of rock and earth, which they may carry great distances. In their course, they must

break, and polish and scratch the peaks and points of submarine mountains.

Coast ice, likewise, may transport rocks and earth. Springs also must be considered as geological agents affecting the face of the globe.

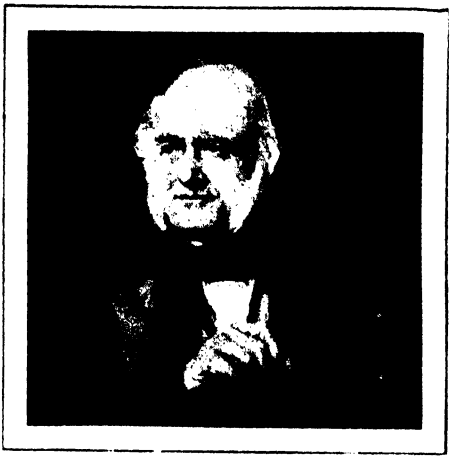
But running water not only denudes it, but also creates land, for lakes, seas and rivers are seen to form deltas. That Egypt was the gift of the Nile was the opinion of the Egyptian priests, and there can be no doubt that the fertility of the alluvial plain above Cairo, and the very existence of the delta below that city, are due to the action of that great river, and to its power of transporting mud from the interior of Africa and depositing it on its inundated plains as well as on that space which has been reclaimed from the Mediterranean and converted into land. The delta of the Ganges and Brahmaputra, is more than double that of the Nile; the delta of the Mississippi even larger.

The transporting and destroying and constructive power of tides and currents is, in many respects, analogous to that of rivers, but extends to wider areas and is, therefore, of more geological importance. The chief influence of the ocean is exerted at moderate depths below the surface on all areas which are slowly rising, or attempting, as it were, to rise above the sea; but its influence is also seen round the coast of every continent and island.

WE shall now consider the igneous agents that act on the earth's surface. These agents are chiefly volcanoes and earthquakes, and we find that both usually occur in particular parts of the world. At various epochs within historical times volcanic eruptions and earthquakes have both proved their potency to alter the face of the earth.

The primary causes of the volcano and the earthquake are to a great extent the same, and connected with the development of heat and chemical action at various depths in the interior of the globe.

Volcanic heat has been supposed to be the result of the original high temperature of the molten planet, and the planet has been supposed to lose heat by radiation. Recent inquiries suggest that the apparent loss of heat may arise from the excessive local development of volcanic action.



SIR CHARLES LYELL, the famous geologist, was born at Kinnordy, Forfarshire, November 14, 1797. From his boyhood he was deeply interested in natural history, particularly, at first, in entomology; but it was at Oxford that his interests definitely assumed a scientific bent and the passion for geological study awoke. In 1821 he took his M.A. degree, and by this time he was an active member of the Geological and Linnæan Societies of London. In 1828 he set off with Sir Roderick Murchison on a tour of Europe, gathering material for his Principles of Geology. Lyell died February 22, 1875. Among his many notable works The Elements of Geology (1838) and Travels in North America (1845) are particularly important. This portrait, by Lowes Dickinson, is in the National Portrait Gallery.

Whatever the original shape of our planet, it must in time have become spheroidal by the gradual operation of centrifugal force acting on yielding materials brought successively within its action by aqueous and igneous causes.

The heat in mines and artesian wells increases as we descend, but not in uniform ratio in different regions. Increase at a uniform ratio would imply such heat in the central nucleus as must instantly fuse the crust.

Assuming that there are good astronomical grounds for inferring the original fluidity of the planet, yet such pristine fluidity need not affect the question of volcanic heat, for the volcanic action of successive periods belongs to a much more modern state of the globe, and implies the melting of different parts of the solid crust one after the other.

The supposed great energy of the volcanic forces in the remoter periods is by no means borne out by geological observations on the quantity of lava produced by single eruptions in those periods.

The old notion that the crystalline rocks, whether stratified or unstratified, such as granite and gneiss, were produced in the lower parts of the earth's crust at the expense of a central nucleus slowly cooling from a state of fusion by heat has had to be given up, now that granite is found to be of all ages, and now that we know the metamorphic rocks to be altered sedimentary strata, implying the denudation of a previously solidified crust.

The powerful agency of steam or aqueous vapour in volcanic eruptions leads us to compare its power of propelling lava to the surface with that which it exerts in driving water up the pipe of an Icelandic geyser. Various gases also, rendered liquid by pressure at great depths, may aid in causing volcanic outbursts, and in fissuring and convulsing the rocks during earthquakes.

The chemical character of the products of recent eruptions suggests that large bodies of salt water gain access to the volcanic foci. Although this may not be the primary cause of volcanic eruptions, which are probably due to the aqueous vapour intimately mixed with molten rock, yet, once the crust is shattered through, the force and frequency of eruptions may depend in some measure on the proximity of large bodies of water.

The permanent elevation and subsidence of land now observed, and which may have been going on through past ages, may be connected with the expansion and contraction of parts of the solid crust, some of which have been cooling from time to time, while others have been gaining heat.

In the preservation of the average proportion of land and sea, the igneous agents exert a conservative power, restoring the unevenness of the surface which the levelling power of water in motion would tend to destroy. If the diameter of the planet remains always the same, the downward movements of the crust must be somewhat in excess, to counter-balance the effects of volcanoes and mineral springs, which are always ejecting material so as to raise the level of the surface of the earth. Subterranean movements, therefore, however destructive they may be during great earthquakes, are essential to the well-being of the habitable surface, and even to the very existence of terrestrial and aquatic species.

III—Changes of the Organic World Now in Progress

In 1809 Lamarck introduced the idea of transmutation of species, suggesting that by changes in habitat, climate and manner of living one species may, in the course of generations, be transformed into a new and distinct species.

In England, however, the idea remained dormant till in 1844 a work entitled the Vestiges of Creation reinforced it with many new facts. In this work the unity of plan exhibited by the whole organic creation, fossil and recent, and the mutual affinities of all the different classes of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, were declared to be in harmony with the idea of new forms having proceeded from older ones by the gradually modifying influence of environment.

In 1858 Wallace and Darwin added the conception of natural selection, suggesting that variations in species are naturally produced, and that the variety fittest to survive in the severe struggle for existence must survive and transmit the advantageous variation, implying the gradual evolution of new species. Darwin showed that other varieties may be perpetuated by sexual selection.

On investigating the geographical distribution of animals and plants we find that the extent to which the species of mammalia, birds, insects, land-shells and plants (whether flowering or cryptogamous) agree with continental species, or the degree in which those of different islands of the same group agree with each other, has an unmistakable relation to the known facilities enjoyed by each class of crossing the ocean. Such a relationship accords well with the theory of variation and natural selection, but with no other hypothesis for explaining the origin of species.

From what has been said of the changes which are always going on in the habitable surface of the world, and the manner in which some species are constantly extending their range at the expense of others, it is evident that the species existing at any particular period may, in the course of ages, become extinct one after the other.

If such, then, be the law of the organic world, if every species is continually losing some of its varieties and every genus some of its species, it follows that the transitional links which once, according to the doctrine of transmutation, must have existed, will, in most cases, be missing.

We learn from geological investigations that throughout an indefinite lapse of ages the whole animate creation has been decimated again and again. Sometimes a single representative alone remains of a type once dominant, or of which the fossil species may be reckoned by hundreds. We rarely find that whole orders have disappeared, yet this is notably the case in the class of reptiles, which has lost some orders characterised by a higher organization than any now surviving in that class.

Certain genera of plants and animals which seem to have been wholly wanting, and others which were feebly represented in the tertiary period, are now rich in species, and appear to be in such perfect harmony with the present conditions of existence that they present us with countless varieties, confounding the zoologist or botanist who undertakes to describe or classify them.

WE have only to reflect on the causes of extinction, and we at once foresee the time when even in these genera so many gaps will occur, so many transitional forms will be lost, that there will no longer be any difficulty in assigning definite limits to each surviving species. The blending, therefore, of one generic or specific form into another must be an exception to the general rule, whether in our own time or in any period of the past, because the forms surviving at any given moment will have been exposed for a long succession of antecedent periods to those powerful causes of extinction which are slowly but incessantly at work in the organic and inorganic worlds.

They who imagine that, if the theory of transmutation be true, we ought to discover in a fossil state all the intermediate links by which the most dissimilar types have been formerly connected together, expect a permanence and completeness of records such as is never found. We do not find even that all recently extinct plants have left memorials of their existence in the crust of the earth; and ancient archives are certainly extremely defective. To one who is aware of the extreme imperfection of the geological record, the discovery of one or two missing links is a fact of small significance; but each new form rescued from oblivion is an earnest of the former existence of hundreds of species, the greater part of which are irrevocably lost.

A SOMEWHAT serious cause of disquiet and alarm arises out of the supposed bearing of this doctrine of the origin of species by transmutation on the origin of man, and his place in nature. It is clearly seen that there is such a close affinity, such an identity in all essential points, in our corporeal structure, and in many of our instincts and passions with those of the lower animals, that man is so completely subjected to the same general laws of reproduction, increase, growth, disease and death—that if progressive development, spontaneous variation and natural selection have for millions of years directed the changes of the rest of the organic world, we cannot expect to find that the human race has been exempted from the same continuous process of evolution.

Such a near bond of connexion between man and the rest of the animate creation is regarded by many as derogatory to our dignity. But we have already had to exchange the pleasing conceptions indulged in by poets and theologians as to the high position in the scale of being held by our early progenitors for humble and more lowly beginnings, the joint labours of the geologist and archaeologist having left us in no doubt of the ignorance and barbarism of palaeolithic man.

It is well, too, to remember that the high place we have reached in the scale of being has been gained step by step, by a conscientious study of natural phenomena and by fearlessly teaching the doctrines to which they point. It is by faithfully weighing evidence without regard to preconceived notions, by earnestly searching for what is true, not what we wish to be true, that we have attained to that dignity, which we may in vain hope to claim through the rank of an ideal parentage.

A Note on Mark Twain

MARK TWAIN—the pen-name under which Samuel Langhorne Clemens became famous the whole world over—was born at Florida, a little village in Missouri, November 30, 1835. His father, an upright but unpractical man, died in 1847, leaving his widow with five young children and of worldly fortune nothing save the title to some land in Tennessee, the wealth of which only materialised as the theme of a story of phantom riches, The Gilded Age.



Mark Twain about 1880

Like many other men of genius, it was to his mother that Mark Twain owed everything, including his sense of humour, his quaintly phrased philosophy and the pleasant, drawling speech that added so much point to his spoken wit. In 1839 the family had moved to Hannibal, a small town on the Mississippi, with a distinct southern flavour, and a faithful picture of the life there is preserved in The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, and The Tragedy of Pudd'nhead Wilson.

AFTER his father's death Samuel Clemens was apprenticed to a printer in Hannibal who owned a weekly paper. Here he learnt type setting and something of sub-editing, and having completed his indentures he spent some time as a roving journeyman printer. At the age of seventeen he returned home, and gratified a boyhood ambition by qualifying for and obtaining an appointment as pilot on a Mississippi steamboat; his experiences afterwards provided the material for his Life on the Mississippi and also furnished him with his pen name, 'mark twain' being an old leadsman's call used in taking soundings of the river.

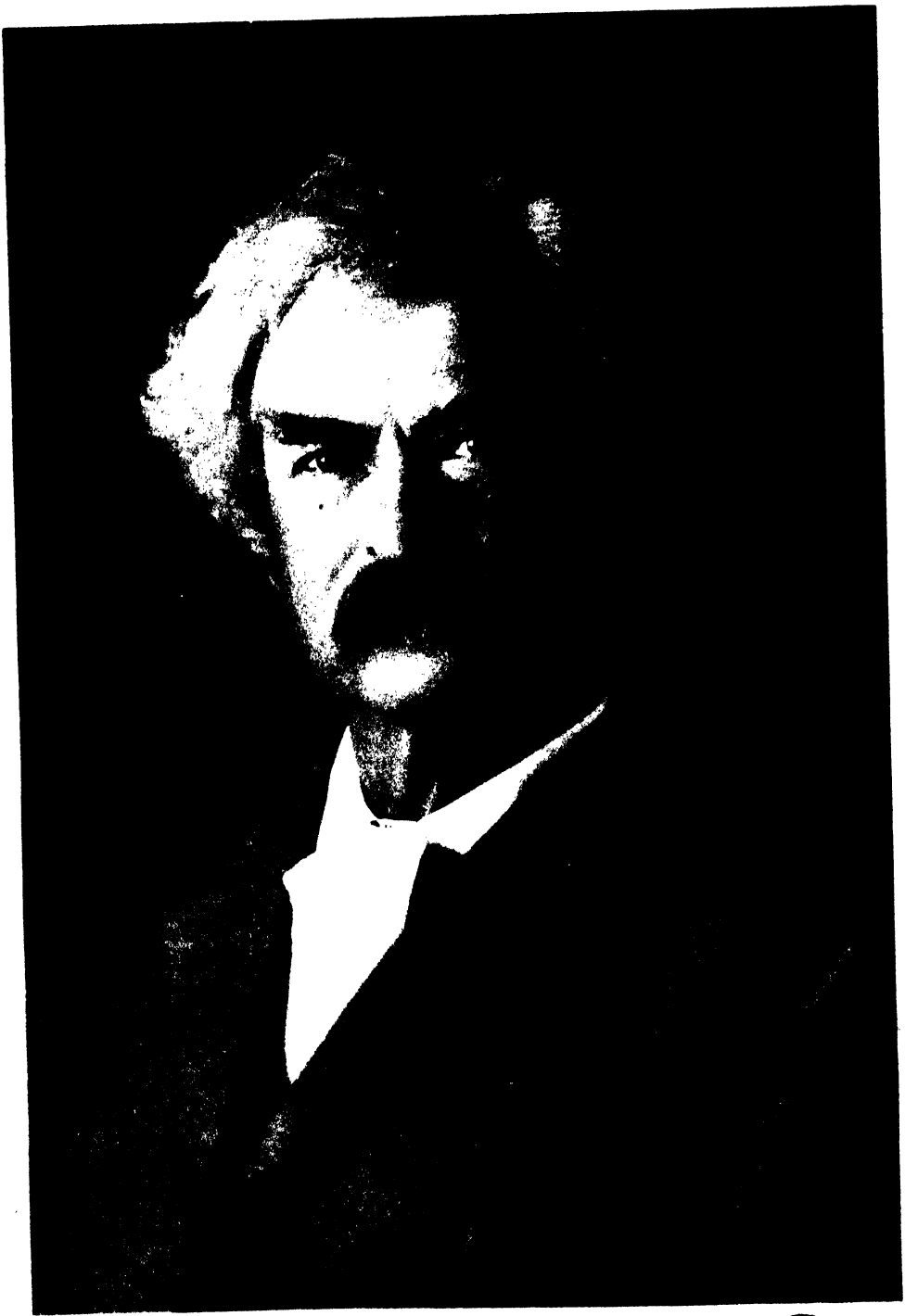
In 1864 he drifted to San Francisco, again engaging in journalistic work. It was there that the name Mark Twain suddenly leapt into fame with the unforgettable story of The Jumping Frog, and shortly afterwards the young journalist was commissioned to make a trip to the Sandwich Islands—some of those experiences being recorded in Roughing It (1872); and in 1867 another trip to the Mediterranean ports. The letters recording this second journey were gathered together in the Innocents Abroad (1869). In 1870 he married and settled in Hartford.

His most famous books were yet to come. The Adventures of Tom Sawyer came out in 1875—as narrative a pure delight instinct with magic and as a study of boy character and boy conscience a triumph of psychological insight. A Tramp Abroad (1880) was the result of a second visit to Europe. The Prince and the Pauper followed in 1882, and Life on the Mississippi in 1883. The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn was published in 1884, and undoubtedly is the best of Mark Twain's fictional work. A successor, but not a sequel to Tom Sawyer, it has been justly described as 'one of the most impressive examples of picaresque fiction in any language, ranked by some greater than Gil Blas, as great as Don Quixote and more human and convincing than either.'

A CONNECTICUT Yankee at King Arthur's Court (1899) and The American Claimant (1892), The Tragedy of Pudd'nhead Wilson (1894), Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc (1896), More Tramps Abroad (1897) and some volumes of essays and collected sketches and stories virtually complete the record of Mark Twain's achievements as an author. In this country all his books are published by Chatto and Windus.

Like Sir Walter Scott Mark Twain was attracted by the idea of publishing, and in 1884 he became partner in a New York firm. The business prospered for a time; but ultimately failed, involving Mark Twain in very heavy financial liability. Also, like Sir Walter Scott, Mark Twain made it a point of honour to liquidate his debts in full, and he succeeded in doing so by the end of 1900; but the struggle was a severe strain on a man of his age. His wife's death in 1904 was a shattering blow and Mark Twain himself died at Redding, Connecticut, April 21, 1910.

MARK TWAIN undoubtedly must be estimated the greatest original literary genius that America has yet produced. His reputation as a humourist has tended to eclipse his claim to recognition on other grounds. Quite apart from their amusing quality, which is supreme, his Tom Sawyer, Huck Finn, and Pudd'nhead Wilson are valuable as a faithful presentation of a life that has completely passed away. And beneath the humour that pervades all his books a note of melancholy is persistent which reveals the deeper side of a character that was exceptionally high-principled and pure in conduct. Further, he had accustomed himself to using his eyes in every environment in which he found himself, and his love of nature is revealed in many descriptive passages of unusual beauty.



Elliott & Fry

Mark Twain

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MARK TWAIN

THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN

I—Huck Escapes from Civilization



WHEN mother died and pap went off, there was nobody in the town to look after me; so I had a general good time, sleeping in the woods in summer and lying up in the winter about the farms.

All my troubles begun when Widow Douglas took me into her house and said she'd sivilize me. She put me in clothes that made me feel all cramped up, and she was so dismal decent and regular in all her ways that I got downhearted. She used to ring a bell for meals, and you had to come to time. When you got to the table, you couldn't go right to eating, but you had to wait for the widow to tuck down her head and mumble something over the victuals, though there warn't anything the matter with 'em. Pretty soon I wanted to smoke, and the widow wouldn't let me.

But the worst of it was she had a sister, Miss Watson, a slim old maid, with goggles on, and she made a dead set at me with a spelling-book. Both of them was always pecking at me. I stood it for some months, but one night I got into my old rags and my sugar-hogshead again, and dropped out of the window.

I fell over a root and made a noise, and Miss Watson's big nigger, named Jim, what was setting in the kitchen door, stretched his neck out listening. Then he says, "Dog my cats ef I didn't hear sumf'n. I knows what I's gwyne to do. I's gwyne to set here till I hears it agin."

I scrouched down and waited till he fell asleep; then I crept down to the river and unfastened a canoe, and the next minute I was spinning down stream, soft but quick, in the shade of the bank. I struck out towards the middle of the river, and came to Jackson's Island, heavy timbered and standing up out of the middle of the river, big and solid, like a steamboat without any lights.

I says to myself, "Jackson's Island is good enough for me; nobody ever comes here, and I can paddle over to town at nights, and slink round and pick up things I want."

I was pretty tired, and the first thing I knowed I was asleep. When I woke up I didn't know where I was, and I looked around pretty scared. The river looked miles and miles across. Then I remembered. I got my traps out of the canoe and rigged up a kind of a tent out of my blankets. Then I went exploring around down through the island, which was about three miles long. I was boss of it; it all belonged to me, and I wanted to know all about it. I found plenty strawberries, ripe and prime, and green summer grapes, and raspberries and blackberries. I went fooling along in the deep woods, and all of a sudden I bounded right on to a smoking camp fire. Setting by it was Miss Watson's Jim.

He bounced up and drops down on his knees, and puts his hands together, and says, "Doan' tell on Ole Jim, Huck. Doan' tell on me!"

"Blamed if I will, Jim," says I. "I ain't a-going to tell, and I ain't a-going back there anyways. So let's know all about it. You've run off?"

"Yes," says Jim. "Las' night I creeps to the door, pooty late, en I hear ole missus—dat's Miss Watson—tell the widder she gwyne to sell me at Orleans for eight hund'd dollars. The widder she tried to git her to say she wouldn't do it, but I never waited to hear de res'. I tuck out en shin down de hill, en steal a skift."

"That's what I did, too," said I. "We'd better light out, Jim. They'll miss them boats and come after us."

Jim didn't say much more, but the way he worked all that day showed how he was scared. It was flood time, and among the timber that came floating by we catched a little section of a lumber raft. It was twelve foot wide and sixteen foot long, and the top stood six inches above water.

By night we got everything ready, and, getting out the raft, we run seven hours with the current, that was making over four mile an hour. We catched fish and talked, and we took a swim now and then to keep off sleepiness. It was kind of solemn, drifting down the big, still river, laying on our backs looking up at the stars. When the first streak of day begun to show, we tied up to a tow-head—which is a sandbar that has cotton woods on it.

Hacking off cotton-wood branches, we covered up the raft with them, so she looked like there had been a cave-in in the bank. Next we set out the lines, had a swim so as to freshen up and cool off, and then sat down on the sandy bottom where the water was about knee-deep and watched the daylight come. Then we laid all day and watched the rafts and steamboats spin down the Missouri shore, and up-bound steamboats fight the big river in the middle. When it was beginning to come on dark Jim took some of the top planks of the raft and built a snug wigwam to shelter us in hot and rainy weather. And that was how we went on, laying up in the daylight, and going down the river in the darkness.

I used to slip ashore and borrow a few things. Sometimes I lifted a chicken that warn't roosting comfortable. Sometimes I skipped into cornfields and borrowed a melon, or some new corn, or things of that kind. Jim said it warn't no harm to borrow things, if you was meaning to pay them back sometime. Take it all round, we lived pretty high.

II—The Troubles of Royalty

THE days and the nights went by; I reckon I might say they swum by, they slid along so quiet and smooth and lovely. One morning I was out about daybreak, and just as I was passing a place where a kind of cow path crossed the crick, there comes a couple of men tearing up the path as tight as they could foot it. I was about to dig out from there in a hurry, but they was pretty close to me then, and sung out and begged me to save their lives said they hadn't been doing nothing, and was being chased for it said there was men and dogs coming. So I got them on our raft.

One of the fellows was about seventy, and had a bald head and very grey whiskers. He had an old battered slouch hat on, and a greasy blue woollen shirt, and ragged old blue jean britches stuffed into his boot tops. The other fellow was about thirty, and dressed about as ornery. Both of them had big, fat, ratty-looking carpet bags. After breakfast we all talked, and the first thing that came out was that these chaps didn't know one another.

"What got you into trouble?" says the bald-head to t'other chap.

"Well, I'd been selling an article to take the tartar off the teeth—and it does take it off, too, and genraly the enamel along with it—but I stayed about one hour longer than I ought to, and was just sliding out when I ran across you."

"I'd ben a-running a little temperance revival, and taking as much as six dollars a night," says old bald-head. "But a little report got round last evening that I had a way of putting in my time with the private jug on the sly. They came to tar and feather me this morning. I didn't wait for no breakfast; I warn't hungry."

"Old man," said the young one, "I reckon we might double team it together. Here am I," says he, turning to Jim and me, and beginning to wipe the corner of his eye with a rag—"here am I, the rightful Duke of Bridgewater, torn from my high estate, hunted of men, despised by the cold world, worn and heartbroken."

JIM and I pitied him because he cried so much; but while we were feeding him all we could, and trying mighty hard to please him, the bald-headed old man sung out, "Looky here, Bilgewater," he says, "you ain't the only person that's ben snaked down wrongfully out'n a high

place. I am the poor disappeared Dauphin, Looy the Seventeen, son of Looy the Sixteen and Marry Antonette."

You bet me and Jim stared this time.

Then the duke says, "You! At your age! No. You mean you're the late Charlemagne. You must be six or seven hundred years old at the very least."

"Trouble has done it, Bilgewater, trouble has done it; trouble has brung these grey hairs and this baldditude. Yes, gentlemen, you see before you, in blue jeans and misery, the wandering, exiled and suffering rightful king of France."

Well, he cried and took on so that me and Jim didn't hardly know what to do, we was so sorry—and so glad and proud we'd got him with us too. So we set in, like we'd done with the duke, and tried to comfort him. But the duke kind of soured on him, and stayed huffy a good while, till by-and-by the king says, "It ain't my fault I warn't born a duke, it ain't your fault you warn't born a king—so what's the use to worry? This ain't no bad thing that we've struck here—plenty grub and an easy life. Give us your hand, duke; let's be friends."

The duke done it, and Jim and me was glad to see it. It didn't take me long to make up my mind that these warn't no dukes nor kings, but just low down humbugs. It warn't no use to tell Jim, so I didn't. They asked us considerable questions, and wanted to know why we laid up in the daytime instead of running—was Jim a runaway nigger?

Says I, "Goodness sakes, would a runaway nigger run South?"

They allowed he wouldn't. I had to account for things somehow, so I says, "My folks was living in Pike County in Missouri, and they all died off but me and my pa and my brother Ike. Pa, he allowed he'd break up and go and live with Uncle Ben below Orleans. Pa was pretty poor, and when he'd squared up, there was nothing left but sixteen dollars and our nigger Jim. That warn't enough to take us fourteen hundred mile, but when the river rose pa had a streak of luck. He ketched this piece of a raft, and we set to run down to Orleans on it. But pa's luck didn't hold out. One night a steamboat run down our raft, and only me and Jim came up. Then people was always coming out in skiffs and trying to take Jim away from me, saying he was a runaway nigger. We don't run daytimes no more now; nights they don't bother us."

That seemed to satisfy the duke and the king, and they promised to cipher out a way so we could run in the daytime, if we wanted to.

III—Selling a Town

THE next day we put into a little one-horse town on the Arkansas shore of the big river. The duke got some big sheets of wrapping paper and stuck them up all over the village. The bill said:

AT THE COURT HOUSE!

For three nights only!
The world-renowned Tragedians

DAVID GARRICK THE YOUNGER!
and
EDMUND KEAN THE ELDER!
Of the London and Continental
Theatres
In their thrilling tragedy
of
THE KING'S CAMELOPARD
OR
THE ROYAL NONESUCH
Admission 50 cents

Then at the bottom was the biggest line of all, which said:

LADIES AND CHILDREN NOT ADMITTED.

All day the king and the duke was hard at it rigging up a stage and a row of candles for footlights; and that night the house they hired was jammed full of men in no time.

When the place couldn't hold no more, the duke come on the stage and praised up the tragedy, saying that it was the most thrillingest one that ever was; then at last, when he'd got everybody's expectations up high enough, he rolled up the curtain. The next minute the king come a-prancing out on all fours, with nothing on; but he was painted all over, ringed, streaked and striped, all sorts of colours, as splendid as a rainbow.

It was just wild, but it was awful funny. The people most killed themselves laughing and when the king got done capering, and capered off behind the scenes, they roared and clapped and stormed, till he come back and done it over again; and after that they made him do it another time. It would have made a cow laugh to see the shines that old idiot cut.

Then the duke he lets the curtain down, and bows to the people, and says the great tragedy will be performed only two nights more, on account of pressing London engagements. Twenty people sings out—"What, is it over?"

"Yes," says the duke. Then there was a fine time. Everybody sings out, "Sold!" and rose up mad, and was a-going for that stage and them tragedians, but a big man jumps up, and shouts: "Just a word, gentlemen. We are sold, mighty badly sold. But we don't want to be the laughing-stock of this town, I reckon. No, let's go out quiet and talk this show up, and sell the rest of the town. Then we'll all be in the same boat."

Next day you couldn't hear nothing around that town but how splendid our show was. House was jammed again, and we sold the crowd the same way.

The third night the house was crammed again. But they warn't newcomers this time, but the people that was at the show the other two nights. I stood by the door and I see that every man that went in had his pockets bulging or something muffled up under his coat, and I see it warn't no perfumery neither, not by a long sight. I smelt sickly eggs by the barrel, and if I know the signs of a dead cat being around, there was sixty-four of them went in.

Well, when the place couldn't hold no more people, the duke asked a fellow to tend the door for a minute.

"Shin for the raft, shin for the raft," he says, "like the dickens were after you."

I done it, and he done the same. We struck the raft at the same time, and in less than two seconds we was gliding downstream all dark and still, nobody saying a word. I reckoned the poor king was in for a gaudy time with the audience; but nothing of the sort.

Pretty soon he crawled out from under the wigwam, and says: "Well, how'd the thing pan out this time, duke?" He hadn't been up town at all!

We never showed a light till we was about ten miles below that village. Then we lit up and had a supper, and the king and the duke fairly laughed their bones loose over the way they'd served them people. We dasn't stop again at any town for days and days, and kept right along down the river. When the frauds reckoned they was out of danger, they began to work the villages again.

First they done a lecture on temperance, but they didn't make enough for them both to get drunk on. Another time they tried a go at yellocution; but they didn't yellowcute long till the audience got up and made them skip out. They tackled missionarying and mesmerising and doctoring and telling fortunes, but they couldn't seem to have no luck. So at last they got just about dead-broke, and laid around the raft as she floated along talking low and confidential, and Jim and me began to get uneasy.

Early one morning they went into a little bit of a shabby village, named Pikesville, and there, while I was mouching round, them two frauds went and gave up poor Jim as a runaway nigger, and then they both made off with the two hundred dollars reward.

IV—Stealing a Nigger

I sat down and cried; I couldn't help it. But I couldn't sit still long. Pretty soon I went out on the road and I run across a boy and asked him who'd got the runaway nigger. He said Silas Phelps.

Phelps's was one of these little one-horse cotton plantations—big double log-house for the white folks, and a row of little nigger cabins by the smoke-house. I went around and climb over the back stile, and started for the kitchen. In a quarter of a minute I was a kind of a hub of a wheel—spokes made out of dogs—circle of fifteen of them packed together around me, with their necks and noses stretched up towards me, a-barking and howling.

A white woman came tearing from the house, about forty-five year old, bare-

headed, and her spinning-stick in her hand. Behind her came some little white children. She was smiling all over so she could scarcely stand, and says, "We been expecting you, Tom, a couple of days. What's kep' you? Boat get aground?"

I out with a "Yes'm" before I thought.

"Don't say 'Yes'm,' say 'Aunt Sally.' Lize, hurry and get him a hot breakfast."

She grabbed me and hugged me tight, and the tears came in her eyes and run down; she kept saying, "You don't look as much like your mother as I reckoned you would; but I am glad to see you."

I WAS getting so uneasy I couldn't listen. I had my mind on the children; I wanted to get them out to one side and pump them a little, and find who I was.

Pretty soon Mrs. Phelps made the cold chills streak all down my back, because she says, "But here's me a-running on in this way, and you hain't told me a word about sis, nor any of them. How are they? What are they doing?"

I see I was up a stump, and up it good. I says to myself, "Huck, you'd best tell the truth," and I opened my mouth to begin, but she grabbed me and hustled me into a room to an old gentleman, and he stared and says, "Why, who's this?"

"It's Tom Sawyer," says she.

By jings, I most slumped through the floor! But there warn't no time to swap knives. The old man grabbed me by the hand and kept on shaking, and the woman kept dancing round and laughing. Then they began to fire off questions about Sid and Mary, and the Sawyer family.

But if they was joyful, it warn't nothing to what I was. Being Tom Sawyer was easy and comfortable; and it stayed easy and comfortable till, by-and-by, I hear a steam-boat coughing along down river. Then I told the folks I would go up town and fetch down my baggage.

When I was half-way to the town, I see Tom Sawyer coming, and I sings out, "Hold on, Tom!" Tom's mouth opened like a trunk and stayed so, and he swallowed two or three times like a person that's got a dry throat, and then says: "I hain't ever done you no harm, Huck. You know that. So what you want to come back and haunt me for?"

"I hain't come back," I says. "I hain't never been gone."

"Honest injun, now," he says, "you ain't a ghost? Wasn't you ever drowned?"

"No," I says; "I just run off, cause I couldn't stand them trying to sivilize me."

He was that glad to see me again he didn't know what to do. I told him the kind of fix I was in.

"And there's one more thing," I said. "I'm not only Tom Sawyer now, but I'm a-trying to steal a nigger from your Uncle Silas. Jim come with me on the raft and they've got him as a runaway nigger."

"Why," he says, "Jim is——" He stopped, and he thought, and thought, and pretty soon he says: "I'm a-going to help you steal him."

He come with me to the farm and said he was Sid Sawyer, and of course Aunt Sally and Uncle Silas were mighty glad to see him.

When we got things fixed up in this way, Tom Sawyer and me went to work to find Jim and steal him. We found him, locked in a hut by the ash-hopper.

As soon as we reckoned everybody was asleep that night, we went down the lightning-rod and got some pickaxes and a lantern, and began to dig underneath the hut. But the dogs made a row, and just when we got Jim clear and was all three shinning through the dark to the place in the river where I'd hid the raft, everybody came after us. Tom got wounded in the ankle, and Jim stopped with me to tend him and got captured.

Then Tom let out that old Miss Watson died two months ago, and set Jim free in her will, 'cause she was ashamed she ever was going to sell him down the river.

"Then what on earth did you want to set him free for," says Aunt Sally, "seeing he was already free?"

"Well that is a question!" says Tom. "Just like a woman! Why, I wanted the adventure of it! Look at all the adventures Huck Finn has had!" They knowed I was Huck Finn by this time.

SO it all came right in the end for everyone but me. I reckon I'll have to light out for another place, because Aunt Sally says she's going to adopt and sivilize me, and I can't stand it. I been there before.

RICHARD BAXTER

THE SAINTS' EVERLASTING REST

NOTWITHSTANDING almost constant ill health and as constant active participation in the civil and religious turmoils of the Stewart period through which he lived, Richard Baxter found time to write no fewer than one hundred and sixty-eight volumes. Of these The Saints' Everlasting Rest alone secured a permanent place in religious literature. In 1647 a physical breakdown of exceptional severity compelled Baxter to give up his work as chaplain in the parliamentary army, and during some months of enforced seclusion at Rous Lench Court he employed himself in writing this masterpiece in anticipation of death, from the gates of which he was brought back by the tender care of his hosts, Sir Thomas and Lady Rous, to whom the first part of the work was inscribed. The book was published in 1650 and had an immediate and perhaps unprecedented success, some 20,000 copies being sold within a year of publication. It wonderfully reflects the strength and earnestness of its author and his passionate conviction of the tremendous reality of the issues of life and death.

I—The Nature of Rest

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." Heb. iv. 9.



IT was not only our interest in God and actual fruition of Him which was lost in Adam's covenant breaking fall, but all spiritual knowledge of Him, and true disposition towards such a felicity. Man hath now a heart too suitable to his low estate—a low state, and a low spirit. And when the Son of God comes with tenders of a spiritual and eternal happiness and glory, He finds not faith in man to believe it; but, as the poor man would not believe that any one man had such a sum as a hundred pounds—it was so far above what he possessed—so man will hardly now believe that there is such a happiness as once he had, much less as Christ hath now procured.

The Apostle bestows most of this epistle against this distemper, and clearly and largely proves that the rest of Sabbaths and Canaan should teach men to look for a further rest, which indeed is their happiness. What more welcome to men under personal afflictions, tiring duty, successions of sufferings, than rest? What more welcome news to men under public calamities, unpleasing employment, plundering losses, sad tidings, than this of rest?

Now let us see what this rest is. Though the sense of the text includes in the word 'rest' all that ease and safety which a soul hath with Christ in *this life*—the rest of grace—yet it chiefly intends the rest of eternal glory. Rest is the end and perfection of motion. The saints' rest, here in question, is *the most happy estate of a Christian having obtained the end of his course.*

May we show what this rest containeth? Alas! how little know I of that whereof I am about to speak. Shall I speak before I know? If I stay till I clearly know I shall not come again to speak. Therefore will I speak that little which I do know of it rather than be wholly silent.

There is contained in this rest a cessation from motion or action. When we have obtained the haven we have done with sailing; when we are at our journey's end we have done with the way. There shall be no more prayer because no more necessity, but the full enjoyment of what we prayed for. Neither shall we need to fast and weep and watch any more, being out of reach of sin and temptations. Nor will there be use for instructions and exhortations; preaching is done; the ministry of man ceaseth; sacraments useless; the labourer called in because the harvest is gathered, the work done.

This rest containeth a perfect freedom from all the evils that accompany us through our course, and which necessarily follow our absence from the chief good. Doubtless there is not such a thing as grief and sorrow known there; nor is there such a thing as a pale face, a languid body, feeble joints, unable infancy, decrepit age, peccant humours, dolorous sickness,

griping fears, consuming care, nor whatsoever deserveth the name of evil. Indeed, a gale of groans and sighs, a stream of tears accompanied us to the very gates, and there bid us farewell for ever.

The rest containeth the highest degree of the saints' personal perfection, both of soul and body. This necessarily qualifies them to enjoy the glory and thoroughly to partake the sweetness of it. This is one thing that makes the saints' joy there so great. Here eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived what God hath laid up for them that wait for Him; but there the eye and ear and heart are made capable, else how do they enjoy it? The more perfect the appetite the sweeter the food; the more musical the ear the more pleasant the melody; the more perfect the soul the more joyous those joys, and the more glorious to us is that glory.

This rest constraineth, as the principal part, our nearest fruition of God, the chiefest good. And here, wonder not if I be at a loss. When I know so little of God, I cannot know much what it is to enjoy Him. When it is so little I know of mine own soul—either its quiddity or quality, while it is here in this tabernacle—how little must I needs know of the infinite majesty, or the state of this soul when it is advanced to that enjoyment.

Nay, if I never saw that creature which contains not something unsearchable, nor the worm so small which afforded not matter for questions to puzzle the greatest philosopher that ever I met with, no wonder if mine eye fail when I look at God, my tongue fail me in speaking of Him, and my heart in conceiving.

What strange conceivings hath a man born blind of the sun and its light; or a man born deaf of the nature of music; so do we want that sense by which God must be clearly known. But this we know, the chief good is for us to be near to God.

II—How the Saints will be Employed

THIS rest containeth a sweet and constant action of all the powers of the soul and body in this fruition of God. It is not the rest of a stone, which ceaseth from motion when it attains the centre. Whether the external senses, such as now we have, shall be continued and employed in this work is a great doubt. For some of them, it is usually acknowledged, they shall cease, because their being importeth their use, and their use implieth our state of imperfection—as there is no use for eating and drinking, so neither for taste. But do not all senses imply our imperfection?

As the ore is cast into the fire a stone, but comes forth so pure a metal that it deserves another name, so far greater will the change of our body and senses be—even so great as now we cannot conceive. And, doubtless, as God advanceth our sense and enlargeth our capacity, so will He advance the happiness of those senses, and fill up with Himself all that capacity.

And if the body shall be thus employed, oh, how shall the soul be taken up! As the bodily senses have their proper aptitude and action, so doth the soul in its own action enjoy its own object—by knowing, by thinking, by remembering, by loving.

Knowledge of itself is very desirable, even the knowledge of some evil, though not the evil itself. As far as a rational soul exceeds the sensitive, so far the delights of a philosopher in discovering the secrets of nature, and knowing the mysteries of science, exceed the delights of the glutton, the drunkard, the unclean, and of all voluptuous sensualists whatsoever—so excellent is all truth. What, then, is their delight who know the God of truth!

What would I not give so that all the uncertain, questionable principles in logic, natural philosophy, metaphysics and medicine were but certain in themselves and to me, and that my dull, obscure notions of them were but quick and clear? Oh, what then should I not either perform or part with to enjoy a clear and true apprehension of the most true God!

How noble a faculty of the soul is this understanding! It can compass the earth; it can measure the sun, moon, stars and heaven; it can foreknow each eclipse to a minute many years before; yea, but the top of all its excellency is that it can know God, who is infinite and unchangeable, who made all these—a little here, and more, much more, hereafter.

Oh, the wisdom and goodness of our blessed Lord! He hath created the understanding with a natural bias and inclination to truth as its object, and to the prime truth as its prime object; and lest we should turn aside to any creature, He hath kept this as His own divine prerogative, not communicable to any creature, namely, to *be* the prime truth.

And, doubtless, memory will not be idle or useless in this blessed work, if it be but by looking back to help the soul to value its enjoyment. Our knowledge will be enlarged, not diminished; therefore the knowledge of things past shall not be taken away. And what is that knowledge but remembrance?

Doubtless, from that height the saint can look behind him and before him; and to compare past with present things must needs raise in the blessed soul an unconceivable esteem and sense of its condition.

To stand on that mount whence we can see the wilderness and Canaan both at once; to stand in heaven and look back on earth, and weigh them together in the balance of a comparing sense and judgement, how must it needs transport the soul and make it cry out: Have the gales of grace blown me into such a harbour? O, blessed way, and thrice blessed end!

And now if there be such a thing as indignation left how will it here let fly: O vile nature that resisted so much and so long such a blessing! Unworthy soul, is this the place thou camest so unwillingly towards? Was duty wearisome? Was the world too good to lose? Didst thou stick at leaving all, denying all and suffering anything for this? Wast thou loth to die to come to this? O false heart, that had almost betrayed me and lost me this glory!

But oh, the full, the near, the sweet enjoyment is that of the affections—love and joy! It is near, for love is of the essence of the soul; love is the essence of God, for God is love. Oh, the high delights of this love! The content that the heart findeth in it! Surely love is both work and wages.

But, alas! my fearful heart scarce dares proceed. Methinks I hear the Almighty's voice saying to me, as to Job, 'Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?'

But pardon, O Lord, Thy servant's sin. I have not pried into unrevealed things, nor with audacious wits curiously searched into Thy counsels; but, indeed, I have dishonoured Thy Holiness, wronged Thine Excellency, disgraced Thy saints' glory by my own disproportionable pourtraying.

I bewail that my conceivings fall so short, my apprehensions are so dull, my thoughts so mean, my affections so stupid, expressions so low, and unbeseeming such a glory. But I have only heard by the hearing of the ear. Oh, let Thy servant see Thee and possess these joys, and then I shall have more suitable conceivings, and shall give Thee fuller glory!

III—How the Eternal Rest is Reached

Having thus opened to you a window towards the temple, and showed you a small glimpse of the back parts of that resemblance of the saints' rest which I had seen in the Gospel glass, it follows that we proceed to view a little the adjuncts and blessed properties of this rest, and first consider the eminent antecedents, the great preparations, the notable introduction to this rest; for the porch of this temple is exceeding glorious, and the gate of it is called beautiful.

And here offer themselves to our observation as the four corners of this porch the most glorious coming and appearing of the Son of God; His wonderful raising of our bodies from the dust, and uniting them again with the soul; His public and solemn proceedings in their judgement; His solemn celebration of their coronation, and His enthronising of them in their glory.

Well may the coming of Christ be reckoned into His people's glory and enumerated with those ingredients that compound this precious antidote of rest, for to this end it is intended, and to this end it is of apparent necessity. Alas, fellow-Christians, what should we do if our Lord should not return? What a case are we here left in! It cannot be; never fear it, it cannot be. And O, fellow-

Christians, what a day will that be when we, who have been kept prisoners by sin and the grave, shall be fetched out by the Lord Himself!

It will not be such a coming as His first was—in meanness and poverty and contempt. He will not come, O careless world, to be slighted and neglected by you any more. To think and speak of that day with horror doth well beseem the impenitent sinner, but ill the believing saint.

How full of joy was that blessed martyr, Mr. Glover, with the discovery of Christ to his soul, after long doubting and waiting in sorrow, so that he cries out: 'He is come! He is come!'

If thou have but a dear friend returned, that hath been far and long absent, how do all run out to meet him with joy! 'Oh,' saith the child, 'my father is come!' Saith the wife, 'My husband is come!' And shall not we, when we behold our Lord returning, cry out: 'He is come! He is come!'



RICHARD BAXTER was born at Rowton, Shropshire, November 12, 1615, and educated at the Donnington Free School, Wroxeter. He was ordained in 1638, and after short periods at Dudley and Bridgenorth was appointed curate and lecturer at Kidderminster, where he remained from 1641 to 1660, then removing to London. He took a leading part in the Savoy Conference, and after the passing of the Act of Uniformity in 1662, became an avowed Nonconformist, as such experiencing many troubles, including imprisonment under James II. The Revolution and the Toleration Act brought him quietude in his latter years. He died in London, December 8, 1691.

THE second stream that leadeth to Paradise is that great work of Jesus Christ in raising our bodies from the dust and uniting them again unto the soul. A wonderful effect of infinite power and love.

'Yea, wonderful indeed,' saith unbelief, 'if it be true.' 'What,' saith the Atheist and Sadducee, 'shall all these scattered bones and dust become a man? A man drowned in the sea is eaten by fishes, and they by men again, and these men by worms. What is to become of the body of that first man? Shall it rise again?'

Thou fool—for so Paul calls thee—dost thou dispute against the power of the Almighty? Wilt thou pose Him with thy sophistry? Dost thou object difficulties to infinite strength? Thou dust, thou nothing, knowest thou who it is whose power thou dost question? If thou shouldst see Him, thou wouldst presently die. If He should come and dispute His cause with thee, couldst thou bear it? If thou shouldst hear His voice, couldst thou endure?

Come then, fellow-Christians, let us contentedly commit these carcasses to the dust, knowing that prison shall not long contain them. Let us lie down in peace and take our rest; it will not be an everlasting night or endless sleep. As sure as we awake in the morning when we have slept out the night, so sure shall we then awake. What if our carcasses become as vile as those of the beasts that perish, what if our bones are digged up and scattered about the pit brink, and worms consume our flesh, yet we know that our Redeemer liveth, and shall stand at the last on earth, and we shall see Him with these eyes.

The third part of this prologue to the saints' rest is the public and solemn process at their judgement. O terrible, O joyful day! Then shall the world behold the goodness and the severity of the Lord—on them who perish, severity; but to His chosen, goodness. Then, fellow-Christians, let the terror of that day be never so great, surely our Lord can mean no ill to us.

The fourth antecedent and highest step to the saints' advancement is their solemn coronation, enthronising and receiving into the kingdom. They that have been faithful unto death shall receive the crown of life, and according to the improvement of their talents here so shall their rule and dignity be enlarged.

IV—Excellencies of the Eternal Rest

A COMFORTABLE adjunct of this rest is the fellowship of the blessed saints and angels of God. Oh, when I look in the faces of the precious people of God and, believing, think of this day, what a refreshing thought is it! Shall we not there remember, think you, the pikes which we passed through here; our fellowship in duty and in sufferings; how oft our groans made as it were one sound, our conjunct tears but one stream, and our conjunct desires but one prayer? And now all our praises shall make up one melody, and all our churches one church; and all ourselves but one body; for we shall be one in Christ, even as He and the Father are one.

It is a question with some whether we shall know each other in heaven or no. Surely there shall no knowledge cease which now we have, but only that which implieth imperfection! And what imperfection can this imply? Nay, our present knowledge shall be increased beyond belief. It shall be done away, but as the light of candles and stars is done away by the rising of the sun, which is more properly a doing away of our ignorance than of our knowledge.

Indeed, we shall not know each other after the flesh; nor by stature, voice, colour, complexion, visage, or outward shape, but by the image of Christ and spiritual relation, and former faithfulness in improving our talents we shall know and be known.

Again, a further excellence is this it will be unto us a *seasonable* rest. When we have passed a long and tedious journey, and that through no small dangers, is not home then seasonable? When we have had a long and perilous war, and have lived in the midst of furious enemies, and have been forced to stand on a perpetual watch, and received from them many a wound, would not a peace with victory be now seasonable?

Some are complaining under the pressure of the times—weary of their taxes, weary of their quarterings, weary of plunderings, weary of their fears and dangers, weary of their poverty and wants, and is not rest yet seasonable?

Some of us languish under continual weakness, and groan under most grievous pains, weary of going, weary of sitting, weary of standing, weary of lying, weary of eating, weary of speaking, weary of waking, weary of our very friends, weary of ourselves. Oh, how oft hath this been mine own case—and is not rest yet seasonable?

A further excellence is that this is a *suitable* rest. Gold and earthly glory, temporal crowns and kingdoms could not make rest for saints. Such as their nature and desire such will be their rest.

It will, too, be absolutely *perfect and complete*—as there is no mixture of our corruption with our graces, so there will be no mixture of our sufferings with our solace.

We shall know which was the right side and which the wrong. Then shall our understandings receive their light from the face of God, as the full moon from the open sun when there is no earth to interpose betwixt them. It is a perfect rest from perplexing doubts and fear, from all sense of God's displeasure, from all the temptations of Satan, the world and the flesh.

And it is an *eternal* rest.* This is the crown of our crown. Mortality is the disgrace of all sublunary delights. But, O blessed eternity, where our lives are perplexed by no such thoughts, nor our joys interrupted by any such fears! Our first paradise in Eden had a way out, but none in again; but this eternal paradise hath a way in, but no way out again.

THUS I have endeavoured to show you a glimpse of the approaching glory; but oh how short are my expressions of its excellence! Reader, if thou be an humble sincere believer, and waitest with longing and labouring for this rest, thou wilt shortly see and feel the truth of all this. In the meantime let this much kindle thy desires and quicken thine endeavours. Up and be doing, run and strive, and fight, and hold on, for thou hast a certain glorious prize before thee.

The Lord heal our carnal hearts lest we enter not into His eternal rest because of our unbelief.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

AS YOU LIKE IT

DESCRIBED by Professor Dowden as the sweetest and happiest of all Shakespeare's comedies, As You Like It was written about 1599, produced at the famous Bankside playhouse called The Globe, and first printed in 1623. It is based on Thomas Lodge's Rosalynde, Euphues' Golden Legacie, 1590, a romance of the Ardennes which was drawn in part from a fourteenth-century ballad, The Tale of Gamelyn; but the names of the characters are altered, that of Lodge's hero Rosader, for example, to Orlando. Shakespeare also introduced Touchstone, Jaques and Audrey and incidentally quoted (*iii*, 5) a notable line from Marlowe's Hero and Leander, 1598: 'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Duke, living in banishment
Frederick, his brother and usurper of his dominions
Oliver, **Jaques** and **Orlando**, sons of Sir Rowland de Bois
Touchstone, a clown
Adam, servant to Oliver, afterwards to Orlando
Rosalind, daughter to the banished Duke
Celia, daughter to Frederick
Phebe, a shepherdess
Audrey, a country wench

The scene lies near Oliver's house, in the usurper's Court, and in the Forest of Arden

First Act



ORLANDO: As I remember, Adam, my father bequeathed me a thousand crowns and charged my brother to breed me well. My brother Jaques he keeps at school; for my part he stays me here unkept. His horses are bred better. The spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny. I will no longer endure it.

[*Enter* **Oliver**. **Adam** *stands aside.*

Oliver: Now, sir! What make you here?

Orl.: Nothing; I am not taught to make anything.

Oli.: Know you where you are, sir?

Orl.: O, sir, very well; here, in your orchard.

Oli.: Know you before whom, sir?

Orl.: Ay, better than him I am before knows me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but I have as much of my father in me as you.

Oli.: Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl.: I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so.

Adam (*coming forward*): Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli.: Let me go, I say. [me.

Orl.: I will not, till I please; you shall hear

[**Orlando** demands the thousand crowns left him by his father, wherewith he says he will depart. **Oliver** says he shall have some part of his will, tells him to go, and bids **Adam**, 'you old dog,' go with him. Then he calls for **Charles**, a formidable and famous wrestler, and asks, 'What's the new news at the new Court?']

Charles: There's no news at the Court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him.

Oli.: Where will the old Duke live?

Cha.: They say he is already in the Forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

[**Charles** speaks of a wrestling match on the morrow, at which he is to challenge all-comers, among whom, he has heard, will be **Oliver's** younger brother **Orlando**, whom he would be loth to injure.]

Oli.: I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't: for, I assure thee (and almost with tears I speak it), there is not one so young and so villainous this day living.

Cha.: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment.

[*Before the wrestling match* **Celia** *and* **Rosalind** *try to dissuade* **Orlando** *from the contest.*]

Orl.: I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for there is none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

[**Charles** is thrown by **Orlando** and carried out. **Duke Frederick** asks **Orlando** his name.]

Orl. : Orlando, my liege, the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke Frederick : I would thou hadst been son to some man else.
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth.

[**Rosalind** tells **Celia** her father loved Sir Rowland as his soul. **Celia** suggests they go and thank the youth and encourage him.]

Rosalind (*giving* **Orlando** *a chain from her neck*) : Gentleman,
Wear this for me ; one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.

Orl. : Can I not say, I thank you ? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. : Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. : Will you go, *coz* ?

Ros. : Have with you. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* **Rosalind** *and* **Celia**.

Orl. : What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue ?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando ! thou art overthrown.

[**Rosalind** and **Celia** talk together of **Orlando**. Troubled by her sudden love for him, **Rosalind** exclaims : 'O, how full of briars is this working-day world !' The **Duke** enters and orders **Rosalind** to leave the Court within ten days under pain of death. **Celia** decides to go with her cousin to the Forest of Arden.]

Ros. : Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far !
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

[**Celia** puts herself in poor attire and calls herself Aliena ; **Rosalind** puts on boy's clothes and calls herself Ganymede ; and they decide to take with them **Touchstone**, the Court clown.]

Second Act

In the Forest of Arden the banished **Duke** discourses with his followers on the advantages of woodland life as compared with the perils of the envious Court.]

Duke : Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

[While at Court search is being instituted for the runaways, **Orlando** is met outside his brother's house by **Adam** and warned against entering, because of his brother's threat against his life. With five hundred crowns that he has saved **Adam** offers his services to **Orlando**.]

Adam : Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility.
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frostly, but kindly. Let me go with you.

Orlando : O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed.

[**Orlando** and **Adam** depart. The scene changes again to the Forest of Arden, where **Rosalind, Celia** and **Touchstone**, travel-weary and in need of food, meet **Corin**, a shepherd. They hire the shepherd, buy his master's sheepcote with its flocks and fodder, and settle down to rest. In another part of the Forest **Amiens, Jaques** and other lords foregather.]

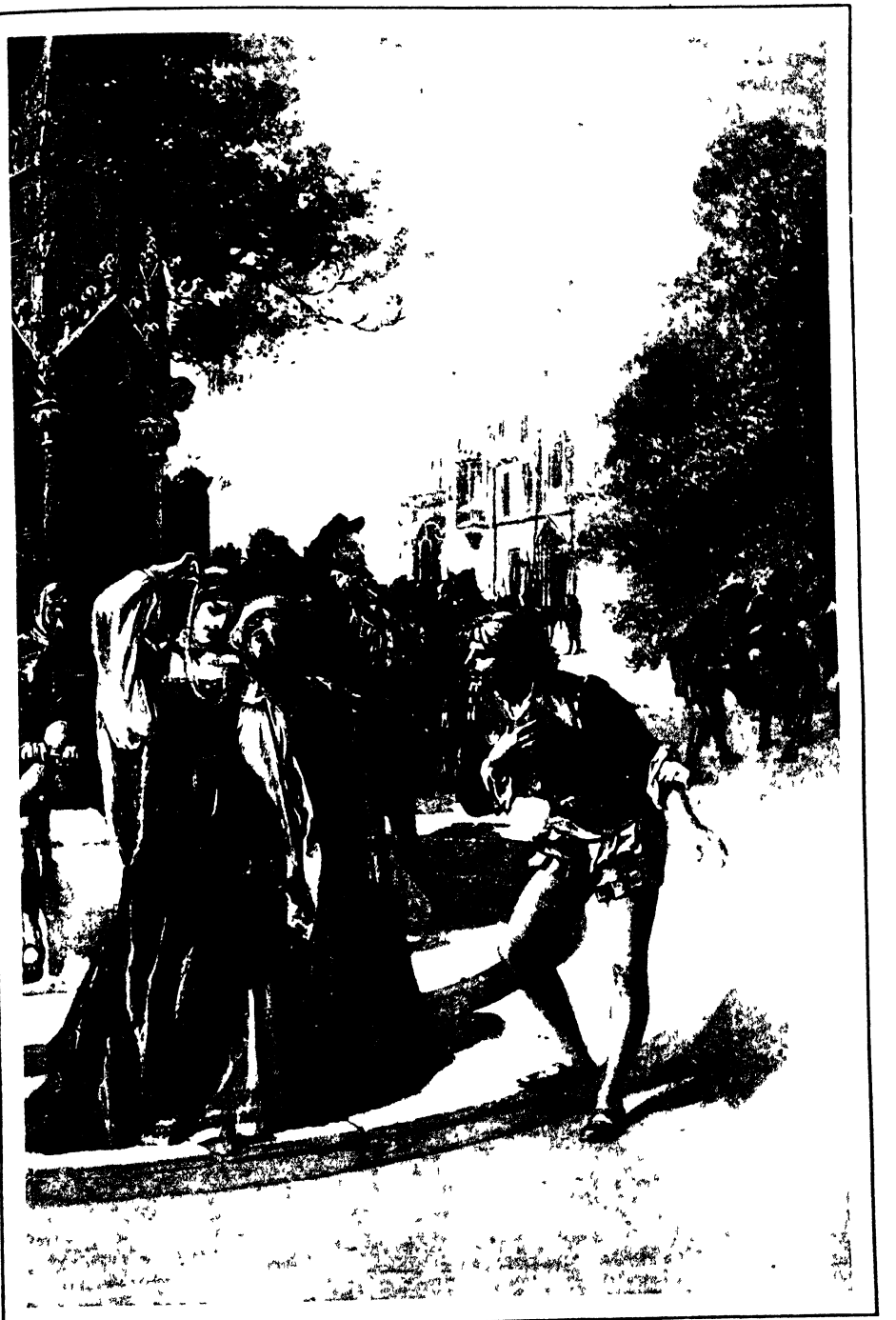
Amiens (*sings*) : Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat—
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

[There is more singing. Then the singers depart to join the **Duke**. **Adam** is next seen with **Orlando** in the forest. The old man declares he can go no farther, but needs must lie down and measure out his grave. **Orlando** bids him take courage. In the next scene, the **Duke** is shown dining with others. *Enter* **Jaques**.]

Duke : Why, how now, monsieur, what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company ?
What, you look merrily.

Jaques : A fool, a fool ! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool ;—a miserable world !
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and basked him in the sun,
And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms—and yet a motley fool !
'Good-morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me fortune.'
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock ;
Thus may we see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags :
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven :
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.' O noble fool !
A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear.

[While **Jaques** continues to talk in this vein **Orlando**, bearing a drawn sword, enters and forbids the diners to eat more till necessity is served. He is almost dying for food, but will touch nothing till the poor old man who has limped with him so far be first sufficed.]



'GENTLEMAN, WEAR THIS FOR ME

From the drawing by Emile Bayard

Duke : Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.
Orl. : I thank ye ; and be blessed for your good comfort ! [*Exit.*
Duke : Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy :
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
Jaques : All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms. [satchel,
And then, the whining school-boy, with his
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation [justice,
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

[*Re-enter* **Orlando** with **Adam**. The **Duke** bids them fall to, and calls for music.]

Amiens (*sings*) : Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho ! sing, heigh ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh, ho ! the holly !
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh, ho ! sing, etc.

[Renewing his welcome the **Duke** bids **Orlando** and **Adam** come to his cave and tell their story.]

Third Act

AT Court **Oliver** is banished till he shall find his brother, dead or alive. In the forest **Orlando** is discovered hanging verses on the trees in witness of his love for **Rosalind**.]

Orlando : O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando ; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*
[*Enter* **Corin**, *a shepherd, and* **Touchstone**.
Corin : And how like you this shepherd's life,
Master Touchstone ?
Touchstone : Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life, but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is nought. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well ; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd ?
Corin : No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is ; and that he that wants money, means and content, is without three good friends ; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn ; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun.
Touch. : Wast ever at Court, shepherd ?
Cor. : No, truly.
Touch. : Then thou art damned. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.
Cor. : Sir, I am a true labourer : I earn that I eat, get that I wear ; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness ; glad of other men's good, content with my harm ; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

[*Enter* **Rosalind** as Gannymede, reading verses in praise of **Rosalind**.]

Touch. : I'll rhyme you so eight years together. This is the very false gallop of verses : why do you infect yourself with them ?
Rosalind : Peace, you dull fool ; I found them on a tree.
Touch. : Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

[*Enter* **Celia** as Aliena, reading another paper. *Exeunt* **Corin** and **Touchstone**. The cousins discuss the verses. **Celia** guesses who has written them. **Rosalind** expresses ignorance. At length **Celia** utters **Orlando's** name. **Rosalind** exclaims : 'Alas the day ! What shall I do with my doublet and hose ?' **Orlando** approaches with **Jaques**, and the cousins retire.]

Jaques : I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.
Orl. : I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.
Jaq. : Rosalind is your love's name ?
Orl. : Yes, just.
Jaq. : I do not like her name.
Orl. : There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.
Jaq. : You have a nimble wit. Will you sit down with me, and we two will rail against our mistress, the world and all our misery.
Orl. : I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.
Jaq. : The worst fault you have is to be in love.
Orl. : 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.
Jaq. : I'll tarry no longer with you : farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. : I am glad of your departure : adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

[*Exit* **Jaques.** **Rosalind** *and* **Celia** *come forward.*

Ros. (*aside to* **Celia**) : I will speak to him like a saucy lackey. (*Aloud.*) Do you hear, forester ?

Orl. : Very well ; what would you ?

Ros. : I pray you, what is't o'clock ?

Orl. : You should ask me, what time o'day : there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. : Then there's no true lover in the forest ; else sighing every minute would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. : And why not the swift foot of Time ? Had that not been as proper ?

Ros. : By no means, sir. Time travels in divers places with divers persons.

Orl. : Where dwell you, pretty youth ?

Ros. : With this shepherdess, my sister ; here in the skirts of the forest. There is a man that abuses our young plants with carving ' Rosalind ' on their barks ; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles ; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind : if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel.

Orl. : I am he that is so love-shaked : I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. : An old religious uncle of mine, who taught me to speak, one that knew courtship too well, taught me how to know a man in love.

Orl. : What were his marks ?

Ros. : A lean cheek, which you have not ; a blue eye, and sunken, which you have not ; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not ; a beard neglected, which you have not. Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man.

Orl. : I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. : I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me. Will you go ?

Orl. : With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. : Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go ? [*Exeunt*

[Follows a scene in which **Touchstone** tells **Audrey**, a simple-minded goatherd he has won away from a young country fellow named **William**, that they must be married. **Celia** and **Rosalind** are shown talking of **Orlando**, who has not kept his promise to visit them. *Enter* **Corin**, who invites them to witness a scene proceeding between **Silvius**, a love-lorn shepherd, and **Phebe**, his disdainful mistress. They follow and overhear **Phebe** scornfully rejecting **Silvius'** suit.]

Ros. (*to* **Phebe**) : Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched ? [me ?—
Why, what means this ? Why do you look on
Od's my little life !
I think she means to tangle my eyes too.
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it ;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow
You are a thousand times a properer man [her ?
Than she a woman. [knees,
But, mistress, know yourself : down on your
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love.

Phebe (*left alone with* **Silvius**) : Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might.
' Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight ? '

[Speaking in kindlier tones to **Silvius**, **Phebe** protests against **Rosalind's** words, saying :]

' I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it ; wilt thou, Silvius ? '

Silvius : Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. : I'll write it straight]



' NO, 'FAITH, PROUD MISTRESS, HOPE NOT AFTER IT '
From the drawing by Emile Bayard

Fourth Act

Enter **Rosalind, Celia** *and* **Jaques**

JAQUES : I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Rosalind : They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. : I am so; I do love it better than laughing. 'Tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. : Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. : I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation, nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels; which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. : A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear, you have sold your old lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. : Yes, I have gained by experience.

Ros. : And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad.

[*Enter* **Orlando.**

Orlando : Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind.

Jaq. : Nay then, God be wi' you, and you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

Ros. : Farewell, Monsieur Traveller. Why, how now, Orlando! Where have you been all this while? You a lover! And you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. : My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. : Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heartwhole. Am I not your Rosalind?

Orl. : I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. : Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orl. : Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. : No, 'faith, die by attorney. Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

[More witty bantering follows. **Rosalind** calls upon **Celia** to be the priest and marry them. They repeat the binding words of the marriage service.]

Orl. : I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. : If you come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise. Therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. : With no less religion, than if indeed thou wert my Rosalind; so adieu. [*Exit.*

[**Silvius** brings **Phebe's** letter and, when **Rosalind** reads it, is amazed at its affectionate tenour.]

Silvius : Call you this railing? Call you this chiding?

Celia : Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. : Do you pity him? No; he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? Well, go your way to her (for, I see, love hath made thee a tame snake), and say this to her—that if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.

[*Exit* **Silvius.**

Oliver (*entering*): Good-morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheepcote fenced about with olive trees?

Cel. : West of this place, down in the neighbouring bottom:
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. : If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description.
Are not you
The owners of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. : It is no boast, being asked, to say, we are.

Oli. : Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. : I am. What must we understand by this?

Oli. : Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stained.

Cel. : I pray you tell it.

Oli. : When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell!

[**Oliver** tells how **Orlando** saved him from a lioness and was wounded in doing so. **Rosalind** swoons, but, on recovering, bids **Oliver** commend her 'counterfeiting' to **Orlando.**]

Fifth Act

Enter **Touchstone** *and* **Audrey**

TOUCHSTONE : Pair Audrey, there's a youth in the forest lays claim to you.

Audrey : Ay, I know who 'tis. Here comes the man you mean. [*Enter* **William.**

William : Good even, Audrey.

Aud. : God ye good even, William.

Will. : And good even to you, sir.

Touch. : Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. : Five-and-twenty, sir.

Touch. : Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. : Ay, sir, thank God.

Touch.: Thank God; a good answer. Art rich?
Will. : Faith, sir, so so.
Touch. : So so, is good, very good, very excellent good : and yet it is not ; it is but so so. Art thou wise ?
Will. : Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.
Touch. : Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying, ' The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' You do love this maid ?
Will. : I do, sir. [learned ?
Touch. : Give me your hand. Art thou
Will. : No, sir.
Touch. : Then learn this. To have, is to have ; *ipse* is he ; now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.
Will. : Which he, sir ?
Touch. : He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest. Therefore tremble, and depart.
Aud. : Do, good William.
Will. : God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

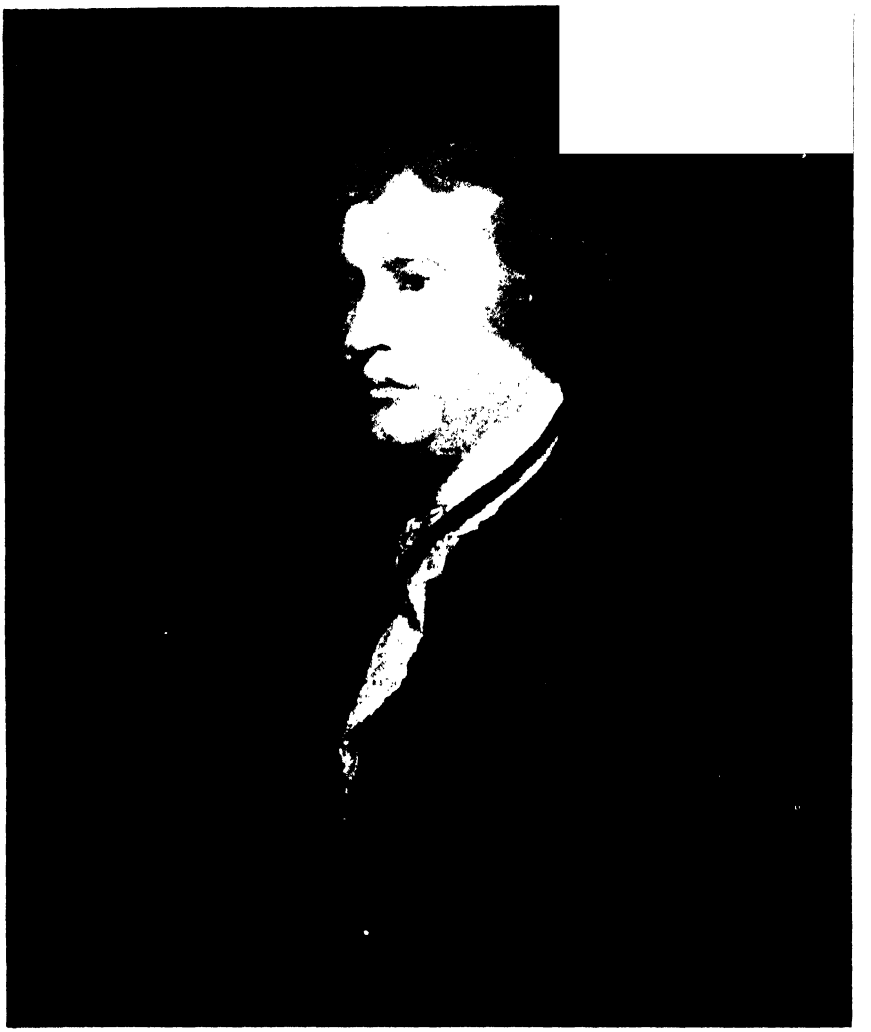
[**Oliver,** now reconciled to **Orlando,** tells him of his sudden love for **Celia** and declares his intention, if she loves him, to settle his estate on **Orlando** and live and die a shepherd. *Enter* **Rosalind.**]

Rosalind : God save you, brother.
Oliver : And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*
Ros. : Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkercher ?
Orlando : Ay, and greater wonders than that
Ros. : O, I know where you are—for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked ; no sooner looked, but they loved ; no sooner loved, but they sighed : no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason ; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy ; and in these degrees they have made a pair of stairs to marriage.
Orl. : They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes !
Ros. : I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her.
Orl. : Speak'st thou in sober meaning ?
Ros. : By my life, I do ; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician.

[**Rosalind** and **Celia** disclose their identity, and are married to **Orlando** and **Oliver** respectively : **Silvius** and **Phebe,** and **Touchstone** and **Audrey** are also married. **Duke Frederick** restores his brother to the dukedom and retires, as does **Jaques,** to a religious life. The Epilogue is spoken by **Rosalind.**]



'TREMBLE AND DEPART' . . . . 'DO GOOD WILLIAM'
From the drawing by Emile Bayard



Edmund Burke (1729-1797) is not the least brilliant figure in that brilliant eighteenth century company that also included Johnson and Sheridan, Garrick and Reynolds. He established his literary reputation in 1756 with his Vindication of Natural Society and his Philosophical Enquiry into the Sublime and Beautiful, and he crowned it in 1790 when he published his Reflections on the Revolution in France. He entered parliament in 1760 and thereafter, until 1794, when he retired, was a constant advocate of religious toleration, financial reform and an indulgent colonial policy. As a practical politician Burke is not immune against a charge of 'trimming,' but as the constant champion of evolution as opposed to revolution in the development of society he became the apostle of conservatism for all time. Stately and sonorous prose, which reveals the scope and power of the English language, characterised his speeches, and all his work is distinguished by an orderly command of ideas and facts and a gift of logical exposition which place him among the supreme masters of English prose. This portrait, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is in the National Portrait Gallery.

EDMUND BURKE

THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL

IN the year 1756 Burke published his earliest serious work, the full title of which is A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful. This essay, although in some ways an immature performance, received considerable notice in this country and had a large influence on the Continent, particularly in Germany, where it attracted much attention from the aesthetic school of thought. It very curiously anticipates a modern interpretation of the emotions which has been much developed in Germany and in America during recent years under the name of physiological psychology; by this system physical states are regarded as the causes of pleasurable and painful states of the mind. It is interesting to observe Burke's early and serious preoccupation with the problem of the sublime and the beautiful, because his style and his thought alike, though undistinguished when this essay was written, became the most superb examples of majesty and beauty. The work is reprinted in Bohn's Library.

I—What is Taste?



HOWEVER widely we may seem to differ from one another in our reasonings and in our pleasures, it is probable that the standard both of reason and taste is the same in all human creatures; for if that were not so, it would be impossible that the ordinary correspondence of life should be maintained.

It is generally acknowledged that with regard to truth and falsehood there are tests and standards which are allowed on all sides; and it is possible that the logic of taste, if I may use the expression, might, if sufficiently studied, afford us analogous standards with regard to the beautiful and the desirable. It would be absurd to lay down rules for caprice, and to set up as a legislator of whims and fancies, as we should be doing if there were no fixed principles of taste.

The term 'taste' is figurative and not very accurate, and is therefore liable to uncertainty and confusion; but I have no great opinion of a definition, which is the celebrated remedy for this disorder. By the word 'taste' I mean those faculties of mind which are affected with, or form a judgement of, the works of imagination and the elegant arts. And my point is to find whether there are any principles of taste so common to all, so grounded and certain, as to supply the means of reasoning satisfactorily about them.

Our natural powers, which have to do with external objects, are the senses, the imagination and the judgement

As for the senses, since their organs are nearly the same in all men, we must suppose that the manner of perceiving external objects is in all men the same, or very nearly the same. What appears light to one eye, appears light to another; what is sweet to one palate is sweet to another; and so on. Otherwise we should be abandoned to a scepticism which would make every sort of reasoning on every subject vain and frivolous.

Further, it must be allowed that every object excites identical pleasures and pains in all mankind. Thus, all concur in calling sweetness pleasant and bitterness unpleasant, except where the palate is vitiated by habit or by malady. Light is to all more pleasing than darkness, and summer more agreeable than winter.

Beside the senses, we possess imagination, to which belong wit, fancy, invention and the like; this faculty, though it cannot produce anything absolutely new, varies the disposition of the ideas received from the senses. It is the chief province of pleasure and pain, as it is the region of our fears, hopes and of all our passions. It is addicted to resemblances, and thus develops similitudes, metaphors and analogies, which appeal immediately to all men. The judgement, on the other hand, is concerned rather with differences; and

what we call a difference of taste proceeds chiefly from a difference in respect of critical knowledge. Since imagination depends on the senses, there must be just as close an agreement in the imaginations as in the senses of men; and in so far as taste belongs to the imagination, its principle is the same in all.

But a real disagreement in matters of taste arises in the province of the judgement. Many works of imagination are not confined to the representation of sensible objects, nor to affecting the passions, but extend also to the manners, characters, actions and designs of men, and to their virtues and vices, and thus come within the province of judgement, which is improved by attention and by the habit of reasoning.

Horace sends us to the schools of philosophy and to the world for our instruction in these matters. Therefore, what is called taste is not a simple idea, but is made up partly of a perception of the primary pleasures of sense, partly of the secondary pleasures of the imagination, and partly of the conclusions of the reasoning faculty. Lack of sensibility leads to want of taste; weakness in judgement constitutes wrong, or bad taste.

II—Pleasure and Pain

But let us turn now to the problem of the origin of our ideas of the sublime and the beautiful. The first and simplest emotion is curiosity, or the desire for, or pleasure in, novelty. Children are always running after something new. This appetite is very sharp, but is easily satisfied; and some degree of novelty is a necessary element in every object of taste.

The objects designed to move our passions must therefore be in some measure new, but they must also be capable of exciting pain or pleasure. Now, pain and pleasure are simple ideas which are incapable of definition. Many think, unjustifiably, that pain arises necessarily from the removal of some pleasure, and pleasure from the cessation of some pain; but the human mind is for the most part in a state of indifference, from which it is carried occasionally into a state of pleasure or pain. There is a certain emotion, akin to pleasure, which arises on the cessation of pain. This relative pleasure I call 'delight,' and use that word in no other sense.

Most of the ideas which are capable of impressing the mind with pain or pleasure may be reduced to the principles of 'self-preservation' and of 'society.'

The passions which concern self-preservation turn mostly on pain or danger, and whatever is fitted in any way to excite the ideas of pain and danger, or operates in a manner analogous to terror, is a source of the sublime, and is productive of the strongest emotion which the mind is capable of feeling.

Those passions, on the other hand, which belong to society, whether it be the society of the sexes or that more general society which we have with men, animals, and even with the inanimate world, have their origin in pleasures. The object of the love of the sexes is beauty, and beauty is the social quality which attaches us to other objects of our affection.

Among the various passions of society, sympathy, imitation and ambition are of the first importance. Of these, sympathy is the cause of our pleasure in tragedy, in the witnessing of which we are always aware that the distresses and catastrophes are fictitious. Imitation is the passion which forms our manners, our opinions, our lives, and is one of the strongest links of society. Ambition is a social passion, because it leads a man to distinguish himself before others.

III—Elements of the Sublime

The passion caused by the great and sublime in nature is astonishment, and astonishment is that state of the soul in which all its motions are suspended, with some degree of horror. The mind is so entirely filled with its object that it cannot entertain any other, nor reason on that object which fills it. Astonishment is the effect of the sublime in its highest degree; its inferior effects are admiration, reverence and respect. No passion so effectually robs the mind of all its powers of acting

and reasoning as terror; and whatever is terrible with regard to sight, is sublime.

It is impossible to look on anything dangerous as trifling or contemptible, so that even serpents are capable of raising ideas of the sublime. The sublimity of the ocean is due to the fact that it is an object of no little terror. How closely allied are terror and sublimity we may judge from the Greek language, which has but one word for 'fear' and for 'wonder,' another for 'terrible' or 'respectable,' while a third means either 'to reverence' or 'to fear.'

To make anything very terrible, obscurity seems in general to be necessary, for a great deal of apprehension vanishes when we are able to see the full extent of any danger. Night adds to our dread of ghosts; almost all the heathen temples were dark; and despotic governments, founded on fear, keep their ruler as much as may be from the public eye. Clearness, on the other hand, is not the same as beauty; it is one thing to make an idea clear, and another to make it affecting to the imagination.

Indeed, a great clearness is in some sort an enemy to all enthusiasm. Poetry is, therefore, superior to painting as a means of raising the passions, although the latter gives the clearest images. The fact is, that our ignorance of things causes all our admiration, and chiefly excites our passions. In great passages of Milton the mind is hurried out of itself by a crowd of grand and confused images, which affect because they are crowded and confused. The images of poetry are always obscure. To see a thing distinctly is to see its bounds, and cut it off from infinity. A clear idea is another name for a little idea.

SUBLIMITY includes, besides the idea of danger, the idea of power also. Pleasure follows the will, and we are generally affected with it by many things of a force inferior to our own; but pain is always inflicted by a power in some way superior. Strength, violence, pain and terror are therefore ideas which occupy the mind together. The sublimity of wild animals is due to their power; and the power of princes is not unmixed with terror, so that we address them as 'dread majesty.'

I know that some have said that we can contemplate the idea of God without terror or awe. If I may speak of this without impropriety, I will say that no conviction of the justice with which it is exercised, nor of the mercy with which it is tempered, can wholly remove the terror that naturally arises from a force which nothing can withstand. It has even been said that fear originated the idea of deity, and true it is that, before Christianity, there was very little said of the love of God.

ALL general privations are great, because they are all terrible—vacuity, darkness, solitude and silence. Again, vastness, or greatness of dimension, is a powerful cause of the sublime; and of the three measures of extension, length strikes us least, and height is less grand than depth. The effects of a rugged, broken surface are stronger than those of a polished one.

The last extreme of littleness is sublime also, because division, as well as addition, is infinite.

Infinity fills the mind with that sort of delightful horror which is the truest test of the sublime; and succession and uniformity of parts, which constitute the artificial infinite, give the effect of sublimity in architecture. But in regard to the sublime in building, greatness of dimension is also requisite, though designs which are vast only by their dimensions are always the sign of a common and low imagination. No work of art can be great but as it deceives.

Another kind of infinity also causes pleasure, as the young of animals are pleasant because they give the promise of something more, and unfinished sketches are often more pleasing than the completed work. Difficulty is the true source of greatness, as Stonehenge impresses the mind by the immense force necessary for such a work.

Magnificence, which involves a great profusion of things splendid or valuable in themselves, is sublime, and is exemplified in the starry heavens, whose apparent disorder augments their grandeur. The sublimity of magnificence is achieved by poets who use a dazzling richness and profusion of images.

After extension, colour is capable of raising ideas of greatness, and all colours depend upon light. The rays of the sun, or the flash of lightning, have an effect due to their great strength or celerity. But darkness is more sublime than light. Our great poet spoke of the Deity as 'encircled with the majesty of darkness,' an idea not only poetical, but philosophically just.

IV—Elements of Beauty

By beauty, as distinguished from the sublime, I mean that quality or those qualities in bodies by which they cause love, or some passion analogous to it. I also distinguish love, or the satisfaction which arises to the mind upon contemplating anything beautiful, from desire, which is an energy of the mind that hurries us on to the possession of certain objects.

In what does beauty consist? The usual answer to this question has been that it consists in certain proportions of parts; but I very much doubt whether it has anything at all to do with proportions. Proportion is the measure of relative quantity; but beauty has nothing to do with mensuration and, as a matter of fact, the parts of plants and animals which are found to be beautiful are not constantly formed upon certain measures.

Thus, flowers are of almost every sort of shape and arrangement; and though we find in them a regular figure and a methodical disposition of the leaves, yet in an oblique view, when this order is not apparent, the flower retains its beauty. The swan's long neck and short tail enter into a beautiful proportion, but so do the short neck and long tail of the peacock.

You may assign any proportions you please to every part of the human body, and I undertake that a painter shall observe them all, and yet produce, if he likes, a very ugly figure. The same painter shall considerably deviate from these proportions and yet produce a very beautiful figure.

This prejudice in favour of proportion has arisen from an impression that if deformity be removed, beauty must result. But deformity is opposed, not to beauty, but to the complete, common form; and beauty affects us as deviating from the common. The true opposite to beauty is ugliness, and between them is a sort of mediocrity, which has no effect upon the passions.

Neither is utility, or fitness, the cause of beauty. For then the wedge-like snout of the swine, with its little sunk eyes, so well adapted for digging and rooting, would be extremely beautiful. There are few animals whose parts are better contrived, or who seem less beautiful, than a monkey. The stomach and the liver are incomparably well adapted for their purpose, yet are not beautiful. The effect of proportion and of fitness is to produce approbation, the acquiescence of the understanding, but not love.

Neither, again, is perfection the cause of beauty; for beauty, where it is highest, as in women, almost always carries with it the idea of weakness and imperfection. The qualities of mind which most engage our hearts are the softer virtues, and the chosen companions of our recreations are rarely persons of shining qualities.

What, then, are the real causes of beauty?

In the first place, beautiful objects are small. In most languages, objects of love are spoken of under diminutive epithets. We rarely say 'a great beautiful thing,' but often 'a great ugly thing.' There is a wide difference between admiration and love; and while the sublime has to do with great and terrible objects, the beautiful is found in small and pleasing things.

The next property constantly observable in objects of love is smoothness; I can recollect nothing beautiful that is not smooth. Smooth leaves in trees, smooth slopes in gardens, smooth streams in the landscape, smooth coats of birds and beasts, smooth skins in fine women, and smooth surfaces in ornamental furniture.

Beautiful bodies are never composed of angular parts, nor do their parts continue long in the same straight line. They vary their direction every moment and change under the eye by a continual deviation.

Further, an air of robustness and strength is very prejudicial to beauty; an

appearance of delicacy, and even of fragility, is almost essential to it. This may be remarked alike in plants and in animals, and it is obvious in the case of the fair sex, whose timidity is a quality of mind analogous to it.

Of the colours of beautiful objects we note that they must not be dusky or muddy, but clean and fair; they must not be of the strongest kind, but mild in tone; or, if vivid, they must be so diversified that each abates the other, or be mixed with such gradations that it is impossible to fix the bounds of each.

The beautiful, in the sense of feeling, is in almost every respect similar to the beautiful in the sense of vision; for instance, softness, smoothness and a continually varying surface are the sources of pleasure in either case.

V—Causes of Beauty

BEAUTY, indeed, presents a remarkable contrast with the sublime; they may sometimes occur together, but they are none the less opposite and contradictory. As for the causes of them, their ultimate cause can never be unravelled by any industry of ours, but we may distinguish certain proximate causes.

The sense of the sublime, then, has its source in an unnatural tension of the nerves, such as is produced both by fear and by pain, and may even be aroused in some degree by mimicking the facial and bodily expressions of fear and pain. Human emotions are very intimately associated with nervous and other physical changes, and the mood of terror may be regarded as an exercise of the finer parts of our bodily system, clearing them of a troublesome encumbrance and so becoming, incidentally, a cause of delight.

Vastness arouses the sense of the sublime by straining the nerves and muscles of the eye; and a similar physical explanation is suitable to the sublimity of the artificial infinite, which is produced, as we have seen, by a succession of similar visual objects. Darkness is terrible for the same reason; we know that as the light diminishes the pupil of the eye is enlarged by the retiring of the iris, and doubtless any great darkness exaggerates this change until it sets up a painful nervous tension.

In every one of its modifications the sense of the sublime has its nervous basis, due to changes which are in some degree painful; and an analogous nervous basis may be discovered for the sense of the beautiful.

For in the latter case, also, the body is affected. When we have before us objects of love and complacency the whole body is composed, and the hands fall idly to the sides; and all this is accompanied by an inward sense of languor. It is impossible not to conclude that beauty acts by relaxing the whole system. The easy gradations of line, and the soft tones of colour, which are proper to beauty, affect the sense by lulling it to repose.

A brief consideration must be devoted, in conclusion, to the effects of words with reference to these passions of the sublime and beautiful. It is commonly supposed that the power of words lies in their raising in the mind the ideas of those things for which the words stand. But this is certainly not true of such words as 'virtue,' 'honour,' and the like. Nobody, on hearing these sounds, conceives precise notions of the relations which they represent. Their effect is that of sounds, not of representations; but of sounds which have been habitually associated with certain effects on the mind.

A word may produce three effects on the hearer the sound, the picture, and the affection of the soul; and words like 'honour' and 'liberty' produce the first and third of these, but not the second. Words like 'blue,' 'green,' 'cold,' and still more, words like 'horse,' 'man,' may produce all three of these effects, but their general effect does not arise from their forming pictures.

The power of poetic imagery depends on the affections of the soul produced immediately by the sounds of the words. Consider what is the source of the power in Milton's lines, where he describes the travels of the fallen angels through their dismal habitation.

> O'er many a dark and dreary vale
> They passed, and many a region dolorous;
> O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp;
> Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
> A universe of death.

Last Great Work of a French Immortal

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

THE BLACK TULIP

THE last of Dumas' more famous stories, The Black Tulip was first published in 1850. The author visited Holland in 1840, in order to be present at the coronation of William III at Amsterdam, and, according to Flotow, it was the King himself who told Dumas the story of the Black Tulip. Others allege that Paul Lacroix was responsible for the plot. The question can never be answered, for it is impossible to disentangle the work of Dumas from that of his army of helpers. It is a point of the greatest interest that the fate of a bulb should, throughout the story, be the leading theme; the fortunes of Cornelius van Baerle, of Boxtel and of Rosa, exciting though they are, remain second in importance. A translation of the romance is published by Collins at 2s.

Epitomes of other romances by Dumas appear in *The World's Great Books*.

I—Mob Vengeance



ON August 20, 1672, the city of The Hague was crowded with a mob of people, all armed and all hurrying to the Buytenhof.

Within that terrible prison was Cornelius de Witt, brother of John de Witt, the ex Grand Pensionary of Holland.

These brothers de Witt had long served the United Provinces of the Dutch Republic, and the people had grown tired of the Republic and wanted William, Prince of Orange, for Stadtholder. John de Witt had signed the Act re-establishing the Stadtholderate, but Cornelius had only signed under compulsion of an Orange mob.

The second count against the de Witts was that they had always done their best to keep at peace with France, for the Orangists still believed that such a war would bring honour to the Dutch.

Cornelius was arrested, brought to trial, and tortured on the rack, but no confession of guilt could be wrung from the innocent, high souled man. Then the judges deprived Cornelius of all his offices and passed sentence of banishment. John de Witt had already resigned the office of Grand Pensionary.

On August 20, Cornelius was to leave his prison for exile, and the Orangist populace, incited to violence by the harangues of the miscreant Tyckelaer, was rushing to the Buytenhof to do murder.

'To the gaol! To the gaol!' yelled the mob. But outside the prison was a line of cavalry drawn up under the command of Captain Tilly with orders to guard the Buytenhof, and while the populace stood in hesitation, John de Witt had quietly driven up to the prison and had been admitted by the gaoler.

Cornelius learnt there was no time to be lost, but there was a question of certain correspondence between John de Witt and M. de Louvois of France to be discussed. These letters, entirely credible though they were to the statesmanship of the Grand Pensionary, would have been accepted as evidence of treason by the maddened Orangists, and Cornelius, instead of burning them, had left them in the keeping of his godson, van Baerle, a scholarly young man of Dordrecht, who was unaware of the nature of the packet.

"They will kill us if these papers are found," said John de Witt and, opening the window, they heard the mob shouting, 'Death to traitors!'

In spite of fingers broken by the rack, Cornelius managed to write a note.

> Dear Godson, Burn the packet I gave you, burn without opening or looking at it, so that you may not know the contents. The secrets it contains bring death. Burn it, and you will have saved both John and Cornelius.
>
> Farewell, from your affectionate
>
> CORNELIUS DE WITT.

Then the letter was given to Cracke, John de Witt's faithful servant, who at once set off for Dordrecht, and within a few minutes the two brothers were driving away to the city gate. Rosa, the gaoler's daughter, unknown to her father, had opened the postern, and had herself bidden de Witt's coachman drive round to the rear of the prison, and thus the fury of the mob was, for the moment, evaded.

The mob burst open the great gate and, yelling 'Death to the traitors! To the gallows with Cornelius de Witt!' poured in, only to find the prisoner had escaped. But the escape was but from the prison, for the city gate was locked when the carriage of the de Witts drove up, locked by order of the deputies of the Town Hall, and a certain young man—who was none other than William, Prince of Orange—held the key.

Before another gate could be reached the mob, streaming from the Buytenhof, had overtaken the carriage, and the de Witts were at its mercy.

The two men, whose lives had been spent in the welfare of their country, were massacred with unspeakable savagery, and their bodies, stripped and hacked almost beyond recognition, were then strung up on a hastily erected gibbet in the market-place.

When the worst had been done, the young man, who had secretly watched the proceedings from the window of a neighbouring house, returned the key to the gatekeeper.

Then the prince mounted a horse which an equerry held in waiting for him, and galloped off to camp to await the message of the States. He galloped proudly, for the burghers of The Hague had made of the corpses of the de Witts a stepping stone to power for William of Orange.

II—Betrayed by his Bulbs

DOCTOR CORNELIUS VAN BAERLE, the godson of Cornelius de Witt, was in his twenty-eighth year, an orphan, but nevertheless a really happy man. His father had amassed a fortune of 400,000 guilders in trade with the Indies, and an estate brought him in 10,000 guilders a year. He was blessed with the love of a peaceful life, good nerves, ample wealth and a philosophic mind.

Left alone in the big house at Dordrecht, he steadily resisted all temptations to public life. He took up the study of botany, and then, not knowing what to do with his time and money, decided to go in for one of the most extravagant hobbies of the time—the cultivation of his favourite flower, the tulip.

The fame of Mynheer van Baerle's tulips soon spread in the district, and while Cornelius de Witt had roused deadly hatred by sowing the seeds of political passion, van Baerle with his tulips won general goodwill. Yet, all unknowingly, van Baerle had made an enemy, an implacable, relentless enemy. This was his neighbour, Isaac Boxtel, who lived next door to him in Dordrecht.

Boxtel, from childhood, had been a passionate tulip-grower. He had even produced a tulip of his own, and the Boxtel had won wide admiration. One day, to his horror, Boxtel discovered that his next-door neighbour, the wealthy Mynheer van Baerle, was also a tulip-grower. In bitter anguish Boxtel foresaw that he had a rival who, with all the resources at his command, might equal and possibly surpass the famous Boxtel creations. He almost choked with envy, and from the moment of his discovery lived under continual fear. The healthy pastime of tulip growing became, under these conditions, a morbid and evil occupation for Boxtel, while van Baerle, on the other hand, totally unaware of the enmity brewing, threw himself into the business with the keenest zest, taking for his motto the old aphorism, 'To despise flowers is to insult God.'

SO fierce was the envy that seized Boxtel that though he would have shrunk from the infamy of destroying a tulip, he would have killed the man who grew them. His own plants were neglected; it was useless and hopeless to contend against so wealthy a rival. Then Boxtel, fascinated by his evil passion, bought a telescope and, perched on a ladder, studied van Baerle's tulip beds and the drying-room, the tulip-grower's sacred place.

One night he lost all moral control, and tying the hind legs of two cats together with a piece of string, he flung the animals into van Baerle's garden. To Boxtel's mortification the cats, though they made havoc of many plants before they broke the string, left the four finest tulips untouched.

Shortly afterwards the Haarlem Tulip Society offered a prize of 100,000 guilders to whomsoever should produce a large black tulip, without spot or blemish. Van

Baerle at once thought out the idea of the black tulip. He had already achieved a dark brown one, while Boxtel, who had only produced a light brown one, gave up the quest, and could do nothing but spy on his neighbour's activities.

One evening in January 1672, Cornelius de Witt came to see his godson, Cornelius van Baerle, and went with him alone into the sacred drying-room, the laboratory of the tulip-grower. Boxtel, with his telescope, recognized the well-known features of the statesman, and presently he saw him hand his godson a packet, which the latter put carefully away in a cabinet. The packet contained the correspondence of John de Witt and M. de Louvois.

Cornelius drove away, and Boxtel wondered what the packet contained. It could hardly be bulbs; it must be papers.

It was not till August, as we know, that Cracke was dispatched to van Baerle with the note bidding him destroy the packet.

Cracke arrived just when van Baerle was nursing his precious bulbs—the bulbs of the black tulip—and his sudden entrance rudely disturbed the tulip-grower. He had not time to read the note; indeed, he was too much concerned with the welfare of his three particular bulbs to trouble about it, before a magistrate and some soldiers entered to arrest him. Van Baerle wrapped up the bulbs in the note from his godfather, and was sent off to The Hague. The magistrate carried off the packet from the cabinet.

ALL this was Boxtel's work. It was he who had reported to the magistrate the visit of de Witt and the placing of the packet in a cabinet. And now, with van Baerle out of the house as a prisoner, Boxtel in the dead of night broke into his neighbour's house, to secure the priceless bulbs of the black tulip. He had made out where they were growing, and he plunged his hands into the soft soil—only to find nothing. Then he guessed that they had gone with the prisoner to The Hague, and decided to go in pursuit. Van Baerle could only keep them while he was alive, and then—they should be his, Boxtel's.

III—The Theft of the Tulip

VAN BAERLE was placed in the cell occupied by Cornelius de Witt in the Buytenhof. Outside, in the market-place, the bodies of the de Witts were hanging, and he read with horror the inscription, 'Here hang that great rascal John de Witt and the little rascal Cornelius de Witt, enemies of their country.'

Gryphus, the gaoler, laughed when the prisoner asked him what it meant, and replied, "That's what happens to those who write secret letters to the enemies of the Prince of Orange."

A terrible despair fell on van Baerle, but he refused to escape when Rosa, the gaoler's beautiful daughter, suggested it to him. He was brought to trial and, though he denied all knowledge of the correspondence, his goods were confiscated and he was condemned to death. He bequeathed his three tulip bulbs to Rosa, explained how she must get a certain soil from Dordrecht, and went out calmly to die. On the scaffold van Baerle was reprieved and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, for the Prince of Orange shrank from further bloodshed.

One spectator in the crowd was bitterly disappointed. This was Boxtel, who had bribed the headsman to let him have van Baerle's clothes, believing that he would thus obtain the priceless bulbs.

Van Baerle was sent to the prison of Loewenstein, and in February 1673, when he was thinking his tulips lost for ever, he heard Rosa's voice. Gryphus had applied for the gaolership of Loewenstein, and had been appointed.

Nothing could shake his conviction that if van Baerle was not a traitor he was certainly in league with the devil, like all learned men, and he did all he could to mortify and annoy his prisoner. But Rosa would come every night when her father, stupefied by gin, was asleep, and talk to Cornelius through the barred grating of his cell door.

He taught her to read, and together they planned how the tulip bulbs should be brought to flower. One bulb Rosa was to plant, the second van Baerle would cultivate in his cell with soil placed in an old water jug, and the third was to be kept in reserve.

In the meantime Boxtel, under the assumed name of Jacob Gisels, had made his way to Loewenstein in pursuit of the bulbs, and had ingratiated himself with Gryphus, offering to marry his daughter. Rosa's tulip had to be guarded from Gisels, who was always spying on her movements. She kept it in her room for safety, but Boxtel had a key made, and the day the tulip flowered, and arose a spotless black, he resolved to take it at once and rush to Haarlem and claim the prize.

The day came. Rosa described to Cornelius the wonderful black tulip, and they drew up a letter to the president of the Horticultural Society at Haarlem, begging him to come and fetch the flower.

That very night while Cornelius and Rosa rejoiced as lovers—for now even Rosa was convinced of the prisoner's love for her—over the happiness of the flowering tulip, Boxtel crept into her room and carried off the black tulip to Haarlem.

As for van Baerle, he was beside himself with the rage of desperation when Rosa told him that the black tulip had been stolen. Rosa, bent on recovering the tulip, and certain in her own mind as to the thief, hastened away from Loewenstein the next day without a word. Gryphus was mad when he learnt his daughter was nowhere to be found, and put down the mysterious disappearance of Jacob Gisels and Rosa to the work of the devil, and was convinced that van Baerle was the devil's agent.

THE third day after the theft Gryphus, armed with a stick and a knife, attacked Cornelius, calling out, 'Give me back my daughter.' Cornelius got hold of the stick, forced Gryphus to drop the knife, and then proceeded to give the gaoler a thrashing. The noise brought in turnkeys and guards, who speedily carried off the wounded gaoler, and seized van Baerle. To comfort the prisoner they assured him he would be shot within twelve hours.

Then an officer, an aide-de-camp of the Prince of Orange, entered, escorted van Baerle to the prison gate, and bade him enter a carriage. Believing himself about to die, he thought sadly of Rosa and of the tulip. The carriage rolled off, and they travelled all that day and night until the journey ended at Haarlem.

IV—The Triumph of the Tulip

ROSA reached Haarlem just four hours after Boxtel's arrival, and she went at once to seek an interview with Mynheer van Systens, the president of the Horticultural Society. Immediate admittance was granted on her mentioning the magic words 'black tulip.'

"Sir, the black tulip has been stolen from me," said Rosa.

"But I only saw it two hours ago!" replied the president.

"You saw it—where?"

"Why, at your master's. Are you not in the service of Mynheer Isaac Boxtel?"

"I, sir? Certainly not! But this Isaac Boxtel, is he a thin, bald, bow-legged, crook-backed, haggard-looking man?"

"You have described him exactly."

"He is the thief; he stole the black tulip from me."

"Well, go and find Mynheer Boxtel—he is at the White Swan Inn—and settle it with him." And with that the president took up his pen and went on writing, for he was busy over his report.

But Rosa still implored him, and while she was speaking the Prince of Orange entered the building. Rosa told everything, how she had received the bulb from the prisoner at Loewenstein, and how she had first seen the prisoner at The Hague. Then Boxtel was sent for. He was ready with his tale. The girl had plotted with her lover, the state prisoner, Cornelius van Baerle, and had stolen his—Boxtel's—black tulip, which he had unwisely mentioned. However, he had recovered it.

A thought struck Rosa.

"There were three bulbs. What has become of the others?" she asked.

"One failed, the second produced the black tulip, and the third is at home at Dordrecht," said Boxtel uneasily.

"You lie; it is here!" cried Rosa. And she drew from her bosom the third bulb, still wrapped in the same paper van Baerle had so hastily put round the bulbs on his flight. "Take it, my lord," she said, handing it to the prince. Glancing



ALEXANDRE DUMAS early became known as a talented writer. He was born in 1802, and by 1829 had achieved international fame with Henry III and his Court. It was not, however, until the publication of The Three Musketeers, in 1844, that his amazing gifts were fully realized. From 1844 till 1850 the output was enormous, and so great was the demand for his work that he engaged a host of assistants, whose draft work he was content to revise and amend. Twenty Years After appeared in 1845, and was followed by The Vicomte de Bragellonne. Monte Cristo and Memoirs of a Physician were both published before 1850. Dumas died in 1870 at Dieppe, after experiencing many changes of fortune.

at the paper for the first time, she added, "Oh, my lord, read this!"

William passed the third bulb to the president, and read the paper carefully. It was Cornelius de Witt's letter to his godson, exhorting him to burn the packet without opening it. It was the proof of van Baerle's innocence and of his ownership of the bulbs.

"Go, Mynheer Boxtel; you shall have justice. And you, Mynheer van Systens, take care of this maiden and of the tulip," said the prince.

That same evening the prince summoned Rosa and talked to her. Being questioned on the subject, Rosa did not deny her love for Cornelius.

"But what is the good of loving a man condemned to live and die in prison?" the prince asked.

"I can help him to live and die."

The prince sealed a letter and sent it off to Loewenstein by Colonel van Deken. Then he turned to Rosa, and said, "The day after to-morrow is Sunday, and it will be the festival of the tulip. Take these 500 guilders, and dress yourself in the costume of a Friesland bride, for I want it to be a grand festival for you."

Sunday came, May 15, 1673, and all Haarlem gathered to do honour to the black tulip. Boxtel was in the crowd, feasting his eyes on the sacred flower, which was borne aloft in a litter. The procession stopped, and the flower was placed on a pedestal, while the people cheered with wild enthusiasm. At the solemn moment when the Prince of Orange was to acclaim the triumphant owner of the black tulip and present the prize of 100,000 guilders, the coach with the unhappy prisoner Cornelius van Baerle drew up in the market-place.

Cornelius, hearing that the celebration of the black tulip was actually proceeding, besought his guard to let him have one glimpse of the flower.

From a distance of six paces van Baerle gazed at the black tulip, and then he, with the multitude, turned his eyes towards the prince. In dead silence the prince declared the occasion of the festival, the discovery of the wonderful black tulip, and concluded, "Let the owner of the black tulip approach."

The prince turned to Rosa. "This tulip is yours, is it not?" he said.

"Yes, my lord," she answered softly. And applause came from the crowd.

"This tulip will henceforth bear the name of its producer, and will be called *Tulipa nigra Rosa Baerlëensis*, because van Baerle is to be the married name of this damsel," the prince announced; and he took Rosa's hand and placed it in the hand of the prisoner, who had rushed forward at the words he had heard.

Boxtel fell down in a fit, and when they raised him up he was dead.

The procession returned to the town hall, the prince declared Rosa the prize-winner, and informed Cornelius that, having been wrongfully condemned, his property was restored to him. Then he entered his coach and was driven off.

Cornelius and Rosa departed for Dordrecht, and van Baerle remained ever faithful to his wife and his tulips.

As for old Gryphus, after being the roughest gaoler of men, he lived to be the fiercest guardian of tulips at Dordrecht.

EDWARD GIBBON

HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE—V

IN his great work Gibbon regards Christianity as a permutation of those human aspirations which had formerly found expression in philosophy and in the mythologies of paganism. Mahomedanism, the rise of which is surveyed in this epitome, is dealt with in the same spirit and with the same apparent impartiality. The fact that Gibbon seemed to arrive at some favourable conclusions in his study of Mahomedanism induced the belief among some of his contemporaries that he himself had at one time been a Mahomedan. Johnson mentioned this story to Boswell, who ironically remarked that, since Gibbon had already been an Anglican and a Roman Catholic, 'they need not despair yet of seeing him a Methodist preacher.' This section covers the history of the Arabian Empire to the beginning of its decline, early in the ninth century, with the increase of luxury and the introduction of mercenary support for the throne of the degenerate Abbasside caliphs of Bagdad.

I—Arabia before Mahomet



AMONG the Greeks and Latins, Arabia was divided into the three divisions of the sandy, the stony, and the happy. Though these ancient divisions are no longer preserved, the kingdom of Yemen displays the limits of Happy Arabia, and, situated on the highlands that border the Indian Ocean, seems to justify the designation from its possession of a superior plenty of wood, water, fruits and animals. Here were situated the most ancient and populous cities of Arabia, but their profane lustre was eclipsed by the prophetic glories of Medina and Mecca, near the Red Sea and at a distance from each other of two hundred and seventy miles. Mecca, by means of the port of Jedda, forty miles distant, was the market for the treasures of Africa which the caravans carried to Yemen and Syria.

Many ages before Mahomet, the intrepid valour of the Arabs had been severely felt by their neighbours in offensive and defensive war. Skilled in the use of the bow, the javelin and the scimitar, the conflicting tribes of the desert suspended their domestic feuds on the approach of the common enemy; but this confederacy dissolved in the distribution of the plunder, and the union of the nation consisted only in a vague resemblance of language and manners.

The spirit of rapine and revenge which characterised the Arabian tribes, or Saracens, to give them the general appellation employed by the Greeks and Latins, was tempered by the milder influence of trade and literature. In Arabia, as well as in Greece, the perfection of language outstripped the refinement of manners, and at a time when her language was entrusted simply to the memory of an illiterate people, her speech could diversify the five hundred names of a lion and the thousand of a sword.

The religion of the Saracens consisted in the worship of the sun, the moon and the fixed stars, but each tribe, each family, each independent warrior created and changed the rites and the object of his fantastic worship. They united, however, in common worship at the Ka'aba, or temple, of Mecca, and in the last months of each year the city and the temple were crowded with pilgrims, who presented their vows and offerings in the House of God.

The same rites which are now accomplished by the faithful Mussulman were then invented and practised by the superstitions of the idolaters. At an awful distance they cast away their garments; seven times with hasty steps they encircled the Ka'aba and kissed the black stone; seven times they visited and adored the adjacent mountain; seven times they threw stones into the valley of Mina; and the pilgrimage was achieved as at the present hour by a sacrifice of sheep and camels, and the burial of their hair and nails in consecrated ground.

The introduction of the Sabians, the Magians, the Jews and the Christians, served to confuse the religious worship of the tribes. Each Arab was free to elect or to compose his own private religion, and the rude superstition of his house was mingled with the sublime theology of saints and philosophers. Despite their practice of idolatry they consented to the belief in the existence of one supreme God, and accepted the Hebrew scriptures, which had already been translated into Arabic.

II—The Prophet Arises

By fraud or force the tribe of Koreish had acquired the custody of the Ka'aba, and the family of the Hashemites, belonging to that tribe, possessed by inheritance the sacerdotal office. Of this family, the most sacred and the most respectable in the eyes of their country, Mahomet was born (569).

His grandfather had rescued Mecca from the yoke of the Abyssinians, and had died leaving behind him six daughters and thirteen sons. Of these, Abdullah was the father of the prophet. Of his uncles, Abu Talib, the father of Ali, was the most celebrated, and acted as Mahomet's guide and guardian in his early youth when the prophet was bereft of his parents.

In his twenty-fifth year he entered into the service of Kadijah, a rich and noble widow of Mecca, who soon rewarded his fidelity with the gift of her hand and fortune. This judicious matron was content with her husband's domestic virtues, until in his fortieth year he assumed the title of a prophet and proclaimed the religion of the Koran.

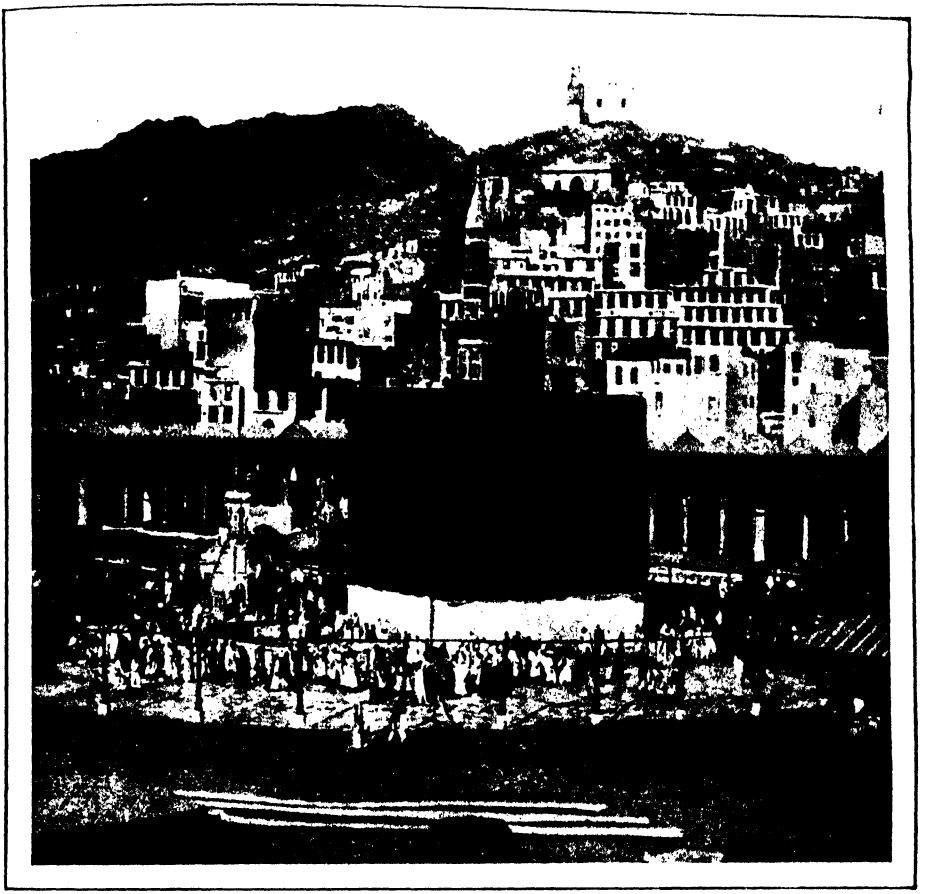
According to the tradition of his companions, Mahomet was distinguished by the beauty of his person; an outward gift which is seldom despised except by those to whom it has been refused. His memory was capacious and retentive, his wit easy and social, his imagination sublime, his judgement clear, rapid and decisive. But with these powers, Mahomet was an illiterate barbarian; yet, though never instructed in the arts of reading and writing, the book of nature and of man was open to his view, and while discountenancing the legend of his travels, we may suppose that among the throng of pilgrims that came yearly to Mecca, and in his association with the Jews and Christians who frequented the city of his birth, he gathered the material which enabled him to formulate and establish a new faith.

That faith, under the name of Islam, is compounded of an eternal truth, and necessary fiction, that there is only one God, and that Mahomet is the apostle of God.

The creed of Mahomet is free from the suspicion of polytheism, which was characteristic alike of paganism and the Christianity of the seventh century, and the Koran is a glorious testimony to the unity of God. All through the universe Mahomet's rational enthusiasm confessed and adored an infinite and eternal Being without form or place, present to our most secret thoughts, existing by the necessity of his own nature, and deriving from himself all moral and intellectual perfection.

While rejecting idolatry, Mahomet recognized the claim of all the Jewish patriarchs and prophets from Adam to Jesus. To the Founder of the Christian faith in particular, Mahomet taught his disciples a high and mysterious reverence. The wonders of the genuine and apocryphal gospels are profusely heaped on his head, and the Latin Church did not disdain to borrow from the Koran the immaculate conception of his mother. The piety of Moses and of Christ rejoiced in the assurance of a future prophet more illustrious than themselves: the evangelic promise of the Paraclete, or Holy Ghost, was prefigured in the name and accomplished in the person of Mahomet.

The Koran was delivered to Mahomet by the angel Gabriel, and was made known to the faithful in fragments, at the discretion of the prophet. These were taken down by his disciples on palm leaves and the shoulder-bones of mutton, and two years after his death were collected and published by his friend and successor, Abu Bekr. God alone could dictate this incomparable performance, but by the European the endless incoherent rhapsody of fable, precept and declamation will be read with impatience. The loftiest strains of the



THE CENTRE OF THE MAHOMEDAN WORLD: MECCA'S SACRED KA'ABA

Koran must yield to the sublime simplicity of the Book of Job, composed in a remote age, in the same country, and in the same language.

The precepts of Mahomet inculcate a simple and rational piety. Five prayers a day, frequent lustrations, certain seasons of fasting and alms, are the religious duties of a Mussulman, who is encouraged to hope that prayer will carry him half-way to God, fasting will bring him to the doorway of His palace, and alms will gain him admittance.

The interdiction of wine, peculiar to some orders of priests or hermits, is converted by Mahomet alone into a positive and general law. The charity of the Mahomedans descends to the animal creation ; and the Koran repeatedly inculcates, not as a merit, but as a strict and indispensable duty, the relief of the indigent and unfortunate. The day of judgement, and the slow distribution of rewards and punishments, copied from the Magian theology, fostered the faith of the disciples. The term of expiation in hell varies from 900 to 7,000 years ; but the prophet has judiciously promised that all his disciples, whatever may be their sins, shall be saved, by their own faith and his intercession, from eternal damnation.

The abode of the blest, as imagined by Mahomet, was a paradise of the senses. Seventy-two *houris*, or black-eyed girls, of resplendent beauty, blooming youth, virgin purity and exquisite sensibility, will be created for the use of the meanest believer. The gates of Heaven will be open to both

sexes, but Mahomet has not specified the male companion of the female elect, lest he should either alarm the jealousy of their former husbands, or disturb their felicity by the suspicion of an everlasting marriage. This image of a carnal paradise has provoked the indignation of the monks; they declaim against the impure religion of Mahomet, and his modest apologists are driven to the pure excuse of allegories.

III—Conversion by Word and the Sword

THREE years were silently employed by Mahomet in the conversion of fourteen proselytes, among the most notable of whom was Ali, the son of his uncle Abu Talib. In the fourth year he boldly assumed the prophetic office, to show the light of divine truth to his family, and at the end of ten years had gathered together some hundred proselytes, including his uncle Hamza and the fierce and inflexible Omar. But his uncle Abu Talib, while protecting his nephew from the anger of the Koreish, who had long been jealous of the pre-eminence of the family of Hashem, refused to accept his gospel. His worship was interdicted, and the death of Abu Talib seemed to deliver his person to the justice of the gods and the unrelenting animosity of his enemies. His death was resolved, but an angel revealed the conspiracy, and in 622 Mahomet fled from Mecca to Medina.

This flight has fixed the memorable era of the Hegira, which, at the end of twelve centuries, still discriminates the lunar years of the Mahomedan nation. In this sanctuary his sect had been already widely propagated, and Mahomet was received as a prince and assumed the exercise of the regal and sacerdotal office.

The revelations of Mahomet now assumed a fiercer and more sanguinary tone; he now bade the faithful propagate his religion by the sword, and the success of his martial enterprises, the abundance of the spoil, the division of which was regulated by divine law, and the promise of paradise, allured roving Arabs to the standard of religion and plunder.

In the battles of Beder (623) and Chud (625), the prophet maintained his reputation against the hostile forces of the Koreish. The submission of the Jews (623-627) and the Arabian tribes (629) placed in his hands the two potent weapons of wealth and force, and in January 630 he entered Mecca, destroyed the idols of the Ka'aba and secured the profession of Islam by the people of the Holy City. The cause of paganism was destroyed in the valley of Honain in February of the same year, and by 632 his lieutenants on the shores of the Red Sea were saluted by the acclamations of a faithful people.

Mahomet first came into conflict with the Eastern Empire in 629. A raid into Palestine was opposed by the forces of the Emperor Heraclius, and in the doubtful contest that ensued the faithful Zeid was killed and Calid, for his heroic conduct, received the glorious appellation of the 'Sword of God.' A solemn declaration of war against the Romans followed, but prudence influenced the conduct of Mahomet, and ten days' journey from Medina and Damascus he halted, and declared himself satisfied with the peaceful profession of the emperor of the East.

At the age of sixty-three, in June 632, Mahomet passed away. He had expected the moment of dissolution with fortitude; his head was reclined on the lap of Ayesha, the best beloved of all his wives; he fainted with the violence of pain; recovering his spirits, he raised his eyes towards the roof of the house and with a steady look, though a faltering voice, uttered the last broken, though articulate words, 'O God! . . pardon my sins. . . . Yes. . . . I come. . . among my fellow-citizens on high,' and thus expired on a carpet spread upon the floor.

IV—Conquests of Mahomet's Successors

DESPITE the large indulgence of polygamy, Mahomet left but one daughter behind him, and the union of Ali, the head of the family of Hashem in his own right, with Fatima, seemed to mark him as the heir of the prophet. But the necessity of placating the rival factions of the Koreish gave the supreme power in succession into the hands of Abu Bekr, 632, of Omar, 634, and Othman, 644, and it

was not until the death of Othman, in 655, that Ali ascended the throne. He succumbed to the stroke of an assassin in 661, and Moawiyah, the son of Abu-Sophian, the most obstinate of the prophet's enemies, reigned in his stead.

The discords resulting from the successions to the throne of Mecca have led to a bitter sectarian feud, which is still maintained in the immortal hatred of the Persians and Turks. The former, under the appellation of Shiites, maintained that Ali was the vicar of God and also that the first three successors to the prophet were usurpers.

The Sunnites, who belong to the orthodox party, respect alike the memory of the four caliphs, but assign the last and most humble place to the husband of Fatima, in the persuasion that the order of succession is definitely determined by the degrees of sanctity.

Of the sons of Ali, Hassan spent the remainder of his life in a humble cell near the tomb of his grandfather, and Hosein died a martyr at the hands of his enemies. The Shiites proclaim the glory of the twelve imams, or pontiffs, who include Ali, Hassan, Hosein, and the lineal descendants of Hosein to the twelfth generation.

The last of the imams, conspicuous by the title of Mahdi, or the guide, concealed himself in a cavern near Bagdad; the time and place of his death are unknown, and his votaries pretend that he still lives, and will appear before the day of judgement to overthrow the tyranny of Dejal, or the anti-Christ.

One hundred years after Mahomet's flight from Mecca, the reign of his successors extended from India to the Atlantic Ocean. Persia was invaded in 632, and by 651 its conquest was completed and the last Magian sovereign, Yezeegerd, after obtaining the assistance of the Emperor of China, who gave him an army of Turks with which to recover the inheritance of his father, was oppressed, defeated and eventually slaughtered by his barbarian allies (651). The Turks were driven back across the Oxus, and it was not until some sixty years later that Transoxiana was added to the Mahomedan world.

The conquest of Syria occupied some twenty-three years, from 632 to 655. The degenerate Romans struggled in vain against the Mahomedans, and a religion of peace was incapable of withstanding the frantic cry of 'Fight! Fight! Paradise! Paradise!' that re-echoed through the ranks of the Saracens. Damascus was besieged in 633. The army of the Emperor Heraclius, proceeding to the succour of the city, was defeated at Aiznadin on July 13, 633, and Damascus capitulated in the following year.

The citizens, who were allowed to depart in peace, were pursued by Calid, and the 'Sword of God' enjoyed the satisfaction of believing that not a Christian of either sex escaped the edge of his scimitars. Emesa was taken in 636. A Roman army was utterly defeated in the same year at Yermak. Aleppo and Antioch fell, and Heraclius, Emperor of the East, after bidding an eternal farewell to Syria, fled secretly to the safety of Constantinople. Jerusalem capitulated to Omar in 637, and by the year 655 Syria acknowledged the Moslem rule, supported the house of Ommiad, and her revenue, her soldiers and her ships were consecrated to enlarge on every side the empire of the caliphs.

EGYPT was conquered by Amrou, who in his youth had been one of the most bitter opponents of Mahomet, but had achieved his assurance of Paradise by his sudden and secret acceptance of the true faith. After completing the conquest of Palestine, he had, in June 638, invaded Egypt with 4,000 Saracens, conquered Memphis, near the ruins of which Cairo, the town of victory, now stands, was eagerly welcomed by the Copts, or Jacobites, who secured as the price of their submission the practice of their religion, and a triumph over the Greek Church. In 641 he conquered Alexandria.

Under the brilliant administration of Amrou, peace and order were established in Egypt; a canal, at least eighty miles in length, was opened from the Nile to the Red Sea; and Arabia was supplied with a plenty of corn and provision from the fruitful valley of the Nile.

Africa was first invaded by Abdullah in 647, but its conquest was not completed until the year 709. After the conquest of Tripoli and the neighbouring country, the

progress of the Saracens was suspended nearly twenty years. The heavy taxes imposed by the emperor on the patriarch of Carthage urged the oppressed citizens of Africa to seek the assistance of Moawiyah. Akbah advanced through the interior regions of North Africa and, traversing the wilderness, in which his successors erected the splendid capitals of Fez and Morocco, was checked only by the waves of the Atlantic.

Nine years after the death of Akbah, the towns of the sea-coasts which still remained in the hands of the Greeks were assaulted. Carthage, after two battles with the allied forces of the Greeks and the Goths, fell in 698, and, with the final adoption of the Moslem faith by the Moors, the conquest of Africa was completed.

The treason of Count Julian, the general of the Goths, who had established their kingdom in Spain, introduced the arms of Mahomedans into Europe. Revenge for domestic wrong caused him to offer secretly his assistance to Musa, the Saracen leader. After a preliminary and successful attempt at invasion, the Saracens landed at Gibraltar, April 711, under the leadership of Tarik. The defection of Count Julian gained him a crushing victory at Xeres. A rapid march secured him Toledo, and his merciful justice towards the Christians, and his grateful attitude towards the Jews, who had secretly served his cause, enabled him to win without a blow city after city in the modern realms of Castile and Leon.

With the speed of a traveller he performed his victorious march of 700 miles from the Rock of Gibraltar to the Bay of Biscay. For his presumption in subduing a kingdom in the absence of his general, he was recalled by Musa and ignominiously scourged. Musa himself, after completing the conquest of Spain and extracting a treaty from Theodemir, king of the Goths, was recalled from the prospective conquest of Gaul by the messenger of the caliph, and at Mecca he was convicted of vanity and falsehood and fined a sum that reduced him to poverty. He expired of the anguish of a broken heart, while Tarik, more favourably treated, was permitted to mingle with the crowd of slaves.

V—Decline of the Arabian Empire

FORTY-SIX years after the flight of Mahomet from Mecca, his disciples appeared in arms under the walls of Constantinople. For seven years (668–675) the forces of the Caliph Moawiyah attempted by siege and by assault to take the capital of the empire; but though the courage and vigilance of the reigning emperor, who disgraced the name of Constantine, held out little hope to his subjects, the solid and lofty walls, the enthusiasm of religion, the fear of falling into the hands of the infidel, and the use of Greek fire, kept the city inviolate. The Saracens withdrew their forces and consented to pay a tribute to the Roman emperor (677).

During this first siege, Abu Ayub, one of the last of the companions of Mahomet, died, and was buried within the shadow of the city walls. During a period of 780 years till the conquest of Constantinople by Mohammed II, the place of his burial was neglected and unknown. A seasonable vision, however, revealed the holy spot at the foot of a wall; and the mosque of Ayub has been deservedly chosen for the symbol and martial inauguration of the Turkish sultans.

The second siege of Constantinople was attempted by the caliph Soliman (715). Again, after a siege of thirteen months, the same factors, together with the assistance of an army of Bulgarians, once more compelled the Moslems to retire in confusion.

The Greek fire, which was employed so successfully in the two sieges of Constantinople, was the invention of a native of Heliopolis in Syria. One kind of this Greek, or marine, fire was undoubtedly gunpowder. Its manufacture was preserved by interest and superstition about 400 years by the Romans of the East. It was at length discovered, or stolen, by the Mahomedans, and, in the Holy Wars of Syria and Egypt, they retorted an invention contrived against themselves on the heads of the Christians.

Constantinople and the Greek fire might exclude the Arabs from the eastern entrance of Europe; but in the west, on the side of the Pyrenees, the provinces of

Gaul were threatened and invaded by the conquerors of Spain (721). The weaknesses of the last of the Merovingian kings had almost dissolved the kingdom of the Franks. Gaul was divided among the tributary chiefs. This disunion seemed to favour the cause of the Moslems, and not even the heroic conduct of Eudes (Odo), Duke of Aquitaine, served to restrain the fortunes of the Saracens. After two attempts the south of France, from the mouth of the Garonne to that of the Rhône, assumed the manners and religion of Arabia. But these narrow limits were scorned by the spirit of Abderane. He besieged Arles, after crossing the Rhône, destroyed an army of Christians that attempted the relief of the city, and, overrunning the provinces of Aquitaine and Burgundy, at length reached the banks of the Loire.

FRANCE and Christendom were saved by Charles, the illegitimate son of the elder Pepin, mayor, or duke, of the Franks. Carefully awaiting his opportunity, he met the enemy in the centre of France between Tours and Poitiers. The battle lasted seven days. Abderane was slain, the forces of the Saracens were dissolved by discord, and the morning of the eighth day saw the camp of the Moslems deserted. The victory of the Franks was complete, and the conquest of Gaul was never resumed by the Arabs. But for the victory at Tours, the Koran might now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the revelation of Mahomet.

A series of domestic disputes dissolved the union of the Mahomedan empire. The succession was disputed by three parties, distinguished by their dress. The Ommiades, who wore white, triumphed until 750, when the Abbassides, whose dress was black, and who supported the cause of the descendant of Abbas, the uncle of the prophet, mounted the throne. In the proscription of the Ommiades that followed, one of the royal family escaped, usurped the throne of Spain, and established at Cordova (756) a monarchical system which remained to his descendants for 250 years. His example was followed by the Fatimites of Egypt, who wore green, and supported the cause of the real, or pretended, descendant of Fatima.

The Abbassides maintained with Oriental magnificence their seat at Bagdad, which had been built on the eastern bank of the Tigris by Al Mansur. In the west, the Ommiades of Spain supported with equal pomp the title of Commander of the Faithful. Their success, and the great increase of luxury consequent on that success, served to rob the Saracens of their martial ardour. They turned from war to the study of science and medicine and, though they scorned the wisdom of Greece and Rome, their discoveries in astronomy, anatomy, botany, chemistry and medicine were considerable. Universities were established at Bagdad and Cairo, and in Spain three hundred writers and seventy public libraries attested the progress of learning.

The wars of the romantic Haroun al Raschid against the Romans (781-805), the conquest and desolation of all the land from the Euxine to the island of Cyprus, the establishment of the Saracens in Sicily (878), and the invasion of Rome and the sack of St. Peter's (846), completed the success of the Mussulman arms before the decline of the Arabian Empire began. The introduction of Turkish mercenaries into Bagdad to support the throne of the Abbassides led to an outbreak of military licence (841-870). The Turks made and unmade caliphs, and domestic peace was only obtained by the dispersion of this force and the relaxation of strength and discipline. So uniform are the mischiefs of military discipline, that I seem to repeat the story of the Praetorians of Rome.

THE establishment of nine separate independent dynasties within the empire hastened its downfall, and by the middle of the tenth century the caliphs of Bagdad were reduced by the internecine strife of their military guards to the primitive simplicity of the founder of their faith. Despoiled of their armour and their silken robes, they fasted, they prayed, and studied the Koran and the tradition of the Sunnites, bore with religious fortitude the triumphs of the insolent Fatimites, and witnessed the recovery of Antioch, the cities of Cilicia, and Cyprus by the Greeks, and a revival of the Roman fortunes.

A Simple Man's Plain Tale of Achievement

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

MISSIONARY TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA

IN 1840 David Livingstone sailed as a missionary, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, to Africa, where he worked as colleague of Dr. Moffat at Kuruman in Bechuanaland. His conviction was that the salvation of the native could best be achieved by opening up communications with the unexplored interior country and, soon after his arrival, his tours of exploration began. Crossing the Kalahari Desert, of which region he was the first to give a detailed account, he discovered Lake Ngami in 1849, thus beginning a series of world-famous discoveries which include the Victoria and Murchison Falls and Lakes Tanganyika and Nyassa. His scientific researches were invaluable and his character so pure and brave that he made the native respect and admire him. His Missionary Travels, published during a visit home in 1857, make enthralling reading, and clearly reflect the inmost character of this admirable man. There is no attempt at literary style; the tale is told with a directness and an obvious unconsciousness of remarkable achievement that cannot fail to captivate the reader.

I—Early Experiences



MY own inclination would lead me to say as little as possible about myself. My great-grandfather fell at Culloden, my grandfather used to tell us national stories, and my grandmother sang Gaelic songs. To my father and the other children the dying injunction was, 'Now, in my lifetime I have searched most carefully through all the traditions I could find of our family, and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you or any of your children should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it runs in your blood; it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you Be honest.'

As a boy I worked at a cotton factory at Blantyre to lessen the family anxieties, and bought my Rudiments of Latin out of my first week's wages, pursuing the study of that language at an evening school, followed up till twelve o'clock or later, if my mother did not interfere by jumping up and snatching the books out of my hands. Reading everything I could lay my hands on, except novels, scientific works and books of travel were my especial delight.

Great pains had been taken by my parents to instil the doctrines of Christianity into my mind. My early desire was to become a pioneer missionary in China, and eventually I offered my services to the London Missionary Society, having passed my medical examination at Glasgow University.

I embarked for Africa in 1840, and from Cape Town travelled up country seven hundred miles to Kuruman, where I joined Mr. Moffat in his work, and after four years as a bachelor, I married his daughter Mary.

Settling among the Mabotsa tribe, I found that they were troubled with attacks from lions, so one day I went with my gun into the bush and shot one, but the wounded beast sprang upon me and felled me to the ground. While perfectly conscious, I lost all sense of fear or feeling, and narrowly escaped with my life. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arm.

I attached myself to the tribe called Bakwains, whose chief, Sechele, a most intelligent man, became my fast friend, and a convert to Christianity. The Bakwains had many excellent qualities, which might have been developed by association with European nations. An adverse influence, however, is exercised by the Boers, for, while claiming for themselves the title of Christians, they treat these natives as black property, and their system of domestic slavery and robbery is a disgrace to the white man.

For my defence of the rights of Sechele and the Bakwains, I was treated as conniving at their resistance, and my

house was destroyed; my library, the great solace of our solitude, was torn to pieces; my stock of medicines was smashed; and our furniture and clothing were sold at public auction to pay the expenses of the foray.

In travelling we sometimes suffered from a scarcity of meat, and the natives, to show their sympathy for the children, often gave them caterpillars to eat; but one of the dishes they most enjoyed was cooked 'mathametlo,' a large frog, which during a period of drought, takes refuge in a hole in the root of certain bushes, and over the orifice a large variety of spider weaves its web. The scavenger beetle, which keeps the Kuruman villages sweet and clean, rolls the dirt into a ball, and carries it, like Atlas, on its back.

In passing across the great Kalahari desert we met with the Bushmen, or Bakalahari, who, from dread of visits from strange tribes, choose their residences far away from water, hiding their supplies of this necessity for life in pits filled up by women who pass every drop through their mouths as a pump, using a straw to guide the stream into the vessel.

The Bakalahari people will never disclose this secret supply to strangers, but by sitting down and waiting with patience until the villagers were led to form a favourable opinion of us, a woman would bring out a shell full of the precious fluid.

At Nchokotsa we came upon a number of salt pans, which, in the setting sun, produced a most beautiful mirage as of distant water, foliage and animals. We discovered the river Zouga, and eventually, on August 1, 1849, we were the first Europeans to gaze upon the broad waters of Lake Ngami. My chief object in coming to this lake was to visit Sebituane, the great chief of the Makololo, a man of immense influence, who had conquered the black tribes of the country and made himself dreaded even by the Mosilikatse.

DURING our stay with him he treated us with great respect, and was pleased with the confidence we had shown in bringing our children to him. He was stricken with inflammation of the lungs, and knew it meant death, though his native doctors said, 'Sebituane can never die.'

I visited him with my little boy Robert.

"Come near," said he, "and see if I am any longer a man. I am done."

After sitting with him some time and commending him to the mercy of God, I rose to depart, when the dying chieftain, raising himself up a little from his prone position, called a servant, and said, "Take Robert to Maunku (one of his wives) and tell her to give him some milk."

These were the last words of Sebituane.

II—Among the Makololo

ON questioning intelligent men amongst these natives as to a knowledge of good and evil, of God and the future state, they possessed a tolerably clear perception on these subjects. Their want, however, of any form of public worship, or of idols, or of formal prayers and sacrifices, makes both the Kaffirs and Bechuanas appear as amongst the most godless races of mortals known anywhere.

When an old Bushman on one occasion was sitting by the fire relating his adventures, including his murder of five other natives, he was remonstrated with.

"What will God say when you appear before Him?"

"He will say," replied he, "that I was a very clever fellow."

But I found afterwards in speaking of the Deity they had only the idea of a chief, and when I knew this, I did not make any mistake afterwards.

The country round Unku was covered with grass, and the flowers were in full bloom. The thermometer in the shade generally stood at 98° from 1 to 3 p.m., but it sank as low as 65° by night, so that the heat was by no means exhausting. At the surface of the ground in the sun it marked 125°, and 138° three inches below. The hand cannot be held on the ground, and even the horny soles of the natives are protected by hide sandals; yet the ants were busy working in it. The water in the floods was as high as 100°, but as water does not conduct heat readily downwards, deliciously cool water may be obtained by anyone walking into the middle and lifting up the water from the bottom to the surface by the hands.

We at last reached a spot where, by climbing the highest tree, we could see a fine, large sheet of water, surrounded on all sides by an impenetrable belt of reeds. This was the river Chobe, and is called Zambesi. We struggled through the high, serrated grass, the heat stifling for want of air, and when we reached one of the islands, my strong moleskins were worn through at the knees, and the leather trousers of my companion were torn, and his legs bleeding.

The Makololo said in their figurative language: "He has dropped among us from the clouds, yet came riding on the back of a hippopotamus. We Makololo thought no one could cross the Chobe without our knowledge, but here he drops among us like a bird."

On our arrival at Linyanti, the capital, the chief, Sekelutu, took me aside and pressed me to mention those things I liked best and hoped to get from him. Anything either in or out of the town should be freely given if I would only mention it. I explained to him that my object was to elevate him and his people to be Christians; but he replied that he did not wish to learn to read the Book, for he was afraid 'it might change his heart and make him content with one wife like Sechele.' I liked the frankness of Sekelutu, for nothing is so wearying to the spirit as talking to those who agree with everything advanced.

While at Linyanti I was taken with fever, from chills caught by leaving my warm waggon in the evening to conduct family worship at my people's fires. Anxious to ascertain whether the natives possessed the knowledge of any remedy, I sent for one of their doctors. He put some roots into a pot with water, and when it was boiling, placed it beneath a blanket thrown around both me and it. This produced no effect, and after being stewed in their vapour baths and charmed *secundeum artem*, I concluded I could cure my fever more quickly than they could.

Leaving Linyanti, we passed up the Lecambye river into the Barotse country, and on making inquiries whether Santuru, the Moloiana, had ever been visited by white men, I could find no vestige of any such visit before my arrival in 1851.

In our ascent up the River Leeba, we reached the village of Manenko, a female chief, of whose power of tongue we soon had ample proof. She was a woman of fine physique, and insisted on accompanying us some distance, with her husband and drummer, the latter thumping most vigorously, until a heavy, drizzling mist set in and compelled him to desist. Her husband used various incantations and vociferations to drive away the rain, but down it poured incessantly, and on our Amazon went, in the very lightest marching order, and at a pace that few men could keep up with.

Being on ox-back, I kept pretty close to our leader, and asked her why she did not clothe herself during the rain, and learnt that it is not considered proper for a chief to appear effeminate. My men, in admiration of her pedestrian powers, every now and then remarked, 'Manenko is a soldier!' Thoroughly wet and cold, we were all glad when she proposed a halt to prepare for our night's lodging on the banks of a stream.

III—Peril and Patience

When we arrived at the foot of the Kasai we were badly in want of food, and there seemed little hope of getting any; one of our guides, however, caught a light blue mole and two mice for his supper. Katende, the chief, sent for me the following morning, and on my walking into his hut I was told that he wanted a man, a tusk, beads and a shell as payment for leave to pass through his country.

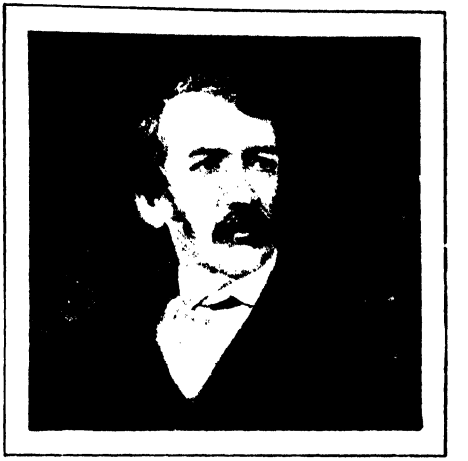
Having humbly explained our circumstances and that he could not expect to 'catch a humble cow by the horns'—a proverb similar to ours that 'You cannot draw milk out of a stone'—we were told to go home, and he would speak to us next day. I could not avoid a hearty laugh at the cool impudence of the savage. Eventually I sent him one of my worst shirts, but added that when I should reach my own chief naked, and was asked what I had done with my clothes, I should be obliged to confess I had had to leave them with Katende.

Passing onwards, we crossed a small rivulet, the Sengko, and another and larger one with a bridge over it. At the farther end of this structure stood a negro who demanded fees. He said the bridge was his, the guides were his children, and if we did not pay him, he would prevent further progress. This piece of civilization I was not prepared to meet, and stood a few seconds looking at our bold toll-keeper, when one of our men took off three copper bracelets, which paid for the whole party. The negro was a better man than he at first seemed, for he immediately went into his garden and brought us some leaves of tobacco as a present.

We were brought to a stand on the banks of the Loajima, a tributary of the Kasai, by the severity of my fever, being in a state of partial coma until, late at night, I found we were in the midst of enemies; and the Chibeque natives insisting on a present, I had to give them a tired-out ox.

LATER on we marched through the gloomy forest in gloomier silence; the thick atmosphere prevented my seeing the creeping plants in time to avoid them; I was often caught, and, as there is no stopping the oxen when they have the prospect of giving the rider a tumble, came frequently to the ground. In addition to these mishaps, my ox Sinbad went off at a plunging gallop, the bridle broke, and I came down behind on the crown of my head. He gave me a kick in the thigh at the same time. I felt none the worse for this rough treatment, but would not recommend it to others as a palliative in cases of fever.

We shortly afterwards met a hostile party of natives, who refused us further passage. Seeing that these people had plenty of iron-headed arrows and some guns, I called a halt, and ordered my men to put the luggage in the centre in case of actual attack. I then dismounted, and advancing a little towards our principal opponent, showed him how easily I could kill him, but pointed upwards, saying, "I fear God." He did the same, placing his hand on his heart, pointing upwards, and saying, "I fear to kill, but come to our village; come, do come."



DAVID LIVINGSTONE was born at Low Blantyre, Lanarkshire, March 19, 1813, the son of Neil Livingstone, a tea agent. As a boy he worked in a cotton mill, and spent his leisure hours in study, later attending classes at Glasgow University and at Anderson's College. He sailed to Algoa Bay in 1840, thus beginning his great career of scientific research and missionary enterprise. He severed his association with the London Missionary Society in 1857 and sailed again from London on the Zambesi expedition in 1858. He was found in sore need by Stanley in 1871, while he was searching for the Nile sources; but he refused to abandon his mission. He died at Bala in 1873. This portrait, by Havill, is in the National Portrait Gallery.

During these exciting scenes I always forgot my fever, but a terrible sense of sinking came back with the feeling of safety. These people stole our beads, and though we offered all our ornaments and my shirts, they refused us passage. My men were disheartened and proposed a return home, which distressed me greatly.

After using all my powers of persuasion, I declared to them that if they returned, I would go on alone, and went into my little tent with the mind directed to Him who hears the sighing of the soul, and was soon followed by the head of Mohorisi, saying, "We will never leave you. Do not be disheartened. We will follow you. Our remarks were made only on account of the injustice of these people."

We were soon on the banks of the Quango, and after some difficulties reached the opposite bank.

The village of Cassenge is composed of thirty or forty traders' houses on an elevated flat spot in the great Quango, or Cassenge, valley. As I always preferred to appear in my own proper character, I was an object of curiosity to the hospitable

Portuguese. They evidently looked upon me as an agent of the English government, engaged in the suppression of slavery. They could not divine what a 'missionario' had to do with the latitudes and longitudes which I was intent on observing.

On coming across the plains to Loanda we first beheld the sea; my companions looked upon the boundless ocean with awe. In describing their feelings afterwards they remarked, "We marched along with our father thinking that what the ancients had always told us was true, that the world has no end, but all at once the world said to us, 'I am finished, there is no more of me.'"

Here in this city, among its population of 12,000 souls there was but one genuine English gentleman, who bade me welcome, and seeing me ill, benevolently offered me his bed. Never shall I forget the luxurious pleasure I enjoyed feeling myself again on a good English couch, after six months' sleeping on the ground.

IV—Into the Wilderness Again

For the sake of my Makololo companions I refused the tempting offer of a passage home in one of her majesty's cruisers.

During my journey through Angola I received a packet of The Times from home with news of the Russian war up to the terrible charge of the light cavalry. The intense anxiety I felt to hear more may be imagined by every true patriot.

After leaving the Kasai country, we entered upon a great level plain, which we had formerly found in a flooded condition. We forded the Lotembwa on June 8, and found that the little Lake Dilolo, by giving a portion to our Kasai and another to the Zambesi, distributes its waters to the Atlantic and Indian oceans.

From information derived from Arabs at Zanzibar, whom I met at Naliele in the middle of the country, a large shallow lake is pointed out in the region east of Loanda, named Tanganyenka, which requires three days in crossing in canoes. It is connected with another named Kalagwe (Garague ?), farther north, and may be the Nyanja of the Maravim.

Although I was warned that the Batoka tribe would be hostile, I decided on going down the Zambesi, and on my way I visited the falls of Victoria, called by the natives Mosioatunya, or more anciently, Shongwe. No one can imagine the beauty of the view from anything witnessed in England. It has never been seen before by European eyes, but scenes so lovely must have been gazed upon by angels in their flight.

Five columns of 'smoke' arose, bending in the direction of the wind. The entire falls is simply a crack made in a hard basaltic rock from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi, and then prolonged from the left bank away through thirty or forty miles of hills. The whole scene was extremely beautiful; the banks and islands dotted over the river are adorned with sylvan vegetation of great variety of colour and form. At the period of our visit several of the trees were spangled over with blossoms.

As we approached the Zambesi, the country became covered with broad-leaved bushes, pretty thickly planted, and we had several times to shout to elephants to get out of our way. At an open space a herd of buffaloes came trotting up to look at our oxen and it was only by shooting one that I made them retreat.

In due time we reached the confluence of the Loangwa and the Zambesi, most thankful to God for His great mercies in helping us thus far. I felt some turmoil of spirit in the evening at the prospect of having all my efforts for the welfare of this great region and its teeming population knocked on the head by savages to-morrow, who might be said to 'know not what they do.'

When at last we reached within eight miles of Tete I was too fatigued to go on, but sent the commandant the letters of recommendation of the bishop and lay down to rest. Next morning two officers and some soldiers came to fetch us, and when I had partaken of a good breakfast, though I had just before been too tired to sleep, all my fatigue vanished. The pleasure of that breakfast was enhanced by the news that Sebastopol had fallen and the war finished.

JOHN GALT

ANNALS OF THE PARISH

THE first work of fiction by John Galt was a Sicilian story, published in 1810, but it was not until 1820 that he found his true literary expression, when The Ayrshire Legatees appeared in Blackwood's Magazine. The success of this tale was so great that Galt finished the Annals of the Parish, or the Chronicle of Dalmailing, During the Ministry of the Reverend Micah Balwhidder, which he had really begun to write in 1813, and this work was published in 1821. The book presents an engaging picture of the old-fashioned, conservative clergyman and the life and events of a Scottish country parish; and in rich lively humour, genuine pathos and just delineation of Scottish character, manners and feeling it is unequalled even by Scott, who was writing at precisely the same period. Apart from its literary merit the 'Annals' is a veritable treasury of Scots vernacular, much of which, even in the country, has become obsolete. Editions of the work are published by T. N. Foulis and by Macmillan & Co.

I—The Placing of Mr. Balwhidder



THE year A.D. 1760 was remarkable for three things in the parish of Dalmailing. First and foremost, there was my placing, then the coming of Mrs. Malcolm with her five children to settle among us, and next my marriage with my own cousin, Miss Betty Lanshaw.

The placing was a great affair, for I was put in by the patron, and the people knew nothing of me whatsoever. They were really mad and vicious, insomuch that there was obliged to be a guard of soldiers to protect the presbytery. Dirt was flung upon us as we passed, and the finger of scorn held out to me. But I endured it with a resigned spirit, compassionating their wilfulness and blindness.

The kirk door was nailed up and we were obligated to go in by the window, making the Lord's house like an inn on a fair-day with their grievous yelly hooing. Thomas Thorl, the weaver, a pious zealot, got up at the time of the induction and protested, and said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door of the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

When the laying on of the hands upon me was adoing, Mr. Given, minister of Lugton, a jocose man, who could not get near, stretched out his staff and touched my head, saying, to the great diversion of the rest, "This will do well enough timber to timber."

After the ceremony we went to the manse, and there had an excellent dinner. Although my people received me in this unruly manner, I was resolved to cultivate civility among them; and next morning I began a round of visitations. But, oh! it was a steep brae to climb. The doors in some places were barred against me; in others the bairns ran crying to their mothers, "Here's the feckless Mess-John."

But Thomas Thorl received me kindly, and said that this early visitation was a symptom of grace, and that no to condemn me without trial he and some neighbours would be at the kirk at the next Lord's Day, so that I would not have to preach just to the bare walls.

It was in the year 1761 that the great smuggling trade corrupted the west coast. Tea was going like chaff, and brandy like well water. There was nothing minded but the riding of cadgers by day and excisemen by night; battles between the smugglers and the king's men, both by sea and land; and continual drunkenness and debauchery; and our Session had an awful time o't.

I did all that was in my power to keep my people from the contagion. I preached sixteen times from the text, 'Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's.' I visited, exhorted, warned and prophesied, but the evil got in among us.

The third year of my ministry was long held in remembrance. The small-pox came in among the poor bits o' weans of the parish, and the smashing it made among them was woeful. When the pestilence was raging, I preached a sermon about Rachel weeping for her children, which Thomas Thorl, a great judge of good preaching, said, "was a monument of divinity whilk searched the heart of many a parent that day"—a thing I was well pleased to hear, and was minded to make him an elder the next vacancy. But, worthy man, it was not permitted him to arrive at that honour; for that fall it pleased Him that alone can give and take to pluck him from this life.

In this year Charlie Malcolm, Mrs. Malcolm's eldest son, was sent to sea in a tobacco-trader that sailed between Port Glasgow and Virginia. Tea-drinking was beginning to spread more openly, insomuch that by the advice of the first Mrs. Balwhidder, Mrs. Malcolm took in tea to sell to eke out something to the small profits of her wheel. I lost some of my dislike to the tea after that, and we had it for breakfast at the manse as well as in the afternoon.

But what I thought most of it for was that it did no harm to the head of the drinkers, which was not always the case with the possets in fashion before, when I remember decent ladies coming home with red faces from a posset-masking. So I refrained from preaching against tea henceforth, but I never lifted the weight of my displeasure from off the smuggling trade, until it was utterly put down by the strong hand of government.

II—The Minister's Second Marriage

A MEMORABLE year, both in public and private, was 1763. The king granted peace to the French. Lady Macadam, widow of General Macadam, who lived in her jointure-house, took Kate Malcolm to live with her as companion, and she took pleasure in teaching Kate all her accomplishments.

The lint-mill on Lugton Water was burnt to the ground, with not a little of the year's crop of lint in our parish. The first Mrs. Balwhidder lost upwards of twelve stone, which was intended for sarking to ourselves and sheets and napery. A great loss indeed it was, and the vexation thereof had a visible effect on her health, which from the spring had been in a dwining way. But for it, I think she might have wrestled through the winter. However, it was ordered otherwise, and she was removed from mine to Abraham's bosom on Christmas Day, and buried on Hogmanay, for it was thought uncanny to have a dead corpse in the house on the New Year's Day.

Just by way of diversion in my heavy sorrow, I got a well-shapen headstone made for her; but a headstone without a epitaph being no better than a body without the breath of life in't, I made a poesy for the monument, not in the Latin tongue, which Mrs. Balwhidder, worthy woman as she was, did not understand, but in sedate language, which was greatly thought of at the time.

My servant lassies, having no eye of a mistress over them, wasted everything at such a rate that long before the end of the year, the year's stipend was all spent, and I did not know what to do. At lang and length I sent for Mr. Auld, a douce and discreet elder, and told him how I was situated. He advised me, for my own sake, to look out for another wife, as soon as decency would allow.

In the following spring I placed my affections, with due consideration, on Miss Lizzy Kibbock, the well-brought-up daughter of Mr. Joseph Kibbock, of the Gorbyholm, farmer; and we were married on the 29th day of April, on account of the dread we had of being married in May, for it is said, 'Of the marriages in May, the bairns die of a decay.'

The second Mrs. Balwhidder had a genius for management, and started a dairy, and set the servant lassies to spin wool for making blankets and lint for sheets and napery. She sent the butter on market days to Irville, her cheese and huxtry to Glasgow. We were just coining money, insomuch that, after the first year, we had the whole tot of stipend to put into the bank.

The opening of coal-pits in Douray Moor brought great prosperity to the parish, but

the coal-carts cut up the roads, especially the Vennel, a narrow and crooked street in the clachan. Lord Eglesham came down from London in the spring of 1767 to see the new lands he had bought in our parish. His coach couped in the Vennel, and his lordship was thrown head foremost into the mud. He swore like a trooper, and said he would get an act of parliament to put down the nuisance. His lordship came to the manse and, being in a woeful plight, he got the loan of my best suit of clothes. Out of this accident grew a sort of neighbourliness between Lord Eglesham and me.

III—*A Runaway Match*

ABOUT Christmas, Lady Macadam's son, having been perfected in the art of war at a school in France, had, with the help of his mother's friends and his father's fame, got a stand of colours in the Royal Scots Regiment. He came to show himself in his regimentals to his lady mother, and during the visit he fell in love with and became trysted to Kate Malcolm.

A while after, her ladyship's flunkey came to the manse and begged me to go to her. So I went; and there she was, with gum-flowers on her head, sitting on a settee, for she was lame, and in her hand she held a letter.

"Sir," she said, as I came into the room, "I want you to go instantly to your clerk," meaning Mr. Lorimore, the schoolmaster, "and tell him I will give him a couple of hundred pounds to marry Miss Malcolm without delay."

"Softly, my lady; you must first tell me the meaning of all this haste of kindness," said I, in my calm, methodical manner. At which she began to sob, and bewail her ruin and the dishonour of her family. Mr. Lorrimore promptly declined her ladyship's proposal, as he was engaged to be married to his present worthy helpmate. Although her ladyship was so overcome with passion, she would not part with Kate, nor allow her to quit the house.

Three years later the young Laird Macadam, being ordered with his regiment for America, got leave from the king to come and see his lady mother before his departure. But it was not to see her only. He arrived at a late hour, unwarned lest his mother would send Kate out of the way; but no sooner did her ladyship behold his face than she kindled upon both him and Kate, and ordered them out of her sight and house. The young folk had discretion. Kate went home to her mother, and the laird came to the manse and begged us to take him in.

He asked me to perform the ceremony, as he was resolved to marry Kate. We stepped over to Mrs. Malcolm's house, where we found the saintly woman with Kate and Effie and Willie, preparing to read their Bible for the night. After speaking to Mrs. Malcolm for a time, she consented to the marriage. It was sanctified by me before we left Mrs. Malcolm's, the young couple setting off in the laird's chaise to Glasgow, and authorising me to break the matter to Lady Macadam.

I was spared this performance, for the servants jealoused what had been done, and told her ladyship. When I entered the room she was like a mad woman in Bedlam. She sent her coachman on horseback to overtake them, which he did at Kilmarnock, and they returned in the morning, when her ladyship was as cagey and meikle taken up with them as if they had gotten her full consent and privilege from the first.

Captain Macadam afterwards bought a house at the Brachead, and gave it, with a judicious income, to Mrs. Malcolm, telling her it was not becoming that she should any longer be dependent upon her own industry. For this the young man got a name like a sweet odour in all the country-side.

It will be remembered that Charlie Malcolm went a-sailing in a tobacco-trader to America. When his ship was lying in the harbour of Virginia, a press-gang, that was in need of men for the Avenger, man-of-war, came on board and pressed poor Charles. I wrote to Lord Eglesham anent the matter, and his lordship's brother being connected with the Admiralty, the captain of the man-of-war was instructed to make a midshipman of Charles.

In the latter end of 1776, the man-of-war, with Charles Malcolm in her, came to the Tail of the Bank at Greenock, and Charles got leave from his captain to come and see his mother. He brought with him Mr. Howard, another midshipman, the son of a great Parliament man in London. They were dressed in their fine gold-laced garbs. When Charles had seen his mother and his sister Effie, he came with his friend to see me at the manse, and got Mrs. Balwhidder to ask his friend to sleep there. In short, we had a ploy the whole two days they stayed with us. Lady Macadam made for them at a ball, and old and young made much of Charles.

IV—Years of Lamentation

I WAS named in the year 1779 for the General Assembly, and Mrs. Balwhidder, by her continual thrift, having made our purse able to stand a shake against the wind, we resolved to go into Edinburgh in a creditable manner. We put up at Widow M'Vicar's, a relation to my first wife, a gawsy, furthy woman, taking great pleasure in hospitality. In short, everybody in Edinburgh was in a manner wearisome kind.

I was delighted and surprised to find Lord Eglesham at the levee, and he introduced me to his grace the Commissioner, who required me to preach before him. Fain would I have eschewed the honour that was thus thrust upon me; but both my wife and Mrs. M'Vicar were just lifted out of themselves at the thought. After the sermon the Commissioner complimented me on my apostolic earnestness, and Mrs. M'Vicar said I had surprised everybody; but I was fearful there was something of peculiarity at the bottom of all this.

The year 1781 was one of dolour and tribulation, for Lord Eglesham was shot dead by a poaching exciseman, and Lady Macadam died of paralysis; but the year after was one of greater lamentation.

Three brave young fellows belonging to the clachan, who had gone as soldiers in America, were killed in battle with the rebels, for which there was great grief. Shortly after this the news came of a victory over the French fleet, and by the same post I got a letter from Mr. Howard, the midshipman, telling me that poor Charles had been wounded in the action, and had afterwards died of his wounds.

Mrs. Malcolm heard the news of the victory through the steeple bell being set a-ringing, and she came over to the manse in great anxiety. When I saw her I could not speak, but looked at her in pity, and, the tears flowing into my eyes, she guessed what had happened.

After giving a deep and sore sigh, she inquired, "How did he behave? I hope well, for he was aye a gallant laddie!" And then she wept very bitterly.

I gave her the letter, which she begged me to give to her to keep, saying, "It's all that I have left now of my pretty boy; but it is mair precious to me than the wealth of the Indies!"

V—Death of the Second Mrs. Balwhidder

SOME time after this a Mr. Cayenne, a man of crusty temper but good heart, and his family, American loyalists, settled among us. In the year 1788, a proposal came from Glasgow to build a cotton mill on the banks of the Brawl burn, a rapid stream which ran through the parish. Mr. Cayenne agreed to take a part in the profit or loss of the proposed concern, and the cotton mill and a new town was built, and the whole called Cayenneville. Weavers of muslin were brought to the mill, and women to teach the lassie bairns in our old clachan tambouring instead of hand-spinning.

Prosperity of fortune is like the golden hue of the evening cloud that delighteth the spirit and passeth away. In the month of February 1790, my second wife was gathered to the Lord. Her death was to me a great sorrow, for she was a most excellent wife, industrious to a degree. With her I had grown richer than any other minister in the presbytery.

I laid her by the side of my first love, Betty Lanshaw, and I inscribed her name upon the same headstone. Time had drained my poetical vein, and I have not yet been able to indite an epithet on her merits and virtues, for she had an eminent

share of both. Above all, she was the mother of my children. She was not long deposited in her place of rest until things fell into amazing confusion, and I saw it would be necessary, as soon as decency would allow, for me to take another wife, both for a helpmate, and to tend me in my approaching infirmities.

I saw it would not do for me to look out for an overly young woman, nor yet would it do for one of my way to take an elderly maiden, ladies of that sort being liable to possess strong-set particularities. I therefore resolved that my choice should lie among widows of a discreet age, and I fixed my purpose on Mrs. Nugent, the relict of a professor in the University of Glasgow, both because she was a well-bred woman without any children, and because she was held in great estimation as a lady of Christian principle. And so we were married as soon as a twelvemonth and a day had passed from the death of the second Mrs. Balwhidder; and neither of us have had occasion to rue the bargain.



JOHN GALT, poet, dramatist, factor and novelist, was born at Irvine, Ayrshire, May 2, 1779. He was trained for a commercial career in the customs at Greenock, and in the office of a merchant in that seaport. In 1804 he went to London, where he published a poem on the Battle of Largs, and after spending some time in the study of law, went abroad in the interests of a firm to forward mercantile enterprise in the countries of the Mediterranean basin. He travelled part of the time with Byron. After Annals of the Parish and The Ayrshire Legatees his most notable works are The Entail, The Provost, Ringan Gilhaize, and a life of Byron. Galt died at Greenock April 11, 1839.

VI—The Last Sermon

THE year 1803 saw tempestuous times. Bonaparte gathered his host forment the English coast, and the government of London were in terror for an invasion. All in the country saw that there was danger, and I was not backward in sounding the trumpet to battle. I delivered on Lord's Day a religious and political exhortation on the present posture of public affairs before a vast congregation of all ranks. The week following there were meetings of weavers and cotton-mill folk and others, and volunteers were enrolled in defence of their king and country.

In the course of the next four or five years many changes took place in the parish. The weavers and cotton-mill folk and seceders from my own kirk built a meeting-house in Cayenneville, where there had been great suffering on account of the failure of the cotton-mill company.

In the year 1809 the elders came in a body to the manse, and after much commendation of my godly ministry, they said that, seeing that I was now growing old, they thought they could not testify their respect for me in a better manner than by agreeing to get me a helper; and the next year several young ministers spared me from the necessity of preaching.

When it was known that I was to preach my last sermon on the last Sabbath of 1810, everyone made it a point to be in the parish kirk. It was a moving discourse, and there were few dry eyes in the kirk that day; for I had been with the aged from the beginning the young considered me as their natural pastor, and my bidding them farewell was as when of old among the heathen an idol was taken away by the hand of the enemy. Shortly after, a deputation of the seceders, with their minister at their head, came to me and presented a server of silver in token of their esteem of my blameless life and the charity I had practised towards the poor.

I am thankful that I have been spared with a sound mind to write this book to the end, having really no more to say, saving only to wish a blessing on all people from on high, where I soon hope to be, and to meet there all the old and long-departed sheep of my flock, and especially the first and second Mrs. Balwhidders.



Oliver Cromwell (1599-1658) emerges above all the clamour of faction as one of the heroic figures of history, great as a soldier, as a ruler of men and as the champion of British prestige and power. In the Civil War he organized the new model army which won the battle of Naseby and in 1648 after shattering the Scots at Preston he returned to London resolved on the death of the king, of whose death-warrant he was one of the signatories. Thereafter he crushed opposition in Ireland, routed the Scots army at Dundee and the Royalists at Worcester, and in 1653 was appointed Lord Protector of the Commonwealth with virtually autocratic powers. A fervent Puritan of the mystical type, Cromwell established considerable liberty of conscience, reorganized the Church of England on Presbyterian lines and in his foreign policy presented England as champion and guardian of Protestantism. This portrait by Robert Walker is in the National Portrait Gallery.

THOMAS CARLYLE

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF OLIVER CROMWELL

JOHN STUART MILL, while editing The Westminster Review, first suggested Cromwell as the subject for an article to be contributed to his pages by Carlyle. This plan fell through, but the desultory studies made for it encouraged Carlyle to proceed and in 1840 he began serious work upon what he originally intended should be a regular history. The task proved too laborious even for this most painstaking historian, and destroying much of what he had written he began again by collecting all Cromwell's extant letters and speeches and adding explanatory comments. Rather to his own surprise he found that he had finished the book and it was published in three volumes in the autumn of 1845 and achieved an immediate success. It was virtually the first work that conveyed a sympathetic appreciation of the great Protector, and, broadly speaking, historians since have adopted Carlyle's view. The book is published in various popular editions.

I—Puritan Oliver



ONE wishes there were a history of English Puritanism, the last of all our heroisms. At bottom, perhaps, no nobler heroism ever transacted itself upon this earth; and it lies as good as lost to us in the elysium we English have provided for our heroes! The Rushworthian elysium. Dreariest continent of shot-rubbish the eye ever saw.

Of biographies of Cromwell, there are none tolerable. Oliver's father was a country gentleman of good estate, not a brewer; grandson of Sir Richard Cromwell or Williams, nephew of Thomas Cromwell, 'mauler of monasteries'; his mother a Stewart (Steward), twelfth cousin or so of King Charles. He was born in 1599, went to Cambridge in the month that Shakespeare died. Next year his father died, and Oliver went no more to Cambridge. In 1620 he married.

He sat in the Parliament of 1628-29; the Petition of Right Parliament; a most brave and noble Parliament, ending with that scene when Holles held the Speaker down in his chair. The last Parliament in England for above eleven years. Notable years, what with soap-monopoly, ship-money, death of the great Gustavus at Lützen, pillorying of William Prynne, Jenny Geddes, and National Covenant, old Field-Marshal Lesley at Dunse Law and pacification thereafter nowise lasting.

To chastise the Scots, money is not attainable save by a Parliament, which at last the king summons. This 'Short Parliament,' wherein Oliver sits for Cambridge, is dismissed, being not prompt with supplies, which the king seeks by other methods. But the army so raised will not fight the Scots, who march into Northumberland and Durham. Money not to be had otherwise than by a Parliament, which is again summoned: the Long Parliament, which did not finally vanish till 1660. In which is Oliver again 'very much hearkened unto,' despite 'linen plain and not very clean, and voice sharp and untuneable.'

Protestations; execution of Strafford, 'the one supremely able man the king had'; a hope of compromise being for a time introduced by 'royal varnish.' Then, in November 1641, an Irish rebellion blazing into Irish massacre; and in Parliament, the Grand Remonstrance carried.

In January, the king rides over to St. Stephen's to arrest the 'five members.' Then on one side Commissions of Array, on the other Ordinance for the Militia. In July and August, Mr. Cromwell is active in Cambridgeshire for the defence of that county, as others are elsewhere. Then Captain Cromwell, with his troop of horse, is with Essex at Edgehill; and then back in Cambridgeshire, organizing the Eastern Association. So we are at 1643 with the war in full swing.

Letters have been few enough so far; vestiges, traces of Cromwell's doings in the eastern counties; a successful skirmish at Grantham, a 'notable victory' at Gainsborough. In August, Manchester takes command of the Association, with Cromwell for one of his colonels; in September, first battle of Newbury, and signing of the Solemn League and Covenant at Westminster. Cromwell has written 'I have a lovely company; you would respect them did you know them'—his 'Ironsides.' In October, Colonel Cromwell does stoutly at Winceby fight; has his horse shot under him. Lincolnshire is nearly cleared.

On March 20, 1643, there is a characteristic letter to General Crawford, concerning the dismissal of an officer, whom Cromwell would have restored.

'Ay, but the man is an Anabaptist. Are you sure of that? Admit he be, shall that render him incapable to serve the public? Sir, the state in choosing men to serve it, takes no notice of their opinions. Take heed of being too sharp against those to whom you can object little but that they square not with you in every opinion concerning matters of religion.'

In July was fought, in Yorkshire, the battle of Marston Moor, the bloodiest of the whole war, which gave the whole north to the Parliamentary party.

Cromwell writes to his brother-in-law, to tell him of his son's death. Of the battle, he says, 'It had all the evidences of an absolute victory obtained by the Lord's blessing upon the godly party. We never charged but we routed the enemy.'

Soon after he is indignant with Manchester for being 'much slow in action,' especially after the second battle of Newbury. Hence comes the self-denying ordinance, in December, and construction of New Model Army.

From which ordinance Cromwell is virtually dispensed, being appointed for repeated periods of forty days, and doing good work in Oxfordshire and elsewhere; clearly indispensable, till the Lord General Fairfax gets him appointed Lieutenant-general; and on his joining Fairfax the king's army is shattered at Naseby.

'We killed and took about 5,000, writes Cromwell to Lenthall. 'Sir, this is none other but the hand of God.'

Thenceforward, this war is only completing of the victory. After the storming of Bristol, Cromwell writes, 'Presbyterians, Independents, all have here the same spirit of faith and prayer; they agree here, have no names of difference; pity it is it should be otherwise anywhere.' No canting here!

Cromwell captures Winchester, and Baring House and sundry other strongholds. Finally, this first civil war is ended with the king's surrender of himself to the Scots.

II—Regicide

Thereafter, infinite negotiations, public and private; the king hoping 'so to draw, either the Presbyterians or the Independents, to side with me for extirpating one another that I shall be really king again.' Ending with the Scots marching home, and the king being secluded in Holmby House. We note during this time a letter to Bridget Cromwell, now the wife of General Ireton.

But now Parliament is busy carrying its Presbyterian uniformity platform, crying out to apply the shears against schismatics; the army is much less drastic; shows, indeed, an undue tolerance, to Presbyterian alarm. With Cromwell's approval the army is to be quartered not less than twenty-five miles from London.

This quarrel between army and Parliament waxes; the army gains strength by securing the person of the king, finally marches on London, and gets its way. All is turmoil again, however, when Charles escapes from Hampton Court, where they have lodged him, but is detained at Carisbrooke. When 40,000 Scots are coming to liberate the king, the army's patience breaks down.

Hitherto, Cromwell has striven for an honest settlement. Now we of the army conclude, with prayer and tears, that these troubles are a penalty for our backslidings, conferences, compromises and the like; that 'if the Lord bring us back in peace,' Charles Stewart, the Man of Blood, must be called to account.

The eastern counties and Wales are up; the Scots are coming. Fairfax goes to Colchester, Cromwell to Wales, where Pembroke keeps him a month; thence, to cut up the Scots army in detail in the straggling battle called Preston, of which he gives account, as also does 'Dugald Dalgetty' Turner. The clearance of the north detains him for some time, during which he deals sternly with soldiers who plunder. In November he is returning from Scotland, writing, too, a suitable letter to Colonel Hammond, the king's custodian at Carisbrooke.

Matters also are coming to a head between army and the Parliament, which means to make concessions—fatal in the judgement of the army—and to ignore the said army; which, on the other hand, regards itself as an authority called into being by God and having responsibilities, and purges the Parliament, Cromwell arriving in town on the evening of the first day of purging. Whereby the minority of the members is become majority. And this chapter of history is grimly closed eight weeks later with a certain death warrant.

The Rump Parliament becomes concerned with establishment of the Commonwealth Council of State; appoints Mr. Milton Secretary for Foreign Languages, and nominates Lieutenant-general Cromwell to quell rebellion in Ireland. Oliver's extant letters are concerned with domestic matters—marriage of Richard. While the army for Ireland is getting prepared, there is trouble with the Levellers, sansculottism of a sort; shooting of valiant but misguided mutineers having notions as to millennium.

On August 15, Cromwell is in Ireland. His later letters have been full of gentle domesticities and pieties, strangely contrasted with the fiery savagery and iron grimness of the next batch.

Derry and Dublin are the only two cities held for the Commonwealth. The Lord-lieutenant comes offering submission with law and order, or death. The Irish have no faith in promises; will not submit. Therefore, in the despatches which tell the story, we find a noteworthy phenomenon—an armed soldier, solemnly conscious to himself that he is the soldier of God the Just, terrible as death, relentless as doom, doing God's judgements on the enemies of God.

Tredah, that is Drogheda, is his first objective, with its garrison of 3,000 soldiers. Drogheda is summoned to surrender on pain of storm; refuses, is stormed, no quarter being given to the armed garrison, mostly English. 'I believe this bitterness will save much effusion of blood through the goodness of God.'

The garrison of Dundalk, not liking the precedent, evacuated it; that of Trim likewise. No resistance, in fact, was offered till Cromwell came before Wexford. After suffering a cannonade, the commandant proposed to evacuate Wexford on terms which 'manifested the impudency of the men.' Oliver would only promise quarter to rank and file. Before any answer came, the soldiery stormed the town, which Cromwell had not intended; but he looked upon the outcome as 'an unexpected providence.'

The rule of sending a summons to surrender before attacking was always observed, and rarely disregarded. 'I meddle not with any man's conscience; but if liberty of conscience means liberty to exercise the mass, that will not be allowed of.'

The Clonmacnoise Manifesto, inviting the Irish 'not to be deceived with any show of clemency exercised upon them hitherto,' hardly supports the diatribes against Cromwell's 'massacring' propensities.

Also in Cromwell's counter-declaration is a pregnant challenge. 'Give us an instance of one man since my coming to Ireland, not in arms, massacred, destroyed, or banished, concerning the massacre or destruction of whom justice hath not been done or endeavoured to be done.'

That the business at Drogheda and Wexford did prevent much effusion of blood is manifest from the surrenders which invariably followed almost immediately upon summons. The last he reports is Kilkenny (March 1650); his actual last fight is the storm of Clonmel; for, at the request of Parliament, he returns to England to attend to other matters of gravity, Munster and Leinster being now practically under control.

III—Crowning Mercies

MATTERS of gravity indeed; for Scotland, the prime mover in this business of Puritanism, has for leaders Argyles, Loudons, and others of the pedant species; no inspired Oliver. So these poor Scots governors have tried getting Charles II to adopt the Covenant as best he can have 'compelled him to sign it voluntarily.'

Scotland will either invade us or be invaded by us which we decide to be preferable. Cromwell must go, since Fairfax will not resign his command in favour of Cromwell; who does go, with the hundred-and-tenth psalm in the head and heart of him.

So he marches by way of Berwick to Musselburgh, where he finds David Lesley entrenched in impregnable lines between him and Edinburgh. He writes to the General Assembly of the Kirk in protest against a declaration of theirs. 'Is it, therefore, infallibly agreeable to the Word of God, all that you say? I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible that you may be mistaken.'

But presently Lesley, at whatsoever urging, moves to change ground, which movement gives Oliver his chance. He attacks instead of awaiting attack; the Scots army is scattered, 3,000 killed and 10,000 prisoners taken. Such is Dunbar Battle, or Dunbar Drove. Edinburgh is ours, though the Castle holds out; surrenders only on December 10, on most honourable terms. But what to do with Scotland, with its covenanted king, a solecism incarnate?

We have a most wifely letter to Cromwell from his wife, urging him to write oftener to herself and to important persons: correspondence concerning Dunbar medal, and Chancellorship of Oxford University; and the lord general falls ill, with recoveries and relapses.

Active military movements, however, become imperative. In spring and early summer is some successful skirmishing; in July Cromwell's army has, for the most part, got into Fife, thereby cutting off the supplies of the king's army at Stirling, which suddenly marches straight for the heart of England, the way being open. Cromwell, having just captured Perth, starts in pursuit, leaving George Monk to look after Scotland.

The Scots march by the Lancashire route, keeping good discipline, but failing to gather the Presbyterian allies or Royalist allies they had looked for. On August 22, Charles erects his standard at Worcester ninth anniversary of the day Charles I erected his at Nottingham. On the anniversary of Dunbar fight his Scots army is crushed, battling desperately at Worcester; cut to pieces, with six or seven thousand prisoners taken.

Cromwell calls it 'for aught I know a crowning mercy,' and fears lest 'the fullness of these continued mercies may occasion pride and wantonness.'

OF the next nineteen months the history becomes very dim. The Rump sits, conspicuous with red-tapery; does not get itself dissolved nor anything else done of consequence; leaves much that is of consequence not done.

Before twelve months the officers are petitioning the lord general that something be done for a new Representative House; to be, let us say, a sort of Convention of Notables. At any rate, in April 1653, the Rump propose to solve the problem by continuing themselves; till the lord general ejects them summarily in a manner that need not here be retold. With this for consequence, that Cromwell himself, 'with the advice of my Council of Officers,' nominates divers persons to form the new Parliament, hereafter known as 'Barebones.'

In this Parliament, which included not a few notable men, Cromwell made the first speech extant, justifying his dismissal of the Rump, and the summoning of this assembly, chosen as being godly men that have principles. A speech intelligible to the intelligent. But this Parliament failed of its business, which is no less than introducing the Christian religion into real practice in the social affairs of this nation; and dissolved itself after five months. Four days later the Instrument of Government is issued, naming Oliver Protector of the Commonwealth.

IV—Protector Oliver

A NEW Reformed Parliament, elected, with Scotch and Irish representatives, is to meet on September 3. Parliament meets. Oliver's speech on September 3 is unreported, but we have that on September 4, and another eight days later.

'You are met for healing and settling. We are troubled with those who would destroy liberty, and with those who would overturn all control. This government which has called you, A Free Parliament, together, has given you peace instead of the foreign wars that were going on; there remains plenty for you to do.'

But the Parliament, instead of doing it, sets to debating the Form of Government and its sanctioning.

Hence our second speech.

'I called not myself to this place. God be judge between me and all men! I desired to be dismissed of my charge. That was refused me. Being entreated, I did accept the place and title of Protector. I do not bear witness to myself. My witnesses are the officers, the soldiery, the City of London, the counties, the judges; yea, you yourselves, who have come hither upon my writ. I was the authority that called you, which you have recognized. I will not have the authority questioned, nor its fundamental powers. You must sign a declaration of fidelity to the constitution, or you shall not enter the Parliament House.'

The Parliament, however, will not devote itself to business; will turn off on side issues, and continue constitution debating. Therefore, at the end of five months lunar, not calendar, the Protector makes another speech.

'You have healed nothing, settled nothing; dissettlement and division, discontent and dissatisfaction are multiplied; real dangers, too, from Cavalier party, and Anabaptist Levellers. Go!'

First Protectorate Parliament being ended, the next is not due yet awhile. The Lord Protector must look to matters which are threatening; plots on all hands, issuing in Penruddock's insurrection, which is vigorously dealt with. No easy matter to upset this Protector. He, with his Council of State, establishes military administration under ten major-generals; arbitrary enough, but beneficial.

For war, money is needed, and the second Protectorate Parliament is summoned. The Protector addresses us:

'We have enemies about us; the greatest is the Spaniard, because he is the enemy of God, and has been ours from the time of Queen Elizabeth. Therefore, we are at war with Spain, all Protestant interests being therein at one with ours. Danger also there is at home, both from Cavaliers and Levellers, which necessitates us to erect the major-generals. For these troubles, the remedies are in the first place to prosecute the war with Spain vigorously; and, next, not to make religion a pretension for arms and blood.'

FOR its wise temper and good practical tendency let us praise this second Parliament; admit, nevertheless, that its history amounts to little—that it handsomely did nothing, and left Oliver to do. But it does propose to modify our constitution, increase the Protector's powers—make him, in fact, a king. Out of confusion of documents, speeches and conferences we extract this—that his highness is not, on the whole, willing to be called king, because this will give offence to many godly persons.

The petition being settled, Parliament is prorogued till January 1658; when there will be a House of Lords (not the old Peers!), and the excluded members will be admitted. May there not then be new troubles? The Spanish Charles Stewart invasion plot is indeed afoot, and that union abroad of the Protestant powers for which we crave is by no means accomplished. Therefore, says the Protector, you must be ready to fight on land as well as by sea. No time this for disunion.

After this dissolution speech, and a letter as to Vaudois persecution, there are no more letters or speeches. On September 3, 1658, for him 'the ugly evil is all over, and thy part in it manfully done—manfully and fruitfully, to all eternity.' Oliver is gone, and with him England's Puritanism.

JEAN RACINE

BERENICE

Of the splendid literary company that added lustre to the âge of Louis XIV, two of the most brilliant figures were Racine and Molière, recognized as the supreme French masters of the tragic and comic drama respectively. While inferior to Corneille—his senior by a few years—in poetic and dramatic power, Racine was his superior as a playwright and poetical artificer. His first tragedy, La Thébaïde, was produced by Molière's company at the Palais Royal Theatre, June 20, 1664. Alexandre followed in 1665 and in 1667 his supreme dramatic triumphs began with Andromaque and were carried on with Britannicus, Bérénice, Bajazet, Mithridate, Iphigénie and Phèdre (1677). Esther, and Athalie, both equal to his finest work, were produced at Saint Cyr in 1689 and 1691. Bérénice, of which an epitome prepared from the French text is given here, was produced in 1670. It well exhibits Racine's peculiar genius, being unapproachable in its combination of majesty and tenderness and in fine rhetoric of heroic declamation.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Titus, Emperor of Rome	**Paulinus**, confidant of Titus
Berenice, Queen of Palestine	**Arsaces**, confidant of Antiochus
Antiochus, King of Commagene	**Phenice**, confidante of Berenice

The scene is laid at Rome, in a cabinet between the apartments of Titus and those of Berenice

First Act



Antiochus (*addressing* **Arsaces**): Stay one moment. I see plainly, Arsaces, that the pomp of these palaces is new to your eyes. This superb and solitary cabinet is the depository of the secrets of Titus. Here from time to time he conceals himself from the distractions of the court, when he comes to profess his love to the queen. Yonder door leads to her apartments. Go to her, and say that I earnestly beg a private interview with her. [*Exit* **Arsaces.**

Antiochus (*left alone and soliloquising*): Now, Antiochus, art thou always the same? Can I without trembling say to her, 'I love you'? But what? I am trembling already, and dread the moment of meeting with her, for which I have so long wished. She imposed on me an eternal silence, and I have been silent for five years. Am I to imagine that she will be more willing than she was in Palestine to listen to my overtures of affection, now that Titus destines her to supreme elevation? He is about to wed her. Have I then waited till such a moment as this in order once again to come to declare myself her lover? What will such a rash avowal avail. Since I must depart, it were better to go without displeasing her. But, O lovely queen, why should you be offended? Instead of being offended, she will pity me. And what has a lover to fear who cherishes no hope, and who is resolved never to look upon her face again?

Arsaces (*returning*): My lord, I have seen the queen, but only after pressing through crowds of people who are attracted by her approaching greatness. Titus has just ceased mourning the death of his father, Vespasian. And now he will appear again in the guise of lover. If we may credit the gossip of the court, my lord, Berenice will before this night have changed the title of queen for that of empress.

Ant.: Alas! And thus can I not see her without the presence of others?

Ars.: Berenice is ready to see you alone. Doubtless she will be glad to escape awhile from the oppressive scenes of the court. And, my lord, I have followed all your instructions. War galleys are at Ostia, ready to leave the coast at a moment's notice. But whom are you sending back to Commagene?

Ant.: I am going myself. On leaving the palace, I leave Rome, and leave it for ever.

Ars.: You are going? And why? What caprice renders you an enemy to yourself? Heaven has placed on the throne a prince who loves you, and who in times past witnessed those combats in which he saw you seeking glory or death in his footsteps; while, seconded by your splendid valour, he at length brought rebellious Judea under the yoke of Rome. And now that you should grace with your honoured presence the coming fêtes, are you determined to return to the obscurity of your country by the Euphrates, departing secretly, without waiting for the honours with which Titus would surely load you, in the view of all the people?

Ant.: What would you have me say? I wait only to hear my fate from the lips of Berenice herself. If it be true that she is to be raised to the throne of the Caesars, then I depart. When we are gone, I will tell you the rest. The queen comes. Adieu. Do all that I have said.

[*Enter* **Berenice** *attended by* **Phenice.**

Berenice: My lord Antiochus, I might have accused you of negligence in leaving me unsought when I should have welcomed a friend in whom to repose confidence, and to whom I might communicate my feelings, when weary of this crowd. Now that you have appeared, I may

confess to you how during these last few days my eyes have been steeped in tears. For the long mourning of Titus suspended his overtures of love, and my alarm increased as the days went by lest that love had cooled. And now that all filial obligations have been sacredly fulfilled, he is about to return to his duties as a lover. And even at this moment, though to me he has not made mention of the matter, he is with the senate, convoked by his command, and amid them he is about to place on my head the crown over Arabia and Syria, the states which he has joined to Palestine. And he will presently come hither to add to my honours the title of empress. [farewell

Ant. : And I come to wish you an eternal

Ber. : O heavens! What language! Why farewell? Prince, you are troubled.

Ant. : At least remember that I obey your own wishes, and that you are listening to me for the last time. It was in your own native land that I first enjoyed your friendly regards and loved you, with the goodwill of Agrippa, your brother. But, alas! Titus came, saw you and pleased you. And, armed with Rome's irresistible force, he overwhelmed Judea, and the sad Antiochus was one of the first trophies of the conquest. Your tongue ordered mine to be silent, yet I spoke to you with my eyes. I have kept silence, but in this final moment I dare to declare that when you exacted from me that unjust promise, my heart avowed eternal love for you.

Ber. : My lord, I did not believe that on the very day which is to unite my destiny with Caesar any mortal could with impunity appear before my eyes to declare himself my lover. Yet because of our old friendship and your long silence I forget a speech which outrages me. I do more. I receive your farewell with regret. Heaven knows that amid the honour I am about to receive I had expected you to be a witness of my joy. With all the world I esteemed your virtues. Titus cherished you.

Ant. : To Titus I am loyal. But I flee from him whose name you repeat each instant. And I flee from your own distracted eyes which, ever looking on me, yet see me not. Adieu. I go with my heart too full of your image to await death while still loving you. Adieu.

[*He departs.*

Phenice : Madam, how I compassionate him! Such fidelity merited prosperity. Do you not pity him?

Ber. : I confess that so sudden a retreat fills me with inward grief.

Phen. : I would have detained him. For Titus has not explained his intention. Rome, madam, is regarding you with jealous eyes. The rigour of the laws terrifies me on your behalf. Hymen for a Roman only allows a Roman partner. Rome hates all kings, and Berenice is a queen.

Ber. : Phenice, the time for fear is past. Titus loves me; he is all-powerful, and he has only to speak. He will see the senate pay me its homage while the people crown his images with flowers. Do you not see beforehand, Phenice, the splendour of this night—the torches, the illuminations, the eagles, the army, the crowd of tributary kings, the consuls, the senate and the laurels that proclaim Titus a glorious victor? But, come, let us go and thank heaven for protecting him.

Second Act

Titus *and* Paulinus

TITUS: Has anyone seen the King of Commagene? And what is Queen Berenice doing?

Paulinus : I saw that the king was waiting on her in an audience, and as he came out I gave him your orders. The queen has gone to beseech Heaven for your imperial welfare.

Titus : Alas! amiable princess.

Paul. : Why this sadness? The queen is about to be made mistress of all the Orient. Do you pity her?

Titus : My plans are still uncertain, and all Rome wants to learn the destiny of the queen. Now, Paulinus, speak out freely. Knowing, as you do, how the popular opinion tends, let me understand how this idea of a union between me and the queen is regarded.

Paul. : My emperor, there exists no doubt. Either from right reason or sheer caprice, Rome, though all confess her charms, does not expect the queen to become empress. She has a thousand virtues. She has truly the heart of a Roman. But she is a queen! Rome, by an immutable law, admits no foreign blood and, since she banished her own kings for ever, looks on kingship with inexorable antagonism.

Titus : Alas, how impassioned is the love I am thus expected to renounce! Paulinus, I have made it an indispensable pleasure of my life to see her, to love her, to please her. I have done more. I have rendered a hundred times thanks to the gods for having honoured my father by giving him the empire of the world, and for counting me worthy to follow him. But all this glory I had fondly hoped to share with her, and to see the world at her feet as well as at my own. And now, after cherishing such hopes for five long years, Paulinus, I am about—heavens, can I say so!—I am about to part from her. But what else does supreme honour exact? What shame should I inflict on this noble queen were I to indulge my love for her by trampling on the strictest of all the laws of Rome! I know Berenice and I know too well that her heart demands nothing but mine. I loved her, I pleased her. Since that day—shall I call it blessed or fatal?—when we first acknowledged our mutual affection, she has been absorbed in this love. Oh, heavens, how can I find the way to inflict on her this cruel decision?

[**Berenice** enters. She gently reproaches **Titus** for delaying to come to see her when his audience with the senate was over. **Titus** attempts to pave the way for the cruel announcement he has to make, but falters, turns away in embarrassment, which astonishes the queen, and beats a hasty retreat.]



JEAN RACINE was born at La Ferte Milon, in the department of Aisne, December 21, 1639, and educated at the College of Beauvais and at Port Royal, where he devoted himself especially to Greek literature. Proceeding thence to the College d'Harcourt, he diverged from philosophy to literature and to worldly interests, winning royal patronage by an ode on the marriage of Louis XIV. Friendship with Boileau, La Fontaine and Molière led to his appearance as a dramatist and to a quarrel with the Jansenists, with whom, however, he was reconciled in 1677, when he married and was appointed historiographer royal. There also he wrote only two dramas for Madame de Maintenon's theodicity at Saint Cyr—four Cantiques Spirituels, and a history of Port Royal. Racine died April 21, 1699.

Third Act

Berenice. *Enter* **Antiochus**

BERENICE: Ah, my lord, is it you? So you are not yet gone?

Antiochus: Madam, I perceive you are disappointed, for you were looking for Caesar. But blame Caesar himself for the fact that I thus once again intrude on you. Probably I should now be at Ostia but that he prohibited my departure, detaining me to talk only of you.

Ber.: Of me, prince? And what can he have said to you?

Ant.: In the name of the gods, madam, how can I venture to declare it? But, prepare yourself. Titus has commanded me to tell you that which must touch you in the tenderest spot of your heart. You and Titus must separate.

Ber.: Separate? Who? I? Titus from Berenice?

Ant.: I must render him justice in your presence. I have seen in him all that despair can inflict on a sensitive and generous heart. He weeps, he adores you. But what avails it that he still loves you? A queen in this Roman empire is a suspect. You must separate, and you yourself must depart to-morrow.

Ber.: Titus to abandon me after so many vows! He who swore to me.... No, I can never believe it. This is a plot to disunite us. Titus loves me. He is not willing that I should die. I will speak to him at once. Come!

Ant.: What? You can regard me as——

Ber.: I do not believe you. But whatever be the fact, take care you never see me again.

Fourth Act

Berenice *and* **Titus**

BERENICE: Ah, my lord. Well, then, is it true that Titus abandons me? We must part? He himself commands it?

Titus: Do not, madam, overwhelm a miserable prince. Do not afflict us both. Compel your love to be silent, and with an eye enlightened by glory and by reason alike, contemplate my bounden duty in all its rigour. Fortify my heart yourself against you. Help me, if it be possible, to conquer my weakness, and to stay the tears which escape me without ceasing. Or if we cannot command our eyes to refrain from tears, at least let glory help us to endure our grief, for, my princess, we must part.

Ber.: Ah, cruelty! What have you done? Alas! I believed myself loved. For you alone I lived. Did you not know your laws when I for the first time confessed my affection? Cruel one, did you only receive my heart to fling it from you again when it had come to depend on you alone? All the empire has twenty times conspired against you. There was time enough. Why did you not leave me? Then a thousand reasons would have assuaged my misery. I could have accused of my death your father, the people, the senate, all the Roman empire, all the universe rather than a hand so dear. Then I should not have received this cruel blow at the very moment in which I was expecting an immortal blessing—a moment, too, when your happy love can gain whatever it desires, when Rome is quiet, when all the world bows at your feet—when I have none to fear but you.

Titus: And also it is I alone who could destroy myself. I could then live on and permit myself to be seduced from the pathway of honour. I have gone on hoping for the impossible. I only know all the torments of soul that this resolution now inflicts on me. I know not how I can live without you; but now it matters not how long I live; the only concern is to reign.

Ber.: Reign, then, cruel one! I argue no longer. Satisfy your glory. Adieu for ever! For ever! Ah, my lord, do you comprehend how cruel is that word when one truly loves? How much will be endured in a month, in a year? How terrible has been my error, and what pains have been thrown away! But you who abandon me are consoled in advance by your glory. The days that will seem so long to me in my grief will for you seem all too short.

Titus: Madam, there will be but few days to count for me. Ere long the sad report of my departure from earth will convince you that you have been too truly loved. You will soon know that for Titus no consolation was left but to die.

Ber.: Ah, my lord, if that be so, then why part? I no longer speak of an illustrious marriage. Has Rome condemned me never to see you? Why should you begrudge me to breathe the same atmosphere with yourself?

Titus: Alas! you command everything, madam. Remain; I do not resist. But I feel

my weakness. I must, if you are here, be ever fighting against you and conquering you, and unceasingly watching my own footsteps, which will every hour be tempted by your allurements. Even at this moment my heart forgets itself and remembers only that it loves you.

Ber. : Well, my lord, and what can happen after all? Do you perceive any inclination in the Romans to revolt?

Titus : Who knows how they would regard such an encroachment on their laws? If they should mutiny must my choice be vindicated by bloodshed, or if they remain quiescent and sell their laws, to what do you expose me? By what complaisance must I one day pay for their patience? Can I sustain the laws which I have been unable to respect? When I accepted the empire, I swore to obey the laws.

Ber. : No longer do I ask to stay. I esteem you capable of destroying my very life. I ask for no avenger of my wrongs except, ungrateful one, that which will be found at the bottom of your own heart.

Fifth Act

Berenice. *Enter* Titus.

BERENICE: No. I will hear no more. I will depart. Why do you again present yourself to my sight? Why thus deepen my despair? Are you not satisfied? I will see you no more.

Titus : Stay.! How unjust you are!

Ber. : Ungrateful one! Stay! And why? To hear the cruel joy of a malicious people, whose mockery would everywhere resound? To hear it, while I am drowned in my own tears? And what crime have I committed but that of loving you too well? Here I can look on nothing but what wounds my soul. This very apartment, prepared for me by your care, these places so long the witnesses of our love, on all sides bring up the past to my eyes.

Titus : Berenice, never did I love you so tenderly as now.

Ber. : You love me, you declare it; and yet I am departing, and you command me to go! What! You find so many charms in my despair? Ah, cruel, display a little less love! Recall not for me too dear a sentiment. And let me at least depart persuaded that, already in secret exiled from your heart, I am quitting an ungrateful one who loses me without regret.

[**Berenice** hands **Titus** a letter which she had written, announcing that she was about to destroy herself. He reads it, and instantly declares that he will never permit such a design to be carried out, that for her sake he will renounce his imperial position and marry her. At this instant **Antiochus** enters and confesses to **Titus** that he has been his rival in love, but that he has been ever loyal, and now has resolved to deprive himself of life so that he may never be regarded as again becoming a suitor for the hand of **Berenice**. **Berenice**, touched to the heart, addresses both her lovers in noble terms. She will live. She will depart, never to see either of them again. But they are both to live likewise, and to pursue the pathway of duty and of honour.]

A Royal Tutor Discourses on Education

ROGER ASCHAM
THE SCHOOLMASTER

BORN in 1515 at Kirby Wiske, near Northallerton, Roger Ascham was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he became fellow and, in 1538, Greek reader. His advocacy of archery as a national pastime in his Toxophilus, a work written in admirable, vigorous English prose and printed in 1545, procured him patronage from Henry VIII. From 1548 to 1550 he was tutor to the Princess Elizabeth, and after serving as Latin secretary and private tutor to Queen Mary during her reign he was confirmed in those offices to herself by Elizabeth on her accession. The composition of his principal literary work, The Schoolmaster, occupied him from 1563 until his death, which took place December 30, 1568. The book was published in 1570 by his widow in the state in which he left it. A plea for rational education, it is a fine specimen of straightforward and easy English prose of a period when literary composition in English was still little practised, and it contains details of Ascham's own method of teaching the classics which have received the commendation of educationists ever since.

I—The Art of Teaching



IN learning Latin, if the child miss either in forgetting a word or in changing a good with a worse, or misordering a sentence, I would not have the master either frown or chide with him, if the child have done his diligence, and used no truantship therein. For I know by experience that a child shall take more profit of two faults gently warned of, than of four things rightly hit.

For then the master shall have good occasion to say unto him, 'Tully [Cicero] would have used such a word, not this; Tully would have placed his word here, not there; would have used this case, this number, this person, this degree,

this gender; he would have used this mood, this tense; this simple rather than this compound; this adverb here, not there; he would have ended the sentence with this verb, not with that noun or particle.'

When the master shall compare Tully's book with his scholar's translation, let the master at first lead and teach his scholar to join the rules of his grammar book with the examples of his present lesson, until the scholar by himself be able to fetch out of his grammar every rule for every example, so as the grammar book be ever in the scholar's hand, and used as a dictionary for every present use.

Let your scholar be never afraid to ask you any doubt, but use discreetly the best allurements you can to encourage him to the same, lest his overmuch fearing of you drive him to seek some misorderly shift, as to seek to be helped by some other book, or to be prompted by some other scholar, and so go about to beguile you much, and himself more.

In my opinion, love is better than fear, gentleness better than beating, to bring up a child rightly in learning. A wise schoolmaster should consider the disposition of his scholars, and not so much weigh what either is able to do now, as likely to do hereafter. For those which be commonly the wisest, the best learned, and best men also, were never commonly the quickest of wit when young.

The quickest wits commonly may prove the best poets, but not the wisest orators; ready of tongue to speak boldly, not deep of judgement, either for good counsel or wise writing. Also, for manners and life, quick wits commonly be, in desire, new-fangled, in purpose unconstant, light to promise anything, ready to forget everything, both benefit and injury; and thereby neither fast to friend nor fearful to foe; inquisitive of every trifle; not secret in greatest affairs; bold with any person; busy in every matter; always flattering their betters, envying their equals, despising their inferiors.

QUICK wits also be, in most part of all their doings, over-quick, hasty, rash, heady and brain-sick; in youth ready scoffers, privy mockers; in age soon testy and waspish, and very few fortunate for themselves or profitable to serve the commonwealth.

Contrarywise, a wit in youth that is not over dull, heavy, knotty and lumpish, but hard, rough, if well handled by the mother and schoolmaster, proveth always the best. Hard wits be hard to receive, but sure to keep, toilful without weariness, heedful without wavering, and so come to that perfectness of learning in the end that quick wits seldom attain unto. They be grave, steadfast, silent of tongue, secret of heart. Not hasty in making, but constant in keeping any promise. Not rash in uttering, but wary in considering every matter. And these be the men that become most happy for themselves and best esteemed in the world.

II—Of the Pleasures of Study

To love or to hate, to ply this way or that way to good or to bad, ye shall have as ye use a child in his youth.

And one example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child for virtue and learning, I will gladly report.

Before I went into Germany I came to Broadgate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the duke and duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in the chamber reading Phaedon Platonis in Greek, and that with as much delight as some would read Bocace.

After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park. Smiling, she answered me: "I wist all their sport is but a shadow to that pleasure I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant."

"And how came you, madam," quoth I, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you unto it?"

"I will tell you," quoth she, "and tell you a truth which perchance ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is that He sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either



LADY JANE GREY AND ROGER ASCHAM AT BROADGATE

From the painting by J. C. Horsley, R.A.

of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently sometimes with pinches, nips and bobs, and other ways which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whilst I am with him."

I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk that ever I had, and the last time that ever I saw the noble and worthy lady.

THE fault is in yourselves, ye noblemen's sons, and therefore ye deserve the greater blame, that commonly the meaner men's children come to be the wisest counsellors in the weighty affairs of this realm. If ye will have rightfully that praise, and enjoy surely that place which your fathers have and elders had, and left unto you, ye must keep it as they got it, and that is by the only way of virtue, wisdom and worthiness.

But young gentlemen are fain commonly to do in the court as young archers do in the field—that is, take such marks as be nigh them, although they be never so foul to shoot at. If some Smithfield ruffian take up some strange going, some new mowing with the mouth, some fresh oath that will ring round in the mouth, some new disguised garment or desperate hat, fond in fashion or garish in colour, whatsoever it cost, by what shift soever it be gotten, gotten must it be, and used with the first, or else the grace of it is gone.

> To laugh, to lie, to flatter, to face,
> Four ways in court to win men's grace.
> If thou be thrall to none of these,
> Away good Peckgoose, hence John Cheese.
> Mark well my word and mark their deed,
> And think this verse part of thy creed.

It is your shame—I speak to you all, you young gentlemen of England—that one maid should go beyond you all in excellency of learning and knowledge of divers tongues.

Point forth six of the best given gentlemen of this court, and all they together show not so much goodwill, spend not so much time, bestow not so many hours daily, orderly and constantly, for the increase of learning and knowledge, as doth the queen's majesty herself. Yea, I believe that beside her perfect readiness in Latin, Italian, French and Spanish, she readeth here now at Windsor more Greek every day than some prebendary of the Church doth read Latin in a whole week.

And that which is most praiseworthy of all, within the walls of her privy chamber she hath obtained that excellency of learning, to understand, speak and write both wittily with head and fair with hand, as scarce one or two rare wits in both the universities have in many years reached unto.

Amongst all the benefits that God hath blessed me withal, next the knowledge of Christ's true religion, I count this the greatest; that it pleased God to call me to be one poor minister in setting forward these excellent gifts of learning in this most excellent prince; whose only example if the rest of our nobility would follow, then might England be, for learning and wisdom in nobility, a spectacle to all the world beside. But see the mishap of men; the best examples have never such force to move to any goodness, as the bad, vain, light and fond have to all illness.

TAKE heed, therefore, ye great ones in the court; yea, though ye be the greatest of all, take heed what ye do. For as you great ones use to do, so all men love to do. You be indeed makers or marrers of all men's manners within the realm. And for example even in the greatest matter, if you yourselves do serve God gladly and orderly for conscience sake, you carry all the court with you, and the whole realm beside, earnestly and orderly to do the same. If you do otherwise, you be the only authors of all misorders in religion, not only to the court, but to all England beside. Infinite shall be made cold in religion by your example that never were hurt by reading of books.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

THE NEWCOMES

FOLLOWING The History of Henry Esmond, Esqre. came, in 1854, The Newcomes, The Memoirs of a Most Respectable Family, Edited by Arthur Pendennis, Esqre. Though the hero of Pendennis (see page 872 of *The World's Great Books*) and his wife are again brought before the reader, this work is in no sense a sequel to the previous novel. Its outstanding character is the fine, chivalrous, simple figure of Colonel Newcome: and of the whole book it may be said that, though Thackeray's satire and humour are as keen and fresh as ever, yet the painting is that of a softer and more genial hand than the stern artist of Vanity Fair (see page 623). Like his other longer novels, the story is a wide section of family history rather than a plot narrative. It contains a good deal of autobiographical matter, Colonel Newcome himself being more than merely reminiscent of Thackeray's stepfather. The publication (The Newcomes appeared first in monthly numbers) was highly successful. A dramatic version was produced by Sir Herbert Tree in 1906.

I—The 'Cave of Harmony'



IT was in the days of my youth, when, having been to the play with some young fellows of my own age, we became naturally hungry at twelve o'clock at night, and a desire for welsh rarebits and good old glee-singing led us to the 'Cave of Harmony,' then kept by the celebrated Hoskins, among whose friends we were proud to count ourselves.

There came into the 'Cave' a gentleman with a lean, brown face, and long black mustachios, and evidently a stranger to the place. At least, he had not visited it for a long time. He was pointing out changes to a lad who was in his company, and, calling for sherry and water, he listened to the music and twisted his mustachios with great enthusiasm.

At the very first glimpse of me, the boy jumped up from the table, ran to me with hands out and, blushing, said, "Don't you know me?"

It was little Newcome, my schoolfellow, whom I had not seen for six years, grown a fine, tall young stripling now, with the same bright blue eyes which I remembered when he was quite a little boy.

"What the deuce brings you here?"

He laughed, and looked roguish.

"My father—that's my father—would come. He's just back from India. He says all the wits used to come here. I told him your name and that you used to be kind to me when I was at Smithfield. I've left now; I'm to have a private tutor."

Here the whiskered gentleman, Newcome's father, strode across the room to the table where we sat, and held out his hand to me.

"I have heard of your kindness, sir," says he, "to my boy. And whoever is kind to him is kind to me. Will you allow me to sit down by you? And may I beg you to try my cheroots?"

We were friends in a minute: young Newcome snuggling to my side, and his father opposite.

It was worth a guinea to see the simple colonel and his delight at the music. He became quite excited over his sherry and water. He joined in all the choruses with an exceedingly sweet voice, and when Hoskins sang (as he did admirably) The Old English Gentleman, tears trickled down the honest warrior's cheek.

And now Mr. Hoskins, asking if any gentleman would volunteer a song, what was our amazement when the simple colonel offered to sing himself.

The colonel selected the ditty of Wapping Old Stairs, and gave his heart and soul to the simple ballad. When the song was over, Clive looked round with surprise and pleasure in his eyes. The colonel bowed and smiled with good nature at our enthusiastic plaudits.

"I learnt that song forty years ago," he said, turning round to his boy. "I used to slip out from Grey Friars to hear it. Lord, Lord how the time passes!"

Whilst he was singing his ballad, there had reeled into the room my friend Captain

Costigan, in his usual condition at this hour of the night.

"Captain Costigan, will you take something to drink?"

"Bedad I will," says the captain, "and I'll sing ye a song, tu."

Having procured a glass of whisky and water, the unlucky wretch, who scarcely knew what he was doing or saying, selected one of the most outrageous of what he called his prime songs, and began his music. At the end of the second verse the colonel started up and, looking as ferocious as though he had been going to do battle with a Pindaree, roared out, "Silence!"

"Do you dare, sir," cries the colonel, trembling with anger, "to call yourself a gentleman, and to say that you hold the king's commission, and to sit down amongst Christian men and defile the ears of boys with this wicked balderdash?"

"Why do you bring young boys here, old boy?" cries a malcontent.

"Why? Because I thought I was coming to a society of gentlemen. I never could have believed that Englishmen could meet together and allow an old man so to disgrace himself. For shame! Go home to your bed, you hoary old sinner! And, for my part, I'm not sorry that my son should see for once in his life to what degradation drunkenness and whisky may bring a man. Never mind the change, sir!" says the colonel to the amazed waiter. "Keep it till you see me in this place again, which will be never—by George, never!" And, shouldering his stick and scowling round at the company of scared bacchanalians, he stalked away, his boy after him.

Clive seemed rather shamefaced; but the rest of the company looked more foolish.

II—Clive Newcome in Love

THE colonel, in conjunction with an Indian friend of his, Mr. Binnie, took a house in London, No. 120, Fitzroy Square, and there was fine amusement for Clive and his father and Mr. Binnie in the purchase of furniture for the mansion. It was like nobody else's house. What cosy pipes we smoked in the dining room, in the drawing-room, or where we would!

Clive had a tutor, whom we recommended to him, and with whom the young gentleman did not fatigue his brains very much; but his great forte decidedly lay in drawing. He sketched the horses, he drew the dogs. He drew his father in all postures asleep, on foot, on horseback; and jolly little Mr. Binnie, with his plump legs on a chair, or jumping briskly on the back of a cob which he rode.

"Oh," says Clive, if you talk to him now about those early days, "it was a jolly time! I do not believe there was any young fellow in London so happy." And there hangs up in his painting-room now a head, with hair touched with grey, with a large moustache and melancholy eyes. And Clive shows that portrait to his children and tells them that the whole world never saw a nobler gentleman.

Of course, our young man commenced as an historical painter, deeming that the highest branch of art. He painted a prodigious battle-piece of Assaye, and will it be believed that the Royal Academicians rejected this masterpiece? Clive himself, after a month's trip to Paris with his father, declared the thing was rubbish.

IT was during this time, when Clive and his father were in Paris, that Mr. Binnie, laid up with a wrenched ankle, was consoled by a visit from his sister, Mrs. Mackenzie, a brisk, plump little widow, and her daughter, Miss Rosa, a blue-eyed, fair-haired lass, with a very sweet voice.

Of course, the most hospitable and polite of colonels would not hear of Mrs. Mackenzie and her daughter quitting his house when he returned to it after the pleasant sojourn in Paris; nor, indeed, did his fair guest show the least anxiety or intention to go away.

Certainly the house was a great deal more cheerful for the presence of the two pleasant ladies. Everybody liked them. Binnie received their caresses very good-humouredly. The colonel liked every woman under the sun. Clive laughed and joked and waltzed alternately with Rosey and her mamma. None of us could avoid seeing that Mrs. Mackenzie was, as the phrase is, 'setting her cap' openly at Clive; and Clive laughed at her simple manœuvres as merrily as the rest.

Some months after the arrival of Mr. Binnie's niece and sister in Fitzroy Square, Mrs. Newcome, wife of Hobson Newcome, banker, the colonel's brother, gave a dinner at her house in Bryanstone Square.

"It is quite a family party," whispered the happy Mrs. Newcome, when we recognized Lady Ann Newcome's carriage, and saw her ladyship, her mother, old Lady Kew, her daughter Ethel, and her husband, Sir Brian — Hobson's twin brother and partner in the banking firm of Hobson Brothers & Newcome descend from the vehicle. The whole party from St. Pancras were already assembled — Mr. Binnie, the colonel and his son, Mrs. Mackenzie and Miss Rosey.

EVERYBODY was bent upon being happy and gracious. Miss Newcome ran up to the colonel with both hands out, and with no eyes for anyone else until, Clive advancing, those bright eyes became brighter still with surprise and pleasure as she beholds him. And, as she looks, Miss Ethel sees a very handsome fellow, while the blushing youth casts down his eyes before hers.

"Upon my word, my dear colonel," says old Lady Kew, nodding her head shrewdly, "I think we were right."

"No doubt right in everything your ladyship does, but in what particularly?" asks the colonel.

"Right to keep him out of the way. Ethel has been disposed of these ten years. Did not Ann tell you? How foolish of her! But all mothers like to have young men dying for their daughters. Your son is really the handsomest boy in London. Ethel, my dear, Colonel Newcome must present us to Mrs. Mackenzie and Miss Mackenzie." And Ethel, giving a nod to Clive, with whom she had talked again, puts her hand in her uncle's and walks towards Mrs. Mackenzie.

She is seventeen years old, rather taller than the majority of women. Truth looks out of her bright eyes and flashes scorn or denial, perhaps too readily, when she encounters flattery or meanness. Her smile, when it lights up her face and eyes, is as beautiful as strong sunshine. Her countenance, somewhat grave and haughty, on occasion brightens with humour or beams with affection.

That night in the drawing-room we found the two young ladies engaged over an album containing a number of Clive's drawings made in the time of his very early youth, and Miss Ethel seemed to be very pleased with these performances.

Old Major Pendennis, whom I met earlier in the day, made some confidential remarks concerning Miss Ethel and her relatives, which I set down here.

"Your Indian colonel," says he, "seems a worthy man. He don't seem to know much of the world, and we are not very intimate. They say he wanted to marry your friend Clive to Lady Ann's daughter, an exceedingly fine girl — one of the prettiest girls come out this season. And that shows how monstrous ignorant of the world Colonel Newcome is. His son could no more get that girl than he could marry one of the royal princesses. These banker fellows are wild after grand marriages. Mark my words, they intend Miss Newcome for some man of high rank. Old Lady Kew is a monstrous clever old woman. Nothing could show a more deplorable ignorance of the world than poor Newcome supposing his son could make such a match as that with his cousin. Is it true that he is going to make his son an artist? I don't know what the dooce the world is coming to. An artist! By gad, in my time a fellow would as soon have thought of making his son a hairdresser or a pastrycook, by gad!"

LADY KEW carried off her granddaughter Ethel, the colonel returned to India, and Clive, endowed with a considerable annual sum from his father, went abroad with an apparatus of easels and painting-boxes. Clive found Lady Ann, with Ethel and her other children, at Bonn, on their way to Baden Baden and, the old countess being away for the time, it seemed to Clive that the barrier between himself and the family was for a time withdrawn. He was glad enough to go with his cousins, and to travel in the orbit of Ethel Newcome — who was now quite grown up and had been presented at Court.

At Baden Baden was Lady Kew; and Clive, learning that Ethel was about to be betrothed and that his suit was hopeless, retreated across the Alps to Rome.

III—Clive is Married

It was announced that Miss Newcome was engaged to the Marquis Farintosh, but for all that no marriage took place. First the death of Lady Kew made a postponement, and then Ethel herself shrank from the loveless match and, in spite of Lord Farintosh's protests, dismissed the noble marquis.

But the announcement drove Clive to marry pretty little Rose Mackenzie. The colonel was back in England again, and for good; a rich man, thanks to the success of the Bundelcund Bank, Bengal, in which his savings were invested. He was displeased with Ethel's treatment of his son.

Clive's marriage was performed in Brussels, where Mr. James Binnie, who longed to see Rosey wedded, and his sister, whom we flippantly ventured to call the Campaigner, had been staying that summer. After the marriage they went off to Scotland, and the colonel and his son and daughter-in-law came to London to a sumptuous mansion in the Tyburnian district, and one which became people of their station. To this house came Mrs. Mackenzie when the baby was born, and there she stayed.

In a pique with the woman he loved, and from that generous weakness which led him to acquiesce in most wishes of his good father, the young man had gratified the darling wish of the colonel's heart and taken the wife whom his two old friends brought to him. Rosey, who was also of a very obedient and ductile nature, had acquiesced gladly enough in her mamma's opinion, that she was in love with the rich and handsome young Clive, and accepted him.

If Clive was gloomy and discontented even when the honeymoon had scarce waned, what was the young man's condition in poverty, when they had no love, along with a scant dinner of herbs; when his mother-in-law grudged each morsel which his poor old father ate; when a vulgar, coarse-minded woman—as Mrs. Mackenzie was—pursued with brutal sarcasm one of the tenderest and noblest gentlemen in the world; when an ailing wife, always under someone's domination, received him with helpless, hysterical cries and reproaches!

For a ghastly bankruptcy overwhelmed the Bundelcund Bank, and with its failure went all Colonel Newcome's savings and all Mrs. Mackenzie's money and her daughter's. Even the colonel's pension and annuities were swallowed up in the general ruin, for the old man would pay his debts.

When I ventured to ask the colonel why Mrs. Mackenzie should continue to live with them, "She has a right to live in the house," he said; "it is I who have no right in it. I am a poor old pensioner, don't you see, subsisting on Rosey's bounty. We live on the hundred a year secured to her at her marriage, and Mrs. Mackenzie has her forty pounds of pension which she adds to the common stock. They put their little means together and they keep us. What can we do for a living? Great God! What can we do?"

But Clive was getting on tolerably well at his painting, and many sitters came to him from amongst his old friends; he had work—scantily paid, it is true—but work sufficient.

"I am pretty easy in my mind since I have become acquainted with a virtuous dealer," the painter assured me one day. "But for Rosey's illness we might carry on well enough."

Rosey's I was sorry to hear of that; and poor Clive, entering into particulars, told me he had spent upon doctors rather more than a fourth of his year's earnings.

IV—The Colonel says 'Adsum'

Mention has been made of the Grey Friars school, where the colonel and Clive and I were brought up, an ancient foundation at Smithfield.

On December 12, the Founder's Day, a goodly company of old Cistercians is generally brought together to hear a sermon in chapel, after which we adjourn to a great dinner, where old condisciples meet and speeches are made. In the chapel sit some four score old pensioners of the Hospital, listening to the prayers

and psalms. The service for Founder's Day is a special one, and we hear:

> The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way.
>
> I have been young and now am old: yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

As we came to this verse in the Psalms, I chanced to look up from my book towards the swarm of black-coated pensioners, and amongst them amongst them sate Thomas Newcome.

There was no mistaking him. He wore the black gown of the pensioners of the Hospital of Grey Friars. The steps of this good man had been ordered hither by Heaven's decree to this almshouse!

The organ played us out of chapel and I waited until the pensioners took their turn to quit. The wan face of my dear old friend flushed up when he saw me, and his hand shook in mine.

"I have found a home, Arthur," said he. "My good friend, Lord H., who is a Cistercian like ourselves, and has just been appointed a governor, gave me his first nomination. Don't be agitated, Arthur, my boy, I am very happy. I have good quarters, good food, good light and fire, and good friends. Why, sir, I am as happy as the day is long."

He walked through the courts of the building towards his room, which I found neat and comfortable, with a brisk fire on the hearth, and over the mantelpiece a drawing of his grandson by Clive.

Of course, I came to him on the very next day, and I had the happiness of bringing Clive and his little boy to Thomas Newcome that evening, for Clive thought his father was in Scotland with Lord H.

It was at Christmas that Miss Ethel found an old unposted letter of her grandmother's, Mrs. Newcome, asking her lawyer to add a codicil to her will leaving a legacy of £6,000 to Clive. The letter had no legal value, but Ethel was a rich woman and insisted against all opposition that the money should be sent, as from the family.

The old colonel seemed hardly to comprehend it when Clive told him of the legacy, and said they could now pay Mrs. Mackenzie. 'Quite right; of course we shall pay her, Clive, when we can," he said.

So it was that, when happier days seemed to be dawning for the good man, that reprieve came too late. Grief and years, and humiliation and care had been too strong for him, and Thomas Newcome was stricken down. Our colonel was no more our friend of old days. After some days the fever which had attacked him left him, but left him so weak and enfeebled that he could only go from his bed to the chair by his fireside.

Two more days, and I had to take two advertisements to The Times on the part of poor Clive. Among the announcements of births was printed: 'On the 28th, in Howland Street, Mrs. Clive Newcome, of a son, still-born.' And a little lower, in the third division of the same column, appeared the words: 'On the 29th, in Howland Street, aged 20, Rosalind, wife of Clive Newcome, Esq.' So this poor little flower had bloomed for its little day, and pined and withered.

The days went on, and our hopes for the colonel's recovery, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fail. Weeks passed away. Our old friend's mind was gone at intervals, but would rally feebly; and with his consciousness returned his love, his simplicity, his sweetness. The circumstances of Clive's legacy he never seemed to understand, but Ethel was almost always with him.

One afternoon in early spring, Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder; he gave the word of command, spoke Hindustanee as if to his men. Ethel and Clive were with him, and presently his voice sank into faint murmurs.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll and Thomas Newcome's hand feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quietly said 'Adsum!' and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child's, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master.

JOHN MILTON

AREOPAGITICA

It has been said of Areopagitica, A Speech of Mr. John Milton for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing to the Parliament of England, that it is 'the piece that lies more surely than any other at the very heart of our prose literature.' In 1637 the Star Chamber issued a decree regulating the printing, circulation and importation of books, and on June 14, 1643, the Long Parliament published an order in the same spirit. Milton felt that what had been done in the days of repression and tyranny was being continued under the reign of liberty, and that the time for protest had come. Liberty was the central principle of Milton's faith. He regarded it as the most potent, beneficent and sacred factor in human progress; and he applied it all round—to literature, religion, marriage and civic life. His Areopagitica, published in November 1644 was an application of the principle to literature that has remained unanswered. The word 'Areopagitica' is derived from Areopagus, the open-air court of Athens, whose ruling in matters of public concern was always regarded as final.

I—The Right of Appeal



It is not a liberty which we can hope that no grievance ever should arise in the commonwealth—that let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for. To which we are already in good part arrived; and this will be attributed first to the strong assistance of God our Deliverer, next to your faithful guidance and undaunted wisdom, Lords and Commons of England.

If I should this far presume upon the meek demeanour of your civil and gentle greatness, Lords and Commons, as to gainsay what your published order hath directly said, I might defend myself with ease out of those ages to whose polite wisdom and letters we owe that we are not yet Goths and Jutlanders. Such honour was done in those days to men who professed the study of wisdom and eloquence that cities and signiories heard them gladly, if they had aught in public to admonish the state.

When your prudent spirit acknowledges and obeys the voice of reason from what quarter soever it be heard speaking, I know not what should withhold me from presenting ye with a fit instance wherein to show both that love of truth which ye eminently profess and that uprightness of your judgement which is not wont to be partial to yourselves, by judging over again that order which ye have ordained to regulate printing; that no book, pamphlet, or paper shall be henceforth printed unless the same be first approved and licensed by such, or at least one of such, as shall be thereto appointed.

I shall lay before ye first that the inventors of licensing books be those whom ye will be loth to own; next, what is to be thought in general of reading, whatever sort the books be; last, that it will be primely to the discouragement of all learning and stop of truth.

I deny not that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men. For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are.

Nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men.

And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true,

no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse.

We should be wary, therefore, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books, since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, that strikes at that ethereal essence, the breath of reason itself, and slays an immortality rather than a life.

II—The History of Repression

In Athens, where books and wits were ever busier than in any other part of Greece, I find but only two sorts of writings which the magistrate cared to take notice of—those either blasphemous and atheistical, or libellous. The Romans, for many ages trained up only to a military roughness, knew of learning little. Their libellous authors were quickly cast into prison, and the like severity was used if aught were impiously written. Except in these two points, how the world went in books the magistrate kept no reckoning.

By the time the emperors were become Christians, the books of those whom they took to be grand heretics were examined, refuted, and condemned in the general councils, and not till then were prohibited.

As for the writings of heathen authors, unless they were plain invectives against Christianity, they met with no interdict that can be cited till about the year 400. The primitive councils and bishops were wont only to declare what books were not commendable, passing no further till after the year 800, after which time the popes of Rome extended their dominion over men's eyes, as they had before over their judgements, burning and prohibiting to be read what they fancied not, yet sparing in their censures, till Martin V, by his Bull, not only prohibited, but was the first that excommunicated the reading of heretical books; for about that time Wicklitfe and Huss, growing terrible, drove the papal court to a stricter policy of prohibiting. To fill up the measure of encroachment, their last invention was to ordain that no book, pamphlet, or paper should be printed (as if St. Peter had bequeathed them the keys of the press also out of Paradise) unless it were approved and licensed under the hands of two or three glutton friars. Sure they have a conceit, if He of the bottomless pit had not long since broke prison, that this exorcism would bar him down.

Sometimes five *Imprimaturs* are seen together in the piazza of one title-page. These are the dear antiphonies that so bewitched of late our prelates, so apishly Romanising, that the word of command was set down in Latin, as if no vulgar tongue was worthy to express the conceit of the *Imprimatur*; but rather, as I hope, for that our English, foremost in the achievements of liberty, will not easily spell such a dictatory presumption Englished.

Not from any ancient state or polity or church, nor by any statute left us by our ancestors, but from the most tyrannous Inquisition have ye this book-licensing. Till then books were as freely admitted into the world as any other birth. No envious Juno sat cross legged over the nativity of any man's intellectual offspring. That ye like not now these most certain authors of this licensing order all men who know the integrity of your actions will clear ye readily.

III—The Futility of Prohibition

But some will say, 'What though the inventors were bad, the thing, for all that, may be good?' It may be so, yet I am of those who believe it will be a harder alchemy than Lullius ever knew to sublimate any good use out of such an invention.

Good and evil in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably. As the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.

That which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. And how can we

more safely, and with less danger scout into the regions of sin and falsity than by reading all manner of tractates and hearing all manner of reason? And this is the benefit which may be had of books promiscuously read.

'Tis next alleged we must not expose ourselves to temptations without necessity and, next to that, not employ our time in vain things. To both these objections one answer will serve that to all men such books are not temptations, nor vanities, but useful drugs and materials wherewith to temper and compose effective and strong medicines. The rest, as children and childish men, who have not the art to qualify and prepare these working minerals, well may be exhorted to forbear, but hindered forcibly they cannot be by all the licensing that sainted Inquisition could ever yet contrive.

This order of licensing conduces nothing to the end for which it was framed. If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric. There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion or deportment be taught our youth but what by their allowance shall be thought honest. Our garments should be referred to the licensing of some more sober work-masters to see them cut into a less wanton garb.

Who shall regulate all the mixed conversation of our youth? Who shall still appoint what shall be discoursed, what presumed, and no further? Lastly, who shall forbid and separate all idle resort, all evil company? If every action which is good or evil in man at ripe years were to be under pittance and prescription and compulsion, what were virtue but a name?

WHEN God gave Adam reason, he gave him reason to choose, for reason is but choosing. Wherefore did he create passions within us, pleasures round about us, but that these rightly tempered are the very ingredients of virtue?

Why should we then affect a rigour contrary to the manner of God and of nature, by scanting those means which books freely permitted are both to the trial of virtue and the exercise of truth?

IV—An Indignity to Learning

LASTLY proceed from the no good it can do to the manifest hurt it causes in being, first, the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning and to learned men. If ye be loth to dishearten utterly and discontent the free and ingenuous sort of such as were born to study, and love learning for itself, not for lucre or any other end but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labours advance the good of mankind, then know that so far to distrust the judgement and the honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning, and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, is the greatest displeasure to a free spirit that can be put upon him.

When a man writes to the world he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends. If in this, the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence to the hasty view of an unleisured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgement, perhaps one who never knew the labour of bookwriting, and if he be not repulsed or slighted, must appear in print with his censor's hand on the back of his title, to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer, it cannot be but a dishonour and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning.

And, further, to me it seems an undervaluing and vilifying of the whole nation. I cannot set so light by all the invention, the art, the wit, the grave and solid judgement which is in England, as that it can be comprehended in any twenty capacities how good soever, much less that

it should not pass except their superintendence be over it, except it be sifted and strained with their strainers, that it should be uncurrent without their manual stamp. Truth and understanding are not such wares as to be monopolised and traded in by tickets and statutes and standards.

LORDS and Commons of England, consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors—a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. Is it for nothing that the grave and frugal Transylvanian sends out yearly from as far as the mountainous borders of Russia, and beyond the Hercynian wilderness, not their youth, but their staid men, to learn our language and our theologic arts? By all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in His Church, even to the reforming of Reformation itself. What does He, then, but reveal Himself to His servants, and as His manner is, first to His Englishmen?

Behold now this vast city—a city of refuge, the mansion house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with His protection. The shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching Reformation; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement.

What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? Where there is much desire to learn, there, of necessity, will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another, and some grain of charity might win all these diligencies to join and unite in one general search after truth, could we but forego this prelatical tradition of crowding free consciences and Christian liberties into canons and precepts of men.

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

What should ye do then? Should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light? Should ye set an oligarchy of twenty engrossers over it, to bring a famine upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel?

BELIEVE it, Lords and Commons, they who counsel ye to such a suppressing do as good as bid ye suppress yourselves. If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking, there cannot be assigned a truer than your own mild, and free and humane government. It is the liberty, Lords and Commons, which your own valorous and happy counsels have purchased us, liberty, which is the nurse of all great wits. Give me the liberty to know, to utter and to argue freely according to conscience above all liberties.

And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple. Whoever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensing to make her victorious. Those are the shifts and defences that Error uses against her power. Give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps.

Spiritual Introspections of a Swiss Moralist

HENRI FREDERIC AMIEL

FRAGMENTS OF AN INTIMATE JOURNAL

PARTS of the Journal Intime of Henri Frédéric Amiel were published in 1882-84 with an introduction by Amiel's friend Edmond Scherer, and an English translation by Mrs. Humphry Ward appeared in 1885. The book has the profound interest which attaches to all genuine personal confessions of the interior life; but it has the further claim to notice that it is the signal expression of the spirit of its time, though we can no longer call it the modern spirit. The work renders perfectly the disillusion, languor and sentimentality which characterise a self-centred scepticism. It is the record, indeed, of a morbid mind, but of a mind gifted with extraordinary acuteness and with the utmost delicacy of perception. Amiel wrote also several essays and poems and contributed to learned periodicals, but it is for the Intimate Diary above all that his name will be remembered. Mrs. Humphry Ward's translation is published at 6s. by Macmillan.

Thoughts on Life and Conduct

MISCELLANEOUS

ONLY one thing is needful to possess God. The senses, the powers of the soul and all outward resources are so many vistas opening upon Divinity, so many ways of tasting and adoring God. To be detached from all that is fugitive, and to seize only on the eternal and the absolute, using the rest as no more than a loan, a tenancy! To worship, understand, receive, feel, give, act this is your law, your duty, your heaven!

After all, there is only one object which we can study, and that is the modes and the metamorphoses of the human spirit. All other studies lead us back to this one.

I have never felt the inward assurance of genius, nor the foretaste of celebrity, nor of happiness, nor even the prospect of being husband, father, or respected citizen. This indifference to the future is itself a sign; my dreams are vague, indefinite; I must not now live, because I am now hardly capable of living. Let me control myself; let me leave life to the living, and betake myself to my ideas; let me write the testament of my thoughts and of my heart.

Heroism is the splendid and wonderful triumph of the soul over the flesh; that is to say, over fear—the fear of poverty, suffering, calumny, disease, isolation and death. There is no true piety without this dazzling concentration of courage.

Duty has this great value—it makes us feel the reality of the positive world, while yet it detaches us from it.

How vulnerable am I! If I were a father, what a host of sorrows a child could bring on me! As a husband, I should suffer in a thousand ways, because a thousand conditions are necessary to my happiness. My heart is too sensitive, my imagination anxious, and despair is easy. The 'might be' spoils for me what is, the 'should be' devours me with melancholy; and this reality, present, irreparable, inevitable, disgusts or frightens me. So it is that I put away the happy images of family life. Every hope is an egg which may hatch a serpent instead of a dove; every joy that fails is a knife-wound; every seed-time entrusted to destiny has its harvest of pain.

What is duty? Is it to obey one's nature at its best and most spiritual; or is it to vanquish one's nature? That is the deepest question. Is life essentially the education of the spirit and of the intelligence, or is it the education of the will? And does will lie in power or in resignation?

Therefore are there two worlds—Christianity affords and teaches salvation by the conversion of the will; but humanism brings salvation by the emancipation of the spirit. The first seizes upon the heart, and the other upon the brain. The first aims at illumining by healing, the other at healing by illumining.

Now, moral love, the first of these two principles, places the centre of the individual in the centre of his being. For to love is virtually to know; but to know is not virtually to love. Redemption by knowledge or by intellectual love is inferior to redemption by the will or by moral love. The former is critical and negative; the latter is life-giving, positive. Moral force is the vital point.

The Era of Mediocrity

THE era of mediocrity in all things is beginning, and mediocrity freezes desire. Equality engenders uniformity; and evil is got rid of by sacrificing all that is excellent, remarkable, extraordinary. Everything becomes less coarse but more vulgar. The epoch of great men is passing away; the epoch of the ant-hill is upon us. The age of individualism is in danger of having no real individuals. Things are certainly progressing, but souls decline.

The point of view of Schleiermacher's Monologues, which is also that of Emerson, is great indeed, but proud and egoistical, since the Self is made the centre of the universe. It is man rejoicing in himself, taking refuge in the inaccessible sanctuary of self-consciousness, and becoming almost a god. It is a triumph which is not far removed from impiety; it is a superhuman point of view which does away with humility; it is precisely the temptation to which man first succumbed when he desired to become his own master by becoming like the gods.

We are too much encumbered with affairs, too busy, too active; we even read too much. We must throw overboard all our cargo of anxieties, preoccupations and pedantry to recover youth, simplicity, childhood, and the present moment with its happy mood of gratitude. By that leisure which is far from idleness, by an attentive and recollected inaction, the soul loses her creases, expands, unfolds, repairs her injuries like a bruised leaf, and becomes once more new, spontaneous, true, original. Reverie, like showers at night, refreshes the thoughts which have become worn and discoloured by the heat of day.

I have been walking in the garden in a fine autumnal rain. All the innumerable, wonderful symbols which the forms and colours of nature afford charm me and catch at my heart. There is no country scene that is not a state of the soul, and whoever will read the two together will be astonished by their detailed similarity. Far truer is true poetry than science; poetry seizes at first glance in her synthetic way that essential thing which all the sciences put together can only hope to reach at the very end.

Lessons from the Greeks

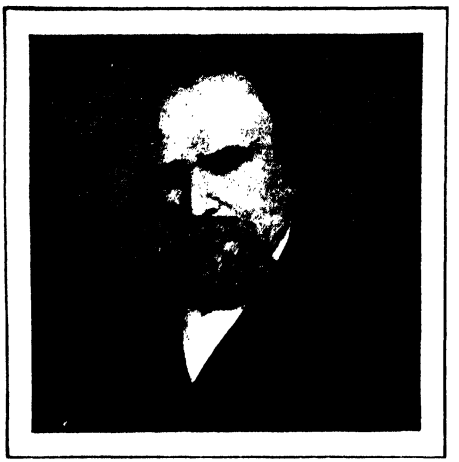
HOW much we have to learn from our immortal forefathers, the Greeks; and how far better than we did they solve their problem! Their type was not ours, but how much better did they revere, cultivate and ennoble the man they knew! Beside them we are barbarians in a thousand ways, as in education, eloquence, public life, poetry.

If the number of its accomplished men be the measure of a civilization, ours is far below theirs. We have not slaves beneath us, but we have them among us. Barbarism is not at our frontiers, but at our doors. We bear within us greater things, but we ourselves are how much smaller!

Strange paradox: that their objective civilization should have created great men as it were by accident, while our subjective civilization, contrary to its express mission, turns out paltry halflings. Things are becoming majestic, but man is diminishing.

The Glory of Motherhood

A MOTHER should be to her child as the sun in the heavens, a changeless and ever radiant star, whither the inconstant little creature, so ready with its tears and its laughter, so light, so passionate, so stormy, may come to calm and to fortify itself with heat and light. A mother represents goodness, providence, law, nay, divinity itself, under the only form in which childhood can meet with



HENRI FREDERIC AMIEL was born at Geneva, September 27, 1821. After a wandering student life in Germany, Italy, and other parts of Europe, he contributed to the Bibliotheque Universelle de Genève, and became professor of aesthetics and French literature at Geneva, later occupying the chair of moral philosophy. These professorial appointments were made by the democratic party in Geneva, and in large measure forced him to forego the support and friendship of the aristocratic party among whose members were all the cultured people of the city. It was this mental and social isolation that inspired the Journal Intime, which is so saturated with spirit of devout melancholy. Amiel's chief poetical works were Il Penseroso, The Strangers, Charles the Bold, and Day by Day. He died in Geneva March 11, 1881.

these high things. If, therefore, she is passionate, she teaches that God is capricious or despotic, or even that there are several gods in conflict.

The child's religion depends on the way in which its mother and its father have lived, and not on the way in which they have spoken. The inmost tone of their life is precisely what reaches their child, who finds no more than comedy or empty thunder in their maxims, remonstrances and punishments. Their actual and central worship—that is what his instinct infallibly perceives. A child sees what we are, through all the fictions of what we would be.

It is curious to see, in discussions on speculative matters, how abstract minds, who move from ideas to facts, always do battle for concrete reality; while concrete minds, on the other hand, who move from facts to ideas, are usually the champions of abstract notions. The more intellectual nature trusts to an ethical theory; the more moral nature has an intellectualist morality.

The centre of life is neither in thought, nor in feeling, nor in will; nor even in consciousness in so far as it thinks, feels, or wills; for a moral truth may have been penetrated and possessed in all these ways, and yet escape us still.

Far below our consciousness is our being, our substance, our nature. Those truths alone which have entered this profound region, and have become ourselves, and are spontaneous, involuntary, instinctive and unconscious only these are really our life and more than our external possessions.

Now, it is certain that we can find our peace only in life, and, indeed, only in eternal life; and eternal life is God. Only when the creature is one, by a unity of love with his Creator—only then is he what he is meant to be.

The Secret of Perpetual Youth

THERE are two degrees of pride—one, wherein a man is self-complacent; the other, wherein he is unable to accept himself. Of these two degrees, the second is probably the more subtle.

The whole secret of remaining young is to keep an enthusiasm burning within, by keeping a harmony in the soul. When everything is rightly ordered within us, we may rest in equilibrium with the work of God. A certain grave enthusiasm for the eternal beauty and order; a glowing mind and cloudless goodwill: these are, perhaps, the foundation of wisdom.

How inexhaustible is the theme of wisdom! A peaceful aureole surrounds this rich conception. Wisdom includes all treasures of moral experience, and is the ripest fruit of a well-spent life. She never ages, for she is the very expression of order, and order is eternal. Only the wise man tastes all the savour of life and of every age, because only he can recognize their beauty, dignity and worth.

To see all things in God, to make of one's own life a voyage to the ideal, to live with gratitude, recollection, kindness and courage—this was the admirable spirit of Marcus Aurelius. Add to these a kneeling humility and a devoted charity, and you have the wisdom of God's children, the undying joy of true Christians.

The Fascination of Love

WOMAN would be loved without reason, without analysis; not because she is beautiful, or good, or cultivated, or gracious, or spiritual, but because she exists. Every analysis seems to her an attenuation and a subordination of her personality to something which dominates and measures it. She rejects it therefore, and rightly rejects it.

If the empire of woman is to continue, love must remain a fascination, an enchantment; once her mystery is gone, her power is gone also. So love must appear indivisible, irreducible, superior to all analysis, if it is to retain those aspects of infinitude, of the supernatural and the miraculous, which constitute its beauty.

Most people hold cheaply whatever they understand, and bow down only before the inexplicable. Woman's triumph is to demonstrate the obscurity of that male intelligence which thinks itself so enlightened; and when women inspire love, they are not without the proud joy of this triumph. Their vanity is not altogether baseless; but a profound love is a light and a calm, a religion and a revelation, which in its turn despises these lesser triumphs of vanity.

Man's Useless Yearning

ETERNAL effort is the note of modern morality. This painful restless 'becoming' has taken the place of harmony, equilibrium and joy.

We are all fauns and satyrs aspiring to become angels, ugly creatures labouring at our embellishment, monstrous chrysalids trying to become butterflies. Our ideal is no longer the tranquil beauty of the soul, it is the anguish of Laocoon fighting with the hydra of evil. No longer are there happy and accomplished men; we are candidates, indeed, for heaven, but on earth galley slaves, and we row away our life in the expectation of harbour. It seems possible that this perfecting is nothing else but a pretentious imperfection.

The 'becoming' seems rather negative than positive; it is the lessening of evil, but is not itself the good; it is a noble discontent, but is by no means felicity. This ceaseless pursuit of an endless end is a generous madness, but is not reason; it is the yearning for what can never be, a touching malady, but it is not wisdom.

Yet there is none who may not achieve harmony; and when he has it, he is within the eternal order, and represents the divine thought at least as clearly as a flower does, or a solar system. Harmony seeks nothing that is outside herself. She is exactly that which she should be; she expresses goodness, order, law, truth, honour; she transcends time and reveals the eternal.

Memories of the Golden Age

IN the world of society one must seem to live on ambrosia and to know none but noble thoughts. Anxiety, want, passion, simply do not exist. All realism is suppressed as brutal. It is a world which amuses itself with the flattering illusion that it lives above the clouds and breathes mythological air.

That is why all vehemence, the cry of nature, all suffering, thoughtless familiarity and every frank sign of love shock this delicate medium like a bombshell; they shatter this collective fabric, this palace of clouds, this enchanted architecture, just as shrill cockrow scatters the fairies into hiding. These fine deceptions are unconsciously a work of art, a kind of poetry, by which cultivated society reconstructs an idyll that is age-long dead. They are confused memories of the golden age, or aspirations after a harmony which mundane reality has not in it to give.

Goëthe Under the Lash

I CANNOT like Goethe: he has little soul. His understanding of love, religion, duty, patriotism, is paltry and even shocking. He lacks an ardent generosity. A central dryness, an ill-cloaked egoism, show through his supple and rich talent.

True, this selfishness of his at least respects everyone's liberty and applauds

all originality; but it helps no one, troubles itself for no one, bears no one's burden; in a word, it lacks charity, the great Christian virtue.

To his mind perfection lies in personal nobility, and not in love. His keynote is aesthetic and not moral. He ignores sanctity, and has never so much as reflected on the terrible problem of evil. He believes in the opportunity of the individual, but neither in liberty nor in responsibility. He is a stranger to the social and political aspirations of the multitude; he has no more thought for the disinherited, the feeble, the oppressed, than nature has.

The profound disquiet of our era never touches Goethe; the discords do not affect the deaf. Whoso has never heard the voice of conscience, regret and remorse, cannot even guess at the anxiety of those who have two masters, two laws, and belong to two worlds, the world of nature and the world of liberty. His choice is already made; his only world is nature.

But it is far otherwise with humanity. For men hear indeed the prophets of nature, but they hear also the voice of religion; the joy of life attracts them, yet devotion moves them; they know not whether they hate or adore the crucifix.

Nothing New Under the Sun

JEALOUSY is a terrible thing; it resembles love, but is in every way its contrary; the jealous man desires, not the good of the loved one, but her dependence on him and his triumph over her. Love is the forgetfulness of self; but jealousy is the most passionate form of egoism, the exaltation of the despotic, vain and greedy self, which cannot forget and subordinate itself. The contrast is complete.

The man of fifty years, contemplating the world, finds in it certainly some new things; but a thousand times more does he find old things furbished up, and plagiarisms and modifications rather than improvements. Almost everything in the world is a copy of a copy, a reflection of a reflection; and any real success or progress is as rare to-day as it has ever been.

Let us not complain of it, for only so can the world last. Humanity advances at a very slow pace; that is why history continues. It may be that progress fans the torch to burn away; perhaps progress accelerates death. A society which should change rapidly would only arrive the sooner at its catastrophe. Yes, progress must be the aroma of life, and not its very substance.

To renounce happiness and think only of duty; to enthrone conscience where the heart has been: this willing immolation is a noble thing. Our nature jibs at it, but the better self will submit to it. To hope for justice is the proof of a sickly sensibility; we ought to be able to do without justice.

A virile character consists in just that independence. Let the world think of us what it will; that is its affair, not ours. Our business is to act as if our country were grateful, as if the world judged in equity, as if public opinion could see the truth, as if life were just, and as if men were good.

The Only Art of Peace and Rest

FEW people know of our physical sufferings; our nearest and dearest have no idea of our interviews with the king of terrors. There are sorrows which may not be shared. Kindness itself leads us to hide them. One suffers alone; one dies alone; alone one hides away in the little apartment of six boards. But we are not forbidden to open this solitude to our God. Thus the soliloquy of anguish becomes a dialogue of peace, reluctance becomes docility, suffocation becomes liberty.

Willing what God wills is the only art of peace and rest. It is strange to go to bed knowing that one may not see to-morrow. I knew it well last night; yet here I am. When one counts the future by hours, and to-night is already the unknown, one gives up everything and just talks with oneself. I return to my mind and my journal, as the hare returns to its form to die. As long as I can hold my pen and have a moment of solitude I will recollect myself before this my echo, and converse with my God. Not an examination of conscience, not an act of contrition, not a cry of appeal. Only an Amen of submission. . . . 'My child, give Me your heart.'

LAURENCE STERNE

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENTLEMAN

A MORE uncanonical work than the Rev. Laurence Sterne's Tristram Shandy has never been printed since the monk Rabelais gave to the world his celebrated masterpiece. The book made its first appearance in 1759, at York, whose inhabitants were greatly scandalised, generally, at its audacious wit, and, particularly, at the broad caricature of a well-known local physician. But the success of Tristram Shandy was pronounced; it spread to the southern counties, and to London, where a second edition was published in 1760. 'Parson Yorick,' as he styles himself in the work, was continually invited to add to it, with the result that between 1761 and 1767 eight more numbers were added to the original slim volume. There are many imperfections in Tristram Shandy, both in art and in taste; yet it remains withal one of the great classics in English literature, and its many passages of genuine humour and pathos ensure an immortality for its author's genius. Our epitome of Sterne's Sentimental Journey begins in page 121 of this work.

I—A Sport of Fortune



ON November 5, 1718, was I, Tristram Shandy, gentleman, brought forth into this scurvy and disastrous world of ours. I wish I had been born in the moon, or in any of the planets (except Jupiter or Saturn, because I never could bear cold weather); for it could not well have fared worse with me in any of them (though I will not answer for Venus) than it has in this vile, dirty planet of ours, which on my conscience, with reverence be it spoken, I take to be made up of the shreds and clippings of the rest.

Not but the planet is well enough, provided a man could be born in it to a great title or to a great estate, or could anyhow contrive to be called up to public charges and employments of dignity and power. But that is not my case; and therefore every man will speak of the fair as his own market has gone in it, for which cause I affirm it over again to be one of the vilest worlds that ever was made, for I can truly say that from the first hour I drew breath in it to this—that I can now scarce draw it at all, for an asthma I got in skating against the wind in Flanders—I have been the continual sport of what the world calls Fortune, and though I will not wrong her by saying she has ever made me feel the weight of any great and signal evil, yet, with all the good temper in the world, I affirm it of her, that in every stage of my life, and at every turn and corner where she could get fairly at me, the ungracious duchess has pelted me with a set of as pitiful misadventures and cross accidents as ever small hero sustained.

"I WONDER what's all that noise and running backwards and forwards for above stairs?" quoth my father, addressing himself after an hour and a half's silence to my Uncle Toby, who, you must know, was sitting on the opposite side of the fire, smoking his pipe all the time in mute contemplation of a new pair of black plush breeches which he had got on. "What can they be doing, brother?" quoth my father. "We can scarce hear ourselves talk."

"I think," replied my Uncle Toby, taking his pipe from his mouth, and striking the head of it two or three times upon the nail of his left thumb, as he began his sentence—"I think," says he——but, to enter rightly into my Uncle Toby's sentiments upon this matter, you must be made to enter just a little into his character.

The wound in my Uncle Toby's groin, which he received at the siege of Namur, rendering him unfit for the service, it was thought expedient he should return to England, in order, if possible, to be set to rights. He was four years totally confined, part of it to his bed, and all of it to his room; and, in the course of his cure, which was all that time in hand, suffered unspeakable miseries.

My father at that time was just beginning business in London, and had taken a house, and, as the truest friendship and cordiality subsisted between the two brothers, and as my father thought my Uncle Toby could nowhere be so well nursed and taken care of as in his own house, he assigned him the very best apartment in it. And, what was a much more sincere mark of his affection still, he would never suffer a friend or an acquaintance to step into the house but he would take him by the hand and lead him upstairs to see his brother Toby, and chat an hour by his bedside.

The history of a soldier's wound beguiles the pain of it. My uncle's visitors at least thought so, and they would frequently turn the discourse to that subject, and from that subject the discourse would generally roll on to the siege itself.

When my Uncle Toby got his map of Namur to his mind, he began immediately to apply himself to the study of it. The more my Uncle Toby pored over the map, the more he took a liking to it.

II—My Uncle Toby's Demigration

In the latter end of the third year my uncle began to break in upon the daily regularity of a clean shirt, and to allow his surgeon scarce time to dress his wound, concerning himself so little about it as not to ask him once in seven times' dressing how it went on, when, lo! all of a sudden—for the change was as quick as lightning—he began to sigh heavily for his recovery, complained to my father, grew impatient with the surgeon; and one morning, as he heard his foot coming upstairs, he shut up his books and thrust aside his instruments in order to expostulate with him upon the protraction of his cure, which, he told him, might have surely been accomplished at least by that time.

The desire of life and health is implanted in man's nature; the love of liberty and enlargement is a sister passion to it. These my Uncle Toby had in common with his species. But nothing wrought with our family after the common way.

When a man gives himself up to the government of a ruling passion, or, in other words, when his hobby-horse grows headstrong, farewell cool reason and fair discretion.

My Uncle Toby's wound was near well; he broiled with impatience to put his design in execution, and so, without consulting further with any living soul—which, by the by, I think is right, when you are predetermined to take no living soul's advice—he privately ordered Trim, his man, to pack up a bundle of lint and dressings, and hire a chariot and four to be at the door exactly at twelve o'clock that day when he knew my father would be upon 'Change. So, leaving a banknote upon the table for the surgeon's care of him, and a letter of tender thanks for his brother's, he packed up his maps, his books of fortification, his instruments, etc., and, by the help of a crutch on one side and Trim on the other, my Uncle Toby embarked for Shandy Hall.

The reason, or rather the rise, of this sudden demigration, was as follows.

The table in my Uncle Toby's room being somewhat of the smallest for that infinity of great and small instruments of knowledge which usually lay crowded upon it, he had the accident, in reaching over for his tobacco-box, to throw down his compasses, and, in stooping to take the compasses up, with his sleeve he threw down his case of instruments and snuffers, and, in his endeavouring to catch the snuffers in falling, he thrust his books off the table. 'Twas to no purpose for a man, lame as my Uncle Toby was, to think of redressing all these evils by himself; he rang his bell for his man Trim.

"Trim," quoth my Uncle Toby, "prythee see what confusion I have been making. I must have some better contrivance, Trim."

I must here inform you that this servant of my Uncle Toby's, who went by the name of Trim, had been a corporal in my uncle's own regiment. His real name was James Butter, but, having got the nickname of Trim in the regiment, my Uncle Toby, unless when he happened to be very angry with him, would never call him by any other name.

The poor fellow had been disabled for the service by a wound on his left knee by

a musket bullet at the battle of Landen, which was two years before the affair of Namur; and as the fellow was well beloved in the regiment, and a handy fellow into the bargain, my Uncle Toby took him for his servant; and of excellent use was he, attending my Uncle Toby in the camp and in his quarters as valet, groom, barber, cook, sempstress and nurse, and indeed, from first to last, waited upon him and served him with great fidelity and affection.

My Uncle Toby loved the man in return, and what attached him more to him still was the similitude of their knowledge; for Corporal Trim, by four years' occasional attentions to his master's discourse upon fortified towns, had become no mean proficient in the science, and was thought by the cook and chambermaid to know as much of the nature of strongholds as my Uncle Toby himself.

"If I durst presume," said Trim, "to give your honour my advice, and speak my opinion on this matter."

"Thou art welcome, Trim," quoth my Uncle Toby.

"Why, then," replied Trim, pointing with his right hand towards a map of Dunkirk, "I think, with humble submission to your honour's better judgement, that these ravelins, bastions and curtains make but a poor, contemptible, fiddle-faddle piece of work of it here upon paper compared to what your honour and I could make of it were we in the country by ourselves, and had but a rood and a half of ground to do what we pleased with. As summer is coming on," continued Trim, "your honour might sit out of doors and give me the nography"—("Call it ichnography," quoth my uncle)—"of the town or citadel your honour was pleased to sit down before, and I will be shot by your honour upon the glacis of it if I did not fortify it to your honour's mind."

"I dare say thou would'st, Trim," quoth my uncle.

"I would throw out the earth," continued the corporal, "upon this hand towards the town for the scarp, and on the right hand towards the campaign for the counterscarp."

"Very right, Trim," quoth my Uncle Toby.

"And when I had sloped them to your mind, an' please your honour, I would face the glacis, as the finest fortifications are done in Flanders, with sods, and as your honour knows they should be, and I would make the walls and parapets with sods, too."

"The best engineers call them gazons, Trim," said my Uncle Toby.

"Your honour understands these matters," replied Corporal Trim, "better than any officer in his majesty's service; but would your honour please to let us but go into the country, I would work under your honour's directions like a horse, and make fortifications for you something like a tansy, with their batteries, saps, ditches and pallisadoes, that it should be worth all the world's while riding twenty miles to go and see it."

My Uncle Toby blushed as red as scarlet as Trim went on. But it was not a blush of guilt, of modesty, or of anger; it was a blush of joy. He was fired with Corporal Trim's project and description.

"Trim," said my Uncle Toby, "say no more, but go down, Trim, this moment, my lad, and bring up my supper this instant."

Trim ran down and brought up his master's supper, to no purpose; Trim's plan of operation ran so in my uncle's head he could not taste it.

"Trim," quoth my Uncle Toby, "get me to bed."

'Twas all one. Corporal Trim's description had fired his imagination. My Uncle Toby could not shut his eyes. The more he considered it the more bewitching the scene appeared to him, so that two full hours before daylight he had come to a final determination, and had concerted the whole plan of his and Corporal Trim's decampment.

My Uncle Toby had a little neat country house of his own in the village where my father's estate lay at Shandy. Behind this house was a kitchen garden of about half an acre, and at the bottom of the garden, and cut off from it by a tall yew-hedge, was a bowling-green, containing just about as much ground as Corporal Trim

wished for. So that as Trim uttered the words, 'A rood and a half of ground to do what they would with,' this identical bowling-green instantly presented itself upon the retina of my Uncle Toby's fancy.

Never did lover post down to a beloved mistress with more heat and expectation than my Uncle Toby did to enjoy this self-same thing in private, though there, away from the protective seclusion of my father's house, he was laid open to the most seductive attacks. One widow in particular, Mrs. Wadman, did most notably lay siege to the citadel of his heart. A simple stratagem engaged his affectionate attentions. In fact, it did my Uncle Toby's business.

III—How I Came by My Christian Name

"THEN reach me my breeches off the chair," said my father to Susannah.

"There's not a moment's time to dress you, sir!" cried Susannah. "Bless me, sir, the child's in a fit! Mr. Yorick's curate's in the dressing-room with the child upon his arm, waiting for the name, and my mistress bid me run as fast as I could to know, as Captain Shandy is the godfather, whether it should not be called after him."

"Were one sure," said my father to himself, scratching his eyebrow, "that the child was expiring, one might as well compliment my brother Toby as not, and 'twould be a pity in such a case to throw away so great a name as Trismegistus upon him. But he may recover.

"No, no," said my father to Susannah; "I'll get up."

"There's no time," cried Susannah; "the child's as black as my shoe!"

"Trismegistus," said my father. "But stay; thou art a leaky vessel, Susannah. Canst thou carry Trismegistus in thy head the length of the gallery without scattering?"

"Can I?" cried Susannah, shutting the door in a huff.

"If she can, I'll be shot!" said my father, bouncing out of bed in the dark and groping for his breeches.

Susannah ran with all speed along the gallery.

My father made all possible speed to find his breeches.

Susannah got the start and kept it.

"'Tis Tris something!" cried Susannah.

"There is no Christian name in the world," said the curate, "beginning with Tris but Tristram."

"Then 'tis Tristram-gistus," quoth Susannah.

"There is no gistus to it, noodle; 'tis my own name," replied the curate, dipping his hand into the basin. "Tristram," said he, etc., etc. So Tristram was I called, and Tristram shall I be to the day of my death.

IV—The Pathetic Story of Le Fevre

IT was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies, which was about seven years after the time that my Uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest cities in Europe, when my Uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard, and the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glass or two of sack.

"'Tis for a poor gentleman, I think, of the army," said the landlord, "who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast. If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy such a thing," added the landlord, "I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope in God he will still mend. We are all of us concerned for him."

"Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee," cried my Uncle Toby, "and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself, and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

"Though I am persuaded," said my Uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, "he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest, too. There must be something more than common in him that in so short a time should win so much upon the affection of his host."

"And of his whole family," added the corporal, "for they are all concerned for him."

"Step after him," said my Uncle Toby; "do, Trim, and ask if he knows his name."

"I have quite forgot it, truly," said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal; "but I can ask his son again."

"Has he a son with him, then?" said my Uncle Toby.

"A boy," replied the landlord, "of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father. He does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day. He has not stirred from the bedside these two days."



UNCLE TOBY WITH THE WIDOW WADMAN
From the painting by Charles R. Leslie, R.A.

My Uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

"Trim," said my Uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe and smoked about a dozen whiffs, "I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm and paying a visit to this poor gentleman."

"Leave it, an' please your honour, to me," quoth the corporal. "I'll take my hat and stick and go to the house and reconnoitre, and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour."

It was not till my Uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that Corporal Trim returned from the inn and gave him the following account.

"I despaired at first," said the corporal, "of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked"—("That's a right distinction, Trim," said my Uncle Toby)—"I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, he dismissed the morning after he

came. 'If I get better, my dear,' said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, 'we can hire horses from hence.' Just then the youth came into the kitchen to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of. 'But I will do it for my father myself,' said the youth. 'Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman,' said I, taking up a fork for that purpose, 'I can please him best myself.' 'I am sure,' said I, 'his honour will not like the toast less for being toasted by an old soldier.' The youth took hold of my hand and burst into tears.

"When I gave toast," continued the "I thought it was proper to tell him was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father, and that if there was anything in your house or cellar he was heartily welcome to it. He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honour), but no answer, for his heart was full, so he went upstairs with the toast. When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that he should be glad if I would step upstairs. He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bed-side. 'If you are Captain Shandy's servant,' said he, 'you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me; if he was of Leven's,' said the lieutenant I told him your honour was 'Then,' said he, 'I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but 'tis most likely that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's but he knows me not,' said he a a second time, musing. 'Possibly he may know my story,' added he. 'Pray tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda whose wife was most unfortunately killed as she lay in my arms in my tent.'"

"I could stay no longer," said the corporal, "so wished his honour good night; young Le Fevre rose and saw me to the bottom of the stairs, and, as we went down, he told me they were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders. "But, alas!" said the corporal, "the lieutenant's last day's march is over."

"Thou has left this matter short," said my Uncle Toby to the corporal as he was putting him to bed, "and I will tell thee in what, Trim. When thou offeredst Le Fevre whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too. We might recruit him again at once and set him upon his legs. In a fortnight or three weeks he might march."

"He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world," said the corporal.

"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 cannot stand it," said the corporal.

"He shall be supported," said my Uncle Toby.

"He'll drop at last," said the corporal.

"He shall not die, by G——" 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 for ever.

The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's. My Uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room and sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it.

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. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were retreating to the last citadel, the heart, rallied back. He looked up wistfully in my Uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy. The pulse fluttered, stopped, went on—throbbed, stopped again—moved, stopped——

My Uncle Toby, with young Le Fevre in his hand, attended the poor lieutenant as chief mourner to his grave.

DANTE ALIGHIERI

THE DIVINE COMEDY

I—Inferno

THE perennial fame of Dante Alighieri rests on his wonderful trilogy The Divine Comedy, in which he purposed to say of Beatrice (probably Bice Portinari), whom he loved, that which 'never yet was said of any woman.' In these wonderful conceptions of hell, purgatory and heaven, Dante sets forth a great allegory of human life in the form of a vision in which the poet is conducted by Virgil into an experience of eternity and the anticipation of the Beatific Vision. Hell, the first stage in the vision, is conceived as a vast hollow reaching to the centre of the earth. In it are three great divisions wherein are found the sinners in the three Aristotelian categories of vices, incontinence, brutishness and malice. Cary's translation, first published in 1805, has been used as the basis of this epitome.



DANTE loses his way in a gloomy forest, and is hindered by wild beasts from ascending a mountain. He is met by Virgil, who promises to show him the punishments of hell, and afterwards of purgatory; and that he shall then be conducted by Beatrice into paradise. He follows the Roman poet, and the two come to the gate of hell, where they read dread words.]

Through me you pass into the city of woe,
Through me you pass into eternal pain;
Through me among the people lost for aye.
Justice the founder of my fabric moved;
To rear me was the task of power divine,
Supremest wisdom and primeval love.
Before me things create were none, save things
Eternal, and eternal I endure.
All hope abandon, ye who enter here.

[They enter. Here, as Dante understands from Virgil, those were punished who had spent their time (for it could not be called living) in apathetic indifference to good and evil. Arriving at the river Acheron, they there find the old ferryman Charon, who takes the spirits to the opposite shore. As they reach it Dante, seized with terror, falls into a trance. Roused by thunder, and following his guide, he descends into Limbo, the first circle of the Inferno. Here are the souls of those who, though they have lived virtuously and suffer not for great sins, nevertheless, through lack of baptism, merit not the bliss of paradise. They pass on to the second circle. Here at the entrance is Minos, the infernal judge, by whom Dante is admonished to beware how he enters those regions. He witnesses the punishment of carnal sinners; among these is Francesca da Rimini, to whom Dante speaks compassionately.

Through pity at her tale Dante falls fainting, and on his recovery finds himself in the third circle, where the gluttonous are punished.]

Cerberus, cruel monster, fierce and strange,
Through his wide three-fold throat barks as a dog
Over a multitude immersed beneath.
His eyes glare crimson, black his unctuous beard, [which
His belly large, and claw'd the hands, with
He tears the spirits, flays them, and their limbs
Piecemeal disparts.

[They descend into the fourth circle, at the beginning of which Plutus is stationed. Here the same doom awaits the prodigal and the avaricious—everlastingly to meet in direful conflict, rolling great weights against each other with mutual curses. In the fifth circle they find the wrathful and gloomy, tormented by the Stygian lake.]

We the circle cross'd
To the next steep, arriving at a well,
That boiling pours itself down to a foss
Sluiced from its source. Far murkier was the wave
Than sablest grain; and we in company
Of th' inky waters, journeying by their side,
Enter'd, though by a different track, beneath.
Into a lake, the Stygian named, expands
The dismal stream, when it hath reached the foot
Of the grey, wither'd cliffs. Intent I stood
To gaze, and in the marish sunk descried
A miry tribe, all naked, and with looks
Betokening rage. They with their hands alone
Struck not, but with the head, the breast, the feet,
Cutting each other piecemeal with their fangs.

[Phlegyas, ferryman of the lake, conveys Virgil and Dante across, and they arrive at the city of Dis, where demons close the portals against them. They enter by the help of an angel and discover that heretics are punished in tombs burning with fierce fire. Going forward between the sepulchres, the pilgrims arrive at

the verge of a rocky precipice, which encloses the seventh circle, where the violent who have committed crimes against their neighbours are punished by being tormented in a river of blood. When the tormented souls try to emerge, a troop of centaurs aim arrows at them. One of these instructs the two pilgrims.]

'These are the souls of tyrants, who were given
To blood and rapine. Here they wail aloud
Their merciless wrongs. Here Alexander dwells,
And Dionysius fell, who many a year
Of woe wrought for fair Sicily. That brow,
Whereon the hair so jetty clustering hangs,
Is Azzolino; that with flaxen locks
Obizzo of Este, in the world destroyed
By his foul stepson. . . .
There Heav'n's stern justice lays chastising hand
On Attila, who was the scourge of the earth,
On Sextus and on Pyrrhus, and extracts
Tears ever by the seething flood unlocked
From the Rinieri; of Corneto this,
Pazzo the other named, who filled the ways
With violence and war.'

STILL in the seventh circle, Dante enters the second compartment, which contains those who have done violence on their own persons and those who have violently consumed their goods. The first become trees, which bleed when a twig is broken, whereon the harpies build their nests; the latter are chased and torn by black mastiffs. The third compartment of this seventh circle is a plain of hot, dry sand, over which fall flakes of fire, slowly wafting down as flakes of snow; here are punished those who have committed sins of violence against God, against nature and against art. And in the eighth circle, among other lost ones are punished those who are guilty of simony. They are fixed with the head downwards in certain apertures, so that no more than the legs can be seen from without, and on the soles of the feet are seen burning flames. Dante is taken down by his guide to the bottom of the gulf, and there finds Pope Nicholas the Fifth, whose evil deeds, together with those of other pontiffs, are bitterly reprehended. The punishment of hypocrites is witnessed. Caiaphas is seen fixed to a cross on the ground so that all tread on him in passing. In the seventh gulf is seen robbers tormented by venomous serpents.]

We from the bridge's head descended, where
To the eighth mound it joins; and then, the chasm
Opening to view, I saw a crowd within
Of serpents terrible, so strange of shape
And hideous, that remembrance in my veins
Yet shrinks the vital current.
Amid the dread exuberance of woe
Ran naked spirits wing'd with horrid fear,
Nor hope had they of crevice where to hide,
Or heliotrope to charm them out of view.
With serpents were their hands behind them bound, [head
Which through their reins enfixed the tail and
Twisted in folds before. And lo! on one
Near to our side, darted an adder up,
And, where the neck is on the shoulders tied,
Transpierced him.

THE two go forward to the arch that stretches over the eighth gulf, and behold numberless flames wherein are punished the evil counsellors, each flame containing a sinner, save one, in which were Diomede and Ulysses. Ulysses relates the manner of his death.]

'When I escap'd
From Circe, who beyond a circling year
Had held me near Caieta by her charms,
Ere thus Aeneas had named the shore;
Nor fondness for my son, nor reverence
Of my old father, nor return of love,
That should have crowned Penelope with joy,
Could overcome in me the zeal I had
To explore the world, and search the ways of life,
Man's evil and his virtue. Forth I sailed
Into the deep illimitable main,
With but one bark, and the small faithful band
That yet cleav'd to me. As Iberia far,
Far as Morocco, either shore I saw,
And the Sardinian and each isle beside
Which round that ocean bathes.
Tardy with age were I and my companions when we came
To the straight pass, where Hercules ordain'd
The boundaries not to be o'erstepped by man.
"O brothers!" I began, "who to the west
Through perils without number now have reach'd
To this the short remaining watch, that yet
Our senses have to wake, refuse not proof
Of the unpeopled world, following the track
Of Phoebus. Call to mind from whence we sprang;
Ye were not formed to live the life of brutes,
But virtue to pursue and knowledge high."
With these few words I sharpen'd for the voyage
The mind of my associates, that I then
Could scarcely have withheld them. To the dawn
Our poop we turn'd, and for the witless flight
Made our oars wings, still gaining on the left.
Each star of th' other pole night now beheld;
And ours so low that from the ocean floor
It rose not. Five times re-illum'd, as oft
Vanish'd the light from underneath the moon,
Since the deep way we enter'd, when from far
Appear'd a mountain dim, loftiest methought
Of all I e'er beheld. Joy seiz'd us straight,
But soon to mourning changed. From the new land
A whirlwind sprang, and at her foremost side
Did strike the vessel. Thrice it whirl'd her round
With all the waves; the fourth time lifted up
The poop, and sank the prow; so fate decreed,
And over us the booming billow clos'd.'

[In the ninth gulf are seen sowers of scandal, schismatics and heretics, with their limbs miserably maimed or divided in different ways. Amongst these the poet finds Mahomet. After

witnessing the tortures of forgers in the tenth gulf, the poets see the agonies of traitors in the ninth circle, which is a frozen realm. In the midst of this is Lucifer, at whose back Dante and Virgil ascend, till by a secret path they reach the surface of the other hemisphere and once more obtain sight of the stars.



DANTE, whose name is contracted, according to the fashion of his time, from Durante, is immortalised as incomparably the greatest poet of Italy. He belonged to the illustrious Florentine family of Alighieri, and was born at Florence, May 1265. He studied at his native city, then at Bologna and Padua, and afterwards in Paris; if Boccaccio is correct, he even visited England. Soldier, statesman, philosopher, poet, Dante rose to the highest civic eminence, being elected in 1300 one of the priori of Florence. He died at Ravenna, September 1321. This portrait of the immortal poet appears in the chapel of the Magdalene in the Bargello at Florence, and was executed either by Giotto, a contemporary and friend of Dante, or by one of his pupils. It is one of the few likenesses that can be regarded as being authentic.

' The banners of Hell's Monarch do come forth
Towards us ; therefore look,' so spake my guide,
' If thou discern him.' As, when breathes a cloud
Heavy and dense, or when the shades of night
Fall on our hemisphere, seems viewed from far
A windmill, which the blast stirs briskly round ;
Such was the fabric then methought I saw.
To shield me from the wind, forthwith I drew
Behind my guide ; no covert else was there.
Now came I (and with fear I bid my strain
Record the marvel) where the souls were all
Whelm'd underneath, transparent, as though glass.
Pellucid the frail stem. Some prone were laid ;
Others stood upright, this upon the soles,
That on his head, a third with face to feet
Arch'd like a bow. When to the point we came,
Whereat my guide was pleased that I should see
The creature eminent in beauty once,
He from before me stepped and made me pause.
' Lo ! ' he exclaim'd, ' lo, Dis ! and lo, the place,
Where thou hast need to arm thy heart with strength.'
Then stood forth that emperor, who sways
The realm of sorrow, at mid-breast from th' ice.
How passing strange it seemed, when I did spy
Upon his head three faces : one in front
Of hue vermilion, th' other two with this
Midway each shoulder join'd and at the crest ;
The right 'twixt wan and yellow seem'd ; the left
To look on, such as come from whence old Nile
Stoops to the lowlands. Under each shot forth
Two mighty wings, enormous as became
A bird so vast. Sails never such I saw [they,
Outstretch'd on the wide sea. No plumes had
But were in texture like a bat ; and these
He flapp'd i' th' air, that from him issued still
Three winds, wherewith Cocytus to its depth
Was frozen. At six eyes he wept ; the tears
Adown three chins distill'd with bloody foam.
At every mouth his teeth a sinner champ'd,
Bruis'd as with pond'rous engine ; so that three
Were in this guise tormented. But far more
Than from that gnawing was the foremost pang'd
By the fierce rending, whence oft-times the back
Was stript of all its skin. 'That upper spirit, [guide.
Who hath worst punishment,' so spake my
' Is Judas, he that hath his head within
And plies the feet without. Of th' other two,
Whose heads are under, from the murky jaw
Who hangs, is Brutus ; lo ! how he doth writhe
And speaks not. . . . . But night now re-ascends,
And it is time for parting. All is seen.'

II—Purgatory

HISTORICALLY, Dante signalises one of the three great epochs of the past—the Gothic period. The age of Pericles and the age of the Renaissance were certainly not more notable or influential than the Gothic age of thought and action. It was a time when Cimabue and Giotto were emancipating the art of painting from Byzantine bonds and the Pisani were re-discovering the art of sculpture. It was a time of the papacy's zenith of temporal power; and also a time when St. Francis of Assisi challenged men to new spiritual life, when Bernard was writing immortal hymns, and St. Thomas of Aquinas was formulating his theology. In all three of the poems of his trilogy, Dante interspersses allusions to events and personalities of his own age. The 'Purgatorio' is largely coloured by this mode of illustrating the main topic—the purgation of the souls of the righteous and preparation for Paradise.

O'ER better waves to speed her rapid course
The light barque of my genius lifts the sail,
Well pleased to leave so cruel sea behind;
And of that second region I will sing,
In which the human spirit from sinful blot
Is purged, and for ascent to Heaven prepares.

[The poet describes his rapturous delight at escaping a little before daybreak from the infernal regions. He finds himself breathing the pure air of the region round the Isle of Purgatory. The shade of Cato of Utica appears and admonishes the two pilgrims what is needful to be done before they proceed on the way to Purgatory. He then disappears. After having encountered many hovering spirits, they reach the entrance and are admitted by the angel deputed by St. Peter to keep it.

Passing along a pathway, they reach an open and level space that extends each way round the mountain. A white marble cornice, on the side that rises, is covered with engravings of many stories of humility. To this approach the souls of those who expiate the sin of pride, bent down beneath the weight of many stones. Dante tells how sin is cancelled by suffering in Purgatory.]

'What I see hither tending bears no trace
Of human semblance, nor of aught beside
That my foil'd sight can guess!' He answering thus:
'So bent to earth, beneath their heavy terms
Of torment stoop they, that mine eye at first
Struggled as thine. But look intently thither;
And disentangle with thy lab'ring view
What, underneath those stones, approacheth; now,
E'en now, may'st thou discern the pangs of each.'
Christians and proud! O poor and wretched ones!
That, feeble in the mind's eye, lean your trust
Upon unstaid perverseness! Know ye not
That we are worms, yet made at last to form
The wing'd insect, imp'd with angel plumes,
That to Heaven's justice unobstructed soars?
Why buoy ye up aloft your unfledg'd souls?
Abortive then and shapeless ye remain,
Like the untimely embryon of a worm.
As, to support incumbent floor or roof,
For corbel is a figure sometimes seen,
That crumples up its knees unto its breast,
With the feign'd posture stirring ruth unfeign'd
In the beholder's fancy: so I saw
These fashion'd, when I noted well their guise.
Each, as his back was laden, came indeed.
Or more or less contracted; and it seemed
As he who show'd most patience in his look,
Wailing, exclaim'd, 'I can endure no more.'

[They gain a second cornice and an angel invites the poets to ascend the next steep. At the next cornice, where the sin of anger is being purged, Dante witnesses remarkable instances of patience. One of these is described.]

After that I saw
A multitude, in fury burning, slay
With stones a stripling youth, and shout amain
'Destroy, destroy!' And him I saw, who, bow'd
Heavy with death unto the ground, yet made
His eyes, unfolded upward, gates to heaven,
Praying forgiveness of the Almighty Sire,
Amidst that cruel conflict, on his foes,
With looks that win compassion to their aim.

[A thick mist envelops the pilgrims, and through the fog the voices are heard of spirits piteously praying. An angel marshals them to the fourth cornice, on which the sin of indifference is purged. Multitudes of spirits rush by, shouting forth memorable examples of the sin for which they are made to suffer.

At the summoning of an angel, Virgil and Dante ascend the fifth cornice, where they find Pope Adrian the Fifth, who thus speaks:]

'Late, alas!
Was my conversion; but when I became
Rome's pastor I discern'd at once the dream
And cozenage of life; saw that the heart
Rested not there, and yet no prouder height
Lur'd on the climber; wherefore, of that life
No more enamour'd, in my bosom love
Of purer being kindled. For till then
I was a soul in misery; alienate
From God, and covetous of all earthly things;
Now, as thou seest, here punish'd for my doting.
Such cleansing from the taint of avarice
Do spirits, converted, need.'

[Presently the mountain shakes, and all the spirits shout, 'Glory to God!' The poets mount to the sixth cornice, where the sin of gluttony is cleansed. Turning, they find a tree hung with sweet-smelling fruit, and watered by a shower that gushes from the rock. Voices are heard to proceed from the rock, recording examples of temperance.]

'The women of old Rome were satisfied
With water for their beverage. Daniel fed
On pulse, and wisdom gain'd. The primal age
Was beautiful as gold; and hunger then
Made acorns tasteful, thirst each rivulet
Run nectar. Honey and locusts were the food
Whereon the Baptist in the wilderness
Fed, and that eminence of glory reach'd
And greatness, which th' Evangelist records.'

THEY arrive on the seventh and last cornice, where the sin of incontinence is purged in fire. An angel sends the two pilgrims forward to the last ascent, which leads to the celestial Paradise, situated on the summit of the mountains. Virgil gives Dante full liberty to use his own pleasure and judgement in the choice of his way till he shall meet with Beatrice. Dante wanders through the forest of the terrestrial Paradise, till he is stopped by a stream. On the other side he beholds Matilda, culling flowers. He speaks with her, and learns that the water, Lethe or Eunoe, flowing between them has power, on her side to take away remembrance of offence, and on the other to bring back remembrance of all good deeds. Matilda moves along the side of the stream, in the opposite direction to the current, and Dante keeps equal pace with her on the opposite bank. A marvellous sight appears, preceded by music. Beatrice descends from heaven, and rebukes the poet.]

I have beheld, ere now, at break of day,
The eastern clime all roseate; and the sky
Opposed, one deep and beautiful serene;
And the sun's face so shaded, and with mists
Attemper'd, at his rising, that the eye
Long while endured the sight; thus, in a cloud
Of flowers, that from those hands angelic rose,
And down within and outside of the car
Fell showering, in white veil with olive wreathed,
A virgin in my view appeared, beneath
Green mantle, robed in hue of living flame;
And o'er my spirit, that so long a time
Had from her presence felt no shuddering dread,
Albeit mine eyes discern'd her not, there moved
A hidden virtue from her, at whose touch
The power of ancient love was strong within me.

[Beatrice thus addresses Dante:]

'Observe me well. I am, in sooth, I am
Beatrice. 'What! and hast thou deign'd at last
Approach the mountain? Knewest not, O man!
Thy happiness is here?'

[To the virgins accompanying her Beatrice explains the reason of her rebukes administered to Dante. After she left the mortal vale he languished in his devotion for her whom he had adulated while she lived within his ken on earth. She says:]

'Soon as I had reach'd
The threshold of my second age, and chang'd
My mortal for immortal; then he left me,
And gave himself to others. When from flesh
To spirit I had risen, and increase
Of beauty and of virtue circled me
I was less dear to him, and valued less.
His steps were turned into deceitful ways,
Following false images of good, that make
No promise perfect.'

[Dante falls to the ground. Coming to himself again, he is by Matilda drawn through the waters of Lethe, and presented first to the four virgins who figure the cardinal virtues. These in turn lead him to the Gryphon, a symbol of our Saviour; and three virgins representing the evangelical virtues intercede for him with Beatrice, that she would display to him her second beauty. She relents, and her virgins lead Dante up to where she stands gazing at the sacred symbol. But they warn him not to gaze on her too fixedly.]

Mine eyes with such an eager coveting
Were bent to fill them of their ten years' thirst,
No other sense was waking, and e'en they
Were fenced on either side from heed of aught;
So tangled, in its customed toils, that smile
Of saintly brightness drew me to itself;
When forcibly, toward my left, my sight
The sacred virgins turned; for from their lips
I heard the warning sounds, 'Too fix'd a gaze!'
Awhile my vision laboured; as when late
Upon the o'erstrained eyes the sun hath smote.
But soon, to lesser object, as the view
Was now recover'd (lesser in respect
To that excess of sensible, whence late
I had perforce been sunder'd), on their right
I mark'd that glorious army wheel, and turn
Against the sun and sevenfold lights, their front.

BEATRICE darkly predicts to Dante some future events. Lastly, the whole band arrive at a fountain, from which point the streams, Lethe and Eunoe, separating, flow different ways. Matilda, at the desire of Beatrice, causes Dante to drink of the latter stream.]

And, where they stood, before them, as it seemed
I, Tigris and Euphrates both beheld
Forth from one fountain issue; and, like friends,
Linger at parting. 'O enlight'ning beam!
O glory of our kind! beseech thee say
What water this, which from one source derived
Itself removes to distance from itself?'
To such entreaty answer thus was made:
'Entreat Matilda, that she teach thee this.'
And here, as one who clears himself of blame
Imputed, the fair dame return'd, 'Of me
He this and more hath learnt; and I am safe
That Lethe's water hath not hid it from him.'
And Beatrice: 'Some more pressing care,
That oft the memory leaves, perchance hath made
His mind's eye dark. But lo, where Eunoe flows
Lead thither; and, as thou art wont, revive
His fainting virtue.' As a courteous spirit,
That proffers no excuses, but as soon
As he hath token of another's will,
Makes it his own; when she had ta'en me, thus
The lovely maiden moved her on . . . .

III—Paradise

THE 'Paradiso,' the third section of Dante's 'Divina Commedia,' is distinguished by harmony with the accent of that chivalry of the society of his age which marked certain changes. One of these was an entire transformation in the ideals of sex that had slowly overspread Christendom. This poem, the 'Paradiso,' embodies a presentation of the final development of that ideal, namely, the apotheosis of Mary, from the Mother of Jesus to the Mother of God. Throughout The Divine Comedy, but especially in the 'Paradise,' the poet reflects the great age in which he lived with unprecedented intensity of observation and breadth of interpretation. But the unique characteristic of Dante's poetry is the enthralling ecstasy of the purest and holiest power—love. This fills all his life and transfigures the universe before his eyes. It is personified in Beatrice; yet, while it becomes his master, his reason seeks to know the origin and nature of this new ruler of his heart and mind. Hence that interweaving of passion and philosophy in which Dante transcended all other poets.

BEATRICE, whose glorious spirit has disclosed its grace and beauty to Dante in the mountain of Purgatory, where she had admonished him concerning his errors, and had brought him to acknowledge them, leads him in an ascent towards the first heaven. She also ministers to his soul profound consolation and high enlightenment by relieving him of some of his most perplexing and distressing doubts. Dante and his celestial guide enter the moon. The cause of the spots or shadows which appear in that satellite is explained to him.]

'The virtue and motion of the sacred orbs,
A mallet by the workman's hand, must needs
By blessed movers be inspired. This heaven,
Made beauteous by so many luminaries, [sphere
From the deep spirit that moves its circling
Its image takes an impress as a seal:
And as the soul, that dwells within your dust,
Through members different, yet together form'd,
In different powers resolves itself; e'en so
The intellectual efficacy unfolds
Its goodness multiplied throughout the stars,
On its own unity revolving still.
Different virtue compact different
Makes with the precious body it enlivens,
With which it knits, as life in you is knit.
From its original nature full of joy,
The virtue mingled through the body shines,
As joy through pupil of the living eye,
From hence proceeds that which from light to light
Seems different, and not from dense or rare.
This is the formal cause, that generates,
Proportion'd to its power, the dusk or clear.'

[In the moon Dante learns that this satellite is allotted to those who, after having made profession of chastity and a religious life, had been compelled to violate their vows. Dante ascends with Beatrice to the planet Mercury, which is the second heaven, and here he finds a multitude of spirits, one of whom offers to satisfy him of anything he may wish to know from him. This spirit declares himself to be the Emperor Justinian, and after speaking of his own actions, recounts the victories, before him, gained under the Roman Eagle, after which Justinian proceeds:]

'This little star is furnish'd with good spirits,
Whose mortal lives were busied to that end,
That honour and renown might wait on them;
And, when desires thus err in their intention,
True love must needs ascend with slacker beam
But it is part of our delight to measure
Our wages with the merit; and admire
The close proportion. Hence doth heav'nly justice
Temper so evenly affection in us,
It ne'er can warp to any wrongfulness.'

[Beatrice then conducts the poet to the third heaven, the planet Venus. Here he finds the soul of Charles Martel, King of Hungary, who had been his friend on earth, and who now, after speaking of the realms to which he had been heir, unfolds the cause why children differ in disposition from their parents.]

'The roots from whence your operations come
Must differ. Therefore one is Solon born;
Another, Xerxes; and Melchisedec
A third; and he a fourth whose airy voyage
Cost him his son. In her circuitous course,
Nature, that is the seal to mortal wax,
Doth well her art, but no distinction owns
'Twixt one or other household. Hence befalls
That Esau is so wide of Jacob; hence
Quirinus of so base a father springs,
He dates from Mars his lineage. Were it not
That Providence celestial over-rul'd,
Nature, in generation, must the path
Traced by the generator still pursue
Unswervingly. Thus place I in thy sight
That which was late behind thee.'

[In this planet of Venus various spirits speak to Dante. Folco, the Provençal bard, tells him that the spirit of Rahab the harlot is there.]

'Inquire thou wouldst,
Who of this light is denizen, that here
Beside me sparkles, as the sunbeam doth
On the clear wave. Know, then, the soul of Rahab
Is in that gladsome harbour; to our tribe
United, and the foremost rank assign'd.
She to this heav'n, at which the shadow ends
Of your sublunar world, was taken up
First in Christ's triumph, of all souls redeem'd;
For well behoved that in some part of heav'n
She should remain a trophy, to declare
The mighty conquest won with either palm
For that she favoured first the high exploit
Of Joshua on the Holy Land, whereof
The Pope recks little now.'

[The next ascent carries them into the sun, which is the fourth heaven. Dante describes the first sight.]

Then I saw a bright band, in liveliness
Surpassing, who themselves did make the crown,
And thus the centre ; yet more sweet in voice
Than in their visage, beaming. Cinctured thus,
Sometime Latona's daughter we behold,
When the impregnate air retains the thread
That weaves her zone. In the celestial court,
Whence I return, are many jewels found,
So dear and beautiful they cannot brook
Transporting from that realm ; and of these lights
Such was the song.

DANTE penetrates various circles of glorified spirits. Then with Beatrice he is translated into the fifth heaven, the planet Mars ; and here behold the souls of those who had died fighting for the true faith, ranged as a cross, athwart which the spirits move to the sound of a melodious hymn.]

O genuine glitter of eternal Beam !
With what a sudden whiteness did it flow,
O'erpowering vision in me. But so fair,
So passing lovely, Beatrice show'd
Her infinite sweetness. Then mine eyes regain'd
Power to look up ; and I beheld myself,
Sole with my lady, to more lofty bliss
Translated.

[Dante ascends with Beatrice to the planet Jupiter, the sixth heaven, where he finds the souls of those who administered justice rightly to the world. A marvellous apparition amazes the poet in form of a mighty and glorious eagle, composed of a multitude of heavenly spirits.]

Before my sight appear'd, with open wings,
The beauteous image, in fruition sweet,
Gladdening the thronged spirits. That which next
Befalls me to portray voice hath not utter'd,
Nor hath ink written, nor in fantasy
Was e'er conceived. For I beheld and heard
The beak discourse ; and what intention form'd
Of many, singly as of one express,
Beginning, ' For that I was just and piteous,
I am exalted to this height of glory,
The which no wish exceeds.'

[Dante ascends with Beatrice to the seventh heaven, the planet Saturn, where are the souls of those who had passed their life in holy contemplation. Next he mounts with his heavenly conductress to the eighth heaven, that of the fixed stars ; and thence looking back reviews all the space he has passed between his present station and earth. He sees Christ triumphing with His Church. The Saviour ascends, followed by His virgin mother, and Dante in the ninth heaven is permitted to behold the divine essence. He is taken up with Beatrice into the empyrean, and there he sees the triumph of the angels and saintly multitude of the souls of the blessed in fashion as a snow-white rose. Lastly, he is admitted to a glimpse of the great mystery, the Trinity, and the Union of Man with God.]



DANTE AND BEATRICE
From the painting by Ary Scheffer

In that abyss
Of radiance, clear and lofty, seem'd, methought,
Three orbs of triple hue, clipt in one bound ;
And, from another, one reflected seem'd,
As rainbow is from rainbow ; and the third
Seem'd fire breath'd equally from both. O speech !
How feeble and how faint art thou to give
Conception birth. Yet this to what I saw
Is less than little. O eternal light !
Sole in thyself thou dwell'st ; and of thyself
Sole understood, past, present, or to come ;
Thou smiledst on that circling, which in thee
Seem'd as reflected splendour, while I mus'd ;
For I therein, methought, in its own hue
Beheld our image painted ; steadfastly
I therefore pored upon the view. As one
Who, vers'd in geometric lore, would fain
Measure the circle ; and, though pondering long
And deeply, that beginning, which he needs,
Finds not ; e'en such was I, intent to scan
The novel wonder, and trace out the form,
How to the circle fitted, and therein
How placed ; but the flight was not for my wing.
Here vigour fail'd the tow'ring fantasy ;
But yet the will roll'd onward, like a wheel
In even motion, by the Love impell'd,
That moves the sun in heaven and all the stars.

A Note on Arnold Bennett

ARNOLD BENNETT (b. 1867) is, perhaps, the most remarkable living exemplification of the truth contained in the definition of genius as an infinite capacity for taking pains. Endowed by nature with an all-comprehensive interest in the world around him, and an unusually keen power of observation, and further blessed with a quite exceptional industriousness, he seems to have deliberately set to work to master the art and craft of writing in order to utilise his talents to the full.



Arnold Bennett about 1906

One result of this combination of gifts is that his finished work is almost entirely objective. Where other men use the impact of environment to stimulate themselves to self-expression and produce entirely subjective work, Bennett seems to survey the world of men and things around him with a detachment that is not in the least aloof or unsympathetic, but yet is microscopically critical. A consequence is that his works contain, perhaps, the most faithful pictures of modern conditions to be found in literature. For this alone they will be immensely valuable; but their value is enhanced by his capacity for presenting people with such astonishing actuality that, although one feels that they are actually drawn from the life, they yet rank as original creations of his genius.

ENOCH ARNOLD BENNETT was born in North Staffordshire, and at first contemplated taking up the law as a profession; but while still a solicitor's clerk he devoted his leisure to casual journalism, with such success that in 1893 he obtained an appointment as assistant editor to a London weekly paper. He succeeded to the editorship at the end of 1896, and then in 1900 resigned the appointment to devote himself entirely to literature. He went into the profession much as he might have gone into a business, with the deliberate intention of mastering the art of writing literature of every class: fiction in the grand manner, fiction of the melodramatic, more popular order, short stories, critical essays, and plays, and in the course of less than twenty-five years he justified his enterprise by the production of specimens of each which are generally admitted to be excellent in their kind. Only poetry seems to have been excluded from his campaign.

A charge commonly brought against Bennett's work is that it lacks 'charm.' In so far as that suggests a certain lack of sense of beauty the criticism is more than a little inept. In The Author's Craft, his own extremely illuminating study of the technique and purpose of the professional writer, Bennett says that the sense of beauty is one of the two indispensable attributes of the creative artist, who is, indeed, an artist because he has it. Whatever kind of life the novelist writes about he has been charmed and seduced by, and the fact that he has seen beauty in it can be his only reason for writing about it. It is extremely probable that it is beauty of a kind which no one else has seen before, but his discovery of it is his claim on the gratitude and admiration of us others. The same reproach of a lack of sense of beauty has been brought against nearly all original novelists, notably Gissing and Huysman, and in bringing it against Bennett one is acknowledging his claim to be an original novelist.

The other quality indispensable to the novelist is passionate intensity of vision, and that Bennett possesses this in exceptional degree can be denied by no one who is able to appreciate the drama of the commonplace lives which he presents in most of his books of the Five Towns—that is, the Staffordshire district—a drama the more intense and poignant because of the reticence and economy of means with which it is constructed.

To compare Bennett with Dickens or to consider him at the same time and in the same spirit as H. G. Wells, with whom his name used to be bracketed, is really waste of time. He, like all other writers, must stand or fall entirely on his own qualities, as shown in his published work; and Bennett will stand longer than most on the foundation of the five, or possibly six, enduring books which he has contributed to English fiction. His masterpiece is probably The Old Wives' Tale (Hodder and Stoughton), with Riceyman's Steps (Cassell) almost, if not quite, equal to it; and Clayhanger, Hilda Lessways, and These Twain (Methuen) are a trilogy which only a great novelist could produce. In the short story his skill is inferior only to that of Kipling and of Wells, and among the list of playwrights whose work is of literary quality Arnold Bennett's name stands high. Of the writers who occupied the attention of the reading world in the first quarter of the twentieth century, Bennett is almost certainly destined to remain one of the two or three most prominent and enduring figures.



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ARNOLD BENNETT

THE OLD WIVES' TALE

A Study by Coulson Kernahan



As Thomas Hardy's name is with Wessex, so Arnold Bennett's name will be inseparably associated with the district about which he writes in The Old Wives' Tale. The district which Mr. Bennett has particularly made his own is that comprising the Five Towns of Hanley, Stoke, Burslem, Longton and Tunstall. In the book they appear as Handbridge ('the shape of a horse and its rider,' the author tells us), Bursley ('of half a donkey'), Knype ('of a pair of trousers'), Longshaw ('of an octopus') and little Turnhill ('of a beetle'). Of Staffordshire, in which county he was born, he says, England can show nothing more beautiful and nothing uglier than the works of nature and the works of man to be seen within its limits.

In The Old Wives' Tale, Mr. Bennett depicts not only the beauty and the ugliness of the works of nature and the works of man, but also the beauty and the ugliness, the meanness and the magnanimity, the weakness and the strength, the insignificance and yet the significance of human life and human character, and he does so with power that recalls Charles Dickens.

The Old Wives' Tale is a marvel of meticulous detail. Some novelists show us far things as through a telescope, near things as through a microscope. Not so Arnold Bennett. In the first half of the book he bids us look with him, as it were, through a magnifying glass, which is turned upon one minute spot. The scene is laid in Bursley, but, after a comprehensive glance round, the novelist says, in effect, 'You ought to know something of Bursley, but that will do. What matters now is St. Luke's Square.'

To St. Luke's Square accordingly we go, appraisingly to cast a look around, again only to be told 'That must do for St. Luke's Square. What matters now is one particular house in it,' and the focussing glass is turned upon the shop of Mr. Baines, the leading draper, the strangely contrasting characters of whose two daughters, Constance and Sophia, are our main concern

Someone has said, 'You never know what a woman will do—and when you do, she won't do it.' That may be true of some, but not of all women. The reader does know what Constance will do—and she does it. Not so Sophia. The creature of impulse but, unlike most creatures of impulse, determined of will and character, she does not know herself what she will do. But, perhaps, because she, at least, is a character of his own creating, the author knows and lets the reader into the secret. The majority of his characters strike one as taken from life, though possibly each is something of a composite picture, in the sense that the artist has imposed other features or characteristics upon the original. But just as a painted portrait is sometimes truer to life than a photograph, divining the soul within, so Sophia is truer to life, and to feminine nature, than if her portrait had been drawn from a living woman.

One wonders whence came the mercury in her blood. Certainly not from her conventionally-minded, linen-draper parents, for she strikes one as a changeling rather than as a daughter of their house. Her mother is a capable, comfortable, kindly body who, as her husband is now a bed-ridden invalid, is so accustomed to undisputed control of the shop, the house and the children that she has

become something of an amiable autocrat, a benignant despot. She flatters herself she can read her two daughters 'like a book,' and that, like a book, they will be passive in her hands. To her dismay, she discovers that the book of her younger daughter's mind, now that daughter is passing from girlhood into budding womanhood, is written in characters indecipherable to the simple-hearted mother.

FROM Mrs. Baines the decree has gone forth that, after leaving school, the two girls shall take their place in the shop. Constance consents, but Sophia, to her mother's surprised dismay, announces her intention of staying on at school that she may become a teacher. Most women seek to attain their own ends by other than the direct means and arguments used by men. Thus, in a clash of wills, mother and daughter rarely discuss the matter at issue as would a father and son.

Now we must go back for a moment to the days when Sophia was a 'gawky girl,' and had a glimpse of a young commercial traveller, whose name she did not know, who had called at her father's shop.

Sophia had never forgotten that glimpse. The young man without a name had lived in her mind, brightly glowing, as the very symbol and incarnation of the masculine and the elegant.

During the Bursley Wakes, two years after the opening of the story, an elephant in Wombwell's Menagerie turns 'rogue' and has to be shot by members of the local volunteer corps. Even Mrs. Baines cannot resist the temptation to see so rare a sight. She, Constance and Mr. Samuel Povey, who, under Mrs. Baines's proprietary eye, now manages the shop, go off together. When invited to join the party, Sophia, now training to be a teacher, replies disdainfully, 'I'm far too busy for elephants!' As her bed-ridden father must never be left unattended, she is deputed to stay with him. From his window, she watches the others depart.

She perceived that she had miscalculated the importance of the elephant. It made her regret her scorn of the elephant as an attraction. She was left behind, and the joy of life was calling her. . . She noticed, while she was thus at the bedroom window, a young man ascending King Street, followed by a porter trundling a flat barrow of luggage. He passed slowly under the very window. She flushed. She had evidently been startled by the sight of this young man into no ordinary state of commotion. She glanced at the books on the sofa, and then at her father. Mr. Baines, thin and gaunt and acutely pitiable, still slept. His brain had almost ceased to be active now; he had to be fed and tended like a bearded baby, and he would sleep for hours at a stretch, even in the daytime. Sophia left the room. A moment later, she ran into the shop, an apparition that amazed the three young lady assistants.

She finds the commercial traveller, as she had hoped, in the shop, and falls in love with him more passionately than ever; and he is equally attracted and fascinated by her. That he and she may continue to meet thereafter, Sophia promptly abandons her work as a teacher and complies with her mother's wish that she shall go into the shop.

The lovers meet, sometimes casually, sometimes clandestinely, as Mrs. Baines discovers, and to get Sophia out of the way her mother packs the girl off on a visit to her aunt Harriet at Axe. Sophia, of course, is quite aware of what is in the maternal mind.

"You needn't think I don't see why you're sending me away!" exclaimed Sophia, in a hard, furious voice, with glistening eyes. "I'm not so blind as all that!" She kissed her mother—nothing but a contemptuous jerk. Then, as she turned away, she added: "But you let Constance do just as she likes!"

THIS last fling at her mother means that Mrs. Baines is now—she did not do so at first—acquiescing in a love affair between Constance and Mr. Povey, the manager of the shop. While at her aunt's, Sophia takes money belonging to the latter, and elopes with the young commercial traveller, Gerald Scales by name, who has come into a legacy of £12,000. Later, Sophia writes that she is married to Scales, and that they are going abroad. Then, except for a card at Christmas and the like, Sophia drops out of the story until we reach the second half of the book.

We read of the home-coming to the house in St. Luke's Square after the honeymoon, of Constance and her husband, to whom Mrs. Baines has made over the drapery business. The course of true, but scarcely

passionate, love in this case runs smooth. Only a gentle and passing breeze ruffles the otherwise placid surface of Constance's married life. The dilemmas and difficulties, the thoughts and feelings of a young wife, are described with infinite and convincing detail.

There is a child of the marriage. Arnold Bennett is a writer of genius; and in a writer, genius is almost invariably associated with extraordinary retentiveness of memory, and with like extraordinary closeness of observation. Whether as a memory of his own childhood (which is scarcely likely in this instance) or as the outcome of his marvellously close observation, the passages describing the infant life of the child of Constance and Povey afford no small insight into the workings of the novelist's mind. Cyril's upbringing, his father's sternness, his mother's indulgent softness, and the result of both upon his character, his first 'crime' (theft) and his temperamental oscillations between sullen secretiveness and charm—all these are shown by means of the magic glass which the art of the author places in our hand and focusses as minutely upon Cyril as if he were the central figure in the story. Yet this same Cyril is the only important character about whom the author does not tell us everything. As the book ends we do not know what ultimately became of him.

THEN comes the first of the sensational episodes. Samuel Povey has a cousin, Daniel Povey, the leading confectioner, and a member of the local board, as well as a sidesman of St. Luke's. Samuel Povey—upright of character, and chapel-going draper though he be—in his secret heart admires, even envies, his cousin Daniel, for his good looks, his man of the world ways, his sportsmanship, and for his reputation as a story teller, even though some of the stories are Rabelaisian. One night Samuel is knocked up by Daniel and taken across to the confectioner's shop.

"You know as my wife drinks?"

He did not know that Mrs. Daniel Povey, at the age of fifty, had definitely taken to drink. There had been rumours that she enjoyed a glass with too much gusto; but 'drinks' meant more than that. "She drinks," Daniel Povey continued, "and has done this last two years."

"I'm very sorry to hear it," said Samuel tremendously shocked by this brutal rending of the cloak of decency.

Then Daniel goes on to tell about the only son of the house. Daniel had come home late that night, having missed the last train, to find Dick sitting on the stairs, nearly naked.

"Sitting on the stairs? Dick?" said Samuel.

"Ay! This is what I come home to!"

"But——"

"Hold on! He's been in bed a couple of days with a feverish cold, caught through lying in damp sheets as his mother had forgot to air. She brings him no supper to-night. He calls out. No answer. Then he gets up to go downstairs and see what happened, and he slips on th' stairs and breaks his knee, or puts it out or summat. Sat there hours, seemingly. Couldn't walk either up nor down."

"And was your—wife—was Mrs.— —"

"Dead drunk in the parlour, Sam'l."

"But the servant?"

"Servant!" Daniel Povey laughed. "We can't keep our servants. They won't stay, you know that."

DANIEL has already carried Dick to bed, but when Samuel asks about Mrs. Daniel Povey, the reply is, "Happen you'd better go and have a look at her. She's in th' parlour." He leads the way thither, and this is what Samuel sees.

In a room as dishevelled and filthy as the bedroom, Mrs. Daniel Povey lay stretched awkwardly on a worn horsehair sofa, her head thrown back, her face discoloured, her eyes bulging, her mouth wet and yawning; a sight horribly offensive. Samuel was frightened; he was struck with fear and with disgust. The singing gas beat down ruthlessly on that dreadful figure. A wife and mother! The lady of a house! The centre of order! The fount of healing! The balm for worry and the refuge of distress! She was vile. Her scanty yellow-grey hair was dirty, her hollowed neck all grime, her hands abominable, her black dress in decay. She was the dishonour of her sex, her situation and her years. . . .

"Ay, Sam'l, lad," said the old man from the door; "I doubt I've killed her! I doubt I killed her. I took and shook her. I got her by the neck, and before I knew where I was, I'd done it. She'll never drink brandy again. This is what it's come to!"

Daniel himself calls in the police, and is arrested.

Thenceforward, Samuel Povey had a mission, religious in its solemn intensity, to defend and save Daniel. He took the enterprise upon himself, spending the whole of himself upon it, to the neglect of his business and the scorn of his health. He lived solely for Daniel's trial,

pouring out money in preparation for it. He thought and spoke of nothing else. The affair was his one preoccupation.

But all is to no purpose. Daniel is found guilty, and in spite of a petition for a reprieve, drafted and promoted by Sam and signed by nearly 25,000 of Daniel's fellow townsmen and townswomen, is hanged. Sam himself dies soon afterwards, physically and mentally exhausted by his labours for his unhappy cousin.

THE house in St. Luke's Square is put up for sale some time after Sam's death, and Constance, who has been carrying on the business, comes to an arrangement with Mr. Critchlow, the purchaser, whereby he takes over the shop, and Constance remains on, as tenant, in the living rooms overhead, with her son, Cyril. Between these two, as between Mrs. Baines and Sophia, there is a conflict of will, and again it is the mother who has to give way. Cyril, against his mother's wish, is set on being an artist. He attends the local school of art, and, to Constance's anguish, for she knows it means his leaving Bursley to live in London, he announces that he has won a national scholarship. The first half of the book closes by showing us Constance as alternately the proud and the broken-hearted mother returning to her lonely home after Cyril has left.

Arnold Bennett now takes up the story of Sophia from the time she left her aunt's house to join Gerald Scales in London. The two are in the bedroom of a hotel, and it is the first moment they have been alone together since Sophia's arrival. "I've got no one but you now," she says. The words chill Scales who is thinking about his pleasures and privileges, not about his responsibilities. He smiles vaguely and proposes a visit to the Doré Gallery. "But what about the wedding?" she asks. "It can't be done here," he replies. "There's been some change in the rules. I only found out for certain late last night. But I have ascertained that it will be as simple as A.B.C. before the English Consul in Paris, and I've got the tickets for us to go over to-night."

She did not suspect that he was using the classic device of the seducer. It was his casualness that staggered her. But Sophia, for all her ignorance and innocence, is shrewd and cautious, and very well able to take care of herself. She refuses to go to Paris or anywhere else until they are married. He does his best to persuade her. "Come now, it will be all right," he says; but she does not stir. When he touches the back of her neck with his lips, she springs to her feet, sobbing and angry. Because she is mad for him she hates him furiously. All tenderness has vanished. "I'll thank you not to touch me," she says fiercely. She had given him her lips a few moments ago, but now to put his lips to her neck is an insult. They quarrel. She bids him go, and he goes, leaving her to tell herself that the elopement was 'an enormous folly.' The strict notions of her elderly relatives were right, after all. It was she who had been wrong, and it would be she who would have to pay.

But Scales comes back. 'He wanted her. He wanted her with an excessive desire.' So he comes back to make his peace, and to say he will marry her. "I shall have her! I shall have her!" he says to himself; but he did not reflect that this fragile slip of the Baines stock, unconsciously drawing on the accumulated strength of generations of honest living, had put a defeat upon him. It was a cardinal moment in the lives of both of them.

DULY married, the two go to Paris, and though Arnold Bennett knows Paris as few know it, and paints picture after picture of power and brilliancy, he does not know Paris as he knows the draper's shop at Bursley. Here he is drawing, not on his childhood's but on his manhood's memory.

In Paris, Sophia, for a day or two, 'existed in a rapture of bliss, an ecstasy which could feel no fatigue either of body or spirit.' Her husband buys her Paris gowns, at prices which frighten her; takes her to smart restaurants to dine, and helps himself so plenteously to the champagne that, one night, he comments so loudly about a woman accompanying another diner, an Englishman, that the Englishman overhears. The latter is very angry, but 'wine affected them in different ways,' and he restrains himself,

especially as the entrance of a young French journalist, by name Chirac, known personally to both the Englishman and Scales, causes a diversion.

Sophia, fearing trouble, says that she is tired, and proposes returning to the hotel; but Scales refuses, orders brandy, and finally gives the Englishman cause to ask whether Gerald wishes to insult him, because if so . . . they had better settle the matter outside. Gerald replies "At your service," tells Sophia to wait there for him, and the two men leave the room. Sophia, already disillusioned about her husband, is overcome with shame. Though she waits till long past three, Gerald does not return, there is a bill to pay, and she has no money. The chivalrous Chirac, whose admiration of Sophia is evident but reverential, comes to her rescue and offers to escort her to the hotel. Gerald returns at daybreak with blood upon his face. Sophia, who had been furious with him, bathes the wound, and decides that her duty is to treat him 'as a wife ought to treat a husband.'

In the morning Gerald tells her that he is going, next day, with Chirac, to witness the execution of a murderer, at Auxerre. When he returns to the hotel, supported by Chirac, he is the very image of death.

THE appalling spectacle is described with the relentless realism of a Zola; but terrible as is the effect upon Sophia of the details, which, despite all efforts of will, she is, as it were, hypnotised into witnessing, their shock is not so overwhelming as that of the revelation they bring to her of an aspect of her husband's character of which she had hitherto had no idea.

The attainment of ambition had utterly destroyed his equilibrium; his curiosity had proved stronger than his stomach . . . Not long since he had been proudly conversing with impudent women. Now, in swift collapse, he was as flaccid as a sick hound, and as disgusting as an aged drunkard. This was what he had brought her to, then! The horrors of the night, of the dawn and of the morning! Ineffable suffering and humiliation, anguish and torture that could never be forgotten. And after a fatuous vigil of unguessed license, he had tottered back, an offensive beast, to sleep the day away in that filthy chamber. He did not even possess enough spirit to play the rôle of royster to the end! And she was bound to him; far, far from any other human aid; cut off irrevocably by her pride from those who would perhaps have protected her from his dangerous folly. . . . Sticking out of the breast-pocket of his soiled coat was the packet which he had received on the previous day. If he had not already lost it, he could only thank his luck.

They have returned to Paris and Sophia, now seriously ill in bed, is told one day that Chirac is enquiring for Monsieur on a matter of importance. Will Madame see him? Sophia does so, to learn that when she had lost sight of Scales on the preceding day, he was in the office of the paper with which Chirac is associated.

"HE said he ought to have received 5000 francs, yesterday morning," Chirac tells her, "but he had a telegram saying it would not arrive till to-day. And he had need of 500 francs at once. I had not 500 francs"—he smiled sadly as if to insinuate that he did not handle such sums—"but I borrowed it from the cash box of the journal. It is necessary, absolutely, that I should return it this morning." He spoke with increased seriousness. "Your husband said he would take a cab and bring me the money immediately on the arrival of the post this morning, about nine o'clock." Gerald, she tells herself, had genuinely been at his last francs.

He had not lied when she thought he had lied. The nakedness of his character showed now. Instantly upon the final and definite cessation of the lawful supply of money, he had set his wits to obtain money unlawfully. He had, in fact, simply stolen it from Chirac, with the ornamental addition of endangering Chirac's reputation and situation—as a sort of reward to Chirac for the kindness. And further, no sooner had he got hold of the money than it had intoxicated him, and he had yielded to the first fatuous temptation.

"You did not know that he was coming to me?" asks Chirac.

"No," she tells him, but adds: "it is fortunate that I can pay you." She asks Chirac to accompany her to a bureau de change. There she exchanges the English notes for £200 which she has abstracted from her husband's pocket returns Chirac his 500 francs, and while he is escorting her back to the hotel in a fiacre, she is taken ill and lapses into unconsciousness.

When consciousness returns she is in bed in a shabby boarding-house flat, the

woman-proprietress of which and a younger woman nurse her, and with tenderness, back to health. Sophia discovers that both women are visited by men 'friends,' and is unhappy and uneasy. Chirac, who is in love with her but still holds her in awe, calls, and she learns that Madame the proprietress, a friend of Chirac's, is in money difficulties—she has not paid for the furniture, and an execution is about to be put in. To discharge her own heavy debt to the woman for the kindness with which Sophia was nursed, the latter decides to use part of what is left of the £200 by paying for the furniture, and arranges also to go into partnership with the woman, on the distinct stipulation that the rooms be let only to 'respectable' lodgers. As Sophia—consulted by the grocer whose bill she is paying, about a room for a friend of his, by name Niepce—is the means of thus obtaining a respectable boarder, the proprietress is impressed, and agrees to the partnership. Then Chirac also takes a room, and Sophia decides that there are now enough lodgers to make the establishment pay, and that here is the opportunity for her to earn her own living.

THE Germans are now besieging Paris, and Sophia turns war-profiteer. She lays in a large stock of provisions while prices are comparatively low, and when prices rise abnormally sells at a huge profit, and so begins to make money.

But Sophia's troubles come. Her beauty brings her the unwelcome attention of her boarders. "I love you, madame," Niepce tells her one day. He admits that he has a wife, but goes on, "You can count on my discretion. I appreciate your scruples. I would come very late to your room." She is very angry, but "he is an old fool" she tells herself. Why not treat him as such? Moreover, he is a very remunerative boarder. By this time she has saved nearly 5,000 francs, and she wishes to make more.

The lovesick Chirac, partly, one suspects, out of bravado, and for once at least to figure as a hero in the beloved one's eyes, partly to secure a 'stunt' for his paper, arranges to be one of two men who attempt to leave Paris in a balloon. The ascent, which, by Chirac's entreaty, Sophia witnesses, deeply stirred and with a tightening at her throat, is finely described, but what becomes of Chirac, whom Sophia had come near to loving, we are not told. The Germans enter Paris, and life there becoming more normal, business at Sophia's boarding-house falls off. The street in which it is has a bad name—respectable folk fight shy of it, and to the other sort she shows the door. She hears that an English pension in a respectable quarter is for sale, disposes of the boarding-house, buys the English pension and turns it into a greater success than ever before, thus making more money.

BUT Sophia is too beautiful a woman, too commanding a personality, to escape curiosity. To stay in the pension comes a Mr. Peel-Swynnerton, the son, the grandson, and several times the nephew of earthenware manufacturers whose name is known and revered in the Five Towns. Being artistic of taste, he happens to be the friend of Constance's son, Cyril, now an artist, from whom Peel-Swynnerton has heard of his aunt. Impressed by Sophia's stately beauty and aloofness, Peel-Swynnerton makes enquiries and, discovering that her name is Scales, suspects that she is his friend's missing aunt. He asks her casually whether anyone of the name of Povey, Cyril Povey, from Bursley, has been staying there.

Sophia is profoundly perturbed. She foresees the upsetting of her existence, the destruction of her calm.

"I've lived alone, and I'll stay as I am. I can't change at my time of life!" she says, and frets herself into a fever. What she fears, happens. Peel-Swynnerton had gone in haste to inform Constance that he has found her long-lost sister. Constance writes rejoicingly to Sophia, begging her to come to Bursley, and pleads so movingly that Sophia's old love for her sister re-awakens. She writes to Constance lovingly, but says she cannot go to Bursley, and invites her sister to Paris. Constance replies that she would come, but is unwell and forbidden to travel. That being so, Sophia's duty is, she feels, to go to her sister. She accepts an offer made for the pension, and leaves for her native town.

There is an affecting meeting between the sisters, and Sophia stays a while with Constance at the house where both were born. Sophia's thoughts are all for her sister, whom she hopes never to leave again. But she hates Bursley, and tells herself that to live there would kill her. She sees that Constance is not only growing old, but is growing increasingly, almost unbearably 'fussy.' "What you want," she tells her sister, "is a change." So she drags the reluctant Constance, who cannot bear to be away from the 'house' for more than a few hours at a time, to a fashionable hotel at Buxton.

It soon becomes clear that, their love for each other notwithstanding, Constance and Sophia are, by incompatibility of temperament, and even more by long years of habit, unsuited to end their days in each other's company, as both had hoped. The shadow of approaching end is over both. As to reader and writer life has brought, or will bring, disillusionments, so with Constance and Sophia.

To Sophia, disillusionment came swiftly. The honeymoon was not over before she knew that the lover she had idealised, the husband for whom she had risked everything, was a liar, a cad and a cur. To Constance, disillusionment came more slowly; but now at last she sees that the son, Cyril, whom she loves wholly, is neglectful of, almost indifferent to, his mother's wishes and happiness. Now it seems as if even she and Sophia must each go her own way. It is well that for the one and the other the coming of death is not too long delayed.

Sophia receives, from a relative of the husband she has neither seen nor heard of for thirty-six years, a telegram to say that her husband is at that relative's house, and dangerously ill. She hastens thither, to find that Scales has come there only to die—is dead when she arrives.

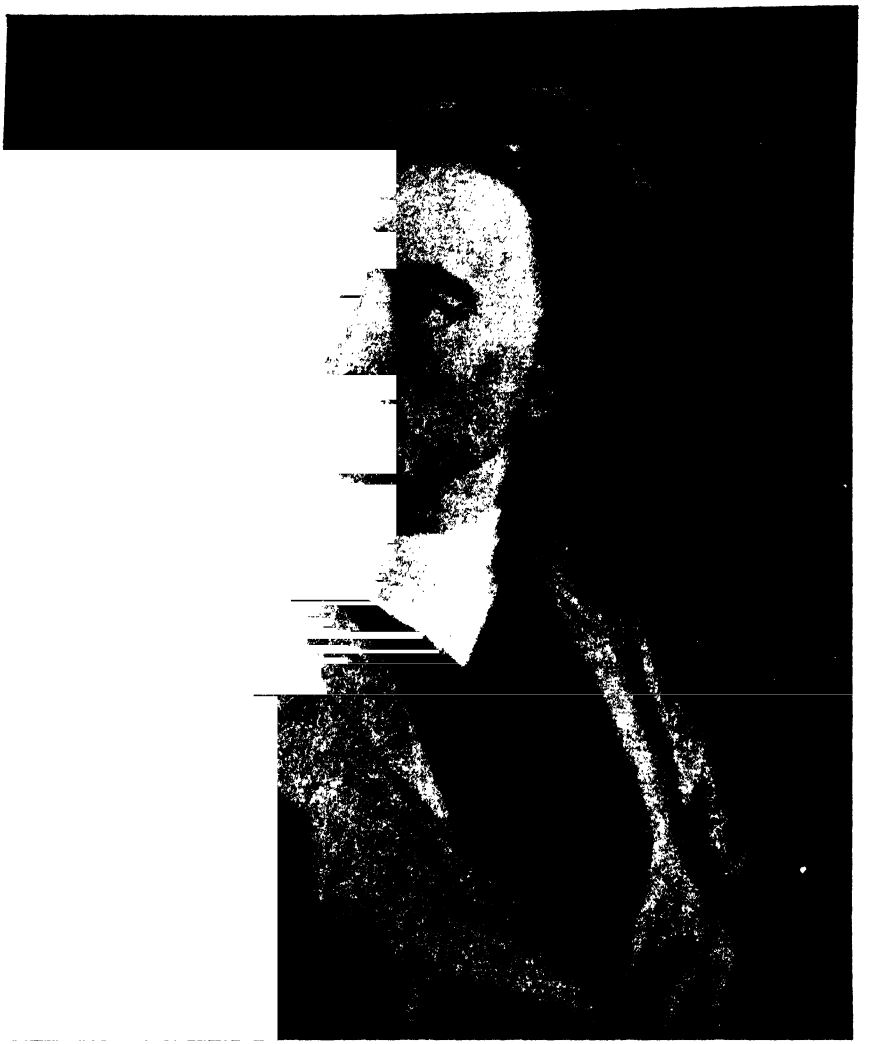
In her mind she had not pictured Gerald as a very old man. She knew that he was old; she had said to herself that he must be very old, well over seventy. But she had not pictured him. This face on the bed was painfully, pitiably old. A withered face, with the shiny skin all drawn into wrinkles. The stretched skin under the jaw was like the skin of a plucked fowl. The cheek bones stood up, and below them were deep hollows, almost like egg-cups. A short, scraggy white beard covered the lower part of the face. The hair was scanty, irregular and quite white; a little white hair grew in the ears. The shut mouth obviously hid toothless gums, for the lips were sucked in. . . And on the face was a general expression of final fatigue of tragic and acute exhaustion. . . What affected her was that he had once been young, and that he had grown old and was now dead. That was all. Youth and vigour had come to that. Youth and vigour always came to that. Everything came to that.

It came to Sophia herself before many hours had passed. On the return journey she becomes unconscious in the car, is put to bed by Constance, but nothing can be

Sophia seemed to be in a kind of coma. The distortion of her handsome face was more marked as time passed. The doctor spoke now and then in a low voice. He said that the attack had ultimately been determined by cold, produced by the rapid motion in the automobile. . . It was half-past twelve when, after gazing with prolonged intensity at the patient, and after he had tested her mouth and heart, he rose slowly and looked at Constance.

"It is over?" said Constance. And he very slightly moved his head.

NOR does Constance for very long survive Sophia. The Federation of the Five Towns is proposed. To her, in all the world there is only one town, Bursley, and in Bursley, only one house, that in St. Luke's Square. To the damage done to Bursley by the proposed Federation she attributes the fact that Mrs. Critchlow, who is in command of the draper's shop which had first been under the proprietorship of Constance's father, and, after his death, of her husband, had, owing to the falling off of trade, attempted suicide. The shop is closed in consequence. As a draper's shop, it will never open again. This is the end of Baines's. To the proposed Federation she attributes, too, the fact that she is to be turned out of the house she loves, and in which she was born. She receives notice to quit, as the rooms are required by the manager of the new business now opened in the shop below. This is what the threat of Federation has done for her and Bursley. Old as Constance is, she must get to the Town Hall to record her vote against Federation, and she comes back—to die a few days later.



Alexander Pope (1688–1744) more perhaps than any other great writer of the 18th century retains a considerable popularity among readers of the 20th, and removed by lapse of time from the hostility which he provoked by his merciless satire of his contemporaries, he now receives a much more just judgement at the hands of critics. Despite all that has been said about his artificiality and heartlessness he had a heart responsive to nature and to humanity, and a brilliant and comprehending mind. In an age when polish was held a supreme attribute of literary work he was pre-eminently a polished poet who made the heroic couplet a great and enduring vehicle of expression for the most highly concentrated thought, and as a result of his perpetually conscious effort towards perfection he produced lines and couplets containing crystallisations of thought which have passed into the currency of the English language, and not only make him as much quoted and familiar a voice as Shakespeare himself, but also go far to establish his indisputable claim to genius. This portrait by Hoare is in the National Portrait Gallery.

ALEXANDER POPE

POPE'S CORRESPONDENCE

IN May 1735 was published, by Edmund Curll, the first of six octavo volumes known generally by the title: Pope's Literary Correspondence, Being a Collection of Letters which Passed between Him and Several Eminent Persons. The first of these volumes contained letters written by Pope to Henry Cromwell, which were sold to Curll by the mistress of Cromwell. The book had a large sale, and Curll was eager to come by more epistles from the same pen. Further correspondence was sent him, which he published; but Pope denounced it as having been clandestinely produced and inaccurately presented. Since the publisher had announced the publication of letters from peers, he was summoned before the House of Lords for breach of privilege; but when it transpired that no lord's letter was to appear, he was acquitted. The tale of the publication of these letters is one of long and involved chicanery, and Pope's own dealings in the matter were far from straightforward. Pope's Life and Letters is included in Bohn's Library, and a selection of letters is also published by George Bell.

To Mr. Wycherley



WINDSOR FOREST, October 26, 1705. I have now changed the scene from the town to the country. I find no other difference than this betwixt the common town wits and the downright country fools, that the first are pertly in the wrong, with a little more flourish and gaiety; and the last neither in the right nor the wrong, but confirmed in a stupid settled medium betwixt both. However, methinks, these are most in the right, who quietly and easily resign themselves over to the gentle reign of dullness, which the wits must do at last, though after a great deal of noise and resistance.

Ours are a modest, inoffensive people, who neither have sense nor pretend to any, but enjoy a jovial sort of dullness; they are commonly known in the world by the name of honest, civil gentlemen. They live much as they ride, at random—a kind of hunting life, pursuing with earnestness and hazard something not worth the catching; never in the way, nor out of it. I can't but prefer solitude to the company of all these, for though a man's self may possibly be the worst fellow to converse with in the world, yet one would think the company of a person whom we have the greatest regard to could not be very unpleasant. As a man in love with a mistress desires no conversation but hers, so a man in love with himself—as most men are—may be best pleased with his own.

Besides, if the truest and most useful knowledge be the knowledge of ourselves, solitude conducing most to make us look into ourselves should be the most instructive state of life. People are usually spoilt, instead of being taught, at their coming into the world; whereas, by being conversant with obscurity, without any pains they would naturally follow what they were meant for. In a word, if a man is a coxcomb, solitude is his best school; and if he be a fool, it is his best sanctuary.

To Mr. Cromwell

JULY 17, 1709. The morning after I parted from you I found myself—as I had prophesied—all alone, in an uneasy stage-coach, a doleful change from that agreeable company I enjoyed the night before, without the least hope of entertainment but from my last resource in such cases, a book. I then began to enter into acquaintance with your moralists, and had just received from them some cold consolation for the inconvenience of this life and the uncertainty of human affairs, when I perceived my vehicle to stop, and heard from the side of it the dreadful news of a sick woman preparing to enter it.

'Tis not easy to guess at my mortification, but being so well fortified with philosophy, I stood resigned with a stoical constancy to endure the worst of evils, a sick woman. I was indeed a little comforted to find, by her voice and dress, that she was young and a gentlewoman;

but no sooner was her hood removed, but I saw one of the finest faces I ever beheld; and to increase my surprise, heard her salute me by my name.

I never had more reason to accuse nature for making me short-sighted than now, when I could not recollect I had ever seen those fair eyes which knew me so well, and was utterly at a loss how to address myself till, with a great deal of simplicity and innocence, she let me know—even before I discovered my ignorance—that she was the daughter of one in our neighbourhood, lately married, who, having been consulting her physicians in town, was returning into the country to try what good air and a husband could do to recover her.

My father, you must know, has sometimes recommended the study of physic to me, but I never had any ambition to be a doctor till this instant. I ventured to prescribe some fruit—which I happened to have in the coach—which, being forbidden her by her doctors, she had the more inclination to. In short, I tempted, and she ate; nor was I more like the devil than she like Eve.

Having the good success of the aforesaid tempter before my eyes, I put on the gallantry of the old serpent, and, in spite of my evil form, accosted her with all the gaiety I was master of; which had so good effect that in less than an hour she grew pleasant, her colour returned, and she was pleased to say my prescription had wrought an immediate cure.

In a word, I had the pleasantest journey imaginable.

To Mr. Steele

JULY 15, 1712. Sickness is a sort of early old age; it teaches us a difference in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines.

Youth at the very best is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age; it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men—that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures.

When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian who, being in bed in a great storm, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, 'What care I for the house? I am only a lodger.'

I fancy it is the best time to die when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I am now, I may say, with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable atom every single man is with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily and marry as fast as they were used to do. The memory of man 'passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day.'

To Mr. Addison

I GENERALLY employ the mornings in painting with Mr. Jervas, and the evenings in the conversation of such as I think can most improve my mind, of whatever denomination they are. I ever must set the highest value upon men of truly great—that is, honest—principles, with equal capacities. The best way I know of overcoming calumny and misconstruction is by a vigorous perseverance in everything we know to be right, and a total neglect of all that can ensue from it. It is partly from this maxim that I depend upon your friendship, because I believe it would do justice to my intention in everything.

DECEMBER 14, 1713. Good God! What an incongruous animal is man! How unsettled is his best part, his soul! And how changing and variable is his frame of body! The constancy of the one shook by every motion, the temperament

of the other affected by every blast of wind! What is he altogether but one mighty inconsistency; sickness and pain are the lot of one half of him, doubt and fear the portion of the other!

What a bustle we make about passing our time, when all our space is but a point! What aims and ambitions are crowded into this little instant of our life, which—as Shakespeare finely words it—is rounded with a sleep! Our whole extent of being is no more in the eye of Him Who gave it than a scarce perceptible moment of duration.

Those animals whose circle of living is limited to three or four hours are yet as long-lived and possess as wide a scene of action as man, if we consider him with a view to all space and all eternity. Who knows what plots, what achievements, a mite may perform in his kingdom of a grain of dust, within his life of some minutes; and of how much less consideration than even this is the life of man in the sight of God, Who is from and for ever?

Who that thinks in this train, but must see the world and its contemptible grandeurs lessen before him at every thought? It is enough to make one remain stupefied in a poise of inaction, void of all desires, of all designs, of all friendships.

But we must return—through our very condition of being—to our narrow selves, and those things that affect ourselves; our passions, our interests flow in upon us and unphilosophise us into mere mortals. For my part, I never return so much into myself as when I think of you, whose friendship is one of the best comforts I have for my own insignificancy.

THIS miserable age is so sunk between animosities of party and those of religion that I begin to fear most men have politics enough to make—through violence—the best scheme of government a bad one; and belief enough to hinder their own salvation. I hope, for my own part, never to have more of either than is consistent with common justice and charity, and always as much as becomes a Christian and honest man.

Though I find it an unfortunate thing to be bred a papist here, where one is obnoxious to four parts in five, as being so too much or too little, I shall yet be easy under both their mistakes, and be what I am more than seem to be, for I suffer for it. God is my witness that I no more envy you Protestants your places and possessions than I do our priests their charity or learning. I know that one virtue of a free spirit is worth more than all the virtues put together of all the narrow-souled people in the world.

To a Lady on Her Marriage

YOU are by this time satisfied how much the tenderness of one man of merit is to be preferred to the addresses of a thousand. And by this time the gentleman you have made choice of is sensible how great is the joy of having all those charms and good qualities which have pleased so many now applied to please one only. It was but just that the same virtues which gave you your reputation should give you happiness, and I can wish you no greater than that you may receive it in as high a degree yourself, as so much good humour must infallibly give it to your husband.

It may be expected, perhaps, that one who has the title of poet should say something more polite on this occasion; but I am really more a well-wisher to your felicity than a celebrator of your beauty. Besides, you are now a married woman, and in a way to be a great many better things than a fine lady—such as an excellent wife, a faithful friend, a tender parent, and, at last, as the consequence of them all, a saint in heaven.

To Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

SEPTEMBER 1, 1718. I prodigiously long for your sonnets, your remarks, your Oriental learning; but I long for nothing so much as your Oriental self. You must of necessity be advanced so far back into true nature and simplicity of manners by these three years' residence in the East that I shall look upon you as so many years younger than you were, so much nearer innocence—that is, truth—and infancy—that is, openness. I expect to see your soul as much thinner dressed as your body; and that you have left off, as unwieldy and cumbersome, a great many European habits.

Without offence to your modesty, be it spoken, I have a burning desire to see your soul stark naked, for I am confident it is the prettiest kind of white soul in the universe. But I forget whom I am talking to. You may possibly by this time believe, according to the Prophet, that you have none; if so, show me that which comes next to a soul. You may easily put it upon a poor ignorant Christian for a soul, and please him as well with it. I mean your heart. Mahomet, I think, allows you hearts, which, together with fine eyes and other agreeable equivalents, are worth all the souls on this side of the world.

But if I must be content with seeing your body only, God send it to come quickly. I honour it more than the diamond casket that held Homer's Iliad, for in the very twinkle of one eye of it there is more wit, and in the very dimple of one cheek of it there is more meaning than all the souls that ever were casually put into women since men had the making of them.

AT A LATER DATE. I excessively long to meet you, to say so much, so very much, to you that I believe I shall say nothing. The place I am in is such as I would not quit for the town, if I did not value you more than any, nay, everybody else there.

You must expect nothing regular in my description of a house that seems to be built before rules were in fashion; the whole is so disjointed, and the parts so detached from each other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that (in a poetical fit) you would imagine it had been a village in Amphion's time, where twenty cottages had taken a dance together, were all out, and stood still in amazement ever since.

A STRANGER would be grievously disappointed who should ever think to get into the house the right way; one would expect, after entering through the porch, to be let into the hall: alas! you find yourself in a brewhouse. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room, but upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. On each side our porch are two chimneys, that wear their greens on the outside, which would do as well within, for whenever we make a fire we let the smoke out of the windows.

The great hall is high and spacious, flanked with long tables, images of ancient hospitality, ornamented with monstrous horns, about twenty broken pikes, and a matchlock musquet or two, which they say were used in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers scutcheons of painted glass. There seems to be great propriety in this old manner of blazoning upon glass, ancient families being like ancient windows, in the course of generations seldom free from cracks. One shining pane bears date 1286.

Who can say after this that glass is frail, when it is not half so perishable as human beauty or glory? For in another pane you see the memory of a knight preserved. And yet must not one sigh to reflect that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every boy that throws a stone?

THIS hall lets you up—and down—over a very high threshold, into the parlour. It is furnished with historical tapestry, whose marginal fringes do confess the moisture of the air. The other contents of this room are a broken-bellied virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell with all their brimstone about them. These are carefully set at the farther corner; for the windows being everywhere broken make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard seed in that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour lies (as I said before) the pigeon-house. A little farther on the right, the servants' hall; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet, which has a lattice into the said hall, that while she said her prayers she might cast an eye on the men and maids. There are upon this ground-floor in all twenty-four apartments, hard to be distinguished by particular names; among which I must not forget a chamber that has in it a large antiquity of timber, which seems to have been either a bedstead or a cyder-press.

Our best room above is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a band-box;

it has hangings of the finest work of the world, those, I mean, which Arachne spins out of her own bowels; indeed, the roof is so decayed that after a favourable shower of rain we may (with God's blessing) expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of the floors.

All the upper storey has for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this venerable mansion, for the very rats of this ancient seat are grey. Since these had not quitted it, we hope at least this house may stand during the small remainder of days these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. They have still a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

To the Bishop of Rochester

NOVEMBER 20, 1717. And, after all, I verily believe your lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another; and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so if they did but talk enough together every day, and had nothing to do together but to serve God and live in peace with their neighbour.

I will tell you my politic and religious sentiments in a few words. In my politics I think no further than how to preserve the peace of my life in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preserve the peace of my conscience in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of God as they are rightly understood and rightly administered; and where they are, or may be, wrong, I leave it to God to mend or reform them; which whenever He does, it must be by greater instruments than I am.

I am not a papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the papal power, and detest their arrogant authority over princes and states. I am a Catholic in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute prince, I would be a quiet subject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see are not a Roman Catholic, or a French Catholic, or a Spanish Catholic, but a true Catholic; and not a King of Whigs, or of Tories, but a King of England, which God of His mercy grant his present majesty may be, and all future majesties.

To Dr. Swift

AUGUST 22, 1726. Many a short sigh you cost me the day I left you, and many more you will cost me till the day you return. I really walked about like a man banished, and when I came home found it no home. It is a sensation like that of a limb lopped off—one is trying every minute unawares to use it, and finds it is not. In real truth, I have felt my soul peevish ever since with all about me, from a warm uneasy desire after you.

BATH, November 12, 1728. The inscription to the Dunciad is now printed, and inserted in the poem. Do you care I should say anything further how much that poem is yours, since certainly without you it had never been? Would to God we were together for the rest of our lives! I only wish we could comfort each other under our bodily infirmities, and let those who have so great a mind to have more wit than we, win it and wear it. Give us but ease, health, peace and fair weather! I think it is the best wish in the world, and you know whose it was. If I lived in Ireland I fear the wet climate would endanger more than my life—my humour and health. I am so atmospherical a creature.

APRIL 2, 1733. I now as vehemently wish you and I might walk into the grave together, by as slow steps as you please, but contentedly and cheerfully; whether that ever can be, or in what country, I know no more than into what country we shall walk out of the grave. But it suffices me to know it will be exactly what region or state our Maker appoints, and that *whatever is, is right*. . . .

God bless you with ease, if not with pleasure, with a tolerable state of health, if not with its full enjoyment, and with a resigned temper of mind, if not a very cheerful one. It is upon these terms I live myself, though younger than you, and I repine not at my lot, could but the presence of a few that I love be added to these. Adieu!

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

THE RIVALS

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN wrote The Rivals in 1774, when he was twenty-three. It was his first play—some say his best, better even than The School for Scandal, which came three years later. In any case, it is a wonderful piece of work for one so young; indeed, it may be doubted if ever dramatist made so magnificent a start, early or late. Sheridan had married the lovely Miss Linley only a year before, and on the strength of the success of The Rivals they set up house in Orchard Street, Portman Square. The first production was at Covent Garden, on January 17, 1775, not quite a year after Goldsmith's She Stoops to Conquer had been presented at the same house. An inferior Sir Lucius O'Trigger marred the play on the first night, it is said; but, with the part in better hands, all went well.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Sir Anthony Absolute	Sir Lucius O'Trigger	Lydia Languish
Captain Absolute	Thomas	Mrs. Malaprop
Faulkland	David	Julia
Acres	Fag	Lucy

Maid, Boy, Servants, etc.

The Scene is laid in Bath.

First Act

SCENE I.—*A Street.* **Thomas** (*coachman of* **Sir Anthony Absolute**). **Fag** (**Captain Absolute's** *servant.*)



THE pair are old acquaintances, and each is surprised to find the other in Bath. **Thomas** explains that **Sir Anthony Absolute**, fearing 'another fit of the gout,' has come down from town at a minute's notice.]

Thomas: But tell us, Mr. Fag, how does young master? Odd! Sir Anthony will stare to see the captain here.

Fag: I do not serve Captain Absolute now. At present I am employed by Ensign Beverley.

Thos.: I doubt, Mr. Fag, you ha'n't changed for the better.

Fag: I have not changed. Captain Absolute and Ensign Beverley are one and the same person.

Thos.: The devil they are!

Fag: So it is indeed, Thomas; and the ensign half of my master being on guard at present—the captain has nothing to do with me.

Thos.: So, so! What, this is some freak, I warrant! Do tell us, Mr. Fag, the meaning o't. I'll be secret as a coach-horse.

Fag: Why, then, the cause of all this is—Love—Love, Thomas, who (as you may get read to you) has been a masquerader ever since the days of Jupiter.

Thos.: Av, av; I guessed there was a lady in the case. But, pray, why does your master pass only for ensign? Now, if he had shammed general, indeed —

Fag: Ah, Thomas, there lays the mystery o' the matter. Hark 'ee, Thomas, my master is in love with a lady of a very singular taste; a lady who likes him better as a half-pay ensign than if she knew he was son and heir to Sir Anthony Absolute, a baronet of three thousand a year.

Thos.: That is an odd taste, indeed. But, Zooks, there's the captain. Is that the lady with him?

Fag: No, no; that is Madam Lucy, my master's mistress's maid. I must after him to tell him the news.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*A dressing room in* **Mrs. Malaprop's** *lodgings.* **Lydia**, *sitting on a sofa, with a book in her hand.* **Lucy** *has just returned from a message.*

LUCY: Indeed, ma'am, I traversed half the town in search of it. I don't believe there's a circulating library in Bath I haven't been at.

Lydia: Well, child, what have you brought me?

Lucy: Oh, here, ma'am (*taking books from under her cloak and from her pockets*). This is The Gordian Knot, and this Peregrine Pickle. Here are The Tears of Sensibility and Humphrey Clinker. This is The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality, Written by Herself, and here the second volume of The Sentimental Journey.

Lyd.: Very well; give me the sal volatile. Hold! Here's someone coming! Quick, see who it is! [*Exit* **Lucy**. *Enter* **Julia.**

[After affectionate greetings the two girls exchange confidences. **Lydia** bemoans her spinsterhood and tells her friend how she is confined to her room, her aunt, **Mrs. Malaprop**, having discovered her intercourse with **Beverley**. And, even worse, she has had a quarrel with her lover, all through her own fault. The family want her to marry a young booby of a squire, named **Acres**. **Mrs. Malaprop**, she further informs **Julia**, has a love affair of her own with a tall Irish baronet, **Sir Lucius O'Trigger**. He

thinks the elderly aunt is a young girl, one **Delia**, as she signs herself in her letters to him. **Julia**, too, has her troubles. There are constant misunderstandings between her and her lover, **Faulkland**, who once saved her from drowning. While they are sympathising with one another, **Mrs. Malaprop** and **Sir Anthony Absolute** are announced. **Julia** retires before they enter.]

Mrs. Malaprop : There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lyd. : Madam, I thought you once——

Mrs. Mal. : You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all; thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

Lyd. : Ah, madam! It is not so easy to forget.

Sir Anthony : Why sure she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not! Ay, this comes of her reading.

Lyd. : What crime, madam, have I committed to be treated thus?

Mrs. Mal. : Take yourself to your room—you are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humour.

Lyd. : Willingly, ma'am. I cannot change for the worse. [*Exit*

Mrs. Mal. : There's a little intricate hussy for you!

[**Sir Anthony** proceeds to propose his son, **Captain Absolute**, as a suitor for **Lydia's** hand, since she objects so strongly to **Squire Acres**. **Mrs. Malaprop** is quite agreeable, and she hopes **Sir Anthony** will represent her niece to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.]

Second Act

SCENE I.—**Captain Absolute's** *lodgings.* **Fag** *tells* **Captain Absolute** *he has delivered his message to* **Sir Anthony.** [*Enter* **Faulkland.**

ABSOLUTE : Faulkland, you're welcome to Bath again; you are punctual in your return.

Faulkland : Yes; I had nothing to detain me. Well, what news since I left you? How stand matters between you and Lydia?

Abs. : Faith! much as they were; I have not seen her since our quarrel. However, I expect to be recalled every hour.

Faulk. : Why don't you persuade her to go off with you at once?

Abs. : What, and lose two thirds of her fortune? You forget, my friend. No, no, I could have brought her to that long ago. I must prepare her gradually; for though I am convinced my little Lydia would elope with me as Ensign Beverley, yet am I by no means certain that she would take me with the impediment of our friends' consent, a regular humdrum wedding, and a reversion of a good fortune on my side!

[**Absolute** invites **Faulkland** to dine with him and his friends, but he replies that 'he is not in spirits to be of such a party.' His depression is due to the misunderstanding with **Julia**; he fears for her health; he fears for her anxiety on his account. 'Are there not,' he fretfully urges, 'a thousand grounds for apprehension?' When **Absolute** rallies him, **Faulkland** admits that he would be entirely content were he but sure his **Julia** 'were well and in spirits.' His friend then tells him **Julia** is in the best of health, and at that very moment in Bath. **Faulkland** is overjoyed at the news, and is about to leave when **Mr. Acres** is announced. **Absolute** insists that he shall stay as the new arrival lives near **Julia** and her family in Devonshire, and has seen her but lately. **Acres**, in his honest, clumsy way, tells **Faulkland**, who had thought **Julia** had been pining for want of his society, how merry and full of spirits he had found her; how she sang and danced and laughed. Every fresh word uttered by the noisy bumpkin increases **Faulkland's** indignation. 'So,' he exclaims bitterly, 'while I have been anxious, silent, pensive, sedentary, she has been all health, spirit, laugh, song, dance! Oh! damned, damned levity!' He goes out, leaving **Absolute** dissolved in laughter and **Acres** quite bewildered. When the squire has retired **Sir Anthony Absolute** arrives in his son's rooms—he comes to tell him he has made a splendid match for him; he is to marry an heiress, and be independent. The captain demurs at being required to marry a lady he has never seen.]

Sir Anthony : Why, what difference does that make? Odds life, sir! if you have the estate,



LYDIA TELLS JULIA OF HER WOES
Isobel Jeans and Beatrix Thomson in the 1925 revival at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith

you must take it with the live-stock on it, as it stands!

Abs. : I must tell you plainly, sir, that my inclinations are fixed on another.

Sir Ant. : Hark 'ee, Jack—I have been cool—quite cool; but take care—you know I am compliance itself—when I am not thwarted, no one more easily led—when I have my own way; but don't put me in a frenzy.

Abs. : What, sir! Promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness; to———

Sir Ant. : Zounds, sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose; she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's Museum; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—she shall be all this, sirrah!—yet I will make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty!

Abs. : This is reason and moderation indeed!

Sir Ant. : None of your passion, sir! None of your violence, if you please! It won't do with me, I promise you. Can't you be cool like me? What the devil good can passion do? Passion is no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate! If you agree, without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, I may in time forgive you. If not, zounds! I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you! And damn me if ever I call you Jack again! [*Exit.*

Abs. : Mild, gentle, considerate father—I kiss your hands!

SCENE II.—*The North Parade*

SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER meets **Lucy**, **Mrs. Malaprop's** maid, who hands him a letter from that lady, signed '**Delia.**' The baronet gives the girl money and receives a kiss in return. He goes off gaily, and **Fag** arrives. **Lucy** tells him **Acres** is no longer a suitor for **Miss Lydia's** hand, having been dismissed in favour of **Captain Absolute.** They laugh to find that '**Ensign Beverley**' and the captain are rivals!]

Third Act

SCENE I. *The North Parade.* **Captain Absolute.** *Then* **Sir Anthony.**

ABSOLUTE: 'Tis just as Fag told me, indeed. Whimsical enough, faith! My father wants to force me to marry the very girl I am plotting to run away with! He must not know of my connexion with her yet awhile. However, I'll read my recantation instantly. My conversion is something sudden, indeed—but I can assure him it is very sincere. So, so—here he comes. He looks plaguey gruff. (*Advancing.*) Sir, you see a penitent before you.

Sir Anthony : I see an impudent scoundrel before me!

Abs. : I have been revolving, and reflecting and considering, and the result of my reflections is—a resolution to sacrifice every inclination of my own to your satisfaction.

Sir Ant. : Why, now you talk sense—absolute sense—I never heard anything more sensible in my life. Confound you! you shall be Jack again! I will now inform you who the lady really is. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture. What think you of Miss Lydia Languish?

Abs. : Languish? What, the Languishes of Worcestershire?

Sir Ant. : Worcestershire, no! Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop and her niece, Miss Languish, who came into our country just before you were last ordered to your regiment?

Abs. : Malaprop! Languish! I don't remember ever to have heard the names before. Yet, stay, I think I do recollect something. Languish! Languish! She squints, don't she? A little red-haired girl?

Sir Ant. : Zounds, no! Jack! Jack! What think you of blooming, love-breathing seventeen? Such eyes, Jack! And her cheeks! And oh, her lips!

Abs. : As to that, sir, I am quite indifferent. If I can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire. And which is to be mine, sir, the niece or the aunt?

Sir Ant. : Why, you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I despise you! The aunt indeed! Odds life! When I ran away with your mother, I would not have touched anything old or ugly to gain an empire.

Abs. : Not to please your father, sir?

Sir Ant. : To please my father! Zounds! not to please—oh, my father—oddso!—yes—yes; if my father indeed had desired—that's quite another matter. Though he wa'n't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

Abs. : I dare say not, sir

SCENE II. **Julia's** *dressing-room.* **Faulkland** *discovered alone. Then* **Julia.**

FAULKLAND and **Julia** try to come to an understanding. Although his intentions are of the best and his devotion beyond all doubt, the lover succeeds in distressing the girl with his surmises and questionings to such an extent that she leaves the room in tears. He waits in vain for her to return.]

SCENE III. **Mrs. Malaprop's** *lodgings.* **Mrs. Malaprop,** *with a letter in her hand, and* **Captain Absolute.**

THE letter is from **Sir Anthony Absolute,** who thus introduces his son." The captain wins the elderly lady's esteem at once by his elaborate compliments. She tells him of **Lydia's** obstinacy in continuing to be devoted to 'a beggarly, strolling, eaves-dropping ensign,' and proceeds to read a letter from him which she had 'that very day interceded,' thanks to the artful maid **Lucy.** **Absolute** has to listen to his own words, beginning 'My soul's idol, my adored Lydia.' A little later in the epistle **Mrs. Malaprop** is described as 'the old weather-beaten she-dragon who guards you.' Great is her indignation, especially when the writer remarks that she 'decks her dull chat with hard words which she don't understand.' 'Sure,' she declares, 'if I reprehend anything in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice

derangement of epitaphs!' **Absolute** then suggests that perhaps he might see **Lydia** for a few minutes, 'to try her temper a little.' **Mrs. Malaprop** raises no objection. 'Tell her **Beverley** is below,' says **Absolute**; 'she'll come down fast enough then!' The aunt, laughing, observes ''twould be a trick she well deserves.' **Lydia** enters, and is amazed to find one whom she supposes to be **Beverley**. **Mrs. Malaprop** leaves them alone for a few moments, and **Absolute** has time to explain to **Lydia** that the aunt thinks he (**Beverley**) is really the captain. When **Mrs. Malaprop** reappears, **Absolute** is on his knees, appealing to **Lydia**, who apparently refuses to listen to him.]

SCENE IV.—Acres' *lodgings.*

SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER is introduced. **Acres** tells his visitor, who is an old acquaintance, of his treatment with regard to **Lydia**. After following her to Bath, and receiving encouragement from her family, he is informed that 'the lady is to be otherwise disposed of.' **Sir Lucius**, learning from **Acres** that he has a rival—one **Beverley**—tells him his clear duty is to demand satisfaction for such an unpardonable breach of friendship. Before they part **Acres** has drawn up a letter, at **Sir Lucius's** dictation, inviting **Beverley** to meet him in King's-Mead-Fields that evening, in order that they may 'settle their pretensions.' **Sir Lucius** would deliver **Acres'** message to his rival, but that he himself may have just such another affair of his own to settle: 'a gay captain put a jest on him lately,' and he is only waiting to fall in with the gentleman, to call him out.]

Fourth Act

SCENE I.—Acres' *lodgings.*

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE is announced. **Acres** asks him to be his second in the fight with **Beverley**. **Absolute** tells him 'it would not be quite proper,' so the young squire says he will ask **Sir Lucius**. **Acres** explains that he doesn't want to take **Beverley's** life if he can clear his honour otherwise, but he hopes **Absolute** will tell his friend what a desperate person he will have to face. 'Tell him I generally kill a man a week—will you, Jack?' 'I will,' replies the captain. 'I'll say you are called in the country Fighting Bob.']

SCENE II.—**Mrs. Malaprop's** *lodgings.* **Mrs. Malaprop** *and* **Lydia.**

[*To them enter* **Sir Anthony** *and* **Captain Absolute.**

SIR ANTHONY: Here we are, Mrs. Malaprop; come to mitigate the frowns of unrelenting beauty, and difficulty enough I had to bring this fellow. I don't know what's the matter; but if I had not held him by force, he'd have given me the slip. (*Aside to* **Absolute.**) Now, Jack, speak to her.

Lydia (*seated, with her back to the visitors, takes no notice of them, although desired by her aunt to rise and pay her respects.*) (*Aside*) I wonder I ha'n't heard my aunt exclaim yet! Sure she can't have looked at him! I think my lover seems as little inclined to conversation as



'TELL HIM I KILL A MAN A WEEK'
Nigel Playfair and Douglas Burbidge in the 1925 revival at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith

myself. How strangely blind my aunt must be!

Absolute (*attempts to speak, then returns to* **Sir Anthony**): Faith, sir, I am so confounded! The—the—tremor of my passion entirely takes away my presence of mind.

Sir Ant.: But it don't take away your voice, fool, does it? Go up and speak to her directly!

Mrs. Malaprop: Sir Anthony, shall we leave them together? (*Aside to* **Lydia**) Ah! you stubborn little vixen!

Sir Ant.: Not yet, ma'am, not yet! (*Aside to* **Absolute**) What the devil are you at? Unlock your jaws, sirrah, or——

Abs. (*aside*): I must disguise my voice. (*Draws near* **Lydia**, *and speaks in a low, hoarse tone.*) Will not Miss Languish lend an ear to the mild accents of true love? Will not——

Sir Ant.: What the devil ails the fellow? Why do you stand croaking like a frog in a quinsy?

[Seeing that an explanation can no longer be delayed, **Absolute** whispers to **Lydia**, and she, looking at him for the first time, exclaims: 'Is it possible! My Beverley! How can this be?' Astonished in their turn, **Mrs. Malaprop** and **Sir**

Anthony demand to know what it all means. **Absolute** thereupon explains matters.]

Lyd. (*sullenly*) : So!—there will be no elopement after all!

Sir Ant. (*to* **Absolute**) : Well, I am glad you are not the dull, insensible varlet you pretended to be, however. So this was your *penitence*, your *duty* and *obedience!* I thought it was damned sudden! What! (*Pointing to* **Lydia**) She squints, don't she?—*a little red-haired girl*—hey? Why, you hypocritical young rascal! I wonder you aren't ashamed to hold up your head!

Abs. : 'Tis with difficulty, sir—I am confused—very much confused, as you must perceive.

[Left alone, **Absolute** and **Lydia** have a rather pretty quarrel. She cannot forgive him for having deprived her of the romance she had been cherishing, nor for compelling her to marry him in the usual, humdrum way, with the full approval of their families. He, trying to bring her to reason, insists that he has acted with the best intentions. When **Mrs. Malaprop** and **Sir Anthony** return, they find **Lydia** in tears. As she goes out the indignant girl tells her aunt she renounces **Beverley** for ever.]

SCENE III.—*The North Parade.* **Sir Lucius O'Trigger** *Then* **Captain Absolute.**

SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER, looking for the 'gay captain' perceives **Absolute,** and proceeds to pick a quarrel with him. The captain, in bad humour since his rupture with **Lydia,** consents to meet the fire-eating baronet that evening in King's-Mead-Fields. **Sir Lucius** goes off, and **Faulkland** enters. **Absolute** listens with impatience to the story of his friend's latest disagreement with patient **Julia,** and makes him promise to second him in his coming encounter.]

Fifth Act

SCENE I.—**Julia's** *Dressing-Room.*

FAULKLAND enters, to find **Julia** sitting alone. In order to test her still further, he pretends that he is in fear of arrest—the outcome of some sudden quarrel—and 'must fly this kingdom instantly.' At once **Julia** offers to go with him, and her attitude is altogether so brave and affectionate as to compel him to tell her the truth and beg for forgiveness. But he has gone too far. With much dignity, **Julia** breaks with him definitely, and goes out. **Lydia** and her maid then come in, followed shortly by **Mrs. Malaprop, Fag** and **David.** News of the coming duels is divulged by the servants, and while **David** is sent to seek **Sir Anthony, Fag** undertakes to conduct the ladies to King's-Mead-Fields, that they may intervene and save bloodshed.]

SCENE II. *The South Parade.*

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE encounters his son, who hides his sword under his greatcoat and makes some excuse for leaving him. The captain is no sooner gone than **David** arrives, in a state of intense excitement, telling **Sir Anthony** of what's afoot. The man promises to take him to the meeting place forthwith.

SCENE III.—*King's-Mead-Fields. Enter* **Sir Lucius O'Trigger** *and* **Acres,** *with pistols.*

ACRES: By my valour! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims! I say it is a good distance.

Sir Lucius : Is it for muskets or small field-pieces? Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave these things to me. Stay now—I'll show you—(*measures paces along the stage*)—there now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres : Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther off he is, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir Luc. : Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he were out of sight! I tell you, three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as an inch.

[As the conversation proceeds so does the squire's courage evaporate. Presently **Faulkland** and **Captain Absolute** are seen in the distance.]

Acres : There are two of them indeed! Well—let them come—hey, Sir Lucius!—we—we—we—we—won't run.

Sir Luc. : Run! What the devil's the matter with you?

Acres : Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—but I—I—I—don't feel quite so bold, somehow as I did.

Sir Luc.: O, fy!—consider your honour.

Acres : Ay—true—my honour. Sir Lucius—if it wa'n't for you I should almost think I was afraid. My valour is certainly going—it is sneaking off—I feel it oozing out as it were from the palms of my hands!

Sir Luc. : Your honour—your honour. Here they are.

Acres : O mercy—now—that I was safe at Clod Hall—or could be shot before I was aware!

[When the others come up, **Sir Lucius** supposes **Faulkland** to be **Beverley,** and is disappointed to find that no **Beverley** is present. He would have **Acres** fight **Faulkland** in place of the absent man, but **Acres** positively refuses: 'I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian,' says he. Nor, when he learns from **Captain Absolute's** own lips that he and **Beverley** are one and the same, will **Acres** fight—'What, quarrel with my dear friend **Jack Absolute?** Not if he were fifty **Beverley's!**' **Sir Lucius** then remembers his own affair, and, drawing, calls on **Absolute** to do the same. They are about to engage when **Sir Anthony, Mrs. Malaprop, Lydia, Julia** and the men-servants rush in breathless. Of course fighting is now out of the question. 'Come, come, let's have no honour before ladies!' remarks **Mrs. Malaprop,** adding the hope that there may be 'no delusions to the past.' Nor are there. The two pairs of lovers make haste to be reconciled; **Sir Lucius** discovers the identity of his **Delia,** with no rancour on either side. **Acres** promises to 'order the fiddles in half an hour to the New Rooms,' and insists on them all meeting him there. In fact, as **Lydia** remarks to **Absolute,** 'our happiness is now as unalloyed as general.']

CHARLES DICKENS

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT

FROM the technical point of view of construction Martin Chuzzlewit is the most shapeless and incoherent of all Dickens's stories. To some extent this is due to the fact that on its publication in monthly parts in 1843-44 it failed to catch popularity, regular subscribers numbering only about a third of those to its predecessors. To excite fresh interest and stimulate sales Dickens arbitrarily introduced the American part of the story, which is incongruous with the spirit of comedy in which the book was conceived and quite irrelevant to its main purpose of showing how selfishness propagates itself. Incidentally it intensified the storm of resentment on the other side of the Atlantic previously roused by Dickens's merciless satire of American characteristics and institutions in his American Notes. The story—Dickens's fifth—was published in volume form in 1844. It is very long and very full, and, though marred by not a little crude melodrama, contains much superb descriptive writing and some of the most famous Dickensian creations of character—Mrs. Gamp and Pecksniff among them.

I—Mr. Pecksniff's New Pupil



MR. PECKSNIFF lived in a little Wiltshire village within an easy journey of Salisbury.

The brazen plate upon his door bore the inscription, 'Pecksniff, Architect,' to which Mr. Pecksniff, on his cards of business, added, 'and Land Surveyor.' Of his architectural doings nothing was clearly known, except that he had never designed or built anything.

Mr. Pecksniff's professional engagements, indeed, were almost, if not entirely, confined to the reception of pupils. His genius lay in ensnaring parents and guardians and pocketing premiums.

Mr. Pecksniff was a moral man. Perhaps there never was a more moral man than Mr. Pecksniff, especially in his conversation and correspondence. Some people likened him to a direction-post, which is always telling the way to a place and never goes there; but these were his enemies.

Into Mr. Pecksniff's house came young Martin Chuzzlewit, a relation of the architect. Tom Pinch, Mr. Pecksniff's assistant, had driven over to Salisbury for the new pupil, and had already discoursed to Martin on Mr. Pecksniff and his family (for Mr. Pecksniff had two daughters—Mercy and Charity), in whose good qualities he had a profound and pathetic belief.

Festive preparations on a rather extensive scale were already completed for Martin's benefit on the night of his arrival. There were two bottles of currant wine, white and red; a dish of sandwiches, very long and very slim; another of apples; another of captain's biscuits; a plate of oranges, cut up small and gritty with powdered sugar; and a highly geological home-made cake. The magnitude of these preparations quite took away Tom Pinch's breath, for though the new pupils were usually let down softly, particularly in the wine department, still this was a banquet, a sort of lord mayor's feast in private life, a something to think of and hold on by afterwards.

To this entertainment Mr. Pecksniff besought the company to do full justice.

"Martin," he said, addressing his daughters, "will seat himself between you two, my dears, and Mr. Pinch will come by me. This is a mingling that repays one for much disappointment and vexation. Let us be merry." Here he took a captain's biscuit. "It is a poor heart that never rejoices; and our hearts are not poor. No!"

The following morning Mr. Pecksniff announced that he must go to London. "On professional business, my dear Martin; strictly on professional business; and I promised my girls long ago that they should accompany me. We shall go forth to-night by the heavy coach—like the dove of old, my dear Martin—and it will be a week before we again deposit our olive-branches in the passage. When I say olive-branches," Mr. Pecksniff explained,



SETH PECKSNIFF, THE PERSONIFICATION OF UNCTUOUS HYPOCRISY IN MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT

"I mean our unpretending luggage."

"And now let me see," said Mr. Pecksniff presently, "how you can best employ yourself, Martin, while I am absent. Suppose you give me your idea of a monument to a Lord Mayor of London, or a cow-house to be erected in a nobleman's park. A pump is a very chaste practice. I have found that a lamp-post is calculated to refine the mind and give it a classical tendency. An ornamental turnpike has a remarkable effect upon the imagination. What do you say to beginning with an ornamental turnpike?"

"Whatever Mr. Pecksniff pleased," said Martin doubtfully.

"Stay," said that gentleman. "Come! as you're ambitious, and are a very neat draughtsman, you shall try your hand on these proposals for a grammar-school. When your mind requires to be refreshed by change of occupation, Thomas Pinch will instruct you in the art of surveying the back-garden, or in ascertaining the dead

level of the road between this house and the finger-post, or in any other practical and pleasing pursuit. There is a cart-load of loose bricks, and a score or two of old flower-pots in the back-yard. If you could pile them up, my dear Martin, into any form which would remind me, on my return, say, of St. Peter's at Rome, or the Mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople, it would be at once improving to you and agreeable to my feelings."

The coach having rolled away, with the olive-branches in the boot and the family of doves inside, Martin Chuzzlewit and Tom Pinch were left together. Now, there was something in the very simplicity of Pinch that invited confidences, and Martin could not refrain from telling his story.

"I must talk openly to somebody," he began. "I'll talk openly to you. You must know, then, that I have been bred up from childhood with great expectations, and have always been taught to believe that one day I should be very rich. Certain things, however, have led to my being disinherited."

"By your father?" inquired Tom.

"By my grandfather. I have had no parents these many years. Now, my grandfather has many good points, but he has two very great faults. He has the most confirmed obstinacy of character, and he is most abominably selfish; I have heard that these are failings of our family, and I have to be very thankful that they haven't descended to me.

"Now I come to the cream of my story, and the occasion of my being here. I am in love, Pinch. I am in love with one of the most beautiful girls the sun ever shone upon. But she is wholly and entirely dependent upon the pleasure of my grandfather; and if he were to know that she favoured my passion, she would lose her home and everything she has in the world.

"My grandfather, although I had conducted myself from the first with the utmost circumspection, is full of jealousy and mistrust, and suspected me of loving her. He said nothing to her, but attacked me in private, and charged me with designing to corrupt the fidelity to himself—observe his selfishness—of a young creature who was his only disinterested and faithful companion. The upshot of it was that I was to renounce her or be renounced by him. Of course, I was not going to yield to him, and here I am!"

PINCH, after staring at the fire, said, "Pecksniff, of course, you knew before?"

"Only by name. My grandfather kept not only himself, but me, aloof from all his relations. But our separation took place in a town in the neighbouring county. I saw Pecksniff's advertisement in the paper when I was at Salisbury, and answered it, having always had some natural taste in the matters to which it referred. I was doubly bent on coming to him, if possible, on account of his being——"

"Such an excellent man," interposed Tom, rubbing his hands.

"Why, not so much on that account," returned Martin, "as because my grandfather has an inveterate dislike to him, and after the old man's arbitrary treatment of me, I had a natural desire to run directly counter to all his opinions."

II—*Mr. Pecksniff Discharges His Duty*

MR. PECKSNIFF and his daughters took up their lodging in London at Mrs. Todgers's Commercial Boarding House, and it was at that favoured abode that old Martin Chuzzlewit, whose grandson had just entered Mr. Pecksniff's house, sought him out.

"I very much regret," said old Martin, "that you and I held such a conversation as we did when we met awhile since. The intentions that I bear towards you now are of another kind. Deserted by all in whom I have ever trusted; hoodwinked and beset by all who should help and sustain me, I fly to you for refuge. I confide in you to be my ally; to attach yourself to me by ties of interest and expectations. I regret having been severed from you so long."

Mr. Pecksniff looked up to the ceiling and clasped his hands in rapture.

"I fear you don't know what an old man's humours are," resumed old Martin. "You don't know what it is to be required to court his likings and dislikings; to do his bidding, be it what it may. You have

a new inmate in your house. He must quit it."

"For—for yours?" asked Mr. Pecksniff.

"For any shelter he can find. He has deceived you."

"I hope not," said Mr. Pecksniff eagerly. "I trust not. I have been extremely well disposed towards that young man. Deceit—deceit, my dear Mr. Chuzzlewit, would be final. I should hold myself bound, on proof of deceit, to renounce him instantly."

"Of course, you know that he has made his matrimonial choice?"

"Surely not without his grandfather's consent and approbation, my dear sir?" cried Mr. Pecksniff. "Don't tell me that. For the honour of human nature say you're not about to tell me that!"

The indignation felt by Mr. Pecksniff at this terrible disclosure was only to be equalled by the kindling anger of his daughters. What, had they taken to their hearth and home a secretly contracted serpent? Horrible!

Old Martin then went on to inquire when they would be returning home; and, after relieving Mr. Pecksniff's unexpressed anxiety by mentioning that Mary Graham, the young lady whom the old man had adopted, would receive nothing at his death, announced that they might expect to see him before long.

With a hasty farewell, the old man left the house, followed to the door by Mr. Pecksniff and his daughters. A few days later the Pecksniffs set out for home.

Tom Pinch and Martin were both waiting in the lane to meet the coach, but Mr. Pecksniff pointedly ignored Martin's presence, even when the house had been reached; and it was not till Martin sharply demanded an explanation that he addressed him.

"You have deceived me," said Mr. Pecksniff. "You have imposed upon a nature which you knew to be confiding and unsuspicious. This lowly roof, sir, must not be contaminated by the presence of one who has, further, deceived—and cruelly deceived—an honourable and venerable gentleman, and who wisely suppressed that deceit from me when he sought my protection. I weep for your depravity. I mourn over your corruption, but I cannot have a leper and a serpent for an inmate! Go forth," said Mr. Pecksniff, stretching out his hand, "go forth, young man! Like all who know you, I renounce you!"

MARTIN made a stride forward at these words, and Mr. Pecksniff stepped back so hastily that he missed his footing, tumbled over a chair, and fell in a sitting posture on the ground, where he remained, perhaps considering it the safest place.

"Look at him, Pinch," said Martin, "as he lies there—a cloth for dirty hands, a mat for dirty feet, a lying, fawning, servile hound! And, mark me, Pinch, the day will come when even you will find him out!"

He pointed at him as he spoke with unutterable contempt and, flinging his hat upon his head, walked from the house. He went on so rapidly that he was clear of the village before Tom Pinch overtook him.

"Are you going?" cried Tom.

"Yes," he answered sternly. "I am."

"Where?" asked Tom.

"I don't know. Yes, I do—to America."

III—New Eden

MARTIN did not go to America alone, for Mark Tapley, formerly of the Blue Dragon, an inn in the village where Mr. Pecksniff resided, insisted on accompanying him.

"Now, sir, here am I, without a sitiwation," Mr. Tapley put it, "without any want of wages for a year to come—for I saved up (I didn't mean to do it, but I couldn't help it) at the Dragon; here am I with a liking for what's wentersome, and a liking for you, and a wish to come out strong under circumstances as would keep other men down—and will you take me, or will you leave me?"

Once landed in the United States, the question of what to do arose, and Martin decided to invest his savings in buying land in the rising township of New Eden.

"Mark, you shall be a partner in the business," said Martin (Mark having invested £37 to Martin's £8); "an equal partner with myself. We are no longer master and servant. I will put in, as my

additional capital, my professional knowledge, and half the annual profits, as long as it is carried on, shall be yours. Our business shall be commenced, as soon as we get to New Eden, under the name of Chuzzlewit and Tapley."

"Lord love you, sir," cried Mark, "don't have my name in it! I must be 'Co.,' I must."

"You shall have your own way, Mark."

"Thank 'ee, sir! If any country gentleman thereabouts in the public way wanted such a thing as a skittle-ground made, I could take that part of the bis-ness, sir."

It was a long steamboat journey, but at last they stopped at Eden. The waters of the Deluge might have left it but a week ago, so choked with slime and matted growth was the hideous swamp which bore that name.

A man advanced towards them when they landed, walking slowly, leaning on a stick.

"Strangers!" he exclaimed.

"The very same," said Mark. "How are you, sir?"

"I've had the fever very bad," he answered faintly. "I haven't stood upright these many weeks. My eldest son has a chill upon him. My youngest died last week."

"I'm sorry for it, governor, with all my heart!" said Mark. "The goods is safe enough," he added, turning to Martin, and pointing to their boxes. "There ain't many people about to make away with 'em. What a comfort that is!"

"No," cried the man; "we've buried most of 'em. The rest have gone away. Them that we have here don't come out at night."

"The night air ain't quite wholesome, I suppose?" said Mark.

"It's deadly poison," was the answer.

Mark showed no more uneasiness than if it had been commended to him as ambrosia; but he gave the man his arm, and as they went along explained the nature of their purchase, and inquired where it lay. Close to his own log-house he said.

It was a miserable cabin, rudely constructed of the trunks of trees, the door of which had either fallen down or been carried away. When they had brought up their chest, Martin gave way, and lay down on the ground and wept aloud.

"Lord love you, sir," cried Mr. Tapley. "Don't do that. Anything but that! It never helped man, woman or child over the lowest fence yet, sir, and it never will."

Mark stole out gently in the morning while his companion slept and took a rough survey of the settlement. There were not above a score of cabins in the whole, and half of these appeared untenanted. Their own land was mere forest. He went down to the landing-place, where they had left their goods and there he found some half a dozen men, wan and forlorn, who helped him to carry them to the log-house.

Martin was by this time stirring, but he had greatly changed, even in one night. He was very pale and languid, and spoke of pains and weakness.

"Don't give in, sir," said Mr. Tapley. "Why, you must be ill. Wait half a minute, till I run up to one of our neighbours and find out what's best to be took."

Martin was soon dangerously ill, very near his death. Mark, fatigued in mind and body, working all the day and sitting up at night, worn by hard living, surrounded by dismal and discouraging circumstances, never complained or yielded in the least degree. And then, when Martin was better, Mark was taken ill. He fought against it; but the malady fought harder, and his efforts were vain.

"Floored for the present, sir," he said one morning, sinking back upon his bed, "but jolly."

And now it was Martin's turn to work and sit beside the bed and watch, and listen through the long, long nights to every sound in the gloomy wilderness.

Martin's reflections in those days slowly showed him his own selfishness, and when Mark Tapley recovered he found a singular alteration in his companion.

"I don't know what to make of him," he thought one night. "He don't think of himself half as much as he did. It's a swindle. There'll be no credit in being jolly with *him!*"

The settlement was deserted. The only thing to be done was to return to England.

IV—The Downfall of Pecksniff

OLD Martin Chuzzlewit had for some time taken up his residence at Mr. Pecksniff's, and Martin and Mark Tapley went to the Blue Dragon on their return.

Martin at once sought out his grandfather, and marched into the house resolved on reconciliation. The old man listened to his appeal in silence; but Mr. Pecksniff spoke for him and bade the young man begone.

But old Martin was awake to Pecksniff's character and resolved to set Mr. Pecksniff right, and Mr. Pecksniff's victims, too. Mark Tapley was the first person old Martin invited to see him. The old man had gone to London, and his grandson, Mary Graham and Tom Pinch were all summoned to wait on him at a certain hour.

From Mark, old Martin learnt that his grandson was an altered man.

"There was always a deal of good in him," said Mr. Tapley, "but a little of it got crusted over somehow. I can't say who rolled the paste of that 'ere crust, but—well, I think it may have been you, sir,"

"So you think," said Martin, "that his old faults are in some degree of my creation?"

"Well, sir, I'm very sorry, but I can't unsay it. I don't believe that neither of you ever gave the other a fair chance."

Presently came a knock at the door and young Martin entered. The old man pointed to a distant chair. Then came Tom Pinch and his sister, Ruth; and Mary Graham; and Mrs. Lupin, the landlady of the Blue Dragon; and John Westlock, an old friend of Tom Pinch's.

"Set the door open, Mark!" said Mr. Chuzzlewit.

The last appointed footstep sounded now upon the stairs. They all knew it. It was Mr. Pecksniff's; and Mr. Pecksniff was in a hurry, too, for he came bounding up with such uncommon expedition that he stumbled once or twice.

"Where is my venerable friend?" he cried upon the upper landing. And then, darting in and catching sight of old Martin, "My venerable friend is well?"

Mr. Pecksniff looked round upon the assembled group and shook his head reproachfully.

"Oh, vermin!" said Mr. Pecksniff. "Oh, bloodsuckers! Horde of unnatural plunderers and robbers! Leave him! Leave him, I say! Begone! Abscond! You had better be off! Wander over the face of the earth, young sirs, and do not presume to remain in a spot which is hallowed by the grey hairs of the patriarchal gentleman to whose tottering limbs I have the honour to act as an unworthy, but an unassuming, prop and staff."

He advanced, with outstretched arms, to take the old man's hand; but he had not seen how the hand clasped and clutched the stick within its grasp. As he came smiling on, and got within his reach, old Martin, burning with indignation, rose up and struck him to the ground.

"DRAG him away! Take him out of my reach!" said Martin. And Mr. Tapley actually did drag him away, and stuck him up on the floor with his back against the opposite wall.

"Hear me, rascal!" said Mr. Chuzzlewit. "I have summoned you here to witness your own work. Come hither, my dear Martin! Why did we ever part? How could we ever part? How could you fly from me to him? The fault was mine no less than yours. Mark has told me so, and I have known it long. Mary, my love, come here."

She trembled, and was very pale; but he sat her in his own chair, and stood beside it holding her hand, Martin standing by him.

"The curse of our house," said the old man, looking kindly down upon her, "has been the love of self—has ever been the love of self." He drew one hand through Martin's arm and standing so, between them, proceeded, "What's this? Her hand is trembling strangely. See if you can hold it."

Hold it! If he clasped it half as tightly as he did her waist—well, well!

But it was good in him that even then, in high fortune and happiness, he had still a hand left to stretch out to Tom Pinch.

MONTESQUIEU

THE SPIRIT OF LAWS

A POWERFUL and original thinker, Montesquieu was more interested in the philosophy of laws than in their administration. He travelled over Europe to study the various political systems existing, and then devoted twenty years to the preparation of his masterpiece The Spirit of Laws (De l'Esprit des Lois) in which he surveys every political system, ancient and modern, and after examining their principles and defects proposes the English Constitution as a model for the universe. The work was published anonymously in 1748, at Geneva, and it is questionable whether any other book has produced such far-reaching results; it helped on the movement that ended in the French Revolution, and induced other nations seeking a mean between despotism and mob-rule to adopt the English system of parliamentary government; it still remains the finest and soundest introduction to the philosophical study of history. A translation of this great treatise is published by George Bell. Montesquieu's other chief works were Persian Letters (1721) and an Enquiry into the Causes of the Greatness and the Decline of the Romans (1734).

I—On a Republic



THERE are three kinds of governments: the republican, the monarchical and the despotic. Under a republic the people, or a part of the people, has the sovereign power; under a monarchy one man alone rules, but by fixed and established laws; under a despotism a single man, without law or regulation, impels everything according to his will or his caprice.

When, in a republic, the whole people possesses sovereign power, it is a democracy. When this power is in the hands of only a part of the people it is an aristocracy. In a democracy the people is, in certain respects, the monarch; in others, it is the subject. It cannot reign except by its votes, and the laws which establish the right of voting are thus fundamental in this form of government.

A people possessing sovereign power ought to do itself everything that it can do well; what it cannot do well it must leave to its ministers. Its ministers, however, are not its own unless it nominates them; it is, therefore, a fundamental maxim of this government that the people should nominate its ministers. The people is admirably fitted to choose those whom it must entrust with some part of its authority. It knows very well that a man has often been to war, and that he has gained such and such victories, and it is therefore very capable of electing a general. It knows if a judge is hard-working and uncorrupt, and if the generality of suitors are content with his decisions; this is sufficient to enable a people to elect its praetors.

All these things are facts about which a people can learn more in the market-place than a monarch can in a palace. But does a people know how to conduct an affair of state, to study situations, opportunities, and profit by them? No. The generality of citizens have sufficient ability to be electors, but not enough to be elected, and the people, though it is capable of forming a judgement on the administration of others, is not competent to undertake the administration itself. The people have always too much action or too little. Sometimes with a hundred thousand arms it overtakes everything; sometimes with a hundred thousand feet it moves as slowly as a centipede.

In a popular state the people are divided into certain classes, and on the way in which this division is carried out depend the duration of a democracy and its prosperity. Election by lot is the democratic method; election by choice the aristocratic method. Determination by lot allows every citizen a reasonable hope of serving his country; but it is a defective measure, and it is by regulating and correcting it that great legislators have distinguished themselves.

Solon, for instance, established at Athens the method of nominating by choice all the military posts, and of electing by lot the senators and the judges; moreover, he ordained that the candidates for election by lot should first be examined, and that those who were adjudged unworthy should be excluded; in that manner he combined the method of chance and the method of choice.

It does not require much probity for a monarchy or a despotism to maintain itself. The force of the laws in one, and the uplifted sword of the tyrant in the other, regulates and curbs everything. In a democracy, however, everything depends upon the political virtues of the people. When a democracy loses its patriotism, its frugality and its passion for equality, it is soon destroyed by avarice and ambition. The principle of democracy grows corrupt, not only when a people loses its spirit of equality, but when this spirit becomes excessive and each man wishes to be the equal of those whom he has chosen to rule over him. Great successes, and especially those to which the people have largely contributed, give it so much pride that it is no longer possible to direct it. Thus it was that the victory over the Persians corrupted the republic of Athens; thus it was that the victory over the Athenians ruined the republic of Syracuse.

There are two excesses which a democracy must avoid: the spirit of inequality, which leads to an aristocracy or the government by one man; and the spirit of excessive equality, which ends in despotism.

II—On an Aristocracy

In an aristocracy th sovereign power is in the hands of a group of persons. It is they who make the laws and see that they are carried out, and the rest of the people are the subjects of the nobility. When there is a great number of nobles, a senate is necessary to regulate the affairs which the nobles are too numerous to deal with, and to prepare those which they are able to decide on. In this case the aristocracy exists in the senate, the democracy in the noble class, and the people count for nothing.

The best aristocracy is that in which the popular party, which has no share of the power, is so small and so poor that the governing class has no reason for oppressing it. Thus when Antipater made a law at Athens that those who had not two thousand drachmas should be excluded from voting, he formed the best aristocracy possible—for this qualification was so slight that it excluded very few people, and no citizen of any consideration.

Aristocratic families should belong to the people as much as possible. The more an aristocracy resembles a democracy, the more perfect it is. The most imperfect of all is that in which the lower classes are ground down by the upper classes.

An aristocracy has by itself more force than a democracy. The nobles form a corporation which, by its prerogative and for its particular interest, restrains the people; but it is very difficult for this corporation to restrain its own members as easily as it restrains the populace. Public crimes can be punished, as it is in the general interests of an aristocracy that this should be done; but, as a rule, private misdeeds in the nobility will be overlooked.

A corporation of this sort can only curb itself in two ways—either by a great political virtue, which leads the nobles to regard the people as their equals and makes for the formation of a large republic, or by the lesser virtue of moderation, which enables them to conserve their power.

An aristocracy grows corrupt when the power of the nobles becomes arbitrary. When the governing families observe the laws they form a monarchy which has several monarchs; this is a very good thing because all these monarchies are bound together by the laws. But when they no longer observe them, they form a despotic state which has many despots.

The extreme corruption comes about when the nobility becomes hereditary; it can no longer be moderate in the exercise of its powers. If the nobles are small in number their power increases, but their surety diminishes; if they are great in number, their power is less, but their surety more certain, for power goes on increasing and surety goes on diminishing up

to the despot whose power is as excessive as his peril. A multitude of nobles in an hereditary aristocracy thus makes the government less violent; but as they will have but little political virtue, they will grow nonchalant, idle and irresponsible, so that the state at last will have no longer any force or resilience.

An aristocracy is able to maintain its force if its laws are such that they make the nobility feel more the dangers and fatigues of government than the pleasures of it, and if the state is in such a situation that it has something to dread, and that its surety comes from within and its danger threatens it from without.

A certain confluence forms the glory and the safety of a monarchy, but a republic lives on its perils. The fear of the Persians kept the Greek states in strict obedience to republican laws. Carthage and Rome intimidated and strengthened each other.

It is a strange thing, but democracies and aristocracies are like water, which grows corrupt only when it is too long unmoved and untroubled.

III—On the Monarchy

INTERMEDIARY, subordinate and dependent powers constitute the nature of a monarchical government, in which a single man governs by means of fundamental laws. The most natural of intermediary, subordinate powers is that of a nobility. This is an essential part of a monarchy, of which the maxim is: 'No king, no nobility; no nobility, no king.'

There are some persons in certain countries of Europe who wish to abolish all the rights of the nobility. They do not see that they want to do what the English parliament did in the seventeenth century. Abolish in a monarchy the prerogatives of the lords, clergy, gentry and towns, and you will soon have either a purely popular government or a despotism.

I am not greatly prepossessed in favour of the privileges of the clergy, but I should like to see their jurisdiction clearly fixed once for all. It is not a question of discussing if it be right to establish it, but of seeing if it is established, and if it forms part of the laws of the country, and of deciding if a loyal subject is not within his rights in upholding both the power of his king and the limits which have from time immemorial been set to that power.

The power of the clergy is dangerous in a republic, but convenient in a monarchy, and especially in a monarchy tending to despotism. Where would Spain and Portugal be, since they lost their laws, without this power which alone arrests the arbitrar force of their kings?

In order to advance liberty, the English have destroyed all the intermediary powers that form their monarchy. They have good reason to guard this liberty. If ever they lose it, they will be one of the most enslaved races on the earth.

It is not sufficient that there should be intermediary ranks in the monarchy; there must also be a depository of laws. This depository cannot be found anywhere save in political corporations, which announce laws when they are made and recall them when they are forgotten. The ignorance natural to a nobility, its inattention, its contempt for a civil government, require that there should be a corporation which unceasingly recovers laws from the dust in which they are buried.

As democracies are ruined by the populace stripping the senate, the magistrates and the judges of their functions, so monarchies decay when the prerogatives of the higher classes and the privileges of towns are little by little destroyed. In the first case, things end in a despotism of the multitude; in the other, in the despotism of a single man.

The people of the ancient world had no knowledge of a monarchy founded on a nobility, and still less knowledge of a monarchy founded on a legislative corporation formed, as in England, by the representatives of the people. On reading the admirable work of Tacitus on the ancient Germans, one sees that it is from them that the English have derived the idea of their political system.

This fine form of government was discovered in the forests. It is based on a separation of the three powers found in every state—the legislative power, the executive power and the judicial power. The first is in the hands of the parliament, the second is in the hands of the monarch,



CHARLES LOUIS DE SECONDAT, Baron de la Brède et de Montesquieu, was born near Bordeaux, January 18, 1689. He was trained for the law and after inheriting his uncle's title succeeded him as president of the Bordeaux Court of Justice in 1716. He held the appointment until 1726 when he resigned and went to Paris where he became a member of the Academy. After a prolonged tour in Europe, in the course of which he visited England, he settled down to literary work at his château of La Brède, near Bordeaux, where he died February 10, 1755.

and the third is in the hands of the magistracy. The English people would lose their liberty if the same man, or corporation, the lords, or the people themselves, were possessed of these three powers.

By their representative system the English have avoided the great defect of the ancient republics, in which the populace were allowed to take an active part in the government.

There is in every state a number of persons distinguished by birth, wealth, or honour. If they were confounded among the people, and had there only one vote like the rest, the common liberty would be to them a slavery, and they would have no interest in defending it, because most of the laws would be directed against them. The part they play in legislation should, therefore, be proportionate to the other advantages which they have in the state. In England they rightly form a legislative body, which has the power of arresting the enterprises of the people, as the people has the power of arresting theirs.

A house of lords must be hereditary. It is so naturally, and, besides, this gives it a very great interest in the preservation of its prerogatives, which, in a free country, must always be in danger. But as an hereditary power might be tempted to follow its private interests to the neglect of the public welfare, it is necessary that in matters in which corruption can easily arise, such as matters relating to money bills, the House of Lords should have neither any initiating nor any correcting faculty; it should have only a power of veto and a power of approving, like the tribunes of ancient Rome.

The cabinet should not wield the executive power as well as the legislative power. Unless the monarch himself retains the executive power, there is no liberty, for liberty depends upon each of the three powers being kept entirely separate. It is in this way that the balance of the constitution is preserved.

IV—On Despotism

From the nature of despotism it follows that a despot gives the government into the hands of another man. A creature whose five senses are always telling him that he is everything and that other men are nothing is naturally idle, ignorant and pleasure-seeking. He therefore abandons the control of affairs. But if he entrusted them to several persons there would be disputes among them, and the despot would be put to the trouble of interfering in their intrigues. The easier way, therefore, is for him to surrender all administration to a vizier and give him full power. The establishment of a vizier is a fundamental law of despotism. The more people a despot has to govern, the less he thinks of governing them; the greater the business of the state becomes, the less trouble he takes to deliberate upon it.

A despotic state continually grows corrupt because it is corrupt in its nature. A despotism perishes inwardly, even when several accidental causes seem to support it. It is only maintained when certain circumstances derived from the climate, the religion, the situation, or the genius of a people compel it to observe some order and submit to some regulation. These things compel it, but do not change its nature; its ferocity remains, though for a time it is tamed.

THOMAS CARLYLE

THE LIFE OF JOHN STERLING

THE origin of Thomas Carlyle's Life of Sterling is explained by the author himself in his introduction to the book. Sterling committed the care of his literary character and writings to two friends, Archdeacon Julius Hare and Thomas Carlyle. The message to this effect they regarded as sacred, and, after consultation, agreed that Hare should select from Sterling's work what deserved reprinting, and preface the publication with a biographical introduction. This he did. But Carlyle, and many of Sterling's friends, held that Hare had dwelt too much on his friend as a clergyman, seeing that he was only a curate, and that for but eight months. Thus, when seven years had passed, Carlyle decided to 'fling on paper some recollections of this most friendly, bright and beautiful human soul.' Carlyle's Life of John Sterling was first published in 1851. The outcome of it is that Sterling lives through this generous tribute of friendship as, probably, he would never have lived through his own work. This biography is issued in The World's Classics, and is also published by Chapman & Hall at 5s.

I—Birth and Education



JOHN STERLING was born at Kames Castle, in the Isle of Bute, on July 30, 1806. Both his parents were Irish by birth, Scotch by extraction, and became, as he himself did, eventually English by long residence and habit. Simple peasant labourers, ploughers, house-servants, occasional fisherpeople, and the sight of ships and crops and nature's doings where art has little meddled with her—this was the kind of schooling our young friend had first of all.

Edward Sterling, his father, was originally of Waterford, son of the Episcopalian clergyman there. This Edward subsequently became well known in London political society as 'The Thunderer' of The Times newspaper—an impetuous man, full of real energy, and immensely conscious of the same, who transacted everything not with the minimum of fuss and noise, but with the maximum—a very Captain Whirlwind.

He had wedded, in 1804, Hester Coningham, only daughter of John Coningham, merchant, in Derry. From her John, as one could discern, derived the delicate aroma of his nature, its piety, clearness, sincerity; as from his father his ready practical gifts, impetuosities and audacities.

Edward Sterling was in the army, captain of the 8th Battalion of Reserve, when he married, but eleven months after retired on half-pay, with a decided military bearing, of which he was rather proud. He had established himself as a kind of gentleman-farmer when John, his second son, was born. In rainy Bute there lay no Goschen for such a man, and at the close of a short lease he quitted Bute and settled at Llanbethian, in the pleasant plain of Glamorgan. John afterwards professed not to remember anything whatever of Bute, which he left just turned of three years; but of Llanbethian, where he spent his next five years, he retained all his life a lively remembrance.

While he was still in Wales, Captain Edward Sterling found a copious outlet for his energies in writing letters to The Times, under the name of 'Vetus,' until it began to be surmised by him that here was the career he was seeking. Accordingly, in 1814, when victorious peace unexpectedly arrived, and the gates of the Continent were suddenly thrown open, he crossed to Paris in hopes of being foreign correspondent of The Times, and to set up his household under foreign skies; but when Napoleon abruptly emerged from Elba and set all the populations of the world in motion, the family had to fly towards the sea-coast and home, and Captain Sterling followed after, and, settling in London, an important connexion with The Times newspaper, ending in co-partnership, slowly disclosed itself.

Who John's express tutors were during these years of family wanderings is not worth much inquiry. To him and all of us the expressly appointed schoolmasters and schoolings we get are as nothing compared with the unappointed, incidental and continual ones, whose school-hours are all the days and nights of our existence and whose lessons, noticed or unnoticed, stream in upon us with every breath we draw. A voracious reader he all along was, and a voracious observer.

The family having removed to town, he read for a while with Dr. Trollope, master of Christ's Hospital, and then, being turned of sixteen, was sent to Glasgow University. In the beginning of his nineteenth year he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where his tutor was Julius Hare, who soon conceived a great esteem for him, and continued ever afterwards, in looser or closer connexion, his loved and loving friend.

Mr. Hare justly refuses him the character of an exact scholar; but he read freely in Greek and Latin, as in various modern languages, and in all fields his lively faculty of recognition and assimilation had given him a large booty in proportion to his labour.

Sterling at Cambridge had a wide and rather genial circle of comrades, and not a few of them have since proved themselves men of parts Frederic Maurice, Richard Trench, John Kemble, Spedding, Venables, Charles Buller, Richard Milnes and others; but I have heard that in speaking, and arguing, Sterling was the acknowledged chief, and that none even came near him, except Charles Buller.

Sterling was already at all points a Radical, as the name or nickname then went- in other words, a young, ardent soul, looking with hope and joy into a world which was infinitely beautiful to him, though overhung with falsities and foul cobwebs, overloaded by incredible traditions, solemnly sordid hypocrisies and beggarly deliriums old and new, which latter class of objects it was clearly the part of every noble heart to expend all its lightnings and energies in burning up without delay and sweeping into their native chaos. This was the humour and creed of college Radicalism, and honourable, not dishonourable, for a brave young soul such as Sterling's.

His intention of taking a degree came to nothing, and after two years he left Cambridge altogether. Of the three learned professions, none offered any likelihood for Sterling. No profession could, in any case, have gained his early love; and perhaps, withal, the most tragic element in his life was that there was none to which he could fitly, by those wiser than himself, have been bound and constrained that he might learn to love it.

In a better time there will be other 'professions' than the Church, law and medicine, professions that are true, and do not require you at the threshold to constitute yourself an impostor. The likeliest career for Sterling would have been what is called public life. If ours is to be called the talking era, Sterling, of all men, had the talent to excel in it.

Of all the forms of public life, it was clear that only one completely suited Sterling—the anarchic, nomadic and unconditional one of literature. To this all his tendencies were evidently pointing. His gifted friend, Frederic Maurice, was now also at large in a somewhat similar situation. They and other gifted friends thought they saw an opening in a literary newspaper, The Athenaeum, and the copyright was purchased; but on the commercial side the paper lacked success, and was transferred to other hands.

At this time (1828) and onward, Sterling began to be an assiduous pilgrim to Highgate, where Coleridge then lived with his friends, the Gilmans. There for hours would Coleridge talk concerning all conceivable or inconceivable things, and liked nothing better than to have an intelligent or, failing that, even a silent and patient human listener. He distinguished himself, to all that ever heard him, as the most surprising talker extant.

Sterling assiduously attended him, with profound reverence. He never spoke much to me of his intercourse with Coleridge. We have proof of the influences it was producing in the novel of Arthur Coningsby, the first and only book he ever wrote—a novel giving evidence of internal spiritual revulsions going painfully forward.

II—Marriage and Exile

On the edge of the winter of 1830–31, November 2, as the records say, Sterling was married. His blooming, kindly and true-hearted wife had not much money, nor had he, as yet, any, but friends on both sides were bountiful and hopeful. She, Susannah Barton, was the sister of his friend, formerly his fellow-student at Cambridge, Charles Barton, a graceful, pious-minded, honourable and affectionate woman, who could not much support him in the ever-shifting struggles of his life, but faithfully attended him in them and loyally marched by his side.

Unhappily, a few weeks after his marriage he fell dangerously ill, lay for many weeks utterly prostrate and, after a while, though hope came again, the doctors intimated that there lay consumption in the question and that perfect recovery was not to be looked for.

Now, one of his mother's uncles, a Coningham from Derry, had realized large property in the West Indies, in the island of St. Vincent, and as John and two other relatives were ultimately to be heirs in equal proportions, and as the warm climate was favourable to pulmonary complaints, it was fixed that he should visit St. Vincent, to take care of the property and perhaps permanently reside there. Accordingly, he arrived there in the summer of 1831, and his first child was born there in the fall of that year. But before this came an immense hurricane, with quite perilous experiences of West Indian life.

It was in this year I first heard definitely of Sterling as a contemporary existence. John Mill and other friends spoke of him with great affection and much pitying admiration, and hoped to see him home again under better omens. And as poor Mrs. Sterling's health, contrary to his own, did not agree with warm, moist climates, he reappeared at his father's house, to the joy of his English friends, in August 1832.

In the spring of 1833 he went across to Rhineland with his wife and child, not so much on a tour as a loose ramble directly after his novel, Arthur Coningsby, had got through the press. In May or June of that year the book reached my own hand, far off amid the heathy wilderness, sent by John Mill, and the hope of perhaps one day knowing Sterling became welcome and interesting to me.

Sterling in those very days, when the book was getting read amid the Scottish moors, fell in in the Rhine country, with his old tutor and friend, the Rev. Julius Hare, a man of cheerful, serious character, approved accomplishment, perfect courtesy and much piety. Mr. Hare had quitted his scholastic labours and distinctions, and was about entering on a new course of life as Rector of Hurstmonceux, in Sussex, and his meeting led to Sterling commencing duty as curate on the edge of the Pevensey Level. He was ordained deacon at Chichester on Trinity Sunday in 1834. He never became technically priest. To such length can transcendental moonshine, cast by some morbidly radiating Coleridge into the chaos of a fermenting life, act magically there and produce diseased developments.

By Mr. Hare's account, no priest of any church could more fervently address himself to his functions than Sterling now did; and thus it went on for some months. But thus it could not last. In February 1834 Sterling came up to London. Ill health was the external cause. Such was often Sterling's way. Though the most guileless, undeceptive and transparent of men, he had an almost childlike faculty of self-deception. The oracle of the physicians said that total abstinence from preaching for a year or two would clearly be the safer course. Sterling abandoned his clerical office, having held it eight months.

III—Friendship and Literature

It was on this his expedition to London that I first saw him, a loose, careless-looking, thin figure, in careless costume and a lounging posture, carelessly and copiously talking. I was struck with the kindly but restless swift-glancing eyes, which looked as if the spirits were all out coursing like a pack of merry, eager beagles, beating every bush. We did very well together, and walked westward in



JOHN STERLING was born in Bute, Scotland, of Irish ancestry, on July 30, 1806, his father being Captain Edward Sterling, a well known leader writer and military expert to the London Times. John Sterling after being educated at Glasgow University and Trinity College, Cambridge, became known in literature for some fine verse and for many contributions to The Athenæum during the period in which he was part proprietor of that journal. He developed pulmonary trouble soon after his marriage and sought health in St. Vincent. Returning to England he took orders and was for a short time curate of Hurstmonceux, Sussex, of which parish his great friend, Archdeacon Hare, was rector. Sterling died September 14 1844.

company, choosing the quietest streets, talking on moralities and arguing copiously, but, except in opinion, not disagreeing. We soon met again, and in a few days laid the foundations of a frank intercourse, which grew richer and wholesomer with every new year and ranks now, seen in the pale moonlight of memory, and must ever rank, among the precious possessions of life.

Sterling continued to reside at Hurstmonceux, but made frequent visits to London. Like a swift-dashing meteor he came into our circle, coruscated among us for a day or two with sudden pleasant illumination, then again suddenly withdrew we hoped not for long. In the autumn of 1835 he removed permanently to London and took a house in Bayswater, where the continual growl of Uxbridge Road came as a lullaby and not an interruption. Here he was delighted to be found by friends, and would give and take, vividly as few others, an hour's good talk at any time. There remained for him now one implement, the resource of all Adam's posterity otherwise foiled—the pen.

Sterling's days during this Bayswater time were full of occupation, though, the wrecks of theology so encumbering him, little fruit on the positive side could come of his labours. He looked happy as well as busy; a man of altogether social and human ways, his address everywhere pleasant and enlivening. A certain smile of thin but genuine laughter hung gracefully over all he said and did.

Of wit he had plenty, but did not abuse his endowment that way, being always fundamentally serious in the purport of his speech. Of what we call humour he had some, though little—nay, of the real sense of the ludicrous he had not much for a man of his vivacity, and his laugh was limited in compass and of a clear but not rich quality. To the like effect shone a kind of child-like, half-embarrassed shimmer of expression on his fine vivid countenance, curiously mingling with its ardours and audacities. A beautiful, child-like soul!

In the spring of 1836 his health again came to a crisis, and for a long, anxious while he was shut up from all visitors whatsoever. Evidently the Bayswater household was again adrift. It was decided he and his family should, under warmer skies, begin a new residence in Montaigne's country, the neighbourhood of Bordeaux.

Here his health prospered, and his best hours were occupied with purely literary occupations. The Sexton's Daughter, composed at this season, did by no means please us as a poem, but was welcome as a symptom of spiritual return to the open air.

His return to London, in the autumn of 1837, was decided by the cholera in France, and by the middle of October he had set sail for Madeira for the winter. There he improved in health and was busy with much literature, writing a good many things for Blackwood.

Sterling's bodily disease was the expression of the too vehement life which incessantly struggled within him. He had an incredible facility for labour. He flashed with most piercing glance into a subject, gathered it up into organic utterability with truly wonderful despatch, considering the truth and success attained, and threw it on paper with a swift felicity, ingenuity,

brilliancy, and general excellence of which, under such conditions of swiftness, I have never seen a parallel. If he has done little in literature, what other man than he, in such circumstances, could have done anything ?

He returned from Madeira in spring, 1838, and ultimately settled at Hastings, coming up to London pretty often. Literature went on briskly, Blackwood having from him almost monthly contributions in prose and verse ; add to which his friend, John Mill, now had charge of a review, The London and Westminster, and ardently desired his assistance.

At this time he contrived the scheme of a little club, where monthly, over a frugal dinner, some re-union might take place, with opportunity of talking. It was at first called the *Anonymous Club*, and afterwards, in compliment to the founder, the *Sterling Club*. When autumn came, however, Sterling had to quit the club to seek health in Italy.

IV—An Avalanche of Sorrows

AFTER his return from Italy, Sterling settled at Clifton, where he was surrounded by congenial friends. Now his thoughts began to turn more on poetic forms of composition. Here he wrote and sent forth, in the autumn of 1839, his article on Carlyle in John Mill's review, and I remember well the deep, silent joy it gave me.

Our little history is now hastening to a close. In the beginning of 1843 Sterling broke a blood vessel, helping the maids to lift a table in his reckless way. In the same days his mother was seized by some painful disease. John got on foot once more, but his mother did not. His wife at this time had passed through a confinement, and appeared weak and low, when tidings came to him in her room that his mother was dead.

'Poor old man!' murmured his wife, thinking of old Edward Sterling. And in two hours more she, too, was dead.

In this sudden avalanche of sorrows Sterling, weak and worn, bore up manfully, with pious valour. He removed from Falmouth, with its haggard memories, to Ventnor, in care of his six children, two of them infants. When his Tragedy of Strafford fell from the press dead-born, he went along with his Coeur-de-Lion, employing on it the available days left him in this world.

For six months he sat looking steadfastly at all moments into the eyes of death, with perfect courage and valiant simplicity of heart, holding himself as if ready for the great voyage, and on the evening of September 18 his often-foiled endeavours of eight-and-thirty years lay hushed in death.

One letter of that waiting period I must give—a letter of remembrance and farewell. 'I tread the common road into the great darkness (he wrote) without any thought of fear, and with very much of hope. Heaven bless you! If I can lend a hand when *there*, that will not be wanting. It is all very strange, but not one hundredth part so sad as it seems to the standers-by.'

Sterling was of rather slim but well-boned wiry figure, perhaps an inch or two from six feet in height. A certain splendour, as of burnished metal, lay in the whole nature of the man.

There is no portrait of him which tolerably resembles. In purity of character, in all manner of proprieties of conduct, he might be defined as perfect. Nay, in far more essential tacit virtues, in clear and perfect fidelity to Truth, wherever found, in pious and valiant loyalty to the Highest, he excelled among good men.

Over-haste was Sterling's continual fault, and want of due strength. But he was good, and generous and true ; joyful where there was joy, patient and silent where endurance was required of him ; shook innumerable sorrows and thick-crowding forms of pain gallantly away from him. Integrity had ripened with him into chivalrous generosity—there was no guile or baseness anywhere found in him. A more perfectly transparent soul I have never known.

And so he played his part among us, and has now ended it. He sleeps in the little burying-ground of Bonchurch, bright, ever young in the memory of others that must grow old, honourably released from his toils before the hottest of the day.

Finest Product of a Famous Collaboration

EDMOND AND JULES DE GONCOURT

RENEE MAUPERIN

THE greatest novels produced by the brothers de Goncourt are Soeur Philomène, Renée Mauperin, Germinie Lacerteux, Manette Salomon, and Madame Gervaisais, and of these the best known, Renée Mauperin, was published in 1864. As a psychological analysis of the youth of the period it is probably without equal in French fiction. 'The plot of the story,' wrote Edmond de Goncourt, 'is secondary. The authors have rather preferred to paint the modern young woman as she is: the product of the artistic and masculine system of education in force during the last thirty years. We have also attempted to portray the modern young college man influenced by the republican ideas of the time since Louis Philippe.' The brothers entered on their famous literary partnership in 1850, and it continued uninterrupted until the death of Jules, the younger, in 1870. This version of their celebrated novel has been prepared from the original French.

I—A Wayward Girl



"YES, I love riding and hunting. I never miss a meet. The wind blowing through one's hair, the hounds, the horns, the trees flying past you—it is intoxicating! In those moments I feel brave. Life has few other pleasures for a well brought-up girl like me. Everything is shocking! I dance, yes . . . but do you think I am allowed to talk to my partner? Yes, no, no, yes that's all! That's proper. And I am allowed to read if the books and articles are proper. I paint in oils, and that shocks my family; a young lady must not go beyond copying roses in water-colours. Isn't the current strong here?"

Renée Mauperin and young Reverchon, her parent's guest, were swimming in the Seine.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed the girl, as she noticed the evening sun gilding the river and the banks where country and suburb merged into each other.

"You are an artist by nature, mademoiselle."

"Ouf!" she exclaimed with a comic intonation.

A boat approached.

"Well, Renée, how is the water?" asked one of the rowers.

"Splendid, thanks, Denoisel," she replied, as she mounted the steps lowered for her.

"I was almost getting nervous for you. And Reverchon? Ah, there he is!"

Renée was the youngest daughter of a distinguished Napoleonic officer, who, at the time of the revolution of 1830, was elected deputy, and fought with all his ardour for the Liberal cause, but who subsequently, at the urging of his wife, a tyrannical conventional member of the *bourgeoisie*, retired from the world of politics and established a sugar refinery, so as to be able to provide suitably for his three children.

The first two, a boy born in 1826 and a daughter in 1827, were a disappointment to the old soldier. They were too reasonable, too 'grown-up' before they were children, but in Renée, who was born after an interval of eight years, M. Mauperin found ample consolation for his disappointment. His heart revelled in her pranks and merry laughter, and she grew up the pet of her father, whose affection she returned with all her heart.

She was now twenty; her brother Henri, serious, studious, plodding and determined to make a career, was a lawyer, and had made some reputation by his articles on statistical subjects; and Henriette, her elder sister, had found a husband in M. Davarande, whose wealth and position allowed her to devote herself to the life of empty amusement, divided mainly between long rounds of calls, the opera and the Bois, which filled the days of the moneyed Paris *bourgeoisie* of that time.

Madame Mauperin, delighted with Henriette's match, was anxious to find an equally suitable partner for Renée; but

the high-spirited girl had a will of her own and seemed to take almost a pleasure in crossing her mother's transparent matrimonial schemes. Quite a number of eligible young men had been introduced to the house at La Briche—and had left it without having furthered their suit.

Reverchon had now been invited with similar intentions, and Renée was no more amenable than before. While her mother filled the young man's ears with praise of her accomplishments, the wayward girl, with her charming ingenuous talk, did her best to demonstrate her lack of those negative conventional virtues that were expected from a well-educated French girl in those days. She made Madame Mauperin turn first crimson, then pale, then she finally proceeded to cut Denoisel's hair while he was sitting in the drawing-room after dinner.

Denoisel was the son of Mauperin's bosom friend, who had fought by his side in many battles, and who on his deathbed had made him his son's guardian. Mauperin became more than a guardian to the boy—he became his father. When Henri and Henriette were born, it seemed to Denoisel that he had been given a brother and sister; but he adored the baby Renée, and he alone succeeded in making her listen and obey.

"Sometimes," said Henri to Denoisel as they travelled back to Paris, "my sister's follies are harmless enough; but to-night . . . before that fellow . . . I am sure the marriage will fall through. And such an excellent match!"

"You think so? I began to fear for her. And that's why I lent myself to her prank. He is too hopelessly commonplace—a tailor's dummy! He would never have understood her. Your sister ought to marry a man of intelligence and character."

And Madame Mauperin, as she prepared for bed, lectured her husband upon acceding to all his favourite's whims.

"Another marriage missed! Henri spoke to me this evening. He is sure Reverchon will not have her."

"Well, what of it?"

"Why, he is the tenth! Renée will get an awful reputation. She will see when she is thirty. . . . and you too." Then, after a pause, "And now about your son. He is twenty-nine now. He, at any rate, has no objection to marriage. Have you ever thought of finding him a suitable wife?"

She continued to talk and to grumble until Mauperin fell asleep.

"Henri is reasonable enough, but he is a young man, and you know the danger. It's driving me mad! What do you think of trying Madame Rosières?"

There was no reply. Madame Mauperin resigned herself to silence, and turned to find the sleep which only came with morning.

II—Plots and Plays

NEXT morning Madame Mauperin proceeded to Paris, and drove to her son's apartments in the Rue Taitbout. She found him at work. After some beating about the bush she approached the object of her visit.

"I fear," she began, "that you must have some reason for . . ."

"For not marrying, isn't it? My dear mother, you need not worry. I know that wealth is needed for a successful career, and that the best and most honourable way to obtain it is a good marriage. And I am determined to make a career. I shall get married soon enough . . . and better, perhaps, than you think."

At La Briche, meanwhile, M. Mauperin vainly tried to be stern with his pet.

"I have done it purposely," she said.

"And why?"

"Because I love you better than that young gentleman who was in no way sympathetic to me. You are ungrateful."

"But listen, my dear child! Fathers are egoists, and would prefer to keep their children. But I am old, and I should not like to part without seeing you married with affections that will replace mine."

"Oh, this is wicked! Never, never!" she exclaimed; "let me cry alone for a minute." And she left the room hurriedly.

When she returned after a while, she found Denoisel in the room.

"You have been out?" he enquired. "And where have you been?"

"Well, if you want to know, I have been to church to pray that I may die before father. I knelt before a statue of



EDMOND DE GONCOURT was born at Nancy, May 26, 1822, and died at Champrosay July 16, 1896. His brother Jules was born at Paris, December 17, 1830, and died there, June 20, 1870. The two were at first artists, but while wandering over France, knapsack on back, they discovered that their notebooks also made them writers. Thereafter there appeared a succession of historical and critical works, dealing mainly with 18th century France, that brought them great fame; but in 1865, the brilliant succession of novels began with Les Hommes de Lettres, and their efforts were thenceforward confined to fiction. By a provision of Edmond's will, the Paris academy bearing his name was instituted in 1903.

the Virgin. And, you may laugh, but it seemed to me that she nodded at my request. And it made me quite happy."

The conversation drifted to gayer topics, and the two soon fell into their wonted tone of banter.

"Tell me, Renée," said Denoisel, "have you never felt, I won't say love, but some sentiment for anybody?"

"Never. That sort of thing only occurs when the heart is empty. But when it is defended by the affection one feels for a father—as a child I felt what was perhaps the beginning of that emotion of which one reads in novels. And do you know for whom?"

"No."

"For you. Oh, only for a moment. I soon loved you differently for having corrected the spoilt child of its faults, for having directed my attention to noble and beautiful things. And I resolved to repay you by true friendship."

M. Mauperin entered the room, and interrupted the confidences.

A few days later, Renée having set her mind upon playing in private theatricals, a discussion arose about the filling of the second lady's part in the play that had been chosen. One by one the names suggested were dismissed, until Henri said, "Why not ask Mlle. Bourjot? They are just staying at Sannois."

"Noémi?" replied Renée. "I'd love it. But she was so cold towards me last winter. I don't know why."

"She will have £12,000 a year," interrupted Denoisel, "and her mother knows that you have a brother. And they are not a little proud of their money."

Twelve thousand a year! Madame Mauperin thought of her son's future, and supported his suggestion. It was decided that they would call on the Bourjots on Saturday.

To Sannois they went as arranged on the Saturday. They were received with effusion, and had to put up for an hour or so with the unbearable arrogance of their hosts' display of wealth. Renée's warm advances to the playmate of her childhood were received by Noémi with coolness, not to say reluctance, but the request that Noémi should take part in the theatricals met with her mother's approval, the shy girl's objections—nervousness, lack of talent and so forth—being overruled by Madame Bourjot, and it was arranged that Noémi should attend rehearsals at the Mauperins' house.

Renée's whole-hearted friendliness and sparkling humour soon overcame Noémi's reserve, and under Denoisel's direction the amateur actors made rapid progress. Madame Bourjot herself came to one of the rehearsals and, after the first compliments, expressed her surprise that Henri, the principal actor, was absent. "Oh, he has a wonderful memory," said his proud mother; "two rehearsals will set him right."

At last the great day arrived. A stage had been arranged in the large drawing-room, which was filled to its utmost capacity, the ladies being seated in the

long rows of chairs, the men standing behind and overflowing through open doors into the adjoining rooms.

The play chosen was The Caprice. Henri, who revealed rare talent, took the part of the husband; Noémi of the neglected wife. The curtain fell upon enthusiastic applause, and Madame Bourjot, who had feared that her daughter would be a fiasco, was delighted with her success.

Amid the hum of voices she heard the lady sitting next to her say to her neighbour, "His sister, I know . . . but for the part he is not sufficiently in love with her . . . and too much with his wife. Did you notice?" she continued, in a whisper.

In the second piece Henri appeared as Pierrot, Renée as the forsaken wife, and Noémi as the beloved. Henri played with real passion. From time to time his eyes seemed to search for Madame Bourjot's. Her neighbour felt her leaning against her shoulder. The curtain fell. Madame Bourjot swayed, and fell back in a faint.

She was carried to the garden.

"Leave me now," she said, "I am all right now; it was the heat. I only want a little air . . . Let M. Henri stay with me."

They were left alone.

"You love her?" said Madame Bourjot, clutching Henri's arm. "I know all . . . Have you nothing to say?"

"Nothing. I have struggled for a year. I will not excuse myself. I owe you the truth. I love your daughter, it is true."

Finally, Madame Bourjot rose and walked towards the house. Henri followed.

"I count upon never seeing you again, sir," she said, without looking round. With a mighty effort she regained her composure, and walked back to the house.

III—Sent to Death by His Sister

It was Madame Bourjot herself who insisted upon seeing Henri again, and, since he did not answer her letter, she went to his apartments. The interview was painful, but she gave her consent to Henri's marriage with Noémi and undertook to overcome M. Bourjot's possible objections, on condition that Henri should humour her husband's vanity by adopting a title—an easy matter enough. The Mauperins had a farm called Villacourt. Mauperin de Villacourt would be very well. Henri promised to see what he could do.

Madame Bourjot and her daughter called on the Mauperins next day. The two girls were asked to leave their mothers to their talk, and to take a walk in the garden.

"A secret!" said Renée, as soon as they were alone. "Can you guess it? I can—my brother. . . . But you are crying. What is it, my darling Noémi?"

"Oh, you don't know!" her friend sobbed. "I cannot—if you only knew —— Save me! If I could only die!"

"Die! But why?"

"Because your brother is——" She stopped in horror at what she was about to say, then whispered the rest of her sentence into her ear, and hid her face on her friend's bosom.

"You lie!" Renée pushed her back.

Noémi did not reply, but looked sadly and gently into Renée's eyes.

Renée doubted no longer. She was silent for a moment; she felt almost the duties of a mother towards this child.

In the evening Henri was surprised to find his sister waiting in his room. She approached the subject of his impending marriage and implored him, by his love for her, not to give up his name, and to break off the match.

"Are you mad? Enough of this!"

Renée fixed her eyes upon her brother.

"Noémi has told me—everything!"

Her cheeks flushed, Henri turned deathly pale.

"My dear," he said, with a shaky voice, "you interfere in things which do not concern you. A young girl——" Then, seizing her hand, he pointed towards the door, and said, "Go!"

Renée was ill for a week, and Henri, knowing the cause, did his best to alleviate her suffering. Still, a coldness remained between them. He understood that she had forgiven the brother, but not the man. One day she accompanied Henri to town

and went with him to the Record Office, where he had to make some inquiries about the legality of adopting his own name. While he was questioning the keeper, she overheard two clerks discuss her brother and his claim.

"He thinks the Villacourt family is extinct. But he is misinformed. In fact, I know the heir to the title—a M. Boisjorand with whom I once had a fight when we were boys. They lived in the forest of the Croix-du-Soldat, near St. Mihiel, at La Motte-Noire."

Renée fixed these names in her mind.

"I have got all I want," said Henri, joining her. And they went out together.

The Bourjots were giving a great ball to celebrate the public announcement of the engagement of their daughter to M. Mauperin de Villacourt.

"You are enjoying yourself," said Renée to Noémi.

"I have never danced so much, it is true." And Noémi took her arm and drew her into a small salon. "No, never." She kissed her. "Oh, what it is to be happy! She loves him no longer. I am sure of it—I can see it; I feel it."

"And you love him now?"

Noémi closed her mouth by pressing her lips upon Renée's. A young man came to claim Noémi for the dance, and Denoisel requested the same favour from Renée.

. . . . . .

Denoisel was with Henri Mauperin. They were smoking and talking peacefully, when the door was thrust open, and a man forced his way in, pushing aside the valet who kept him from entering.

"M. Mauperin de Villacourt?" he asked.

"That is my name," said Henri, rising.

"Good. My name is Boisjorand de Villacourt," retorted the stranger, striking him so violently on the cheek that his face was immediately covered with blood.

Henri conquered his first impulse to throw himself upon the intruder, and said calmly, "You find that there is one Villacourt too many—so do I. I shall send to you to-morrow."

IV—Broken Wanderers

To Denoisel fell the painful duty of informing Mauperin of his son's death. The old man's grief was heartbreaking. Denoisel found Renée sitting on a footstool, sobbing, with her handkerchief at her mouth.

"Renée," he said, taking her hands, "he has been killed—that man should never have known. He did not read, he saw nobody, he lived like a wolf—he was not a subscriber to the Moniteur. Some enemy must have sent him that paper."

Renée had risen; she moved her lips; she wanted to scream "It was I!" Then, suddenly, she fell senseless on the floor.

. . . . . .

Renée did not seem to recover from her illness. Denoisel saw her daily, but a

It was from a marked number of the Moniteur, which the impoverished heir of the glorious name of de Villacourt found on his return from a two years' sojourn in Africa, that M. Boisjorand had learned that Henri had taken from him this name, which was all that had come down to him from his famous ancestors. He immediately proceeded to Paris and sought legal advice, but found that his poverty rendered legal action impossible. After his interview with the solicitor, he went to Henri's apartment to obtain the only satisfaction that was in his power.

Denoisel and another friend of Henri's arranged with Boisjorand's seconds next morning the details of the meeting. Henri, who was an excellent shot, had insisted on pistols at thirty-five paces, each combatant to have the right to advance ten steps. The duel was to take place at four o'clock the same afternoon near the ponds of Ville d'Avray.

Neither of the two adversaries showed a trace of nervousness. The signal was given, M. de Villacourt advanced five steps, Henri remaining stationary. At the sixth step Henri fired, and his opponent fell. Henri hurried towards him.

"Back to your place!" shouted the wounded man. On his hands and knees he crawled forward to the limit of his advance, leaving a trail of blood in the snow. Then he took careful aim—and Henri fell with arms extended and his face towards the ground.

certain coldness had set in between them —he thought that Renée held him responsible for not having prevented the duel, while Renée's attitude was coloured by a vague fear that Denoisel had guessed her secret. He started upon a long journey.

In those days of illness and anxiety the hearts of father and daughter seemed to come together more closely even than before.

The heartbroken old man could see his beloved child wasting away. He called in the best specialist from Paris, who did not exactly give up all hope, but did not conceal the fact that Renée's life was in danger.

The poor girl, who could not bear to witness her father's misery, put on a gay air, assuring him again and again that she was recovering. Indeed, when, at her urging, the family removed to the country house where she had spent her childhood, there was a real and marked improvement, and for a while the roses seemed to return to give beauty to her pale cheeks and promise of renewed life.

But she soon fell back again into her listless state. Thus she lingered on for several months, always cheering her father and speaking of her happy future, always fading away until she became a mere shadow of her former bright and healthy self. Only to Denoisel, when after a long absence he returned from the Pyrenees, she opened her heart. To him she confessed that she knew her days were numbered.

. . . . . .

THOSE who travel far afield have perhaps met in foreign towns or among the ruins of dead places—now in Russia, now in Egypt—two aged people, a man and a woman, who seem to march along without looking and without seeing. They are the Mauperins—father and mother.

They have sold everything and have gone. Thus they wander from land to land, from hotel to hotel. They wander, trying to lose their grief in the fatigue of the road, dragging their weary life to all the corners of the globe.

Didactic Verse Illumined by Fancy

THOMAS CAMPBELL

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE

ALTHOUGH it had an immense success when it was published, in 1799, The Pleasures of Hope is a poem which has, since then, been often damned with faint praise by literary critics. But the epitome here given will be quite sufficient to prove the poem to be a work that must live in the hearts of all readers whose tastes have not been vitiated by artificiality and pedantry. It abounds with beautiful pictures and exquisite imagery, and with happy phrases that have become literary coin of the realm: and the conclusion is one of the noblest apostrophes in literature. But the fame of Thomas Campbell is probably more generally appreciated—through the school books—in his short poems with subjects of a martial order, such as Hohenlinden, The Battle of the Baltic, and Ye Mariners of England. The Pleasures of Hope ran through four editions within the fortnight following its publication. Many cheap editions of Campbell's poems are obtainable.

I—The Angel of Life



AT summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sun-bright summit mingled with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;
And every form that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptur'd eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heav'nly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! She darkly sees the fate of man—

Her dim horizon bounded to a span ;
Or, if she hold an image to the view
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.

With thee, sweet Hope ! resides the heav'nly light
That pours remotest rapture on the sight :
Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way
That calls each slumb'ring passion into play. . .

Primeval Hope, the Aonian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourned their first decay ;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below ;
When Murder bared his arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car ;
When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again ;
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, lingered still behind.

Auspicious Hope ! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower ;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring !
What viewless forms th' Aeolian organ play
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought away !

Angel of life ! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bound, and Ocean's wildest shore.
Lo ! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathomed fields ;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor standard to the winds unfurled
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles,
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles ;
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow ;
And waft across the waves' tumultuous roar
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form !
Rocks, waves and winds, the shattered bark delay ;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep.
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul ;
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail, [vale,
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossomed
Rush on his thought ; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the loved shore he sighed to leave behind ;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace ;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear !
While, long neglected, but at length caressed,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Congenial Hope ! thy passion-kindling power
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour !
On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand !

'Go, Child of Heaven ! (thy winged words proclaim) [fame ! ' . . .
'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of
'Yes ; to thy tongue shall seraph words be given
And power on earth to plead the cause of Heaven.
The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone,
That never mused on sorrow but its own,
Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.
The living lumber of his kindred earth,
Charmed into soul, receives a second birth,
Feels thy dread power another heart afford,
Whose passion-touched harmonious strings accord
True as the circling spheres to Nature's plan ;
And man, the brother, lives the friend of man ! '

Propitious Power ! when rankling cares annoy
The sacred home of Hymenean joy ;
When doomed to Poverty's sequestered dell
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same——
Oh there, prophetic Hope, thy smile bestow
And chase the pangs that worth should never know.
There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more ;
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age.
What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill ;
Tell, that when silent years have passed away,
That when his eye grows dim, his tresses grey,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build
And deck with fairer flowers his little feld. . . .

Hope ! when I mourn with sympathising mind,
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be ;
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan
And learn the future by the past of man. . . . .
Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,
Truth shall pervade th' unfathomed darkness there,
And light the dreadful features of Despair.
Hark ! The stern captive spurns his heavy load
And asks the image back that Heaven bestowed !
Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,
And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased a while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
Her whisker'd pandoors and her fierce hussars.

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew:
Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook—red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

Oh! righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save [rod
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy
That smote the foes of Zion and of God?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot Fell—the Bruce of Bannockburn!

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land, shall see
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free!
A little while along thy saddening plains
The starless night of Desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
And like Prometheus bring the fire of Heaven;
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled,
Her name, her nature, withered from the world!

II—The Sad World's Light

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its

Who hath not paused, while Beauty's pensive eye
Asked from his heart the homage of a sigh?
Who hath not owned with rapture-smitten frame
The power of grace, the magic of a name?
. . . Without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man? a world without a sun!
The world was sad! the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled! . . .
If Hope's creative spirit cannot raise
One trophy sacred to thy future days,
Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy shrine
Of hopeless love to murmur and repine! . . .

So thy fair hand, enamoured Fancy, gleans
The treasured pictures of a thousand scenes.
Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage home, from towns and toil remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,
With Peace embosomed in Idalian bowers!
Remote from busy Life's bewildered way,
O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway!
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore
With hermit steps to wander and adore . . .
To watch the bright'ning roses of the sky
And muse on Nature with a poet's eye . . .

The moon is up, the watch-tower dimly burns,
And down the vale his sober step returns;
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away;
And oft he lingers from his home a while
To watch the dying notes! and start, and smile!

Above, below, in Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie,
And Hope attends, companion of the way,
Thy dream by night, thy visions of the day! . .

Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour.
Oh! then thy kingdom comes, Immortal Power! . . .
Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb. . .

Soul of the just, companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose,
Doomed on his airy path awhile to burn,
And doomed, like thee, to travel and return.
Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bick'ring wheels and adamantine car;
From planet whirled to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;
But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
So hath the traveller of earth unfurled
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

Oh! lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss



THOMAS CAMPBELL was born at Glasgow, July 27, 1777, and died at Boulogne, June 15, 1844. The son of a Virginia merchant, he was educated at Glasgow University. Thereafter he became a tutor and went to live in Edinburgh from 1797 till 1800, The Pleasures of Hope being published in 1799. An extensive tour of Europe was interrupted in 1801 by the alarm of war, and he returned to England. He contributed largely to The Morning Chronicle at this period such poems as Ye Mariners of England. After 1803 he settled in London, though much of his time was spent in travel, Letters from the South being the outcome of a visit to Algiers.

And call this barren world sufficient bliss?
There live, alas! of Heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm and brother of the clay!
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower!
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,
Light to the grave his chance-created form
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence sink for evermore!

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?
Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?
For this hath Science searched, on weary wing,
By shore and sea, each mute and living thing?
Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?
Or round the cope her living chariot driven
And wheeled in triumph through the signs of Heaven?
Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there
To waft us home the message of despair?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!
Ah me! the laurelled wreath that murder rears
Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the sceptic's head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile on death, if heaven-ward Hope remain!

But if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life;
If Chance awaked—inexorable power!
This frail and feverish being of an hour;
Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep;
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep a little while;
Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain
This troubled pulse and visionary brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquered field;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed!
Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in!

And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay;
Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale
It darkly hints a melancholy tale. . . .

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been
Like angel-visits, few and far between,
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm, when pleasures lose the power to please! . . .

No! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,
Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school,
Have power to soothe, unaided and alone,
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone . . .
When, 'reft of all, yon widowed sire appears
A lonely hermit in the vale of years;
Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe?
No! but a brighter soothes the last adieu—
Souls of impassioned mould, she speaks to you!
Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again!

. . . . . .

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of Love were hopeless, but for thee!
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,
If Fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored awhile in every pleasing dream?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view
By artless friendship bless'd when life was new?

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.
When all the sister planets have decayed;
When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

EDWARD GIBBON

HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE—VI

THE third of Gibbon's divisions of his great historical work was devoted to that period which is comprised between the establishment of the Holy Roman Empire in 800 and the final extinction of the Eastern Empire with the conquest of Constantinople by Mahomed II in 1453. Although this was the longest period, Gibbon devoted much less space to it than to the preceding parts of his history. This fact was partly due to the gradual diminution of Roman interests, for the dominions of the empire became contracted to the limits of a single city, and also to the limited amount of material which the most painstaking search placed at his disposal. But though the conquest of the Normans, to instance one section, has been dealt with inadequately in the light of modern research, the wonderful panorama that Gibbon's genius was able to present never fails in its effect or general accuracy.

I—Birth and Sway of the Holy Roman Empire



THE Western Empire, or Holy Roman Empire, as it has been called, which was re-established by Charlemagne (and lasted in shadow until the abdication of Francis II under the pressure of Napoleon in 1806), was not unworthy of its title. Between east and west the empire of the Franks extended from the Ebro to the Elbe or Vistula; between the north and south, from the duchy of Beneventum to the River Eyder.

The personal and political importance of Charlemagne was magnified by the distress and division of the rest of Europe. The Greek emperor was addressed by him as brother instead of father; and as long as the imperial dignity of the West was usurped by a hero who united in his person both virtue and power, the Greeks respectfully saluted the *august* Charlemagne with the acclamations of 'Basileus' and 'Emperor of the Romans'; but as soon as these qualities were separated in the person of his son, Lewis the Pious (814–840), the Byzantine letters were inscribed 'To the King,' or, as he styles himself, the Emperor, 'of the Franks and Lombards.' When both power and virtue were extinct, they despoiled Lewis II of his hereditary title, and with the barbarous appellation of *Rex* degraded him amongst the crowd of Latin princes. The Greeks affected to despise the poverty and ignorance of the Western emperors, and in their last decline refused to prostitute to the kings of Germany the title of Roman Emperors.

The imperial title of the West remained in the family of Charlemagne until the deposition of Charles the Fat in 884. His insanity dissolved the empire into factions, and it was not until Otho, king of Germany, laid claim to the title, with fire and sword, that the Western Empire was restored (962). His conquest of Italy and delivery of the pope for ever fixed the imperial crown in the name and nation of Germany.

From that memorable era two maxims of public jurisprudence were introduced by force and ratified by time: (1) That the prince who was elected in the German Diet acquired from that instant the subject kingdoms of Italy and Rome; (2) but that he might not legally assume the titles of Emperor and Augustus till he had received the crown from the hands of the Roman pontiff.

The nominal power of the Western emperors was considerable. No pontiff could be legally consecrated till the emperor, the advocate of the Church, had graciously signified his approbation and consent. Gregory VII, in 1073, usurped this power, and fixed for ever in the college of cardinals the freedom and independence of election. Nominally, also, the emperors held sway in Rome, but this supremacy was annihilated in the thirteenth century. In the fourteenth century the power derived from his title was still recognized in Europe; the hereditary monarchs

confessed the pre-eminence of his rank and dignity; he was the first of the Christian princes, the temporal head of the great republic of the West; to his person the title of 'Majesty' was long appropriated; and he disputed with the pope the sublime prerogative of creating kings and assembling councils.

The schools declared of Charles IV that he was the rightful sovereign of the earth from the rising to the setting sun. The subjects of the Eastern Empire were contemptuously referred to as Greeks, but this appellation was indignantly rejected by the prince and people to whom it was applied. Whatsoever changes had been introduced by the lapse of ages, they alleged a lineal and unbroken succession from Augustus and Constantine; and in the lowest period of degeneracy and decay the name of Roman adhered to the last fragments of the empire of Constantinople.

The persecution of images and their votaries in the East had separated Rome and Italy from the Byzantine throne, and prepared the way for the conquests of the Franks. The rise and triumph of the Mahomedans still further diminished the empire of the East. The successful inroads of the Bulgarians, Hungarians and Russians, who assaulted by sea or by land the provinces and the capital, seemed to advance the approach of its final dissolution. The Norman adventurers, who founded a powerful kingdom in Apulia and Sicily, shook the throne of Constantinople (1146), and their hostile enterprises did not cease until the year 1185.

II—Latin Rulers of Constantinople

UNDER the name of the Latins, the subjects of the pope, the nations of the West, enlisted under the banner of the Cross for the recovery or the release of the Holy Sepulchre. The Greek emperors were terrified and preserved by the myriads of pilgrims who marched to Jerusalem with Godfrey of Bouillon (1095–99) and the peers of Christendom. The second (1147) and third (1189) crusades trod in the footsteps of the first. Asia and Europe were mingled in a sacred war of two hundred years; and the Christian powers were bravely resisted and finally expelled (1191) by Saladin (1171–93) and the Mamelukes of Egypt.

In these memorable crusades a fleet and army of French and Venetians were diverted from Syria to the Thracian Bosporus; they assaulted the capital (1203), they subverted the Greek monarchy; and a dynasty of Latin princes was seated near threescore years on the throne of Constantine.

During this period of captivity and exile, which lasted from 1204 to 1261, the purple was preserved by a succession of four monarchs, who maintained their title as the heirs of Augustus, though outcasts from their capital. The *de facto* sovereigns of Constantinople during this period, the Latin emperors of the houses of Flanders and Courtenay, provided five sovereigns for the usurped throne. By an agreement between the allied conquerors, the emperor of the East was nominated by the vote of twelve electors, chosen equally from the French and Venetians. To him, with all the titles and prerogatives of the Byzantine throne, a fourth part of the Greek monarchy was assigned; the remaining portions were equally shared between the republic of Venice and the barons of France.

Under this agreement, Baldwin, Count of Flanders and Hainault, was created emperor (1204–05). The idea of the Roman system, which, despite the passage of centuries devoted to the triumphs of the barbarians, had impressed itself on Europe, was seen in the emperor's letter to the Roman pontiff, in which he congratulated him on the restoration of his authority in the East.

The defeat and captivity of Baldwin in a war against the Bulgarians, and his subsequent death, placed the crown on the head of his brother Henry (1205–16). With him the imperial house of Flanders became extinct and Peter of Courtenay, Count of Auxerre (1217–19), assumed the empire of the East. Peter was taken captive by Theodore, the legitimate sovereign of Constantinople, and his sons Robert (1221–28) and Baldwin II (1228–37) reigned in succession. The gradual recovery of their empire by the legitimate sovereigns of the East culminated in the capture of Constantinople by the Greeks (1261). The line of Latin sovereigns was extinct.

Baldwin lived the remainder of his life a royal fugitive, soliciting the Catholic powers to join in his restoration. He died in 1272.

The family of Courtenay, who for long laid claim to the sonorous title of Emperor of the East, survived in Edessa, France and England. The Earls of Devonshire could claim a right to the imperial crown. They still retain the plaintive motto (*Ubi lapsus! Quid feci?*) which asserts the innocence and deplores the fall of their ancient house. While they sigh for past greatness, they are doubtless sensible of present blessings; in the long series of the Courtenay annals the most splendid era is likewise the most unfortunate; nor can an opulent peer of Britain envy the emperors of Constantinople, who wandered over Europe to solicit alms for the support of their dignity and the defence of their capital.



CHARLEMAGNE'S ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE SCHOOLS
From the painting by Blaas

From the days of the Emperor Heraclius the Byzantine Empire had been most tranquil and prosperous when it could acquiesce in hereditary succession. Five dynasties—the Heraclian, Isaurian, Amorian, Basilian, and Comnenian families—enjoyed and transmitted the royal patrimony during their respective series of five, four, three, six, and four generations.

In the intervals of these dynasties the succession is rapid and broken, and the name of a successful candidate is speedily erased by a more fortunate competitor; but the imperial house of Comnenius, though its direct line in male descent had expired with Andronicus I (1185), had been perpetuated by marriage in the female line, and had survived the exile from Constantinople, in the persons of the descendants of Theodore Lascaris.

Michael Palaeologus, who, through his mother, might claim perhaps a prior right to the throne of the Comnenii, usurped the imperial dignity on the recovery of Constantinople, cruelly blinded the young Emperor John, the legitimate heir of Theodore Lascaris, and reigned until 1282. His career of authority was notable for an attempt to unite the Greek and Roman churches—a union which was dissolved in 1283—and his instigation of the revolt in Sicily, which ended in the famous Sicilian Vespers (March 30, 1282), when 8,000 French were massacred.

By the arts of his diplomacy he saved his empire by involving the kingdoms of the West in rebellion and blood. From these seeds of discord uprose a generation of iron

men, who assaulted and endangered the empire of his son, Andronicus the Elder (1282–1332). Thousands of Genoese and Catalans, released from the wars that Michael had aroused in the West, took service under his successor against the Turks. Other mercenaries flocked to their standard, and, under the name of the Great Company, they subverted the authority of the emperor, defeated his troops, laid waste his territory, united themselves with his enemies and, finally, abandoning the banks of the Hellespont, marched into Greece. Here they overthrew the remnant of the Latin power, and for fourteen years (1311–26) the Great Company was the terror of the Grecian states.

Their factions drove them to acknowledge the sovereignty of the house of Arragon; and, during the remainder of the fourteenth century, Athens as a government or an appanage was successfully bestowed by the kings of Sicily. Conquered in turn by the French and Catalans, Athens at length became the capital of a state that extended over Thebes, Argos, Corinth, Delphi, and a part of Thessaly, and was ruled by the family of Accaioli, plebeians of Florence (1384–1456). The last duke of this dynasty was strangled by Mahomed II, who educated his sons in the discipline of the seraglio.

The long reign of Andronicus the Elder ended in his abdication (May 24, 1328) after three civil wars with his son, the younger Andronicus, whom he had associated with him in the purple. In 1341 Andronicus the Younger died. The minority of his son, John Palaeologus, enabled the regent Cantacuzene to receive the imperial power. Voluntarily, or perhaps under the pressure of circumstances, Cantacuzene abdicated in 1355, and lived in retreat during a portion of the long reign of the emperor.

It was during the reign of John Palaeologus that the Eastern Empire was nearly subverted by the Genoese. On the return of the legitimate sovereign to Constantinople, the Genoese, who had established their factories and industries in the suburb of Galata, or Pera, were allowed to remain. They had received this honourable fief from the bounty of the emperor, and were indulged in the use of their laws.

In consideration of these benefits the republic of Genoa sealed a firm alliance with the Greeks, guaranteeing them the support of a prescribed naval armament in the event of war. During the civil wars the Genoese forces took advantage of the disunion of the Greeks, and by the skilful use of their power exacted a treaty by which they were granted a monopoly of trade and almost a right of dominion.

The Roman Empire (I smile in transcribing the name) might soon have sunk into a province of Genoa if the ambition of the republic had not been checked by the ruin of her freedom and naval power. Yet the spirit of commerce survived that of conquest; and the colony of Pera still awed the capital and navigated the Euxine till it was involved by the Turks in the final servitude of Constantinople itself.

III—End of the Roman World

Only three more sovereigns ruled the remnants of the Roman world after the reign of John Palaeologus, but the final downfall of the empire was delayed above fifty years by a series of events that had sapped the strength of the Mahomedan empire. The rise and triumph of the Moguls and Tartars under their emperors, descendants of Jenghiz Khan, had shaken the globe from China to Poland and Greece (1206–1304). The sultans were overthrown, and in the general disorder of the Mahomedan world a veteran and adventurous army, which included many Turcoman hordes, was dissolved into factions who, under various chiefs, lived a life of rapine and plunder. Some of these served Aladin (1219–36), sultan of Iconium, and among these the fathers of the Ottoman line.

The force, or horde, that Orthogrul ruled as the soldier and servant of Aladin recognized on his death the authority of his son Othman (1299–1326). Leading his forces through the passes of Mount Olympus, Othman invaded Bithynia and entered the territory of Nicomedia. In a long series of campaigns against the Christians, his hereditary troops were multiplied by the accession of captives and

volunteers. Establishing himself, Othman maintained his position against the Greeks. In the last year of his reign he received the welcome news of the conquest of Prusa by his son Orchan. From the conquest of that town we may date the true era of the Ottoman Empire.

ORCHAN ruled from 1326 to 1360, achieved the conquest of Bithynia, and first led the Turks into Europe, and in 1353 established himself in the Chersonesus and occupied Gallipoli, the key of the Hellespont. Orchan was succeeded by Amurath I (1360–89), who in his turn gave way to Bajazet I (1389–1403). Bajazet carried his victorious arms from the Danube to the Euphrates, and the Roman world became contracted to a corner of Thrace, between the Propontis and the Black Sea, about fifty miles in length and thirty in breadth, a space of ground not more extensive than the lesser principalities of Germany or Italy, if the remains of Constantinople had not still represented the wealth and populousness of a kingdom.

Under Manuel (1391–1425), the son and successor of John Palaeologus, Constantinople would have fallen before the might of the Sultan Bajazet had not the Turkish Empire been oppressed by the revival of the Mogul power under the victorious Timour, or Tamerlane. After achieving a conquest of Persia (1380–93), of Tartary (1370–83), and Hindustan (1398–99), Timour, who aspired to the monarchy of the world, found himself at length face to face with the Sultan Bajazet. Bajazet was taken prisoner in the war that followed. Kept, probably only as a precaution, in an iron cage, Bajazet attended the marches of his conqueror, and died on March 9, 1403. Two years later, Timour also passed away on the road to China. Since the reign of his descendant Aurungzebe, his empire has been dissolved (1659–1707); the treasures of Delhi have been rifled by a Persian robber; and the riches of their kingdom are now possessed by the Christians of a remote island in the northern ocean.

Far different was the fate of the Ottoman monarchy. The massy trunk was bent to the ground, but it again rose with fresh vigour and more lively vegetation. After a period of civil war between the sons of Bajazet (1403–21), the Ottoman Empire was once more firmly established by his grandson, Amurath II (1421–51).

One of the first expeditions undertaken by the new sultan was the siege of Constantinople (1422), but the fortune rather than the genius of the Emperor Manuel prevented the attempt. Amurath was recalled to Asia by a domestic revolt, and the siege was raised.

While the sultan led his Janissaries to new conquests, the Byzantine Empire was indulged in a servile and precarious respite of thirty years. Manuel sank into the grave, and John Palaeologus II (1425–48) was permitted to reign for an annual tribute of 300,000 aspers and the dereliction of almost all that he held beyond the suburbs of Constantinople.

Reduced now to the limits of distress, the Roman emperors sought the assistance of the Western powers. Manuel had visited most of the European countries in the hope of raising a crusade against the Turks. His successor, under the pretence of re-uniting the churches of East and West, imitated his methods. A pompous embassy accompanied him to Rome, and at the Council of Florence the union was accomplished, and the final peace of the church established in 1449.

ONE of the fruits of this imperial mission was the march of Ladislaus, king of Poland and Hungary, at the instigation of Pope Eugenius, against the Turks (1443). In two battles he overcame the forces of the sultan, and compelled him to restore Serbia and evacuate the Hungarian frontier. A truce of ten years, which was agreed upon by treaty, was broken in 1444, and Ladislaus met his death on the field of Warna (November 10, 1444). By the generous command of the sultan, a column was raised on the spot where he fell, recording the valour and bewailing the misfortunes of the Hungarian hero.

On November 1, 1448, Constantine, the last of the Roman emperors, assumed the purple of the Caesars. For three years he indulged himself in various private and public designs, the completion of which was interrupted by a Turkish war, and finally buried in the ruins of the empire.

IV—The Great Siege of Constantinople

MAHOMED II succeeded his father Amurath on February 9, 1451. His hostile designs against the capital were immediately seen in the building of a fortress on the Bosporus, which commanded the source whence the city drew her supplies. In the following year a quarrel between some Greeks and Turks gave him the excuse of declaring war. His cannon—for the use of gunpowder, for some time the monopoly of the Christian world, had been betrayed to Amurath by the Genoese—commanded the port, and a tribute was exacted from all ships that entered the harbour. But the actual siege was delayed until the ensuing spring of 1453.

Mahomed, in person, surveyed the city, encouraged his soldiers and discussed with his generals and engineers the best means of making the assault. By his orders a huge cannon was built in Hadrianople. It fired a ball one mile, and to convey it to its position before the walls, a team of sixty oxen and the assistance of 200 men were employed. The Emperor Constantine, unable to excite the sympathy of Europe, attempted the best defence of which he was capable, with a force of 4,070 Romans and 2,000 Genoese. A chain was drawn across the mouth of the harbour, and whatever supplies arrived from Candia and the Black Sea were detained for the public service.

The siege of Constantinople, in which scarcely 7,000 soldiers had to defend a city sixteen miles in extent against the powers of the Ottoman Empire, commenced on April 6, 1453. The last Constantine deserves the name of a hero; his noble band of volunteers was inspired with Roman virtue, and the foreign auxiliaries supported the honour of the Western chivalry. But their inadequate stock of gunpowder was wasted in the operations of each day. Their ordnance was not powerful either in size or number; and if they possessed some heavy cannon, they feared to plant them on the walls, lest the aged structure should be shaken and overthrown by the explosion.

The great cannon of Mahomed could only be fired seven times in one day, but the weight and repetition of the shots made some impression on the walls. The Turks rushed to the edge of the ditch and attempted to fill the enormous chasm and to build a road to the assault. In the attack, as well as in the defence, ancient and modern artillery was employed. Cannon and mechanical engines, the bullet and the battering-ram, gunpowder and Greek fire, were engaged on both sides.

Christendom watched the struggle with coldness and apathy. Four ships, which successfully forced an entrance into the harbour, were the limit of their assistance. None the less, Mahomed meditated a retreat. Unless the city could be attacked from the harbour, its reduction appeared to be hopeless.

In this perplexity the genius of Mahomed executed a plan of a bold and marvellous cast. He transported his fleet over land for ten miles. In the course of one night four-score light galleys and brigantines painfully climbed the hill, steered over the plain, and were launched from the declivity into the shallow waters of the harbour, far above the molestation of the deeper vessels of the Greeks. A bridge, or mole, hastily built formed a base for one of his largest cannon. The galleys, with troops and scaling ladders, approached the most accessible side of the walls, and, after a siege of forty days, the diminutive garrison, exhausted by a double attack, could hope no longer to avert the fate of the capital.

On Monday, May 28, preparations were made for the final assault. Mahomed had inspired his soldiers with the hope of rewards in this world and the next. His camp re-echoed with the shouts of 'God is God; there is but one God, and Mahomet is the apostle of God'; and the sea and land, from Galata to the Seven Towers, were illuminated with the blaze of the Moslem fires.

FAR different was the state of the Christians. On that last night of the Roman Empire, Constantine Palaeologus, in his palace, addressed the noblest of the Greeks and the bravest of the allies on the duties and dangers that lay before them. It was the funeral oration of the Roman Empire. That same night the emperor and some faithful companions entered the Dome of St. Sofia, which, within a few hours, was

to be converted into a mosque, and devoutly received, with tears and prayers, the sacrament of the Holy Communion. He reposed some moments in the palace, which resounded with cries and lamentations, solicited the pardon of all whom he might have injured, and mounted on horseback to visit the guards and explore the motions of the enemy. The distress and fall of the last Constantine are more glorious than the long prosperity of the Byzantine Caesars.

At daybreak on May 29 the Turks assaulted the city by sea and land. For two hours the Greeks sustained the assault with advantage, and the voice of the emperor was heard encouraging the soldiers to achieve by a last effort the deliverance of their country. The new and fresh forces of the Turks supplied the places of their wearied associates. From all sides the attack was pressed.

The number of the Ottomans was fifty, perhaps one hundred, times superior to that of the Christians, the double walls were reduced by the cannons to a heap of ruins, and at last one point was found which the besiegers could penetrate. Hassan, the Janissary, of gigantic stature and strength, ascended the outward fortification. The walls and towers were instantly covered with a swarm of Turks, and the Greeks, now driven from the vantage ground, were overwhelmed by increasing multitudes.

Amidst these multitudes, the emperor, who accomplished all the duties of a general and a soldier, was long seen and finally lost. His mournful exclamation was heard, 'Cannot there be found a Christian to cut off my head?' And his last fear was that of falling alive into the hands of the infidels. The prudent despair of Constantine cast away the purple. Amidst the tumult he fell by an unknown hand, and his body was buried under a mountain of the slain.

After his death, resistance and order were no more. Two thousand Greeks were put to the sword, and more would have perished had not avarice soon prevailed over cruelty.

It was thus, after a siege of fifty-three days, that Constantinople, which had defied the power of Chosroes and the caliphs, was irretrievably subdued by the arms of Mahomed II. Sixty thousand Greeks were driven through the streets like cattle and sold as slaves. The nuns were torn from the monasteries and compelled to enter the harems of their conquerors. The churches were plundered, and the gold and silver, the pearls and jewels, the vases and sacerdotal ornaments of St. Sofia were most wickedly converted to the service of mankind.

The cathedral itself, despoiled of its images and ornaments, was converted into a mosque, and Mahomed II performed the *namaz* of prayer and thanksgiving at the great altar, where the Christian mysteries had so lately been celebrated before the last of the Caesars. The body of Constantine was discovered under a heap of slain, by the golden eagles embroidered on his shoes, and, after exposing the bloody trophy, Mahomed bestowed on his rival the honours of a decent funeral. Constantinople, desolated by bloodshed, was re-peopled and re-adorned by Mahomed. Its churches were shared between the two religions, and the Greeks were attracted back to their ancient capital by the assurance of their lives and the free exercise of their religion.

The grief and terror of Europe when the fall of Constantinople became known revived, or seemed to revive, the old enthusiasm of the crusades. Pius II attempted to lead Christendom against the Turks, but on the very day on which he embarked his forces drew back, and he was compelled to abandon the attempt. The siege and sack of Otranto by the Turks put an end to all thoughts of a crusade, and the general consternation was only allayed by the death of Mahomed II in the fifty-first year of his age.

His lofty genius aspired to the conquest of Italy; he was possessed of a strong city and a capacious harbour, and the same reign might have been decorated with the trophies of the New and the Ancient Rome.



Voltaire (1694-1778), the assumed name by which François Marie Arouet was known to the world, stands out prominently among the many geniuses of literature in 18th century France, both by reason of the vastness of his output and also for the variety of the forms in which he expressed himself. His dramatic works number between fifty and sixty pieces, and plays such as Zaire and Mérope entitle him to eminent rank in a century of peculiar brilliance in the theatre. If his poetic work was unequal, it abounds with wit and high command of metrical forms, notably in the Pucelle. It was, however, in the prose romance that this master of satire excelled, and the many tales written with the purpose of attack on orthodoxy in philosophy, religion or politics show the characteristic, ironical, but unexaggerated style of the author most unmistakably. Allegations of superficiality apart, he was a literary craftsman who has no superior and but few rivals. This portrait, by Christopher Curtius, was executed from sittings given a few weeks before Voltaire's death.

VOLTAIRE

CANDIDE

THE publication of Candide, or Optimism, in 1759 was almost contemporaneous with its author's retirement to his Swiss château. Its appearance undoubtedly marked an epoch in the history of French literature. Primarily a prose pendant to his famous pessimistic poem, The Manners and Spirit of Nations, it was inspired by the same theme as that from which the poem sprang—the great earthquake in Lisbon. In Candide Voltaire continues unflinchingly to ridicule orthodox beliefs, and with characteristic vigour pours satire on the system of optimism. His principal aim is to controvert the celebrated maxim of Leibnitz: All is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Even had Voltaire given nothing else to the world, Candide alone would have served amply to hand down his name to posterity. The story abounds in fine descriptions, and is justly famous for its wealth of admirably conceived satirical comment. Editions of this work are published in England by Chapman & Dodd, and by Routledge.

I—How Candide Left a Magnificent Castle



IN the country of Westphalia, in the castle of the most noble baron of Thunder - ten - tronckh, lived a youth whom nature had endowed with a disposition of the sweetest kind. He had a solid judgement, joined to the most unaffected simplicity. Hence had he, I presume, his name of Candide.

The baron was one of the most powerful lords in Westphalia, for his castle had not only a gate, but even windows; and his great hall was hung with tapestry. My lady baroness weighed 350 lb.; consequently, she was a person of no small consideration. Her daughter, Cunegund, was about seventeen years of age, fresh-coloured, comely and amiable. Pangloss, the preceptor, was the oracle of the family, and taught the meta-physico-theologo-cosmolonigology. He could prove to admiration that there is no effect without a cause, and in the best of all possible worlds the baron's castle was the most magnificent of all possible castles, and my lady the best of all possible baronesses. Candide listened attentively to all his discourses and demonstrations, and believed implicitly. He thought Miss Cunegund excessively handsome, though he never had the courage to tell her so.

One day, as they were rising from dinner, Miss Cunegund, passing behind the screen, dropped her handkerchief. Young Candide picked it up. She innocently took hold of his hand, and he as innocently kissed hers. Their eyes sparkled, their knees trembled, their lips met. The baron chanced to come by. He beheld the cause and effect, and without hesitation saluted Candide with some notable kicks and drove him out of doors. Miss Cunegund, the tender, the lovely, fainted away and, as soon as she came to, the baroness boxed her ears.

Candide, driven out of this terrestrial paradise, made shift in a day or two to crawl to the next town, penniless and half-dead with hunger and fatigue. There, at the doors of an inn, two men in blue fixed their eyes on him and took him in to dine. His generous companions next entreat him to accept a few crowns, and ask him if he has not a great affection for the king of the Bulgarians.

"Oh, lord, not at all!" says Candide. "Why, I never saw him in my life."

"Is it possible? Oh, he is a charming king! Come, let us drink his health."

"With all my heart, gentlemen," says Candide. And off he tosses his glass.

"Bravo!" cry the blues. "You are now the defender, the hero of the Bulgarians. You are on the road to glory."

So saying, they handcuffed him and carried him away to the regiment.

Three weeks later the king of the Bulgarians gave battle to the king of the Abares.

Never was anything so gallant, so well accoutred, so brilliant and so finely dis-

posed as the two armies. The entertainment began by a discharge of cannon, which in the twinkling of an eye laid flat about 6,000 men on each side. The musket bullets swept away, out of the best of all possible worlds, nine or ten thousand scoundrels that infected its surface. The bayonet was next the sufficient reason of the deaths of several thousands more.

At length, Candide took a resolution to go and reason somewhere else upon causes and effects. After passing over heaps of dead or dying men, through burnt and destroyed villages, he arrived beyond the theatre of war, with a little provision in his budget and Miss Cunegund's image in his heart.

When he arrived in Holland, his provisions failed him; but an honest Anabaptist, named James, moved with pity, carried him to his house and gave him meat and drink. Candide, penetrated with so much goodness, cried, "Now I am convinced that my master, Pangloss, told me truth when he said that everything was for the best in this world."

The next day, as Candide was walking out, he met a beggar, who looked at him very earnestly, and threw his arms about his neck.

"Alas!" said the one wretch to the other. "Don't you know your dear Pangloss?"

"What do I hear? Is it you, my dear master? What has made you leave the most delightful of all castles? What has become of Miss Cunegund, the mirror of young ladies?"

"She is dead," replied the other.

"Dead!" cried Candide, and immediately fainted away. Presently he opened his eyes, and again repeated, "Dead! But of what illness did she die? Was it for grief upon seeing her father kick me out of his magnificent castle?"

"No," replied Pangloss. "She was killed by the Bulgarian soldiers, who knocked the baron, her father, on the head for attempting to defend her; and cut my lady, her mother, in pieces. And as for the castle, they have not left one stone upon another." At hearing this Candide fainted away a second time; but having come to himself again, he said all that it became him to say. Then he took Dr. Pangloss to the charitable James, who made him his book-keeper.

II—Earthquake and Inquisition

PRESENTLY, being obliged to go to Lisbon about some mercantile affairs, James took the two philosophers with him. Pangloss, during the course of the voyage, explained to him how everything was so constituted that it could not be better. While he was arguing in this manner one day, within sight of Lisbon, the ship was assailed by a mighty tempest, wherein it foundered and the whole crew perished, save Pangloss and Candide, who got to land on a plank.

Scarcely had they set foot in the city before the earth trembled under their feet; the houses tottered, and were tumbled topsy-turvy, and thirty thousand inhabitants were buried beneath the ruins. Wounded by falling pieces of stone, they wandered among the ruins. Some whom they had assisted gave them as good a dinner as could be expected under such terrible circumstances.

Pangloss endeavoured to comfort them under this affliction by affirming that things could not be otherwise than they were; "for," said he, "all this is for the very best end, for if there is a volcano at Lisbon, it could be in no other spot. It is impossible but that things should be as they are, for everything is for the best."

By the side of the preceptor sat one of the familiars of the Inquisition. This person said, "Possibly, my dear sir, you do not believe in original sin; for if everything is best there could have been no such thing as the fall or punishment of man."

"I ask your excellency's pardon," answered Pangloss, "for the fall of man, and the curse consequent thereupon, necessarily entered into the system of the best of worlds."

After the earthquake the sages of the country could think of no means more effectual to preserve the kingdom from ruin than to entertain the people with an *auto-da-fé*, it having been decided that the burning of a few people alive is an infallible secret to prevent earthquakes. In conse-

quence thereof they seized Pangloss and his pupil—the one for speaking his mind and the other for seeming to approve what he said—and eight days afterwards they were marched in procession. Candide was flogged, three other unfortunates were burnt, and Pangloss was hanged.

The same day there was another earthquake, which made most dreadful havoc.

Candide was making the best of his way from the place where he had been whipped when he was accosted by an old woman, who bade him take courage, and took him to a deserted house, where she anointed his sores and clothed him. Two days afterwards she walked with him to a great house outside the town and conducted him to a room wherein was a young lady of majestic mien, her face covered in a veil. "Take off that veil," said the old woman.

The young man approaches and with a trembling hand takes off her veil! What a happy moment! He thought he beheld Miss Cunegund. He did behold her; it was she herself!

"Good heavens!" cried Candide, "is it you? Is it Miss Cunegund I behold?"

EAGERLY did they relate their adventures to one another. Cunegund, only half dead, had been carried off by a captain of the Bulgarians, had been sold as a slave into Portugal, and had just fallen into the hands of the grand inquisitor, who was enamoured of her. He had done her the honour to invite her to the *auto-da-fé*, where, to her despair, she beheld Pangloss and Candide in *san benito* and mitre. She had despatched the old woman—a much distressed daughter of Pope Urban—to bring Candide to her.

Suddenly they were interrupted by the entrance of the grand inquisitor himself, and the thought came into Candide's head, "If this holy man should call assistance I shall most undoubtedly be burnt alive, and Miss Cunegund may perhaps meet no better fate." So, without giving the inquisitor time to recover from his surprise, Candide draws his rapier and runs him through.

"Here's a fine piece of work!" cries Cunegund. "Now there can be no mercy!"

The old woman put in her word, and counselled immediate flight. Candide, without hesitation, saddled three of the inquisitor's horses, and they made a rapid journey to Cadiz. There they found a fleet getting ready for Paraguay, with whom they contrived to ship to Buenos Ayres.

During the crossing they spent much time in discussion of the philosophy of poor Pangloss.

"We are to set foot in a new universe," said Candide, "and there, without doubt, we shall find that all is well. For it must be admitted that there is fit matter for tears in the physical and moral states of the one we have just quitted."

"Dear Candide," said Cunegund, "I love you with all my heart. But even so, my soul is greatly perturbed by the things I have lately experienced."

"All will be well, my dear," answered Candide. "Why even already the very seas of this new universe are kinder than the seas of our old Europe; they are more peaceful; the winds more constant. Certainly this new world is going to be the best possible of all worlds."

"Heaven grant it may be so," said Cunegund. "Yet have I in the old world been so horribly unhappy that my heart is well-nigh closed to hope."

At this the old woman interrupted.

"You complain!" said she. "Alas, you have experienced no calamities like mine!"

Cunegund thought the good woman mightily amusing to aspire to greater misfortune than hers. Turning to the old woman, she addressed her thus:

"At any rate, my good woman, you have not been carried off into bondage by two ferocious Bulgarians; nor have you twice been stabbed, nor have you had two castles demolished; nor have you, with your own eyes, had to witness the cutting of your mother's throat, or the flogging of two of your friends in an *auto-da-fé!* I don't see how you can presume to be more unfortunate than I—when you consider that, apart from all I've told you, I was born a baroness and have had to descend so low as to be a cook!"

"My lady," said the old woman, "you must remember that I am a daughter of Pope Urban. And if I showed you the scars on my body you would realize most clearly that at no time has your wretchedness been so terrible as mine."

At Buenos Ayres, Cunegund, Candide and the old woman went to wait on the governor, in whose eyes Miss Cunegund appeared a paragon of beauty. While they waited on him a report was spread that an alcayde was going to land, and that he was in pursuit of the murderer of the inquisitor.

The sage old woman immediately saw what was to be done. "You cannot run away," she said to Cunegund, "but you have nothing to fear. It was not you who killed the inquisitor. Besides, as the governor is in love with you, he will not suffer you to be ill-treated." Then, hurrying away to Candide, "Begone," she said, "this instant, or you will be burnt alive!"

Candide found there was no time to be lost. He had brought with him from Cadiz a valet who was the fourth part of a Spaniard, or a mongrel breed, and born in Tucuman. His name was Cacambo, and he had a great affection for his master. He immediately saddled the horses. "Come, my good master, let us follow the old woman's advice, and make all haste we can from this place."

III—Philosophy in El Dorado

THEY travelled in haste across the frontiers of Paraguay. In a week or two the horses died of fatigue, and they went on foot until at length they came to a little river bordered with cocoa trees. Spying an empty canoe, they recommended themselves to Providence and went down the stream, passing presently under frightful rocks whose summits seemed to reach the clouds.

Candide and Cacambo landed near the first village they saw, at the entrance of which they perceived some children, covered with tattered garments of the richest brocade, playing at quoits, which presently they left on the ground. The quoits were large round pieces, yellow, red and green, and cast a most glorious lustre. Our travellers picked some of them up, and they proved to be gold, emeralds, rubies and diamonds.

"Where are we?" cried Candide. "The king's children in this country must have an excellent education, since they are taught to show such a contempt for gold and precious stones." They then drew near the first house.

Cacambo went up to the door and heard those within talking in Peruvian, which was his mother tongue. "Let us go in," said he to Candide, "this is an eating-house." They entered, and dined in sumptuous fashion, for which the landlord laughingly refused payment in the large gold pieces which they had picked off the ground — the common pebbles of their highways. "What sort of a country is this?" said Candide. "Possibly this is that land where everything is right."

Presently the two were escorted to the court, in a coach drawn by six of the large red sheep of the country. The king received them in a most gracious manner.

THEY spent a whole month in this hospitable place, during which time Candide was continually saying to Cacambo, "I own, my friend, the castle where I was born is a mere nothing in comparison with the place where we now are; but still Miss Cunegund is not here. If we remain here, we shall only be as others are; whereas if we return to our own world with only a dozen El Dorado sheep loaded with the pebbles of the country, we shall be richer than all the kings in Europe."

This speech was perfectly agreeable to Cacambo; they both resolved to demand permission of the king to quit the country.

"You are about to do a rash and silly action," said the king. "Most assuredly I have no right to detain you against your will; but you have many and great difficulties to encounter in passing the frontiers. However, since you are determined to leave us, I will immediately cause a carriage to be made that will convey you over the mountains. Ask me whatever else you please."

"All we crave," said Cacambo, "is a few sheep laden with provisions, pebbles and the clay of your country."

The king smiled and said, "I cannot imagine what pleasure you Europeans find in our yellow clay, but take as much of it as you will, and much good may it do you."

He immediately gave orders to his engineers to make a machine to hoist these

two extraordinary men out of the kingdom. Three thousand good mathematicians went to work, and finished it in about fifteen days; and it did not cost more than twenty millions sterling of that country's money. Candide and Cacambo were placed on this machine, and they took with them two large red sheep, bridled and saddled, to ride upon; and a hundred others laden with treasure and provisions.

Our travellers determined to make their way to Cayenne, and their first day's journey was very pleasant. But after about a hundred days' travelling they had lost by various mischances all but two sheep of the hundred they had brought from El Dorado. But these two carried more treasure than ever the king of Spain was possessed of.

Presently they arrived at Surinam, where Candide sent off Cacambo to Buenos Ayres to ransom the fair Cunegund. He himself hired a ship to carry him and his sheep to Italy; but the Dutch skipper, getting the sheep on board first, hoists sail and puts out to sea, leaving Candide, confounded and amazed, without his treasure. After some time he hired a cabin in a ship bound for Bordeaux, and made it known in the town that he would pay the passage and board of any honest man who would give him his company on condition that such a person was the most dissatisfied with his condition and the most unfortunate in the whole province.

Upon this there appeared such a crowd of candidates that a large fleet could not have contained them. Every story he heard put Candide in mind of Pangloss. "My old master," said he, "would be hard put to it to demonstrate his system here." At length he determined in favour of a poor scholar, named Martin, who had laboured ten years for the Amsterdam booksellers, being of opinion that no employment could be more detestable.

IV—French Fools and English Fools

MARTIN and Candide found sufficient entertainment for each other during the whole voyage in discoursing on moral and natural evil. They disputed fourteen days successively, at the end of which they were as far advanced as the moment they began.

At length they descried the coast of France, when Candide said to Martin: "Pray were you ever in France?"

"Yes, sir," said Martin; "I have been in several provinces of that kingdom. In some one-half of the people are fools and madmen, in some they are too artful, in others they are either very good natured or very brutal; while in others they pretend to be very witty; and in all their ruling passion is love, the next is slander, and the last to talk nonsense."

From Bordeaux they hastened to Paris. But there Candide was robbed and fooled and cheated of his diamonds, and was glad to escape from Dieppe on a vessel that was just ready to sail for Portsmouth.

When they had got on board the vessel, Candide said to Martin, "You are acquainted with England; are they as great fools in that country as in France?"

"Yes, but in a different manner," answered Martin. "To say exactly whether there are a greater number fit to be inhabitants of a madhouse in the one country or the other exceeds the limit of my capacity. I know in general that the people we are going to visit are of a dark and gloomy disposition."

As they were chatting thus together they arrived at Portsmouth. The shore on each side of the harbour was lined with people, whose eyes were steadfastly fixed on a man kneeling on the deck of one of the men of-war, with something tied over his eyes. Opposite to him stood four soldiers, each of whom shot three bullets into his skull with all the composure imaginable, and when it was done the whole company went away perfectly satisfied.

When Candide asked who it was that had been sent out of the world with such ceremony, he received for answer that he was an admiral.

"And pray why do you put your admiral to death?"

"Because he did not put a sufficient number of his fellow-creatures to death. He had an engagement with a French admiral, and it has been quite definitely proved against him that he was not near enough to his antagonist."

"But," replied Candide, "the French admiral must have been as far from him."

"There is no doubt of that; but in this country it is found well, now and then, to put an admiral to death in order to encourage the others."

Candide was so shocked that he would not set foot on shore, but went direct to Venice.

Upon their arrival at Venice, Candide, when he found Cacambo, learnt to his horror that on the voyage from Buenos Ayres they had been carried by a pirate to Scutari, and Miss Cunegund and the old woman were now slaves in the family of an exiled prince at Constantinople; but the most melancholy circumstance of all was that she was turned horribly ugly.

"What a chain of shocking accidents!" exclaimed Candide. "But, after all, I have still some diamonds left, with which I can easily procure Miss Cunegund's liberty. It is a pity, though, she has grown so very ugly."

In a few days they reached the Bosporus, and without losing time Candide went on board a galley to search for his Cunegund. To his astonishment, among the slaves he saw one whose disfigured features bore strong resemblance to those of Pangloss.

In very truth it was he, escaped the Inquisition by the faultiness of their hanging, but afterwards, while in the service of a Venetian merchant, bastinadoed and sent to the galleys. Candide at once bought his freedom.

At the house of the exiled prince the first objects they beheld were Miss Cunegund and the old woman. Candide, on seeing his fair Cunegund all sunburnt, with blear eyes, wrinkled face and arms, started back with horror; but, recovering himself, he advanced towards her out of good manners. She embraced Candide, and he ransomed her and the old woman.

There was a small farm in the neighbourhood on which they made a shift until they should meet with a more favourable destiny. Cunegund, not knowing that she had grown ugly, as no one had informed her of it, reminded Candide of his promise in so peremptory a manner that the simple lad did not dare to refuse her.

It was altogether natural to imagine that Candide, married to his mistress, and living with the philosophers Pangloss and Martin, the prudent Cacambo, and the old woman, having besides brought home so many diamonds from El Dorado, would lead the most agreeable life in the world. But he had been so much choused by the Jews that he had nothing else left but his little farm; his wife, every day growing more and more ugly, became insupportable.

The old woman ventured one day to say, "I would be glad to know which is worse—to experience all the miseries through which every one of us has passed, or to remain here doing nothing?"

This question gave birth to new reflections.

"Human grandeur," said Pangloss, "is very dangerous, if we believe the testimony of almost all philosophers. I need not tell you what was the fate of kings and emperors of ancient and modern times."

"Neither need you tell me," said Candide, "that we must take care of our garden."

"You are in the right," said Pangloss, "for when man was put into the garden of Eden, it was with an intent to dress it; which proves that man was not born to be idle."

"Work, then, without disputing," said Martin. "It is the only way to render life supportable."

The little society, one and all, entered into this laudable design, and set themselves to exert their different talents. Cunegund indeed was ugly, but she became an excellent hand at pastry work. Pangloss used now and then to say to Candide: "There is a concatenation of all events in the best of possible worlds; for, in short, had you not been kicked out of a fine castle for the love of Miss Cunegund, had you not been put into the Inquisition, had you not travelled over America on foot, and had you not lost all your sheep which you brought from the good country of El Dorado, you would not have been here to eat preserved citrons and pistachio-nuts."

"Excellently observed," answered Candide; "but let us take care of our garden."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

REPRESENTATIVE MEN

IN 1847 Emerson came to England with a series of lectures which he delivered in different parts of the country. It is worthy of record that it was during this visit that Emerson spent a week with Carlyle at Chelsea. Some of these lectures were published in 1850 under the title Representative Men, the main trend of whose thought and opinions is traced in Emerson's own words. It will be noted that the use of the term, sceptic, as applied to Montaigne, is not the ordinary use of the word, but signifies a person spontaneously given to free inquiry rather than to any aggressive disbelief. The estimate of Napoleon is original. In Representative Men Emerson is much more consecutive in his thought than is usual with him. His pearls are as plentiful here as elsewhere, but they are not scattered disconnectedly. Various complete editions of Emerson's works are published, and there are popular editions of Representative Men.

Plato



AMONG secular books, Plato only is entitled to Omar's fanatical compliment to the Koran: 'Burn all books, for their value is in this book.' Out of Plato come all things that are still written and debated among men of thought. Plato is philosophy, and philosophy Plato. No wife, no child, had he, but the thinkers of all civilized nations are his posterity, and tinged with his mind.

Great geniuses have the shortest biographies. They lived in their writings, and so their house and street life is commonplace. Their cousins can tell you nothing about them. Plato, especially, has no external biography.

Plato stands between the truth and every man's mind, and has almost impressed language and the primary forms of thought with his name and seal.

The first period of a nation, as of an individual, is the period of unconscious strength. Children cry, scream and stamp with fury, unable to express their desires. As soon as they can speak and tell their wants they become gentle. With nations he is as a god to them who can rightly divide and define. This defining is philosophy. Philosophy is the account which the human mind gives to itself of the constitution of the world.

Two cardinal facts lie ever at the base of thought: unity and variety—oneness and otherness.

To this partiality the history of nations corresponds. The country of unity, faithful to the idea of a deaf, unimplorable, immense fate, is Asia; on the other side, the genius of Europe is active and creative. If the East loves infinity, the West delights in boundaries. Plato came to join and enhance the energy of each. No man ever more fully than he acknowledged the ineffable; but having paid his homage, as for the human race, to the illimitable, he then stood erect, and for the human race affirmed: 'And yet things are knowable!' Full of the genius of Europe, he said 'Culture,' he said 'Nature,' but he failed not to add, 'There is also the divine.'

This leads us to the central figure which he has established in his academy. Socrates and Plato are the double-star which the most powerful instrument will not entirely separate. Socrates, in his traits and genius, is the best example of that synthesis which constitutes Plato's extraordinary power.

Socrates, a man of humble stem, and a personal homeliness so remarkable as to be a cause of wit in others, was a cool fellow, with a knowledge of his man, be he whom he might whom he talked with, which laid the companion open to certain defeat in debate; and in debate he immoderately delighted. He was what in our country people call 'an old one.'

This hard-headed humourist, whose drollery diverted the young patricians, turns

out in the sequel to have a probity as invincible as his logic, and to be, under cover of this play, enthusiastic in his religion. When accused before the judges, he affirmed the immortality of the soul and a future reward and punishment and, refusing to recant, was condemned to die; he entered the prison and took away all ignominy from the place. The fame of this prison, the discourses there and the drinking of the hemlock, are one of the most precious passages in all history.

It remains to say that the defect of Plato is that he is literary, and never otherwise. His writings have not the vital authority which the screams of prophets and the sermons of unlettered Arabs and Jews possess.

And he had not a system. The acutest German, the lovingest disciple could never tell what Platonism was. No power of genius has ever yet had the smallest success in explaining existence. The perfect enigma remains.

Montaigne

The philosophers affirm disdainfully the superiority of ideas. To men of this world the man of ideas appears out of his reason. The abstractionist and the materialist thus mutually exasperating each other, there arises a third party to occupy the middle ground between the two, the sceptic. He labours to be the beam of the balance. There is so much to say on all sides. This is the position occupied by Montaigne.

In 1571, on the death of his father, he retired from the practice of the law, at Bordeaux, and settled himself on his estate. Downright and plain dealing, and abhorring to be deceived or to deceive, he was esteemed in the country for his sense and probity. In the civil wars of the League, which converted every house into a fort, Montaigne kept his gates open and his house without defence. All parties freely came and went, his courage and honour being universally esteemed.

Montaigne is the frankest and honestest of all writers. The essays are an entertaining soliloquy on every random topic that comes into his head, treating everything without ceremony, yet with masculine sense. I know not anywhere the book that seems less written. It is the language of conversation transferred to a book. Montaigne talks with shrewdness, knows the world, and books, and himself; never shrieks, or protests, or prays. He keeps the plain; he rarely mounts or sinks; he likes to feel solid ground and the stones underneath.

The ground occupied by the sceptic is the vestibule of the temple. The interrogation of custom at all points is an inevitable stage in the growth of every superior mind. It stands in the mind of the wise sceptic that our life in this world is not quite so easy of interpretation as churches and school books say. He does not wish to take ground against these benevolences, but he says: "There are doubts. Shall we, because good nature inclines us to virtue's side, say, 'There are no doubts—and lie for the right?' Is not the satisfaction of the doubts essential to all manliness?"

I may play with the miscellany of facts, and take those superficial views which we call scepticism; but I know they will presently appear to me in that order which makes scepticism impossible. For the world is saturated with deity and law. Things seem to tend downward, to justify despondency, to promote rogues, to defeat the just; but by knaves as by martyrs the just cause is carried forward, and general ends are somehow answered.

So let a man learn to look for the permanent in the mutable and fleeting; let him learn to bear the disappearance of things he was wont to reverence without losing his reverence.

Shakespeare

Shakespeare is the only biographer of Shakespeare. So far from Shakespeare being the least known, he is the one person in all modern history known to us. What point of morals, of manners, of economy, of philosophy, of taste, of conduct of life has he not settled? What district of man's work has he not remembered? What king has he not taught statecraft? What maiden has not found

him finer than her delicacy? What lover has he not outloved?

Some able and appreciating critics think no criticism on Shakespeare valuable that does not rest purely on the dramatic merit; that he is falsely judged as poet and philosopher. I think as highly as these critics of his dramatic merit, but still think it secondary. He was a full man who liked to talk; a brain exhaling thoughts and images, which, seeking vent, found the drama next at hand.

Shakespeare is as much out of the category of eminent authors as he is out of the crowd. He is inconceivably wise; the others, conceivably. With this wisdom of life is the equal endowment of imaginative and lyric power. An omnipresent humanity co-ordinates all his faculties. He has no peculiarity, no importunate topic, but all is duly given. No mannerist is he; he has no discoverable egotism—the great he tells greatly, the small subordinately.

He is wise without emphasis or assertion; he is strong as nature is strong, who lifts the land into mountain slopes and floats a bubble in the air, and likes as well to do the one as the other. This power of transferring the inmost truth of things into music and verse makes him the type of the poet.

One royal trait that belongs to Shakespeare is his cheerfulness. He delights in the world, in man, in woman, for the lovely light that sparkles from them. Beauty, the spirit of joy, he sheds over the universe.

Napoleon

AMONG the eminent persons of the nineteenth century, Bonaparte owes his predominance to the fidelity with which he expresses the aim of the masses of active and cultivated men. If Napoleon was Europe, it was because the people whom he swayed were little Napoleons. He is the representative of the class of industry and skill.

'God has granted,' says the Koran, 'to every people a prophet in its own tongue.' Paris, London and New York, the spirit of commerce, of money, of material power, were also to have their prophet—and Bonaparte was sent. He was the idol of common men because he, in transcendent degree, had the qualities and powers of common men. He came to his own and they received him.

Napoleon renounced, once for all, sentiments and affections, and helped himself with his hands and his head. The art of war was the game in which he exerted his arithmetic. He had a directness of action never before combined with so much comprehension.

History is full of the imbecility of kings and governors. They are a class of persons to be much pitied, for they know not what they should do. But Napoleon understood his business. He knew what to do, and he flew to his mark. He put out all his strength; he risked everything; he spared nothing; he went to the edge of his possibilities.

This vigour was guarded and tempered by the coldest prudence and punctuality. His very attack was never the inspiration of courage, but the result of calculation. The necessity of his position required a hospitality to every sort of talent, and his feeling went along with this policy. In fact, every species of merit was sought and advanced under his government. I call Napoleon the agent or attorney of the middle class of modern society.

His life was an experiment, under the most favourable conditions, of the powers of intellect without conscience. All passed away, like the smoke of his artillery, and left no trace. He did all that in him lay to live and thrive without moral principle.

Goethe

I FIND a provision in the constitution of the world for the writer or secretary who is to report the doings of the miraculous spirit of life that everywhere throbs and works. Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing their history. The planet goes attended by its shadow. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures.

Society has really no graver interest than the well-being of the literary class. Still, the writer does not stand with us on any commanding ground. I think this to be

his own fault. There have been times when he was a sacred person; he wrote Bibles; the first hymns; the codes; the epics; tragic songs; Sibylline verses; Chaldaean oracles. Every word was true, and woke the nations to new life. How can he be honoured when he is a sycophant ducking to the giddy opinion of a reckless public?

Goethe was the philosopher of the nineteenth century multitude, hundred-handed, Argus-eyed, able and happy to cope with the century's rolling miscellany of facts and sciences, and by his own versatility dispose of them with ease; and what he says of religion, of passion, of marriage, of manners, of property, of paper-money, of periods of belief, of omens, of luck, of whatever else, refuses to be forgotten.

What distinguishes Goethe, for French and English readers, is an habitual reference to interior truth. But I dare not say that Goethe ascended to the highest grounds from which genius has spoken. He is incapable of self-surrender to the moral sentiment. Goethe can never be dear to men. His is a devotion to truth for the sake of culture. But the idea of absolute eternal truth, without reference to my own enlargement by it is higher; and the surrender to the torrent of poetic inspiration is higher.

Romantic Tragedy in the Classical Form

EURIPIDES

ALCESTIS

Abridged by Professor J. Wight Duff from the Greek

PRODUCED first in 438 B.C., the Alcestis is highly typical of its author's manner. It has tragic situations without a tragic end; it lacks the poignancy of the Medea, but it raises abundant problems. While the noble wifehood of Alcestis must appeal to any age, it is certain that some readers will feel disposed to criticise her husband by chivalrous standards, and to criticise Heracles by standards of tragic seriousness, which, however, cannot be rigorously exacted from what was produced as a light after piece. Professor Wight Duff's epitome has been prepared from the Greek text, with a few adaptations from earlier notable translations. Allen and Unwin publish Professor Gilbert Murray's translation of the complete text, and there are many other English versions of the text of the play that can be obtained at moderate prices.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Apollo
Death
Admetus, King of Pherae in Thessaly
Alcestis, wife of Admetus
Eumelus, son of Admetus and Alcestis
Pheres, aged father of Admetus
Heracles
Chorus, Elders of Pherae
Attendants, Handmaids, Guards and Mourners

First Act

SCENE: *At Pherae, before the palace of* Admetus.



DEATH: *Thou* here! What means it? Wherefore dost thou haunt
These halls, Apollo? Thou dost wrong anew,
The infernal powers restricting of their meed,
And checking them. Sufficed it not for thee
T' have fenced Admetus from his doom, the fates
With guileful art deluding? Now again
Armed with thy bow, thou must defend his wife,
Daughter of Pelias, who hath pledged herself
As ransom for her lord to die for him.

Apollo: Fear not; for I have justice and fair words [how?

Death: If thou hast justice, what the need of

Apollo: It ever is my wont to bear such arms.

Death: Yea, and unjustly to assist this house.

Apollo: I mourn the afflictions of the man I love.

Death: What! Wilt thou rob me of this second corpse?

Apollo: I did not take the first from thee by force.

Death: How then is he on earth and not below?

Apollo: His wife redeemed him—and for her thou com'st.

Death: And I will lead her to the nether realm.

Apollo: Then may Alcestis never reach old age?

Death: No; be assured I like my honours too.

Apollo : Then wilt thou not indulge me with this grace ? [my ways.
Death : Nay, truly : thou dost understand
Apollo : Yes, hateful unto men, and loathed by gods. [no profit win.
Death : Talk much thou may'st : thou wilt
This woman shall go down to Hades' halls.
[*Exeunt :* **Death** *passing into the palace.*

[The **Chorus** enters the orchestra chanting lyrics on the hopeless shadow of doom which has fallen on the royal house.]

In vain, our pious vows are vain :
Make we the flying sail our care,
The light bark bounding o'er the main,
To what new realm shall we repair ?
To Lycia's hallowed strand ?
Or where in solitary state,
'Mid thirsty deserts wild and wide,
That close him round on every side,
Prophetic Ammon holds his awful seat ?
What charm, what potent hand
Shall save her from the realms beneath ?
He comes, the ruthless tyrant, Death.
I have no priest, no tyrant more,
Whose aid I may implore.

[After an antistrophe in response, a handmaid from the palace relates the tearful resignation and adieus of the queen. Then the dying **Alcestis** is borne out by serving-women, accompanied by **Admetus** and their children.]

Alcestis : O Sun, O darling light of day,
Ye whirling clouds that wheel in heaven your way !
Admetus : He seeth thee and me, two sufferers
Who nowise wronged the gods, that thou should'st die. [sped ;
Alc. : I see a barge that with twain oars is
'Tis Charon at the Ferry of the Dead ;
And the Ferryman calls me—his oar in his hand—
"Why so slow ? Thou must haste !" is his urgent command [name.
Adm. : Ah, me ! A bitter voyage thou dost
O ill-starred lady, what a fate is ours !
Alc. : One pulls me, pulls me—seest not thou
To the home of the Dead.
A winged phantom glares 'neath darkling brow :
What would'st thou ? Loose me ! What a path of woe I tread !
Adm. : Woeful unto thy friends but most to me
And to thy children, partners of my grief.
Alc. : Let be—and let me lie.
Here lay me ; for my feet are done ;
Hades is nigh.
Upon my eyes creeps murky night ;
Henceforth, my children, mother ye have none :
Long be ye blest, my babes, to look upon the light.
Adm. : Ah, me ! Full bitter words to hear ;
Anguish of death were less severe. [Fates
Alc. : Thou seest, Admetus, what to me the
Assign ; yet, ere I die, I wish to tell
What lies most near my heart. I honoured thee,
And in exchange for thine my forfeit life
Devoted ; now for thee I die, though free
Not to have died, but from Thessalia's chiefs
Preferring whom I pleased, in royal state,
To have lived happy here ; I had no will
To live with these poor orphans, reft of thee
I die without reluctance, though such gifts
Of youth are mine as might make life a joy.
Requite this kindness ; never shall I ask
An equal retribution—nothing bears
A value high as life ; yet my request
Is just, thou wilt confess it ; for thy love
To these our children equals mine, thy soul
If wisdom tempers. In their mother's house
Let them be lords : wed not again, to set
A step-dame o'er my children, some one who
May be a worse wife : she through jealousy
Will on our children lay a heavy hand,
Do no such deed, I do entreat of thee.
For to the offspring of the former wife
A step-dame comes as sharp as viper's tooth.

[Reassured by the king's promise that no other bride shall ever call him husband, **Alcestis** dies. The boy **Eumelus** breaks into laments over his mother, and **Admetus** commands mourning throughout his realms for twelve months. The **Chorus** sings her praises.]

Fare thee well, good and fair, Pelias's noble heir,
Thy course is done ;
Good and gracious things betide thee
In the dark mansion that must hide thee
From yon fair sun.
The sovereign of the realm, and he that at the helm
Steers in the murky stream his dusky wherry
(Wafting the feeble sprites that flit below),
Shall hear and know
That never did a nobler spirit pass
The infernal ferry.

[At this point **Heracles** arrives. He is bound for Thrace on a dangerous quest imposed by his task-master **Eurystheus**. He greets **Admetus**, and noticing signs of mourning is answered by him in such riddling fashion that he believes that it is some alien woman who has died in the palace. **Admetus** insists that the traveller shall accept hospitality. Orders are given that **Heracles** be entertained sumptuously, away from the rooms of mourning. **Chorus** sings an ode in praise of the hospitable palace.]

Hail, princely festal home,
Where a guest hath ever been free to roam !
In thee Apollo of the tuneful shell
Hath borne to dwell.
In thy halls did the Pythian deign
To become a keeper of flocks :
By the sloping steep,
To the pasturing sheep
He piped a pastoral strain.
The spotted lynxes, too,
To the fold the spell of thy music drew ;
Came tawny lions in a troop as well
From Othrys' dell.

Around the lyre did the dappled fawn,
O Phoebus, join in the dance:
With delight in the song
She came tripping along,
From pinewoods out on the lawn.

[As the funeral procession leaves the palace, the king's aged father, **Pheres**, appears.]

Pheres: I come, joint sufferer in thy woe, my son.
For thou has lost a noble, virtuous wife —
None will gainsay it; but thou must perforce
Endure this, though severe. These ornaments
Receive, and let her pass beneath the earth.
Adm.: Thou cam'st not to this burial asked by me,
Nor deem I thine the presence of a friend.
Thine ornaments she never shall put on:
She shall be buried needing naught of thine.
Then was thine hour for grief when I was doomed.
Thou stood'st aloof; though old, couldst suffer youth
To die: and wilt thou now bewail her death?
Thou wert not, then, true father of my flesh.
Chor.: Forbear: enough the present suffering,
O son. Exasperate not a father's mind.
Phe.: Thou'rt passing insolent, and headstrong words
Dost hurl at us, but shalt not so be quit.
I did beget and rear thee of my house
An heir; but am not bound to die for thee.
This is no law from sires of mine bequeathed —
That sires should die for sons; it is not Greek.
Die not in my stead, nor do I for thee.
Dost joy to see light? Shall thy sire not joy?
Good sooth, our time in death I reckon long;
But life is brief; yet is it sweet withal.
Shamelessly hast thou struggled not to die;
Thou liv'st by overpassing doom assigned —
By *killing* her. And then my lack of soul
Rebuk'st, thou dastard, vanquished by thy wife,
Who died instead of thee, the handsome youth!
Smart this device that thou mayst never die,
If thou shalt coax a wife from time to time
To die for thee! Then thou revil'st thy friends
If they refuse thee, craven that thou art!
Chor.: Too much is said both now and heretofore;
Refrain, old man, from slandering thy son.

But the unseemly wrangle continues. **Admetus** orders the old man away: neither father nor mother must approach his palace again. As the funeral procession moves away, **Chorus** chants a farewell.]

Farewell, alas! to the brave
O noblest-heart, so bold to save!
May Hermes and the God beyond the grave
Receive thee kind!
If haply there it should
Go better with the good,
Then mayst thou, throned by her whom Hades wooed,
Fit fortune find!

Second Act

SCENE.—*Again before the palace of* **Admetus**.

The front of the palace is deserted, when a servant comes out, and in a soliloquy gives a horrified account of **Heracles's** carousal. His head in a myrtle wreath, calling for goblet after goblet of wine, and full of merriment, the visitor is a violent discord in a house of lamentation. But **Admetus** has forbidden the servants to weep before **Heracles**. Suddenly the latter appears.]

Heracles: You, fellow, why that solemn, pensive look?
Come hither, that thou mayst the wiser grow
Dost know the nature of the lot of man?
I ween not. Wherefore shouldst thou?
List to me
Death is a debt that every mortal owes,
And of mankind there is not one aware
If through the coming morrow he shall live
The path of fortune is a mystery
That none may teach and none may grasp by art.
This hearing then, instructed so by me,
Indulge thee; drink; thy life from day to day
Count as thine own; as fortune's, all the rest.
And worship as far sweetest of the gods
Our Cyprian Lady — she is full of grace.
Let go these cares and listen to my words,
If thou seest reason in them, as I think
Thou dost. Then bid excessive grief farewell.
Drink with us, treading present fortune down.
Thy brows engarlanded; and well I know
The plashing gurgle of the goblet will
Unmoor thee from thy grim and sullen mood

[The servant's remonstrances on the ill-timed nature of such mirth lead to further questions by **Heracles**, and to the revelation that it is the queen for whom **Admetus** is mourning. Chagrined and reproaching himself because he has been so easily misled, **Heracles** asks where is the place of burial.]

Servant: By the straight road that to Larissa leads
Thou'lt find the hewn-stone tomb beyond the town.
Her.: O much enduring heart and soul of mine,
Now prove what son Electryon's daughter bore —
Alcmene the Tirynthian — unto Zeus.

[During the absence of **Heracles**, **Admetus** returns in misery from the obsequies.]

Admetus: O palace fair! how shall I dare
Pass unto thee?
How in thee dwell since fortune fell
So black for me?
The change is great since once in state,
With bridal song
'Tween torchlit lines from Pelian pines
I marched along
With my dear bride close at my side —
Our hands in one,
Then trooped a rout with merry shout
For her that's gone.

Chorus : In the heyday of thy fortune
Came this grief to thee unschooled.
Thou thy life and soul didst rescue—
Died thy consort leaving love.
What is new herein ? Full many
Death hath parted from a wife. [wife
Adm. : My friends, I deem the fortune of my
Happier than mine, albeit it seems not so,
For naught of grief shall touch her any more ;
From many toils she hath found glorious rest.
But I, who ought not live, o'erpassing doom,
Shall spend a mournful life. At last I know.
Chorus : Myself did schools of literature frequent
And soared to dizzy height.
I handled many an argument,
Yet never did I light
On aught so strong as fate.
I found no balm in the tablets of Thrace
Which melodious Orpheus wrote,
Nor in drugs which Apollo gave to the race
Of Asclepius for antidote
The woes of man to abate.
The goddess, O prince, hath thee ta'en
In the bonds whence none may flee,
Yet, courage ! for never thy tears and pain
Can recall the dead to thee.

[Just at this moment **Heracles** returns, leading a veiled lady.]

[speak,
Her. : A friend unto a friend should frankly
Admetus, and not hide complaints at heart
Unvoiced. Indeed I thought that coming close
Upon thy sorrow, I should rank as friend.
Thou toldst me not it was thy wife that lay
A corpse, but gave me welcome in thy home,
As if thou mournedst one of foreign birth.
I wreathed my head and to the gods I poured
Libations in that desolate house of thine.
I blame thee, yes, I blame thee, that 'twas so.
Still wish I not to pain thee in thine ills.
The cause why I turned back and hither came
I'll tell. This woman take and guard for me,
Till I bring here with me the Thracian mares,
When I have the Bistonian tyrant slain.
Prize of hard toil she came into my hands.

[**Admetus** pleads that he had concealed **Alcestis's** death out of true feelings of hospitality. As to taking charge of the veiled lady, it would be too painful a reminder of his bereavement.]

Adm. : This lady, if it may be, good my lord,
Bid some Thessalian else protect for thee,
Who has not had any loss, for many friends
Thou hast in Pherae ; mind me not of grief.
Woman, whoso thou be, know that in height
And form thou art Alcestis's counterpart.
Ah, me ! remove in God's name from my sight
This woman, lest thou slay one who is slain.
For when I look on her, I seem to see [eyes
My wife. She makes my heart beat ; from mine
Gush founts of tears. Oh, wretched that I am !
At last I taste herein the gall of woe.
Her. : Pass not due limits, but bear patiently.
Adm. : 'Tis easier to advise than to endure.
Her. : What profit though thou choose for aye to moan !
Adm. : I know it too ; but love impelleth me.
Her. : Time will bring balm—thy woe as yet is young.
Adm. : Time, sayst thou ? Yea, if so be time is death. [bride.
Her. : 'Twill end, if thou wilt wed another
Adm. : Peace ! what a word to say ! I could not think—
Her. : Canst hope to benefit the dead at all ?
Adm. : Where'er she be, I owe her reverence.
Her. : Receive this lady in thy noble halls.
Adm. : Not so, by Zeus, who got thee, I entreat.
Her. : Consent : the favour may prove opportune.
Adm. : O that in strife thou ne'er hadst won this prize ! [me.
Her. : Yet when I win thou too dost win with
Adm. : Well said ; but let the woman go away.
Her. : She shall, if need be : first see if she need.
Adm. : Needs must—if thou wilt not be wroth with me.
Her. : I too have reasons prompting urgency.
Adm. : Have then thy way ; but it misliketh me. [yield.
Her. : Yet one day thou wilt thank me ; only
Adm. : If my house must receive her, lead her in. [hand.
Her. : I trust her only to thine own right
Adm. : My lord, thou mak'st me act against my will. [thy guest.
Her. : Venture to stretch thy hand and touch
Adm. : I do, as to the severed Gorgon's head.
[*With face averted he puts out his hand.*
Her. : Hast her ?
Adm. : I have.
Her. : Yea, guard her. Thou shall call
The son of Zeus one day a noble guest.
Look on her, if in aught thou think her like
Thy wife. Then, happy, bid farewell to grief.
Adm. : Ye gods ! How speak ? O miracle unhoped !
Here do I see my wife in verity ?
Doth mocking joy from heaven madden me ?
Her. : Not so : thou seest here thy consort true. [shades.
Adm. : See that this be no phantom from the
Her. : Speak to her. Thou hast all thou didst desire. [I love !
Adm. : O face and form of her whom most
Past hope I clasp what I thought ne'er to see.
Her. : 'Tis not vouchsafed thou hear a word from her,
Ere to the powers below Alcestis be
Unconsecrate—and the third morn return.

[**Heracles** departs on his dangerous enterprise. **Admetus** issues orders for dances and sacrifice. Then the **Chorus** moralises.]

Chor. : Manifold forms hath fate divine :
Oft gods achieve where men despair ;
Surmises fail to be fulfilled ;
God finds a path where none appeared.
So strange the way this story went.

OUIDA

UNDER TWO FLAGS

FEW women have created more stir by their works than Louise de la Ramée did with the novels which she published in the last third of last century under the pen-name Ouida. Her first literary productions appeared in The New Monthly, and in Bentley's Magazine, and in 1860 she published her first long story, Granville de Vigne, afterwards re-published as Held in Bondage. Thereafter she issued in rapid succession a large number of novels, all revealing their author's undeniable genius for telling a story and very considerable intellectual ability, though undoubtedly marred, not infrequently, by inaccurate observation, and by an incurable addiction to hyperbole. The most picturesque were Under Two Flags, published in 1867, and Moths. The former, of which an outline is given here by permission of Ouida's publishers, Chatto and Windus, has extraordinary verve, and the story is told with rare dramatic force and descriptive power. It deservedly retains great popularity and has been presented on the stage in numerous dramatised versions.

I—An Officer of the Guards



A GUARDSMAN at home is always luxuriously accommodated, and the Hon. Bertie Cecil, second son of Viscount Royallieu, was never behind his fellows in anything; besides, he was one of the crack officers of the 1st Life Guards, and ladies sent him pretty things enough to fill the Palais Royal.

The Hon. Bertie was known generally in the brigade as 'Beauty,' and the appellative, gained at Eton, was in no way undeserved. His face, with as much delicacy and brilliancy as a woman's, was at once handsome, thoroughbred, languid, nonchalant, with a certain latent recklessness under the impassive calm of habit.

Life petted him and pampered him; lodged him like a prince, dined him like a king, and had never let him feel the want of all that is bought by money. How could he understand that he was not as rich a man as his closest comrade, Lord Rockingham, a colossus known as the 'Seraph,' the eldest son of the Duke of Lyonesse?

A quarrel with his father (whom he always alluded to as 'Royal') reminded him that he was ruined; that he would get no help from the old lord, or from his elder brother, the heir. He was hopelessly in debt; nothing but the will of his creditors stood between him and the fatal hour when he must 'send in his papers to sell,' and be 'nowhere' in the great race of life.

An appeal for money from his young brother, Berkeley, whom he really loved, forced Cecil to look blankly in the face the ruin that awaited him.

Berkeley, a boy of twenty, had been gambling, and came to Cecil, as he had come often enough before, with his tale of needs. It was £300 Berkeley wanted, and he had already borrowed £100 from a friend—a shameless piece of degradation in Cecil's code.

"It is no use to give you false hopes, young one," said Cecil gently. "I can do nothing. If the money were mine it should be yours at a word. But I am all downhill, and my bills may be called in at any moment."

"You are such chums with Rockingham, and he's as rich as all the Jews put together. What harm could there be if you asked him to lend you some money for me?"

Cecil's face darkened.

"You will bring some disgrace on us before you die, Berkeley," he said. "Have you no common knowledge of honour? If I did such a thing I should deserve to be hounded out of the Guards to-morrow. The only thing for you to do is to go down and tell Royal; he will sell every stick and stone for your sake."

"I would rather cut my throat," said the boy. "I have had so much from him lately."

But in the end he promised to go.

It was hard for Bertie to get it into his brain that he really was at the end of his

resources. There still seemed one chance open to him. He was a fearless rider, and his horse, Forest King, was famous for its powers. He entered for a great race at Baden, and piled on all he could, determined to be sunk or saved by the race. If he won he might be able to set things right for a time, and then family influence ought to procure him an advance in the Guards.

Forest King had never failed its master hitherto, and Bertie would have been saved by his faithful steed, but for the fact that a blackguardly turf welsher doctored the horse's mouth, and Forest King was beaten, and couldn't finish the course.

"Something ails the King," said Cecil calmly. "He is fairly knocked off his legs; ridden a yard further he will fall."

II—"A Mystery—An Error"

CECIL knew that with the failure of Forest King had gone the last plank that saved him from ruin, perhaps the last chance that stood between him and dishonour. He had never looked on it as within the possibilities of hazard that the horse could be defeated, and the blow fell with crushing force; the fiercer because his indolence had persisted in ignoring his danger, and his whole character was so accustomed to ease and enjoyment.

He got away from his companions and wandered out alone into the gardens in the evening sunlight, throwing himself on a bench beneath a mountain-ash.

Here the little Lady Venetia, the eight-year-old sister of the colossal Seraph, found him, and Cecil roused himself and smiled at her.

"They say you have lost all your money," said the child, "and I want you to take mine. It is my *very* own. Papa gives it to me to do just what I like with it. Please do take it."

Twenty bright Napoleons fell in a glittering shower on the grass.

"*Petite reine*," Cecil murmured gently, "how some man will love you one day! I cannot take your money, and you will understand why when you are older. But I will take this if you will give it me," and he picked up a little enamelled sweetmeat-box, and slipped it into his waistcoat pocket. It was only a child's gift, but he kept it through many a dark day and wild night.

At that moment as he stood there, with the child beside him, one of the men of the gardens brought him an English letter, marked 'Instant.' Cecil took it wearily, broke the envelope, and read a scrawled, miserable letter, blotted with hot tears and scored out in impulsive misery.

The Lady Venetia went slowly away, and when next they met it was under the burning sun of Africa. Alone, Cecil's head sank down upon his hands.

"Oh, God!" he thought. "If it were anything—anything except disgrace!"

An hour later and the Seraph's servant brought him a message, asking him to come to Lord Rockingham's rooms immediately.

Cecil went, and the Seraph crossed the room with his hand held out; not for his life in that moment would he have omitted that gesture of friendship. There was a third person in the room, a Jew, M. Baroni, who held a folded paper, with the forged signature of *Rockingham* on it, and another signature, the name of the forger in whose favour the bill was drawn; that other signature was—*Bertie Cecil*.

"Cecil, my dear fellow," said the Seraph, "I'm ashamed to send for you on such a blackguard errand! Here, M. Baroni, make your statement. Later on, Mr. Cecil can avenge it."

"MY statement is easily made," said the Jew. "I simply charge the Hon. Bertie Cecil with having negotiated a bill with my firm for £750, drawn in his own favour, and accepted at two months' date by your lordship. Your signature you, my lord marquis, admit to be a forgery. With that forgery I charge your friend!"

Cecil stood silent, with anguish on his face.

"I am not guilty," he said quietly.

"Beauty—Beauty! Never say that to *me!*" said the Seraph. "Do you think *I* can ever doubt you?"

"It is a matter of course," replied Baroni, "that Mr. Cecil denies the accusation. It is very wise. But I *must* arrest Mr. Cecil! Were you alone, my lord, you could prosecute or not, as you please; but ours is the money obtained by that forgery. If Mr.

Cecil will accompany me unresistingly, I will not summon legal force."

"Cecil, tell me what is to be done?" said the Seraph hoarsely. "I will send for the duke——"

"Send for no one. I will go with this man. He is right as far as he knows. The whole is a- a mystery—an error."

Cecil hesitated a moment; then he stretched out his hand. "Will you take it—still?"

"Take it! Before all the world, always, come what will!"

The Seraph's voice rang clear as the ring of silver. Another moment, and the door had closed. Cecil went out beside his accuser, not blaming the Jew in anything.

Once out in the air, the Hebrew laid his hand on his arm. Presently, in a side-street, three figures loomed in the shadow of the houses—a German official, the commissary of police and an English detective. The Hebrew had betrayed him, and arrested him in the open street.

In an instant all the pride and blood of his race were up. He wrenched his wrists free and with his left arm felled the detective to earth with a crushing blow. The German—a powerful and firmly-built man—was on him at once, but Cecil's science was the finer. For a second the two rocked in close embrace, and then the German fell heavily.

The cries of Baroni drew a crowd at once, but Cecil dashed, with the swiftness of the deer, forward into the gathering night.

Flight! The craven's refuge—the criminal's resource! Flight! He wished in the moment's agony that they would send a bullet through his brain.

Soon the pursuers were far behind. But Cecil knew that he had but the few remaining hours of night left to save those for whom he had elected to sacrifice his life.

III—Under Another Flag

CIGARETTE was the pet of the army of Africa, and was as lawless as most of her patrons. She was the Friend of the Flag. Soldiers had been about her from her cradle. They had been her books, her teachers, her guardians and, later on, her lovers, all the days of her life. She had no sense of duty taught her, except to face fire boldly, never to betray a comrade, and to worship but two deities "*la Gloire*" and "*la France*." Her own sex would have seen no good in her, but her comrades-in-arms could, and did.

A certain *chasseur d'Afrique* in this army at Algiers puzzled her. He treated her with a grave courtesy that made her wish, with impatient scorn for the wish, that she knew how to read, and had not her hair cut short like a boy's—a weakness the little *vivandière* had never been visited with before.

"You are too fine for us, *mon brave*," she said pettishly once to this *chasseur*. "They say you are English, but I don't believe it. Say what you are, then?"

"A soldier of France. Can you wish me more?"

"True," she said simply. "But you were not always a soldier of France? You joined, they say, twelve years ago. What were you before then?"

"Before?" he answered slowly. "Well—a fool!"

"You belonged to the majority, then!" said Cigarette. "But why did you come into the service? You were born in the noblesse—bah, I know an aristocrat at a glance! What ruined you, Monsieur l'Aristocrat?"

"Aristocrat? I am none. I am Louis Victor, a corporal of the chasseurs."

"You are dull, *mon brave*."

Cigarette left him and made her way to the officers' quarters. High or low, they were all the same to Cigarette, and she would have talked to the emperor himself as coolly as she did to any private.

She praised the good looks of the corporal of chasseurs, and his colonel, M. le Marquis de Châteauroy, answered, with a curse, "I wish my corporal were shot! One can never hear the last of him!"

"M. le colonel," cried Cigarette, "whatever else your handsome corporal is, he is an aristocrat. One thing, he will demoralise the army of Africa, m'sieu, if his example is followed. *He never thieves from the Arabs!* If that fashion came in, adieu to our occupation. Court-martial him, colonel!"

Meanwhile, the corporal of chasseurs sat alone among the stones of a ruined mosque.

He was a dashing cavalry soldier, who had had a dozen wounds cut over his body by the Bedouin swords in many and hot skirmishes; who had waited through sultry African nights for the lion's tread; and who had served well in fierce, arduous work in trying campaigns, and in close discipline.

From the extremes of luxury and indolence Cecil came to the extremes of hardship and toil. He had led the fashion; he came where he had to bear without a word curses and insults from any petty officer. He had borne the change mutely, and without a murmur, though the first years were years of intense misery. His comrades had grown to love him, seeing his courage and his willingness to help them, with a rough, dog-like love.

Twelve years ago in England it was accepted that Bertie Cecil had been killed in a railway accident in France.

And the solitary corporal of chasseurs read in the Galignani of the death of his father, Viscount Royallieu, and of his elder brother. The title and estate that should have been his had gone to his younger brother.

IV—From Death to Life

THE Seraph, now Duke of Lyonesse, and his sister Venetia, Princess Corona, came on a visit to the French camp, and with them Berkeley, Viscount Royallieu. Corporal Louis Victor saw them, and, safe from recognition himself, knew them. But Cecil was not to go down to the grave unreleased. First, his brother Berkeley coming upon him alone in the solitude of a desert camp, made concealment impossible.

"Have you lived stainlessly *since?*" were Cecil's only words, stern as the demand of a judge.

"God is my witness, yes! But you—they said you were dead. That was my first disgrace, and my last. You bore the weight of my shame. What can I say? Such nobility, such sacrifice——"

It was for himself that Berkeley trembled.

"I have kept your secret twelve years; I will keep it still," said Cecil gravely. "Only leave Algeria at once."

A slight incident revealed the corporal's identity to the Princess Corona. By his bearing he had attracted the attention of the visitors to the camp and, on being admitted to the villa of the princess to restore a gold chain dropped carelessly in the road, he disclosed the little enamelled box, marked 'Venetia,' the gift of the child in the garden at Baden.

"That box is mine!" cried the princess. "I gave it! And you? You are my brother's friend? You are Bertie Cecil?"

"*Petite reine!*" he murmured.

Then he acknowledged who he was. Not even for his brother's sake could he have lied to *her;* but he implored her to say nothing to the Seraph.

"I was innocent, but in honour I can never give you or any living thing *proof* that this crime was not mine."

"He is either a madman or a martyr," she mused, when Cecil had left her. That he loved her was plain, and the time was not far distant when she should love him, and be willing to share any sacrifice love and honour might demand.

The hatred of Colonel Châteauroy for his corporal brought matters to a climax. Châteauroy was jealous of Cigarette's admiration for Louis Victor, and even more envious of the great English lady's interest in the corporal of chasseurs. Meeting Cecil returning from his visit to Venetia, Châteauroy could not refrain from saying insulting things concerning the princess.

"You lie!" cried Cecil; "and you know that you lie! Breathe her name once more, and, as we are both living men, I will have your life for your outrage!"

And as he spoke Cecil smote him on the lips. Châteauroy summoned the guard, the corporal was placed under arrest, and brought to court-martial.

The case was quite clear against the prisoner; Châteauroy did not dare to mention the name of the lady he had insulted; and the prisoner admitted the assault. In three days' time Corporal Louis Victor would be shot by order of the court-martial.

Cigarette alone prevented the sentence being carried out, and that at the cost of her life.



MARIE LOUISE DE LA RAMEE was born at Bury St. Edmunds, January 1, 1839, daughter of Louis Ramé, a teacher of French, and an English mother. She began to write at about the age of twenty, under the influence of Harrison Ainsworth, and wrote some forty novels and a number of short stories and essays of very considerable merit. At one time she enjoyed great popularity, but her vogue diminished and she died in poverty, January 25, 1908, at Viareggio, where she had made her home since 1874. Her pen-name, Ouida, represents a little child's attempt to pronounce her name Louise.

She was away from the camp at the time in a Moorish town when the news came to her; and she stumbled on Berkeley Cecil, and knowing him for an Englishman, worked on his feelings and gave him no rest till he had acknowledged the condemned man for his elder brother and the lawful Viscount Royallieu, peer of England.

With this document, signed and sealed by Berkeley, Cigarette galloped off to the fortress where the marshal of France who was Viceroy of Africa had arrived. The marshal knew Cigarette; he had decorated her with the cross for her valour in battle.

Cigarette gave him the document and told him all she knew of the corporal's heroism. And the marshal promised the sentence should be deferred until he had found out the whole truth of the matter. The name Royallieu attracted him, and brought memories of earlier meetings with Cecil in many a scene of court splendour long years since.

With the order of release in her bosom, Cigarette once more vaults into the saddle, to ride hard through the day and night, if she may reach the camp in time—for at sunrise on the morrow will the sentence be executed, unless by the mercy of heaven the order for reprieve intervenes.

And now it is sunrise, and the prisoner has been brought out to the slope of earth out of sight of the camp.

At the last the Seraph appeared, and found in the condemned man the friend of his youth. It was only with great difficulty that Rockingham was overpowered, for he swore Cecil should not be killed, and a dozen soldiers were required to get him away.

Then Cecil raised his hand, and gave the signal for his own death-shot.

The levelled carbines covered him; ere they could fire a shrill cry pierced the air. "Wait! In the name of France!"

Dismounted, breathless, staggering, her face bloodless with fear, Cigarette appeared upon the ridge of rising ground.

The cry of command pealed out upon the silence in the voice that the army of Africa loved as the voice of their little one. And the cry came too late; the volley was fired, the crash of sound thrilled across the words that bade them pause, the heavy smoke rolled out upon the air, the death that was doomed was dealt.

But beyond the smoke-cloud he staggered slightly, and then stood erect still, unharmed. The flash of fire was not so fleet as the swiftness of her love; and on his breast she threw herself, and flung her arms around him, and turned her head backward with her old dauntless, sunlit smile as the balls pierced her bosom, and broke her limbs, and were turned away by that shield of warm young life from him. She died in Cecil's arms, with the comrades she had loved around her.

It is spring. Cecil is Lord of Royallieu, the Lady Venetia is his bride.

"It was worth banishment to return," he murmured to her. "It was worth the trials that I bore to learn the love that I have known."

And the memories of both went back to a place in a desert land where the folds of the tricolour drooped over one little grave—a grave which the troops saluted as they passed it, because on the white stone there was carved a name that spoke to every heart:

CIGARETTE,
ENFANT DE L'ARMEE, SOLDAT DE LA FRANCE.

AGNES STRICKLAND

THE LIFE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

WHILE editing the Court Magazine Elizabeth Strickland wrote several biographies of female sovereigns, and her sister Agnes suggested that they should collaborate in a series of historical biographies of the Queens of England. The first two volumes of the resultant work appeared in 1840 under the title Lives of the Queens of England from the Norman Conquest (1066-1714) with Anecdotes of their Courts. The work was completed in twelve volumes by 1848. It was published by Colburn and had an immediate success both with the public on account of the picturesque personal details it presented, and with many critics on account of its generally reliable foundation on hitherto unpublished official records, contemporary letters and other private documents. The Life of Queen Elizabeth, admittedly the best of the series, was the work of Agnes Strickland alone. It is now procurable as a separate work in Everyman's Library. Agnes Strickland also wrote Lives of the Queens of Scotland and Lives of the Bachelor Kings of England, and edited the Letters of Mary Queen of Scots.

I—The Lady Elizabeth



QUEEN ELIZABETH first saw the light at Greenwich Palace, where, says Heywood, 'she was born on the eve of the Virgin's nativity, and died on the eve of the Virgin's annunciation.' The christening ceremony was gorgeous and elaborate, but, with the downfall of her mother, Anne Boleyn, she ceased to be treated as a princess. She seems to have owed much to the judicious training of Lady Margaret Bryan, in whose charge she was. Later, she was associated with Prince Edward, four years her junior; both displayed an extraordinary precocity and capacity for learning.

On Henry's death, she resided with his widow, Catherine Parr, who married the Lord Admiral, Thomas Seymour. That ambitious nobleman, brother of the Protector, certainly designed, when Catherine died, to marry Elizabeth; an intention which was among the causes of his execution under attainder. His relations with her had already been unduly familiar, but there was no warrant for the scandalous stories that were repeated; and although Elizabeth all her life was naturally disposed to an excessive freedom of manners, she now became a pattern of decorum. But she was probably more in love with Seymour, as a girl of fifteen, than with anyone else in after life; though, on his death, she called him 'a man of much wit and very little judgement.'

Ascham is full of praises of her learning and her wide reading, both in Greek and Latin, which is displayed somewhat pedantically in her letters; her propriety and simplicity of apparel in these days is in curious contrast to the extravagances of her wardrobe in later life.

Mary treated her conspicuously as a sister; she refused, however, to abjure her Protestantism. Her position became extremely difficult, as the French, the Spaniards and the Protestant party each sought to involve her in plots for their own ends. These culminated in Wyatt's rebellion. The inevitable suspicions attaching to her caused her to be lodged in the Tower; but, in spite of the machinations of the Spanish party and the distrust of Mary, the evidence produced failed to warrant her condemnation.

Yet she was kept in rigorous confinement, her life continuing to be in danger for a month after Wyatt himself had been executed. She was then removed to Richmond, but refused to purchase liberty at the price of marriage to a foreign prince, Philibert of Savoy—a scheme intended as a cover for Mary's determination to marry Philip, the Prince of Spain. Finally, she was transferred to Woodstock, where she was held a close prisoner.

Policy now led her to profess acceptance of the Roman religion, but in very ambiguous fashion. Probably it was through the intercession of Philip—now her brother-in-law, whose policy at this time

was to conciliate the English people—that she was set at liberty and readmitted to court at Christmas.

At the end of the next year Elizabeth was at Hatfield, under the gentle surveillance of Sir Thomas Pope. She continued to be involved in grave dangers by perpetual plots, in which she was far too shrewd to let herself be implicated; and she guarded herself by a continued profession of Romanism to the hour of her accession on her sister's death.

As the hour of Mary's death approached there was no doubt of Elizabeth's succession, though there was alarm as to possible complications. On November 17, 1558, the chancellor announced to Parliament that Mary was dead, and Elizabeth queen.

The coronation, which took place in January, was a magnificent pageant, in which Elizabeth openly courted the favour and affection of her subjects; and it became at once apparent that the breach with Rome was reopened. The supremacy of the crown was reasserted, the all but empty bench of bishops was filled up with reformers; and, in answer to the Commons, Elizabeth very clearly implied her intention of reigning a virgin queen. She had already declined Philip of Spain's offer of his widowed hand; and now the fact that Mary Stewart stood next in the succession —with a better title than Elizabeth's own, if her legitimacy were challenged—became of immense importance.

ACCORDINGLY, an express declaration of her legitimate right to the throne was procured from parliament. For some time pageants and popular displays were the order of the day. But Elizabeth's council were convinced that the safety of the realm demanded her marriage; and suitors began to abound. Arran appears —who now stood very near the throne of Scotland. Pickering, Arundel, Dudley—all seemed possible aspirants. The Austrian Archduke Charles, cousin of Philip of Spain, and Eric of Norway were candidates. She played with them all, and the play was made more grim by the tragic death of Dudley's wife, Amy Robsart.

II—Mary Stewart and Saint Bartholomew

THE proposals for Elizabeth's own hand were now diversified by her interest in those for the hand of the Queen of Scots; for it was of immense importance to the Queen of England that Mary should not wed a foreign prince who might support her claim to the English throne. Mary professed willingness to be guided by her 'sister,' but was insulted by Elizabeth's offer of her own favourite, Dudley, who was made Earl of Leicester. Melville, the courtly Scots ambassador, had much ado to answer Elizabeth's questions about his mistress's beauty and accomplishments in a manner agreeable to the English queen.

Mary solved her own problem, only to create a new one, by marrying her cousin, Lord Darnley. Elizabeth was bitterly aggrieved when a son—afterwards James I—was born to them. She herself continued to agitate Cecil and the council by the favours she lavished on Leicester. But the renewed entreaties of Parliament that steps might be taken to secure the succession led to what threatened to become a very serious quarrel.

Amongst these high matters, the records of her majesty's wardrobe and the interests of Cecil in capturing for her service a tailor employed by Catherine dei Medici, form an entertaining interlude.

But tragedy was at hand: the murder of Darnley, Mary's marriage to the murderer Bothwell, her imprisonment at Loch Leven. Then came a turn of the wheel; Mary escaped from Loch Leven, her followers were dispersed at Langside, and she fled across the Solway to throw herself on Elizabeth's protection and find herself Elizabeth's prisoner.

The Scottish queen was consigned to Bolton; an investigation was held at York, when Mary's accusers were allowed to produce, and Mary's friends were not allowed to test, their evidence of her complicity in Darnley's murder. At that stage the investigations were stopped; but the Duke of Norfolk, the head of the commission, was not deterred from pressing the design of marrying Mary himself. Mary was placed in the charge of George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury and his termagant spouse, Bess of Hardwick.

From this time for fifteen years, Elizabeth was perpetually playing at proposals for her own marriage with one or other of the French king's brothers, to keep the French court from a *rapprochement* with Spain. Suspicions of Norfolk's intentions led to his arrest, and this precipitated the rising in favour of Mary under the Catholic northern earls of Northumberland and Westmorland, an insurrection promptly and cruelly crushed. In the spring of 1570 the Pope issued a bull of deposition; and the plots on behalf of Mary as Catholic claimant to the throne thickened.

In 1571 it appeared that Elizabeth was set on the marriage with Henry of Anjou, nineteen years her junior, the brother who stood next in succession to the throne of Charles IX of France—a marriage not at all approved by her council, and very little to Henry's own taste. It was now that the conduct of negotiations in Paris was entrusted to Francis Walsingham.

The relations between the queen and the Commons were exemplified by her attempt to exclude an obnoxious member, Strickland, met by the successful assertion of their privileges by the House.

In this year the plot known as Ridolfi's was discovered, and it is to be noted that Elizabeth herself ordered the rack to be used to extort information. The result was condemnation of Norfolk to the block. The recalcitrance of Henry of Anjou led to his definitely withdrawing from his courtship, while Alençon became the new subject of matrimonial negotiation.

ELIZABETH played with the new proposal, as usual, relying always on her ability to back out of the negotiations, as in previous cases, by demanding of her suitor a more uncompromising acceptance of Protestantism than could be admitted. The whole affair, however, was apparently brought to a check by the massacre of St. Bartholomew, with the perpetration of which it seemed impossible for the most powerful of Protestant monarchs to associate herself in any way.

Cecil—now Lord Burleigh—would have used the occasion for the destruction of Mary Stewart; but the device for doing so irreproachably, by handing her over to her own rebels, was frustrated—though Elizabeth concurred—by the refusal of the Scots lords to play the part which was assigned to them. The Alençon affair was soon in full swing again, the young prince writing love-letters to the lady whom he had not seen.

III—The Hour of Mary's Doom

ELIZABETH'S fondness for pageantry—partly out of a personal delight in it, partly from a politic appreciation of its value in making her popular—especially pageantry at some one else's expense, was illustrated in the gorgeous doings at Kenilworth, depicted (with sundry anachronisms) in Scott's novel.

These gaieties were the embroidery on more serious matters, for the Netherlands had for some time been engaged in their apparently desperate struggle with the power of Spain, and now actually invited the Queen of England to assume sovereignty over them—an offer which she was too acute to accept.

Yet we cannot pass over a highly characteristic incident. When the queen's majesty had a bad toothache, the protestations of her whole council failed to persuade her to face the extraction of the tooth, till the Bishop of London invited the surgeon to operate first on him in her presence, with satisfactory results. We must also record how the ugly little Alençon, or Anjou as he was now called, arrived unexpectedly to woo her in person, charmed her by his chivalrous audacity in doing so, and won from her the appropriate name of 'Little Frog.'

Whether she really wished to marry her 'frog' is extremely doubtful. She made all the more parade of her desire to do so, since the extreme antipathy of the council and the nation to the project would secure her a retreat to the last. The expectation of the marriage caused the Netherlanders to offer Anjou the sovereignty which she had rejected; with the idea of thus securing the united support of England and France. But when matters reached the point of negotiation for an Anglo-French league, with the marriage as one of the articles, Elizabeth, of course, could not be brought

to a definite answer, and after long delay Anjou found himself obliged to return to the Netherlands, neither accepted nor rejected. His subsequent death put an end to this, her last, matrimonial comedy.

At last an English force was actually sent to the help of the Netherlanders, under the command of Leicester. His conduct there led to his recall. Another favourite stood high in the queen's good graces—Walter Raleigh. Probably it was with a view to ousting this rival that Leicester brought his stepson Essex into the queen's notice.

But now the hour of Mary's doom was approaching. A plot was set on foot for the assassination of Elizabeth, into which Anthony Babington, whose name it bears, was drawn. Walsingham, possessed of complete information from the beginning, through his spies, nursed the plot carefully; letters from Mary were systematically intercepted and copied till the moment came for striking; the conspirators were arrested, and suffered the extreme penalty of the treason laws; and Elizabeth consented to have Mary herself at last brought to trial. She was refused counsel; the commission condemned her. Parliament demanded the execution of the death sentence.

Elizabeth had her misgivings, but at last she signed the death warrant; the chancellor's seal was attached, and the council, fearing some evasion on Elizabeth's part, issued the commission for Mary's execution without further reference to the queen; she was kept in ignorance of the fact till the tragedy was completed. She was furious with the council, but powerless against their unanimity. She could venture to make a scapegoat of Davison, and made a vain attempt to clear herself of responsibility in a letter to James, which failed to soothe the burst of indignation in Scotland. But the one thing she feared—a coalition of France, Spain and Scotland—was made impossible by the antagonisms of the former and the weakness of the last.

IV—Elizabeth's Closing Years

THE defeat of the Armada was followed by an expedition to Lisbon, to wrest Portugal from Spain; owing to inadequate equipment it failed, after a promising beginning, the Portuguese lending no help. Essex managed to escape from court and join the expedition, messengers ordering him to return being too late. For this he was forgiven; but

ANOTHER crisis was at hand. Philip of Spain, claiming the throne of England as a descendant of John of Gaunt, was preparing the great Armada; Pope Sixtus V was proclaiming a crusade against the heretic queen. Drake sailed into Cadiz harbour and 'singed the don's whiskers,' but the vast preparations went on. A lofty spirit animated the queen and the people. London undertook to provide double the number of ships and men demanded from her. The militia was gathered at Tilbury, under Leicester. Howard of Effingham was Lord Admiral, with Drake as vice-admiral; in the enthusiasm of the moment, Elizabeth bestowed knighthood on a valorous lady, Mary, the wife of Sir Hugh Cholmondeley.

A report that the Armada had been destroyed by a gale, which actually drove it into Corunna for repairs, caused Elizabeth, with her usual parsimony, to order four great vessels to be dismantled; Howard retained them instead, at his own charges. On July 19, 1588, the Armada was sighted off the Lizard, and for eighteen days the naval heroes were grappling with that 'invincible' fleet. Elizabeth herself visited the camp at Tilbury, rode through the lines, wearing a corselet and a farthingale of amazing dimensions, while a page bore her helmet, and addressed her soldiers in stirring words.

The victory was celebrated by medals bearing the device of a fleet in full sail, with the words, *Venit, vidit, fugit* ('It came, it saw, it fled'), and the words, *Dux femina facti* ('A woman led the movement').

when he secretly married the widow of Sidney, and daughter of Walsingham, Elizabeth was furiously angry.

Not Essex, but Norris was sent to command a force dispatched to the aid of Henry of Navarre, who was now fighting for the crown of France. Essex, however, was subsequently sent, at Henry's own request. His absence was utilised by



QUEEN ELIZABETH SIGNING THE DEATH WARRANT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

From the painting by J. Schrader



AGNES STRICKLAND was born in London August 19, 1796, second daughter of Thomas Strickland of Reydon Hall, Southwold, Suffolk. With her elder sister Elizabeth she was educated at home by her father, and on his death in 1818 the two girls turned to writing for a livelihood. Agnes had published several volumes of poems and tales before entering into collaboration with her sister on the series of historical portrait studies on which their reputation rests. Her health gave way in 1872, partial paralysis supervening after an accident, and she died at Southwold July 13, 1874, being survived less than a year by her sister.

Burleigh to secure the advancement of his own astute son, Robert Cecil.

When Essex finally returned from France, he was received with the utmost favour; but in the interval he had been transformed into an intriguing politician.

He favoured the popular party, but had not the courage to head it; he was moved not by patriotism, but by jealousy of the Cecil ascendancy. The queen, when she had passed the age of sixty, was as determined as ever to pose as a youthful beauty, and her courtiers had no reluctance in assuming the tone of despairing lovers. No one played this part more persistently than Raleigh, who, when relegated to the Tower for marrying, proclaimed his misery, not at being separated from his bride, but at being shut out of the queen's radiant presence.

Essex and Raleigh were associated in two expeditions, one directed with complete success against Cadiz, the other being a complete failure. The Burleigh faction succeeded in getting for Raleigh whatever credit there was in both cases, though Essex was better entitled to it.

But it was Ireland that wrought the ruin of Essex. A dispute in the council on the subject caused the queen to box the favourite's ears, which caused him to retire in resentment for many months. Soon after his return to Court, he brought upon himself his own appointment to the lord-deputyship of Ireland. His conduct there displeased her; from her scolding letters, he concluded that his enemies in the council were undermining his position in his absence. He deserted his post, hurried to London, and burst, travel-stained as he was, into Elizabeth's chamber. For the moment she appeared disposed to forgive him, but was not long in deciding that his insolence must be punished, and he was placed in confinement.

So he continued for about a year, in spite of appeals to the queen. At last, however, he was granted a certain degree of liberty, and Francis Bacon tried to conciliate Elizabeth towards her former favourite. But the unfortunate man allowed his resentment to carry him into dangerous courses. His house became a rendezvous of the discontented. Finally, a futile attempt on his part to raise the citizens of London in his favour consummated his ruin. Elizabeth signed the warrant with fingers which did not tremble; and, to the universal astonishment, the favourite was executed.

ELIZABETH'S meeting with her last parliament displays in a marked degree the tact which never deserted her when she thought fit to employ it. Their protest against the practice of monopolies, instead of rousing her ire, brought from her a notably gracious promise to redress the grievances complained of. This was in 1601. In the next year, when she became sixty-nine, there was no relaxation in her gaieties; but under the surface, she was old and sad.

Her popularity had never been the same since the death of Essex; and the memory of the man she had cherished and finally sent to his doom, well-deserved as that was, was a perpetual source of grief to her. In March 1603 she was stricken with her last fatal illness. Yet she would not go to bed. At last she gave in; she knew herself dying long before she admitted it. Finally, she sank into a sleep from which she never awoke. So passed away England's Elizabeth.

WILLIAM HARVEY

ON THE MOTION OF THE HEART

IN 1628, twelve years after he had first made his revolutionary statements in lectures on the cardiac functions, Harvey published at Frankfort, in Latin, An Anatomical Disquisition on the Motion of the Heart and Blood, in which he maintained that there is a circulation of the blood. Moreover, he distinguished between the pulmonary circulation, from the right side of the heart to the left through the lungs, and the systemic circulation, from the left side of the heart to the right through the rest of the body. Further, he maintained that it was the office of the heart to maintain this circulation by its alternate diastole (expansion) and systole (contraction) throughout life. This discovery was one of the most important ever made in physiological science and marked a new departure in medical study. It is on record that, after publishing his thesis, Harvey lost most of his practice. The book is issued in Everyman's Library.

I—Motions of the Heart in Living Animals



WHEN first I gave my mind to vivisections as a means of discovering the motions and uses of the heart, I found the task so truly arduous that I was almost tempted to think, with Fracastorius, that the motion of the heart was only to be comprehended by God. For I could neither rightly perceive at first when the systole and when the diastole took place, nor when and where dilation and contraction occurred, by reason of the rapidity of the motion, which, in many animals, is accomplished in the twinkling of an eye, coming and going like a flash of lightning.

At least it appears that these things happen together or at the same instant: the tension of the heart, the pulse of its apex, which is felt externally by its striking against the chest, the thickening of its walls, and the forcible expulsion of the blood it contains by the constriction of its ventricles.

Hence the very opposite of the opinions commonly received appears to be true; inasmuch as it is generally believed that when the heart strikes the breast and the pulse is felt without, the heart is dilated in its ventricles and is filled with blood. But the contrary of this is the fact; that is to say, the heart is in the act of contracting and being emptied. Whence the motion, which is generally regarded as the diastole of the heart, is in truth its systole.

And in like manner the intrinsic motion of the heart is not the diastole but the systole; neither is it in the diastole that the heart grows firm and tense, but in the systole; for then alone when tense is it moved and made vigorous. When it acts and becomes tense the blood is expelled; when it relaxes and sinks together it receives the blood in the manner and wise which will by and by be explained.

From divers facts it is also manifest, in opposition to commonly received opinions, that the diastole of the arteries corresponds with the time of the heart's systole; and that the arteries are filled and distended by the blood forced into them by the contraction of the ventricles. It is in virtue of one and the same cause, therefore, that all the arteries of the body pulsate, viz. the contraction of the left ventricle in the same way as the pulmonary artery pulsates by the contraction of the right ventricle.

I am persuaded it will be found that the motion of the heart is as follows. First of all, the auricle contracts and throws the blood into the ventricle, which being filled, the heart raises itself straightway, makes all its fibres tense, contracts the ventricles and performs a beat, by which beat it immediately sends the blood supplied to it by the auricle into the arteries; the right ventricle sending its charge into the lungs by the vessel called *vena arteriosa*, but which, in structure

and function, and all things else, is an artery; the left ventricle sending its charge into the aorta, and through this by the arteries to the body at large.

The grand cause of hesitation and error in this subject appears to me to have been the intimate connexion between the heart and the lungs. When men saw both the pulmonary artery and the pulmonary veins losing themselves in the lungs, of course it became a puzzle to them to know how the right ventricle should distribute the blood to the body, or the left draw it from the *venae cavae*.

Or they have hesitated because they did not perceive the route by which the blood is transferred from the veins to the arteries, in consequence of the intimate connexion between the heart and lungs. And that this difficulty puzzled anatomists not a little when in their dissections they found the pulmonary artery and left ventricle full of black and clotted blood, plainly appears when they felt themselves compelled to affirm that the blood made its way from the right to the left ventricle by sweating through the septum of the heart.

Had anatomists only been as conversant with the dissection of the lower animals as they are with that of the human body, the matters that have hitherto kept them in perplexity of doubt would, in my opinion, have met them freed from every kind of difficulty.

And first in fishes, in which the heart consists of but a single ventricle, they having no lungs, the thing is sufficiently manifest. Here the sac, which is situated at the base of the heart, and is the part analogous to the auricle in man, plainly throws the blood into the heart, and the heart in its turn conspicuously transmits it by a pipe or artery, or vessel analogous to an artery; these are facts which are confirmed by simple ocular experiment. I have seen, further, that the same thing obtained most obviously.

And since we find that in the greater number of animals, in all indeed at a certain period of their existence, the channels for the transmission of the blood through the heart are so conspicuous, we have still to inquire wherefore in some creatures—those, namely, that have warm blood and that have attained to the adult age, man among the number—we should not conclude that the same thing is accomplished through the substance of the lungs, which, in the embryo, and at a time when the functions of these organs is in abeyance, nature effects by direct passages, and which indeed she seems compelled to adopt through want of a passage by the lungs; or wherefore it should be better (for nature always does that which is best) that she should close up the various open routes which she had formerly made use of in the embryo, and still uses in all other animals; not only opening up no new apparent channels for the passage of the blood, therefore, but even entirely shutting up those which formerly existed in the embryos of those animals that have lungs. For while the lungs are yet in a state of inaction, nature uses the two ventricles of the heart as if they formed but one for the transmission of the blood. The condition of the embryos of those animals which have lungs is the same as that of those animals which have no lungs.

Thus, by studying the structure of the animals who are nearer to and farther from ourselves in their modes of life and in the construction of their bodies, we can prepare ourselves to understand the nature of the pulmonary circulation in ourselves, and of the systemic circulation also.

II—Systemic Circulation

What remains to be said is of so novel and unheard-of a character that I not only fear injury to myself from the envy of a few, but I tremble lest I have mankind at large for my enemies, so much do wont and custom that become as another nature, and doctrine once sown that hath struck deep root, and respect for antiquity, influence all men.

And, sooth to say, when I surveyed my mass of evidence, whether derived from vivisections and my previous reflections on them, or from the ventricles of the heart and the vessels that enter into and issue from them, the symmetry and size of these conduits—for nature, doing nothing in vain, would never have given them so large a relative size without a

purpose; or from the arrangement and intimate structure of the valves in particular and of the many other parts of the heart in general, with many things besides; and frequently and seriously bethought me and long-revolved in my mind what might be the quantity of blood which was transmitted, in how short a time its passage might be effected and the like; and not finding it possible that this could be supplied by the juices of the ingested aliment without the veins on the one hand becoming drained, and the arteries on the other getting ruptured through the excessive charge of blood, unless the blood should somehow find its way from the arteries into the veins, and so return to the right side of the heart; when, I say, I surveyed all this evidence, I began to think whether there might not be *a motion as it were in a circle.*

Now this I afterwards found to be true; and I finally saw that the blood, forced by the action of the left ventricle into the arteries, was distributed to the body at large, and its several parts, in the same manner as it is sent through the lungs, impelled by the right ventricle into the pulmonary artery; and that it then passed through the veins and along the *vena cava*, and so round to the left ventricle in the manner already indicated.

For the moist earth, warmed by the sun, evaporates; the vapours drawn upwards are condensed, and descending in the form of rain moisten the earth again. And by this arrangement are generations of living things produced; in like manner, too, are tempests and meteors engendered by the circular motion of the sun.

The various parts of the body are nourished and quickened by the warmer, more perfect, vaporous, spirituous and, as I may say, alimentive blood; which, on the contrary, in contact with these parts becomes cooled, coagulated and, so to speak, effete; whence it returns to its sovereign, the heart, as if to its sources, or to the inmost home of the body, there to recover its state of excellence or perfection. Here it resumes its due fluidity, receives an infusion of natural heat and is impregnated with spirits, and thence it is again dispersed.



HARVEY DEMONSTRATING THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD TO CHARLES I
From the painting by Robert Hannah

III—Confirmations of the Theory

THREE points present themselves for confirmation, which, being established, I conceive that the truth I contend for will follow necessarily and appear as a thing obvious to all.

The first point is this. The blood is incessantly transmitted by the action of the heart from the *vena cava* to the arteries in such quantity that it cannot be supplied from the ingesta, and in such wise that the whole mass must very quickly pass through the organ.

Let us assume the quantity of blood which the left ventricle of the heart will contain when distended to be, say, two ounces (in the dead body I have found it to contain upwards of two ounces); and let us suppose, as approaching the truth, that the fourth part of its charge is thrown into the artery at each contraction. Now, in the course of half an hour the heart will have made more than one thousand beats. Multiplying the number of drachms propelled by the number of pulses, we have one thousand half-ounces sent from this organ into the artery; a larger quantity than is contained in the whole body.

This truth, indeed, presents itself obviously before us when we consider what happens in the dissection of living animals. The great artery need not be divided, but a very small branch only (as Galen even proves in regard to man), to have the whole of the blood in the body, as well that of the veins as of the arteries, drained away in the course of no long time—some half hour or less.

The second point is this. The blood, under the influence of the arterial pulse, enters, and is impelled in a continuous, equable and incessant stream through every part and member of the body in much larger quantity than were sufficient for nutrition, or than the whole mass of fluids could supply.

I have here to cite certain experiments. Ligatures are either very tight or of middling tightness. A ligature I designate as tight, or perfect, when it is drawn so close about an extremity that no vessel can be felt pulsating beyond it. Such ligatures are employed in the removal of tumours; and in these cases, all afflux of nutriment and heat being prevented by the ligature, we see the tumours dwindle and die, and finally drop off.

Now let anyone make an experiment upon the arm of a man, either using such a fillet as is employed in blood-letting, or grasping the limb tightly with his hand; let a ligature be thrown about the extremity and drawn as tightly as can be borne. It will first be perceived that beyond the ligature the arteries do not pulsate, while above it the artery begins to rise higher at each diastole and to swell with a kind of tide as if it strove to break through and overcome the obstacle to its current.

Then let the ligature be brought to that state of middling tightness which is used in bleeding, and it will be seen that the hand and arm will instantly become deeply suffused and extended, and the veins show themselves tumid and knotted. Which is as much as to say that when the arteries pulsate the blood is flowing through them, but where they do not pulsate they cease from transmitting anything. The veins again being compressed, nothing can flow through them; the certain indication of which is that below the ligature they are much more tumid than above it.

Whence is this blood? It must needs arrive by the arteries. For that it cannot flow in by the veins appears from the fact that the blood cannot be forced towards the heart unless the ligature be removed.

Further, when we see the veins below the ligature instantly swell up and become gorged when from extreme tightness it is somewhat relaxed, the arteries meanwhile continuing unaffected, this is an obvious indication that the blood passes from the arteries into the veins, and not from the veins into the arteries, and that there is either an anastomosis of the two orders of vessels, or pores in the flesh and solid parts that are permeable to the blood.

AND now we understand wherefore in phlebotomy we apply our fillet above the part that is punctured, not below it. Did the flow come from above, not from below, the bandage in this case would not only be of no service, but would prove a positive hindrance.

And further, we perceive that a circulation is absolutely necessary, seeing that the quantity of blood cannot be supplied immediately from the ingesta, and is vastly more than can be requisite for the mere nutrition of the parts.

That the veins return this blood to the heart incessantly from all parts and members of the body will be made clear from the valves which are found in the cavities of the veins themselves, from the uses of these and from experiments cognisable by the senses. The celebrated Hieronymus Fabricius, of Aquapendente, first gave representations of the valves in the veins. Their office is by no means explained when we are told that it is to hinder the blood, by its weight, from flowing into inferior parts; for the edges of the valves in the jugular veins hang downwards, and are so contrived that they prevent the blood from rising.

The valves, in a word, do not invariably look upwards, but always towards the trunks of the veins—towards the seat of the heart. They are solely made and instituted lest, instead of advancing from the extreme to the central parts of the body, the blood should rather proceed along the veins from the centre to the extremities; but the delicate valves, while they readily open in the right direction, entirely prevent all such contrary motion, being so situated and arranged that if anything escapes, it is immediately received on the convexity of the one beneath, which is placed transversely with reference to the former, and so is hindered from getting any farther.



WILLIAM HARVEY, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was born at Folkestone, of a German stock, April 1, 1578. He was first educated at King's School, Canterbury, and, after graduating from Caius College, Cambridge, studied at Padua, where he had the famous anatomist, Fabricius of Aquapendente, for his master. In 1615 he was elected Lumleian lecturer at the College of Physicians, and three years later became physician extraordinary to James I, receiving the same honour from Charles I in 1632. Apart from his treatise on the heart his Exercitationes de Generatione Animalium was his only other work of prime importance. He died in London, June 3, 1657.

And this I have frequently experienced in my dissections of veins. If I attempted to pass a probe from the trunk of the veins into one of the smaller branches, whatever care I took I found it impossible to introduce it far any way by reason of the valves; whilst it was most easy to push it along in the opposite direction, from without inwards, or from the branches towards the trunks and roots.

And now I may be allowed to give my view of the circulation of the blood, and to propose it for general adoption.

IV—The Conclusion

SINCE all things, both argument and ocular demonstration, show that the blood passes through the lungs and heart by the action of the ventricles; and is sent for distribution to all parts of the body, where it makes its way into the veins and pores of the flesh; and then flows by the veins from the circumference on every side to the centre, from the lesser to the greater veins; and is by them finally discharged into the *vena cava* and right auricle of the heart, and this in such a quantity or in such a flux and reflux, thither by the arteries, hither by the veins, as cannot possibly be supplied by the ingesta, and is much greater than can be required for mere purposes of nutrition; therefore, it is absolutely necessary to conclude that the blood in the animal body is impelled in a circle and is in a state of ceaseless motion; and that this is the act, or function, which the heart performs by means of its pulse, and that it is the sole and only end of the motion and contraction of the heart. For it would be difficult to explain in any other way to what purpose all is constructed and arranged as we have seen it to be.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

WESTWARD HO!

GENERALLY accepted as the most popular of all Charles Kingsley's novels, Westward Ho! was first published in 1855. It is a story full of the life and stir of Elizabethan England, and its heroes and heroines are the stout-hearted Devonshire people whom Kingsley knew and loved so well. Like most historical romances, Westward Ho! must not be accepted as historically accurate in every detail, even though its author was at one period of his life Regius Professor of History at Cambridge. Kingsley's whole-hearted and entirely creditable patriotism and his intense devotion to the Established Church of England prevented his doing justice to Spain or looking with any great degree of sympathy on Roman Catholicism. Kingsley never could refrain from preaching his own convictions, and while this often interfered with the art of the novelist, it gave a note of sincerity to his work, and warmth to his style. An unusually large number of editions of this work have been published, and many of these are moderately priced.

Outlines of other works by Charles Kingsley appear in *The World's Great Books*.

I—How Amyas Came Home the First Time



ONE bright summer's afternoon in the year 1575 a tall and fair boy came lingering along Bideford Quay, in his scholar's gown, with satchel and lute in hand, watching wistfully the shipping and the sailors, till, just after he had passed the bottom of the High Street, he came to a group of sailors listening earnestly to someone who stood in the midst. The boy, all alive for any sea news, must needs go up to them, and so came in for the following speech, delivered in a loud, bold voice, with a strong Devonshire accent.

"I tell you, as I, John Oxenham, am a gentleman, I saw it with these eyes, and so did Salvation Yeo there; and we measured the heap, seventy foot long, ten foot broad, and twelve foot high, of silver bars, and each bar between a thirty and forty pound weight. Come along! Who lists? Who lists? Who'll make his fortune?"

"Who'll list?" cried a tall, gaunt man, whom the other had called Salvation Yeo. "Now's your time! We've got forty men to Plymouth now, ready to sail the minute we get back; and we want a dozen out of you Bideford men, and just a boy or two, and then we'm off and away, and make our fortunes or go to heaven."

Then the gaunt man pulled from under his arm a great white buffalo horn, covered with rough etchings of land and sea.

The horn was passed from hand to hand, and the schoolboy got a nearer sight of the marvel. To his astonished gaze displayed themselves cities and harbours, plate ships of Spain and islands with apes and palm-trees, and here and there overwritten: 'Here is gold,' and again, 'Much gold and silver.' The boy turned it round and round, anxious to possess this wonderful horn. And Oxenham asked him why he was so keen after it.

"Because," said he, looking up boldly, "I want to go to sea. I want to see the Indies. I want to fight the Spaniards." And the lad, having hurried out his say, dropped his head.

"And you shall," cried Oxenham. "Whose son are you, my gallant fellow?"

"Mr. Leigh's, of Burrough Court."

"Bless his soul! I know him as well as I do the Eddystone. Tell your father John Oxenham will come and keep him company."

The boy, Amyas Leigh, took his way homewards, and that night John Oxenham dined at Burrough Court; but failed to get Mr. Leigh's leave to take young Amyas with him, nor did Sir Richard Grenville, the boy's godfather, who was also at dinner, help him with his suit.

But somewhat more than a twelvemonth later, Mr. Leigh, going down on business to Exeter Assizes, caught—as was too common in those days—the gaol-fever from the prisoners, sickened in the very court and died within a week.

"You must be my father now, sir," said young Amyas firmly to Sir Richard Grenville, on the day after the funeral.

And shortly afterwards, Amyas having broken his slate on the head of Vindex Brimblecombe, Sir Richard thought it well to go up to Burrough. And, after much talk and many tears, matters were so concluded that Amyas Leigh found himself riding joyfully towards Plymouth and, being handed over to Captain Drake, vanished for three years from the good town of Bideford.

And now he is returned in triumph, and the observed of all observers.

The bells of Bideford church cannot help breaking forth into a jocund peal. Bideford streets are a very flower-garden of all the colours, swarming with seamen and burghers and burghers' wives and daughters, all in their holiday attire. Garlands are hung across the streets, and tapestries from every window. Every stable is crammed with horses, and Sir Richard Grenville's house is like a very tavern.

Along the little churchyard streams all the gentle blood of North Devon, and on into the church, where all are placed according to their degrees, not without shovings and whisperings from one high-born matron and another. At last there is a silence, and a looking toward the door, and then distant music which comes braying and screaming up to the very church doors.

Why are all eyes fixed on those four weather-beaten mariners, decked out with knots and ribbons by loving hands? And yet more on that gigantic figure who walks before them, a beardless boy, and yet with the frame and stature of a Hercules, towering, like Saul of old, a head and shoulders above all the congregation? And why, as the five fall on their knees before the altar rails, are all eyes turned to the pew where Mrs. Leigh, of Burrough, has hid her face between her hands, and her hood rustles and shakes to her joyful sobs?

Because there was fellow-feeling of old in country and in town. And these are Devon men, and men of Bideford; and they, the first of all English mariners, have sailed round the world with Francis Drake, and are come to give God thanks.

II—The Brotherhood of the Rose

It was during the three years of Amyas's absence that Rose Salterne, the motherless daughter of that honest merchant the Mayor of Bideford, had grown into so beautiful a girl of eighteen that half North Devon was mad about the 'Rose of Torridge,' as she was called. There was not a young gallant for ten miles round who would not have gone to Jerusalem to win her, and not a week passed but some nosegay or languishing sonnet was conveyed into the Rose's chamber, all of which she stowed away with the simplicity of a country girl.

Frank Leigh, Amyas's elder brother, who had won himself honour at home and abroad, and was the friend of Sir Philip Sidney and in favour at the court of Queen Elizabeth, fell as deeply in love with the Rose when he came home to rejoice over the return of Amyas as any young squire of the county.

When the time came for him to set off again for London and for Amyas to join the queen's forces in Ireland, where war was now raging, Frank and Amyas concocted a scheme which was put into effect the next day—first by the innkeeper of the Ship Tavern, who began, under Amyas's orders, a bustle of roasting and boiling; and next by Amyas himself, who invited as many of his old schoolfellows as Frank had pointed out to him to a merry supper; by which crafty scheme in came each of Rose Salterne's gentle admirers and found himself seated at the table with six rivals.

When the cloth was drawn, and sack and sugar became the order of the day, and the queen's health had been duly drunk with all the honours, Frank rose from his seat to speak.

"And now, gentlemen, let me give you a health which none of you, I dare say, will refuse to drink with heart and soul as well as with lips—the health of one whom beauty and virtue have so ennobled that in their light the shadow of lowly birth is unseen—the health of 'The Rose of Torridge,' and a double health to that

worthy gentleman, whosoever he may be, whom she is fated to honour with her love."

Whereupon young Will Cary, of Clovelly Court, calls out, "Join hands all round, and swear eternal friendship, as brothers of the sacred order of the— of what, Frank Leigh?"

"The Rose!" said Frank quietly.

And somehow or other, whether it was Frank's chivalrous speech, or Cary's fun, or Amyas's good wine, or the nobleness which lies in every young lad's heart, the whole party shook hands all round and vowed on the hilt of Amyas's sword to stand by each other and by their lady-love, and neither grudge nor grumble, let her dance with, flirt with, or marry with whom she would; and, in order that the honour of their peerless dame and the brotherhood which was named after her might be spread through all lands, they would each go home, and ask their father's leave to go abroad wheresoever there were 'good wars.'

Then Amyas, hearing a sneeze, made a dash at the arras behind him, and, finding a doorway there, speedily returned, dragging out Mr. John Brimblecombe, the stout, dark son of the school-master.

Jack Brimblecombe, now one-and-twenty and a bachelor of Oxford, was in person exceedingly like a pig; but he was a pig of self-helpful and serene spirit, always, while watching for the best, contented with the worst, and therefore fatting fast while other pigs' ribs stare through their skins.

He had lingered in the passage, hovering around the fragrant smell; and, once there, he could not help hearing what passed inside, till Rose Salterne's name fell on his ear. And now behold him brought in red-hand to judgement, not without a kick or two from the wrathful foot of Amyas Leigh.

"What business have I here?" said Jack, making answer fiercely, amid much puffing and blowing. "As much as any of you. If you had asked me in I would have come. You laugh at me because I'm a poor parson's son, and you fine gentlemen. God made us both, I reckon. I tell you, I've loved her these three years as well as e'er a one of you, I have. Make me one of your brotherhood, and see if I do not dare to suffer as much as any of you that are here!

"Let me but be your chaplain, and pray for your luck when you're at the wars. If I do stay at home in a country curacy, 'tis not much that you need be jealous of me with her, I reckon."

So, presently, after a certain mock ceremonial of initiation, Jack Brimblecombe was declared, on the word of Frank Leigh, admitted to the brotherhood, and was sent home with a pint of good red Alicant wine in him, while the rest had a right merry evening. After which they all departed—Amyas and Cary to Ireland, Frank to the Court again. And so the Brotherhood of the Rose was scattered, and Mistress Salterne was left alone with her looking-glass.

III—The Good Ship Rose

When Amyas was in Ireland he made captive a certain Spanish grandee, Don Guzman, and sent him to Sir Richard Grenville to be held at ransom. And then, the Irish being for the time subdued, Amyas sailed with Sir Humphrey Gilbert on that ill-fated voyage to Newfoundland, and returned in rags, landing at Plymouth where he learnt news of Bideford.

Mrs. Hawkins, wife of John Hawkins the port admiral, gave him supper, and then told him that the Spanish prisoner had "gone off, the villain!"

"Without paying his ransom?"

"I can't say that, but there's a poor, innocent young maid gone off with him, one Salterne's daughter."

"Rose Salterne, the mayor's daughter, the Rose of Torridge?"

"That's her. Bless your dear soul, what ails you?"

Amyas had dropped back in his seat as if he had been shot; but he recovered himself, and next morning started for Bideford.

The story was true. Don Guzman had been made governor of La Guayra, in the West Indies, and his ransom had been paid. But he had fallen in love with the

Rose, and the girl, driven, some said, by the harshness of her father, who loved his daughter and knew not how to manage her, had willingly escaped with him.

Amyas called on Salterne, and the old burgher besought him to go in pursuit of the Spaniard, and promised he would spend any money that was needed to fit out a ship to avenge his child. And Amyas heard that honest John Brimblecombe, now a parson, mindful of his oath to the brotherhood, was longing to seek the Rose, though it might be in the jaws of death. Will Cary, too, was for a voyage to the Indies to cut the throat of Don Guzman.

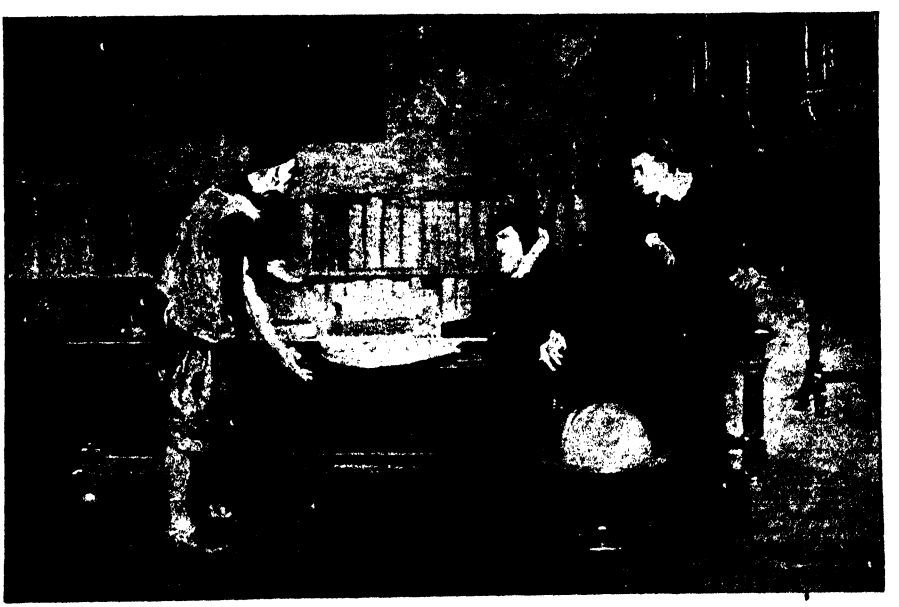
Then Mrs. Leigh and Frank, her first-born, both consented to the voyage, and getting permission to leave the Court, Frank would go too. Old Salterne grumbled at any man save himself spending a penny on the voyage and forced on the adventurers a good ship of two hundred tons burden, and five hundred pounds towards fitting her out; Mrs. Leigh worked day and night at clothes and comforts of every kind; Amyas gave his time and his brains. Cary went about beating up recruits; while John Brimblecombe preached a fierce crusade against the Spaniards, and Frank grew more and more proud of his brother.

Old Salvation Yeo, who was now in Bideford, again brought twenty good men from Plymouth who had sailed with Drake.

And now November 15, 1583, has come, and the tall ship Rose, with a hundred men on board, and food in abundance, has dropped down from Bideford Quay to Appledore Pool. She is well fitted with cannon and muskets and swords and all agreed so well appointed a ship had never sailed 'out over Bar.'

Mrs. Leigh went to the rocky knoll outside the churchyard wall and watched the ship glide out between the yellow dunes and lessen slowly hour by hour into the boundless west, till her hull sank below the dim horizon and her white sails faded away into the grey Atlantic mist.

And the good ship Rose went westward ho! and came in due time to La Guayra in the Indies, the highest cliff on earth, some seven thousand feet of rock parted from the sea by a narrow strip of bright green lowland. Amyas and his company are at last in full sight of the spot in quest of which



SALVATION YEO TELLS OF HIS ADVENTURES IN THE INDIES
From the painting by Seymour Lucas, R.A.

they have sailed four thousand miles of sea. Beyond the town, two or three hundred feet up the steep mountain side, is a large white house, with a royal flag of Spain flaunting before it. That must be the governor's house; that must be the abode of the Rose of Torridge. There are ships of war in the landing-place.

Amyas's plan was to wait till midnight, attack the town on the west, plunder the government storehouses, and then fight their way back to their boats. To reach the governor's house seemed impossible with the small force at their disposal.

But Frank would not have their going away without doing the very thing for which they came.

"I will go up to that house, Amyas, and speak with her," he said.

Then Amyas, Cary and Brimblecombe drew lots as to which of them should accompany him, and the lot fell upon Amyas Leigh.

At midnight Amyas went on deck and asked for six volunteers. Whosoever would come should have double prize money.

"Why six only, captain?" said an old seaman. "Give the word, and any and all of us will go up with you, sack the house, and bring off the treasure and the lady before two hours are out!"

"No, no, my brave lads! As for treasure, it is sure to have been put all safe into the forts; and, as for the lady, God forbid that we should force her a step without her own will."

The boat with Frank, Amyas and the six seamen reached the pebble beach. There seemed no difficulty about finding the path to the house, so bright was the moon. Leaving the men, they started up the beach, with their swords only.

"She may expect us," whispered Frank. "She may have seen our ship, and some secret sympathy will draw her down towards the sea to-night."

They found the path, which wound in zigzags up the steep, rocky slope, easily. It ended at a wicket-gate, and they found the gate was open when they tried it.

"What is your plan?" said Amyas.

"I have none. I go where I am called—love's willing victim."

Amyas was at his wits' end. A light was burning in an upper window; twenty black figures lay sleeping on the terrace.

Frank saw the shadow of the Rose against the window. She came down, and he made a wild appeal to her.

"Your conscience! Your religion——"

"No, never! I can face the chance of death, but not the loss of my husband Go! For God's sake leave me!"

Frank turned, and Amyas dragged him down the hill. Both were too proud to run, but the whole gang of negroes were in pursuit and stones were flying.

THEY were not twenty-five yards from the boat, when the storm burst and a volley of great quartz pebbles whistled round their heads. Frank is struck and Amyas takes him over his shoulders and plunges wildly on towards the beach.

"Men, to the rescue!" Amyas shouts. "Fire, men! Give it the black villains!"

The arquebuses crackled from the boat, but balls are answering from behind. The governor's guard have turned out and are firing over the negroes' heads.

Amyas is up to his knees in water, battered with stones, blinded with blood; but Frank is still in his arms. Another heavy blow—confused mass of negroes and English, foam and pebbles—shouts, shots, curses, and he recollects no more.

He is lying in the stern-sheets of the boat, stiff and weak. Two men only are left of the six, and Frank is not in the boat. With weary work they made the ship and as, the alarm being now given, it was hardly safe to remain where they were, it was agreed to weigh anchor. Amyas had no hope that Frank might still be alive. So ended that fatal venture of mistaken chivalry.

IV—Amyas Comes Home for the Third Time

MORE than three years have passed since the Rose sailed out from Bideford, and never a word has reached England of what has befallen the ship and her company.

Many have been the adventures of Amyas and the men who have followed him. Treasure they have got in South America, and old Salvation Yeo has found a young girl whom he had lost twelve

years before, grown up wild among the Indians. Ayacanora she is called, and she is white, for her father was an Englishman and her mother Spanish, for all her savage ways; and will not be separated from her discoverers, but insists on going with them to England. And Amyas has learnt that his brother Frank was burnt by order of the Inquisition, and with him Rose, and that Don Guzman had resigned the governorship of La Guayra.

Amyas swore a dreadful oath before all his men when he was told of the death of Frank and Rose, that as long as he had eyes to see a Spaniard and hands to hew him down he would give no quarter to that nation, and that he would avenge all the innocent blood shed by them.

And now it is February 1587, and Mrs. Leigh, grown grey and feeble in step, is pacing up and down the terrace walk at Burrough. A flash is seen in the darkening twilight; then comes the thunder of a gun at sea. Twenty minutes later, and a ship has turned up the Bideford river, and a cheer goes up from her crew.

Yes, Amyas has come, and with him Will Cary and the honest parson, Jack Brimblecombe, and the good seamen of Devon; and Ayacanora, who knelt down obedient before Mrs. Leigh because she had seen Amyas kneel, and whom Mrs. Leigh led to Burrough Court.

William Salterne would take none of his share of the treasure which was brought home, and to which he had a just claim.

"The treasure is yours, sir," he said to Amyas. "I have enough, and more than enough. And if I have a claim in law for aught, why, if you are not too proud, accept that claim as a plain burgher's thank-offering to you, sir, for a great and a noble love which you and your brother have shown to one who was not worthy of it."

That night old Salterne was found dead, kneeling by his daughter's bed. His will lay by him. Any money due to him as owner of the Rose, and a new barque of 300 tons burden, he had bequeathed to Captain Amyas Leigh, on condition that he should re-christen that barque Vengeance.

In the summer of 1588 comes the great Armada, and Captain Leigh has the Vengeance fitted out for war, and is in the



CHARLES KINGSLEY, novelist, poet and clergyman, was born June 12, 1819, and died January 23, 1875. The son of the rector of Chelsea, Kingsley went from King's College, London, to Cambridge, and became rector of Eversley in 1844. In 1873 he was appointed canon of Westminster and chaplain to Queen Victoria, after having been professor of modern history at Cambridge. After publishing Village Sermons and A Saint's Tragedy, he joined the Christian Socialist movement and attacked the 'sweating' system in Alton Locke (1849). The Water Babies, Hereward the Wake, and Hypatia rank among his best works.

English Channel. He has found out that Don Guzman is on board the Santa Catherina, and is set on taking his revenge.

For twelve months past this hatred of Don Guzman has been eating out his heart, and now the hour has struck. But the Armada melts away in the storms of the North Sea, and Captain Leigh has pursued the Santa Catherina round the Orkneys and down to Lundy Island. And there, on the rock called the Shutter, the Santa Catherina strikes.

"Shame!" cried Amyas, hurling his sword far into the sea, "to lose my right, when it was in my very grasp!"

A crack which rent the sky, a bright world of flame, and then a blank of utter darkness. The great sea captain has been struck blind by the lightning.

. . . . . .

ONCE more Amyas Leigh has come home. His work is over, his hatred dead. And Ayacanora will comfort him.

"Amyas, my son," said Mrs. Leigh, "fear not to take her to your heart, for it is your mother who has laid her there!"

"It is true, after all," said Amyas to himself. "What God has joined together man cannot put asunder."

A Classic of Medieval English Prose

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

THE TRAVELS OF SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

THE celebrated Travels of Sir John Mandeville was first published in French between 1357 and 1371. The author's identity has given rise to much difference of opinion, but the work is now generally ascribed to Jehan de Bourgoyne, chamberlain to John, baron de Mowbray, who lived first in England and then at Liége, in Belgium. There is some evidence that this name was assumed and that the name of Mandeville had been discarded when he fled from England for political reasons. A tomb in the church of the Guillemins at Liège, seen as late as 1798, bore the name of Mandeville, and gave the date of his death as November 17, 1372. As to the book itself, its material is evidently borrowed chiefly from other writers, especially from the account of the travels of Friar Odoric and from a French work on the East, and only a small part contains first-hand information. Numerous manuscripts exist in several languages. The English version is probably not the work of an original writer, but a translator; yet it is, nevertheless, deservedly regarded as a standard piece of medieval English literature. An edition of Mandeville's Travels is published by Macmillan & Co. at 6s.

I—Of the Holy Land and the Way Thereto



FOR as much as the land beyond the sea, that is to say, the Holy Land, passing all other lands, is the most worthy land, most excellent, and Lady and Sovereign of all other lands, and is blessed and hallowed by the precious Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ; and that land He chose before all other lands as the best and most worthy land, and the most virtuous land of all the world; wherefore, every good Christian man, that is of power, and hath whereof, should strive with all his strength for to conquer our right heritage, and chase out all misbelieving men.

And for as much as many men desire to hear speak of the Holy Land, I, John Mandeville, Knight, albeit I be not worthy, that was born in England, in the town of Saint Albans, passed the sea, in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ 1322, on the day of Saint Michael, and hitherto have been a long time over the sea, and have seen and gone through many divers lands.

And I shall devise you some part of things that there be, when time shall be, after it may best come to my mind; and specially for them that are in purpose for to visit the Holy City of Jerusalem, and I shall tell the way that they should hold thither. For I have oftentimes passed and ridden that way, with good company of many lords; God be thanked.

In the name of God glorious and almighty, he that will pass over the sea to go to the city of Jerusalem, if he come from the west side of the world, as from England, he may and he will go through Almayne and through the kingdom of Hungary, that marcheth to the land of Polayne. And after go men to Belgrave and enter into the land of Bourgres, and through the land of Pyncemartz, and come to Greece, and so to the city of Constantynoble. And there dwelleth commonly the Emperor of Greece. And there is the most fair church and the most noble of all the world; and it is of Saint Sophie. From Constantynoble he that will go by water goeth to an isle that is clept Sylo, and then to the isle of Patmos.

From Patmos men go into Ephesus, a fair city and nigh to the sea. And there died Saint John, and was buried behind the high altar, in a tomb. And in the tomb of Saint John is nought but manna, that is clept angels' meat. For his body was translated into Paradise. And Turks hold now all that place, and the city and the church. And all Asia the less is clept Turkey. And ye shall understand that St. John made his grave there in his life, and laid himself therein all quick. And therefore some men say that he died not,

but that he resteth there till the coming of Day of Doom. And forsooth there is a great marvel, for men may see plainly there the earth of the tomb apertly many times stir and move, as there were quick things under.

AND from Ephesus men go through many isles in the sea, and to the isle of Crete, and through the isles of Colos and of Lango, of the which isles Ypocras was Lord. And some men say that in the isle of Lango is yet the daughter of Ypocras, in form and likeness of a great dragon that is nigh unto an hundred fathom of length, as men say, for I have not seen her. And they of the isles do call her Lady of the Land.

And she lieth in an old castle, in a cave, and showeth twice or thrice in the year. And she doth none harm to no man but if man do her harm. And she was thus changed and transformed from a fair damsel into the likeness of a dragon by a goddess that was clept Diana. And men say that she shall so endure in the form of a dragon unto the time that a knight come that is so hardy that dare come to her and kiss her on the mouth; and then shall she turn again to her own kind, and be a woman again, but after that she shall not live long.

And it is not long since a knight that was hardy and doughty in arms said that he would kiss her. And when he was upon his courser and went to the castle and entered into the cave, the dragon lifted up her head against him. And when the knight saw her in that form so hideous and so horrible, he fled away. And the dragon bore the knight upon a rock, and from that rock she cast him into the sea; and so was lost both horse and man.

Egypt is a long country, but it is strait, that is to say narrow, for they may not enlarge it toward the desert, for default of water. And the country is set along upon the river of Nile; by as much of that river may serve by floods or otherwise, that when it floweth it may spread through the country, so is the country large of length. For there it raineth not but little in that country, and for that cause they have no water but if it be of the flood of that river. And for as much as it raineth not in that country, but the air is always pure and clear, therefore in that country be they good astronomers, for they find there no clouds to let them.

In Egypt is the city of Elyople, that is to say the City of the Sun. In that city there is a temple made round, after the shape of the Temple of Jerusalem. The priests of that temple have all their writings under the date of the fowl that is clept Phoenix; and there is none but one to be found in all the world.

And he cometh to burn himself upon the altar of the temple at the end of 500 years; for so long he liveth. And at the 500 years' end the priests array their altar honestly, and put thereupon spices and sulphur and other things that will burn lightly. And then the bird Phoenix cometh, and burneth himself to ashes. And the first day next after, men find in the ashes a worm; and the second day after, men find a bird quick and perfect; and the third day next after, he flieth away.

And so there is no more birds of that kind in all the world but it alone. And truly that is a great miracle of God, and men may well liken that bird unto God; because that there is no God but one, and also that our Lord arose from death to life the third day. This bird men see oftentime flying in the countries; and he is not much greater than an eagle. And he hath a crest of feathers upon his head more great than the peacock hath; and his neck is yellow; and his back is coloured blue as Ind; and his wings be of purple colour, and the tail is yellow and red. And he is a full fair bird to look upon against the sun, for he shineth fully gloriously and nobly.

FROM Egypt men may go by the Red Sea, and so by desert to the Mount of Synay; and when they have visited the holy places nigh to it, then will they turn toward Jerusalem. They shall see here the Holy Sepulchre, where there is a full fair church, all round and open above and covered with lead. And then they may go up to Golgotha by degrees, and they shall see the Mount of Calvarie. Likewise they will behold the Temple of our Lord; and many other blessed things all whereof I cannot tell nor show them.

II—Of Strange Peoples and Strange Beasts in Divers Lands

FROM the south coast of Chaldea is Ethiopia, a great country that stretcheth to the end of Egypt. Ethiopia is departed in two principal parts, and that is the East part and the Meridional part. And the folk of that country are black, and more black than in the other part, and they be clept Moors.

In Ethiopia be folk that have but one foot, and they go so fast that it is a marvel; and the foot is so large, that it shadoweth all the body against the sun, when they will lie and rest them. In that country when the children be young and little they be all yellow, and when they wax of age that yellowness turneth to be all black.

And as men go forth towards Ind, they come to the city of Polombe, and above the city is a great mountain. And at the foot of that mount is a fair well and a great, that hath odour and savour of all spices, and at every hour of the day he changeth his odour and his savour diversely. And whoso drinketh three times fasting of that water of that well he is whole of all manner of sickness that he hath. And they that dwell there and drink often of that well they never have sickness, and they seem always young. I have drunken of it, and yet, methinketh, I fare the better.

Some men call it the Well of Youth, for they that often drink thereof seem always young and live without sickness. And men say that that well cometh out of Paradise, and that therefore it hath such virtue.

To that land go the merchants for spicery. And there men worship the ox for his simpleness and for his meekness, and for the profit that cometh of him. And they say that he is the holiest beast in the earth. For it seemeth to them that whosoever is meek and patient he is holy and profitable; for then they say he hath all virtues in him. They make the ox to labour six years or seven, and then they eat him. And the king of the country hath always an ox with him; and he that keepeth him hath every day great fees.

Now shall I tell you of countries and isles that lie beyond those countries that I have spoken of. Wherefore I tell you that in passing by the land of Cathay toward the higher Ind, men pass by a kingdom that they call Caldilke, that is a full fair country. And there groweth a manner of fruit, as it were gourds; and when they be ripe men cut them in two, and men find within a little beast, in flesh, in bone and blood, as though it were a little lamb without wool. And men eat both the fruit and the beast, and that is a great marvel. Of that fruit I have eaten, although it were wonderful; but that I know well that God is marvellous in His works.

And nevertheless, I told them of as great a marvel to them that is among us; for I told them that in our country were trees that bear a fruit that become birds flying, and those that fall into the water live, and they that fall on the earth die anon; and they be right good for man's meat. And thereof they also had great marvel, that some of them trowed it were an impossible thing to be.

And beyond this land, men go towards the land of Bacharie, where be full evil folk and full cruel.

IN that land be trees that bear wool, as though it were of sheep; whereof men make clothes, all things that may be made of wool. And there be also many griffons, more plenty than in any other country. Some men say that they have the body upward as an eagle and beneath as a lion; and truly they say sooth that they be of that shape.

But one griffon hath the body more great and is more strong than eight lions, of such lions as be of this half; and more great and stronger than a hundred eagles such as we have amongst us. For one griffon there will bear, flying to his nest, a great horse, or two oxen yoked together, as they go at the plough. For he hath his talons so long and so large and great upon his feet, as though they were horns of great oxen or of bugles or of kine; so that men make cups of them, to drink of. From thence go men, by many journeys, through the land of Prester John, the great Emperor of Ind.



ST. LOUIS SEES THE CROWN OF THORNS



HOLY RELICS AT CONSTANTINOPLE



MANDEVILLE WRITING HIS TRAVELS



PILGRIMS PAY TRIBUTE AT JOPPA

EPISODES FROM THE 'TRAVELS' OF SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

Numerous manuscripts of The Travels of Sir John Mandeville are in existence in various parts of the world. Of these the earliest known is in French, is dated 1371, and is now in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris; and it is clear that all the Latin, Flemish, English and other translations were made from a French original. The name, Mandeville, about which there is doubt, is assumed from a Latin version in which the author styles himself John Maundeyville, Knight, of St. Aubin (St. Albans). The above illustrations to the text are from miniatures in an illuminated Flemish manuscript of the early 15th century, now in the British Museum.

III—Of the Land of Prester John

THE Emperor Prester John holdeth a full great land, and hath many full noble cities and good towns in his realm, and many great isles and large. And he hath under him seventy-two provinces, and in every province is a king. And these kings have kings under them, and all are tributaries to Prester John.

And he hath in his lordships many great marvels. For in his country is the sea that men call the Gravelly Sea, that is all gravel and sand without any drops of water; and it ebbeth and floweth in great waves, as other seas do, and it is never still nor in peace. And no man may pass that sea by navy, nor by no manner of craft, and therefore may no man know what land is beyond that sea. And albeit that it have no water, yet men find therein and on the banks full good fish of other manner of kind and shape than men find in any other sea; and they are of right good taste and delicious to man's meat.

In the same lordship of Prester John there is another marvellous thing. There is a vale between two mountains, that dureth nigh on four miles; and some call it the Vale of Devils, and some call it the Valley Perilous. In that vale men hear often time great tempests and thunders and great murmurs and noises all days and nights; and great noise, as it were sown of tabors, and of trumpets, as though it were of a great feast. This vale is all full of devils, and hath been always. And men say there, that is one of the entries of hell.

And in mid place of that vale under a rock is a head and the visage of a devil bodily, full horrible and dreadful to see, and it showeth not but the head to the shoulders. But there is no man in the world so hardy, Christian man nor other, but that he would be in dread or to behold it and that he would be ready to die for dread, so is it hideous for to behold. For he beholdeth every man so sharply with dreadful eyes that be evermore moving and sparkling as fire, and changeth and stareth so often in diverse manner with so horrible countenance that no man dare come nigh him.

And in that vale is gold and silver and rich jewels great plenty. And I and my fellows passed that way in great dread, and we saw much people slain. And we entered fourteen persons, but at our going out we were but nine. And so we wisten never whether that our fellows were lost or turned again for dread.

But we came through that vale whole and living for that we were very devout, for I was more devout then than ever I was before or after, and all for the dread of fiends, that I saw in diverse figures. And I touched none of the gold and silver that mesemed was there, lest it were only there of the subtlety of the devils, and because I would not be put out of my devotions. So God of His grace helped us, and so we passed that perilous vale, without peril and without encumbrance, thanked be Almighty God.

These things have I told, that men may know some of all those marvellous things that I have seen in my way by land and sea.

AND now I, John Mandeville, Knight, that have passed many lands and many isles and countries, and searched many full strange places, and have been in many a full good honourable company, and at many a fair deed of armes—albeit that I did none myself, for mine unable insuffisance—now I am come home—mawgree myself—to rest. And so I have written these things in this book.

Wherefore I pray to all the readers and hearers of this book that they would pray to God for me. And I shall pray for them, and beseech Almighty God to full fill their souls with inspiration of the Holy Ghost, in saving them from all their enemies both of body and soul, to the worship and thanking of Him that in perfect Trinity liveth and reigneth God, in all worlds and in all times; Amen, Amen, Amen.

END OF SECOND VOLUME

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